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AFSA's Speaker's Bureau. Ambassador Kenton Keith speaking on Iraq at the Sarasota Institute of Lifetime Learning in Florida.



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Marguerite Gabriele, shown with her parents, receives the award for her essay, "Today's Global Challenge of Peacekeeping and the Long-Term Efforts of Diplomacy," from Secretary of State Colin Powell.

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PRESIDENT'S VIEWS

Creative Writing: A Talent for All Seasons

BY JOHN LIMBERT

We have dedicated our summer issue, as we do every year, to the work of the best fiction writers among us. I am always amazed to see the variety of talents among colleagues — music, painting, poetry, and, as reflected in this magazine, a knack for creative writing. Where does all this wonderful talent come from?



But while the *Foreign Service Journal* devotes its summer issue to fiction, it stays serious during other seasons, with articles about “prospects for development in Africa” or “what next for world oil prices.” But how about the rest of the year? Why should we restrict our fiction and fantasy to one season? In our Foreign Service work there are year-round opportunities for creativity and imagination. Consider the following:

EERs. Was there ever a greater opportunity for letting the imagination wander through realms of unreality? An employee evaluation report is clearly not the place for understatement or even literal adherence to fact. The test for a rated officer is: if you recognize yourself in the report, then it probably needs work. Nor do you want to be the object of your supervisor’s unilateral, quixotic campaign to restore “balance” to the EER process — especially not when you are in competition with col-

John Limbert is the president of the American Foreign Service Association.

In our Foreign Service work, there are year-round opportunities for creativity and imagination.

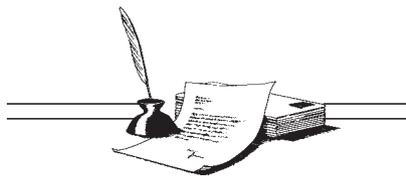
leagues who have, according to their EERs, unilaterally brought democracy to the previously oppressed inhabitants of some remote corner of Afghanistan reachable only by a six-day trip on muleback.

MPPs. Years ago I was responsible for preparing a post’s Mission Program Plan. One category was, “Please list all required factual reporting.” After listing human rights reports, real property reports, family member employment reports, freedom of religion reports, trafficking in persons reports, etc., I could only add the comment: “As far as I know all of our reporting is factual, not science fictional.” In retrospect, however, I am not so sure. All too often, Foreign Service employees and their families live in a world reminiscent of Ray Bradbury’s *Fahrenheit 451*, in which firemen were responsible for burning books. After all, in many places we serve, the electric company steals your power and sells it to your neighbor; the water company turns off your water; the garbage men deliver

garbage; and the so-called forces of law and order are the greatest threat to public safety.

General Reporting. Here the possibilities are endless. One can, for example, compose poetry — leaving the dull world of reality far behind — about the positive impact of this or that program or visitor. I once had to deliver the text of a 27-page speech about the Law of the Sea Treaty to a bored host-country official whose ignorance of the subject was only exceeded by his indifference. How could I describe his reaction in my reporting cable? The bald truth in this case would have been brutal and broken the hearts of many good friends. Or, with just a little poetic license, I could spread good will among those Washington colleagues who had worked so hard on the issue and had labored so many hours on the speech. The choice was easy.

The above examples are just the most obvious ones. Judging by the quality and variety of Foreign Service fiction, there are few areas where our colleagues cannot apply their creativity. So the next time you are preparing inspection reports, management control compliance reports, differential reports, or other documents not known for exciting and vivid writing, be imaginative. Although the *Foreign Service Journal* publishes fiction only in the summer, there is no reason the rest of us must restrict fiction to one season of the year. We should mine those rich veins of fantasy just waiting to be tapped. ■



LETTERS

A Welcome Policy

I have been a special agent in State's Diplomatic Security Service for an eventful two years and will be considering overseas bids in the next year. As an employee with a non-traditional family, I am faced with additional stresses related to overseas assignment. I was considering leaving my life partner here in the States to fulfill my overseas requirement and feeling marginalized in having to make this sacrifice, given the danger and demands already placed upon me in the course of my duties.

Until recently, I was not aware of the Members of Household policy. The coverage of it in your June issue was welcome news, indeed. While I have not yet had the opportunity to put the policy to use, its very existence is a boost to morale. While it does not afford all of the rights that others enjoy, I can at least find comfort in the policy as a means to remaining with my family, and I see it as a step in the right direction.

I sincerely appreciate the steps taken on behalf of Foreign Service employees.

*Jennifer A. Franklin
Special Agent, Diplomatic
Security Service
Office of Mobile Security
Deployments*

Africa Plays Cupid

I enjoyed the articles on Africa so much (*FSJ*, May), I am inspired to tell you my story of how Africa played Cupid.

I served in Dakar from December

1999 to October 2001 as office management specialist for the deputy chief of mission. In March 2000, I took a trip to New York via Air Afrique. After two days, I was ready to leave New York and return to Senegal.

At the airport, there were long lines and short tempers. After 12 hours waiting (some spent at a nearby hotel), I saw a gentleman arguing (he says he was "discussing") with the woman at the counter. I was thinking, "Hey, give her a break, back off, and sit here like the rest of us." Twelve hours turned into 15, and we finally took off.

When we arrived in Dakar, I heard this voice, and it was "him," the man who had argued with the ticket-counter woman. He started chatting with me and I thought, "Please, luggage, come fast; I just want to go home." The luggage arrived and I headed home. The following day at work, I told my co-worker about my trip and mentioned this man from the airport, telling her how annoying he was.

Then he showed up at the commercial office describing me to one of the FSNs in the office. She identified me, and then I received a phone call from him. I turned to my co-worker, "Help, it's him! I don't want to talk to him." But I did the unthinkable, and met him outside of the lobby area. We talked and the next thing I knew, I'd agreed to have lunch with him the next day, and the next, and so on.

The "him" was Alan Guimond. His three-week trip turned into a two-

month stay and then a long-distance relationship. In October 2001, we were married.

*Paula P. Guimond
OMS
Embassy Beijing*

In Defense of U.S. Policy

As I read Louis Janowski's article, "Neo-Imperialism and U.S. Foreign Policy" (*FSJ*, May), I found myself remembering an old line: This isn't right; it isn't even wrong.

Janowski argues that the narcotics situation in Afghanistan is worse without the Taliban in power. The Taliban was up to its eyeballs in the narcotics trade, running it as a monopoly. Now it is a free-for-all, but we have a much better chance of fighting its corrosive effects with a friendly government in Kabul, greater U.S. engagement in the region, and with terrorist training camps shut down.

Janowski uses pejorative buzzwords without definition. He asserts that U.S. policy is being reoriented "along neoconservative lines." What is a "neoconservative"? Does Janowski know? It seems that every month, someone rushes into print with a new breathless explanation of some