

Community Service Employment Program and the programs of the Administration on Aging, assist older workers who give their time and energy to contribute to our Nation's economy.

As we observe this special week, let us remember with appreciation the many invaluable contributions older workers make to our country's progress and prosperity, and let us resolve to give older Americans an equal opportunity to participate in the workplace.

**Now, Therefore, I, William J. Clinton,** President of the United States, by virtue of the authority vested in me by the Constitution and laws of the United States, do hereby proclaim March 14 through March 20, 1999, as National Older Workers Employment Week. I urge employers across the Nation to recognize the energy and ability of older workers, and I encourage public officials responsible for job placement, training, and related services to intensify their efforts throughout the year to help older workers find suitable jobs and training.

**In Witness Whereof,** I have hereunto set my hand this eleventh day of March, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and ninety-nine, and of the Independence of the United States of America the two hundred and twenty-third.

**William J. Clinton**

[Filed with the Office of the Federal Register, 8:55 a.m., March 12, 1999]

NOTE: This proclamation was published in the *Federal Register* on March 15.

### **Remarks on Arrival in Hope, Arkansas**

*March 12, 1999*

I must say, I did not expect to see you here when I heard it was cold and rainy, and I am very grateful to you for coming. I want to thank all the Federal and State and local officials who came out to say hello to me there at the airport.

I'm delighted to be here. I want to just get out and shake hands with all of you and say again how very much I appreciate you coming out. I hope none of the kids get sick standing in this rain, and I hope it's some-

thing that when you dry off will always be a good memory for you.

I'd like to say just briefly to all the children that are here, you know, I'm coming home because we're going to dedicate the house that I lived in for the first 4 years of my life. And a lot of what I learned that was good that I took with me for the rest of my life I learned back then. And I want every one of you to believe that people from Rosston and Chidester and all the other small places around here—doesn't matter where you came from in life, it matters what you do with your life.

So make the most of your schools and have a wonderful time. And again, you'll never know how much I appreciate you being here. I was stunned when I saw the crowd out here, and I knew what the weather was. I always say that the people here stuck with me through rain or shine, and now it is literally true.

Thank you, and God bless you.

NOTE: The President spoke at 12:15 p.m. on the tarmac at Hope Municipal Airport.

### **Remarks at the Dedication Ceremony for the Clinton Birthplace in Hope**

*March 12, 1999*

Thank you very much. Thank you, Mr. Mayor. My friend Tilmon Ross, thank you for the prayer. And Joe, thank you for the introduction.

I have to say that I'm here with mixed feelings. This is the coldest March the 12th in the last 100 years in Hope, Arkansas. [*Laughter*] You have totally destroyed the case I have been making for global warming for the last 5 years. [*Laughter*]

You know, we were out at the airport and the Congressman, the State officials, the judge, the country officials, the city board, everybody came out there, and it was worse there than it is here, believe it or not. It was raining a whole lot harder; the wind was blowing. And there must have been 600 people out there—all those school kids—I'm sure I made a lot of money for the hospitals in the area. [*Laughter*] There will be people

being treated for flu for 3 or 4 weeks after this.

But I was very moved. And in a funny way, the rain makes this day more poignant for me. I'd like to thank the young people who sang from the Hope and Yerger Choirs. I want to thank my good friends who are here from the State Legislature, and Jimmie Lou Fisher, Mark Pryor, and Gus Wingfield and Charlie Daniels, our State officials who came. I don't know if Congressman Dickey is still here—he was at the airport—I thank him. I thank all the people who had anything to do with this, the people on the foundation and those who gave their money and time, those who gave memorabilia and memories.

I'd like to thank all the members of my family who are here. I'd like to say a special word of appreciation because my brother and sister-in-law and my little nephew came all the way from California to be with us today, and they're over there. And I'm glad they're here.

I would like to thank all the people from Arkansas who came down here and who have been a part of my administration, but I have to single out my good friend Mack McLarty. He and Donna Kay came down and, as all of you know, he's been an integral part of every good thing that's happened since I've been President. And I want to thank him and thank them for coming down with me today.

And I'd like to thank—a lot of people from Arkansas came, but I'd like to say a special word of thanks to Bob Nash, because I'm going to Texarkana when I leave here and he's from there. Thank you, Bob. He also has the worst job in the White House, because he supervises my appointments, which means when I appoint somebody I write them a letter and they're happy; and when I disappoint them, which is about a 10:1 ratio, Bob has to tell them. *[Laughter]*

I want to thank Beckie Moore and Joe Purvis and my longtime friend Rose Crane for all the work they've done and along with the foundation board. The three of them just gave me a tour of the house. I saw the old pictures and the toys and everything, and I'm just stunned by the work that has been done.

There are so many more people I'd like to thank—Brent Thompson, the architect; Stan Jackson—all of you who rescued this

old place. Last time I was here before you started working on it was in 1990, and I thought when I walked through the front door it would come down around my ears. And I cannot tell you how moved I am by this.

It's cold and it's windy and it's rainy and I won't keep you long, but I would like to say a few things that I worked on last night and this morning. A poet once wrote, "The accent of one's birthplace lingers in the mind and in the heart, as it does in one's speech." Well, so many accents of Hope linger in my mind and my heart.

We're not far from the site of the old sawmill where my grandfather worked as a night watchman and where, as a little boy, I used to go and spend the night with him, climbing the sawdust pile and sleep in the back seat of his car. We're just minutes—I just drove by it—from the place on which his little grocery store stood, where I used to look up at the countertop and wish I could reach the jar of Jackson's cookies.

I still remember that my grandfather was the first person who taught me by his example to treat all people, without regard to their race, the same. And also, without regard to their income, because he gave food to people without regard to whether they had a dime in their pockets.

We're not far from Miss Mary Purkins' kindergarten where I went with my friends Mack McLarty, Joe Purvis, Vince Foster, George Wright, and maybe some more people who are here today, and where I broke my leg in the first of many major mistakes I was to make in my life, jumping rope in my cowboy boots. *[Laughter]*

And we're not far from Rose Hill Cemetery, where my beloved mother, my grandparents, and my father, whom I knew only in my dreams and my mother's memory, lie now in eternal rest.

In this house, I learned to walk and talk; I learned to pray; I learned to read; I learned to count from the playing cards my grandparents tacked up on the kitchen windows which are directly behind us now.

Though I was only 4 when I left this place, it still holds very, very vivid memories for me, and I just relived a lot of them walking through the house. I remember we watched

the house burn right across the street there, where the trucks are. I remember throwing a pocketknife into the ground in that backyard I shared with my friend Vince Foster. I remember hurrying down the stairs on Christmas morning and dragging my little toys across the living room floor; waiting outside on that sidewalk for my grandmother to walk home from work.

I remember watching the old telephone when it rang, always hoping that it was mother calling from New Orleans, where she went to study anesthesia after my father died. And I still miss her every day. She would love what you have done here—the fact that you preserved her mother’s rosebush and that her birthday club planted one of her bushes here. And I want to especially thank my good friends Elias and Jody Ghanem for this garden which they have made possible to be planted in her memory. Thank you, and God bless you.

In that wonderful video that my friends Harry and Linda Thomason made when I ran for President in 1992, I talked about how I used to fly all over this country, look out across the vast landscape of America, and think about how far I had come from this little woodframe house. Well, believe it or not, I still think about that no matter where I travel.

I said back then something I want to say again. In many ways, I know that all I am or ever will be came from here—a place and a time where nobody locked their doors at night, everybody showed up for a parade on Main Street, kids like me could dream of becoming part of something bigger than themselves. Of course, Hope wasn’t perfect; it was part of the segregated South, and it’s had its fair share of flaws. And as Mack and I were reminiscing this morning, it had a gossip or two. But in those long-ago days just after World War II, we were raised to believe in two great qualities that I have tried to bring back to America: a sense of personal optimism and a sense of community, of belonging, of being responsible for the welfare of others, as well as yourself.

I believed then, and I believe now, the places we come from say a lot about us. And places like this say a lot about America, Mr. Mayor. That’s why people take family trips

to towns like Lamar, Missouri, to see the birthplace of Harry Truman—it’s a small white frame house, just 20 by 28 feet—why they go to Stonewall, Texas, to see the two-story farmhouse where Lyndon Johnson was born.

We visit these places not because great events happened there, but because everyday events happened there. Not because they’re grand, but precisely because they are ordinary—the modest homes of modest people. We make them into landmarks because they remind us that America’s greatness can be found not only in its large centers of wealth and culture and power but also in its small towns, where children learn from their families and neighbors the rhythms and rituals of daily life. They learn about home and work, about love and loss, about success and failure, about endurance, and the power and dignity of their dreams.

I want to close with a story. Back when I was Governor, whenever I would come to Hope, I’d always drop by and visit with my Uncle Buddy and Aunt Ollie. They helped to raise me, and I loved them a lot. After they had been married well over 50 years, my aunt developed Alzheimer’s, and she had to be moved to that nursing facility that’s connected to the hospital.

One night, I stopped by to see my Uncle Buddy when he was living alone and going to see his wife, when most of the time she didn’t really know who he was anymore. Our talk was like so many we had over the years; it was full of his country wisdom and full of funny jokes, and he was laughing and making me laugh. But when I got up to go, for the first and only time in our long, long relationship, he grabbed my arm, and I turned around and I saw tears in his eyes. And I said to my uncle, “This is really hard, isn’t it?” And he said these words I will remember till the day I die. He said, “Yeah, it is. But I signed on for the whole load, and most of it’s been pretty good.”

Now, in this town, from my family and friends, that’s what I learned—to sign on for the whole load. Though far from perfect, I have tried to do just that for my family and friends, for our beloved State and Nation. If I had not learned that lesson here 50 years ago, we wouldn’t be here today.

And so to my family and friends I say, thank you for love and loyalty and the lessons of a lifetime; thank you for being there for me through this whole wonderful ride. To these young people I say, dream your dreams and know that you can best fulfill them if your neighbors get to live their dreams, too.

Because of these gifts I can say with even greater conviction what I said to America back in 1992, I still believe in a place called Hope.

Thank you, and God bless you.

NOTE: The President spoke at 1:30 p.m. in front of his birthplace home. In his remarks, he referred to Mayor Dennis Ramsey of Hope; Hempstead County Judge Wallace Martin; Joe Purvis, chairman, and Beckie Moore, executive director, Clinton Birthplace Foundation; State Treasurer Jimmie Lou Fisher; State Attorney General Mark L. Pryor; State Auditor Gus Wingfield; Commissioner of State Lands Charlie Daniels; Roger Clinton and his wife, Molly, and their son, Tyler; former Special Envoy to the Americas Thomas F. (Mack) McLarty and his wife, Donna; and architects Brent Thompson and Stan Jackson.

### **Message on the Observance of Saint Patrick's Day, 1999**

*March 12, 1999*

Warm greetings to everyone celebrating Saint Patrick's Day. Each year on this special day dedicated to Ireland's patron saint, I am proud to join millions of Americans in remembering our Irish heritage. We remember with pride our ancestors who stood on Ireland's western shores, yearning for the promise of America. Fleeing famine and injustice, they longed for a new world of opportunities. Millions of these courageous men and women set sail from Ireland to seek the promise of America. They gave to their new homeland their strength and spirit, sinew and determination, eloquence and wit. In return, America offered them the opportunity for a better life, the chance to rise above poverty and discrimination, and a future where they could live out their dreams.

The Irish who came to America endured many hardships, but they prospered and helped to build our country with innumerable physical and intellectual contributions. Irish Americans seized the opportunity of

freedom that America promised. They gave us Presidents and patriots, judges and journalists, social reformers, peacekeepers, artists, labor leaders, and educators. From their grand literary tradition to their deep religious faith, Irish Americans and their descendants have enriched every facet of American history. But this celebration is a time to look to the future as well as to the past. Today as we pay tribute to Saint Patrick and his example of faith and determination, we rejoice that the faith and determination of the Irish people have brought about the promise of peace in Northern Ireland and the resolve to approach differences not with weapons, but with words. Americans are a vital part of the process in Northern Ireland by virtue of our shared heritage and shared goal of lasting peace and a better future for all God's children. By lending our hearts, minds, and prayers to the work of peace, we can best fulfill our obligation to the generations of Irish men and women who have given so much to our Nation's life and history.

Best wishes to all for a wonderful celebration.

**Bill Clinton**

NOTE: A original was not available for verification of the content of this message.

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### **Digest of Other White House Announcements**

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The following list includes the President's public schedule and other items of general interest announced by the Office of the Press Secretary and not included elsewhere in this issue.

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#### **March 8**

In the morning, the President traveled to Managua, Nicaragua, and later, he traveled to Posoltega, Nicaragua.

In the afternoon, the President toured the area damaged by mudslides and participated in a plaque dedication ceremony in memory of the victims.

Later, the President traveled to San Salvador, El Salvador.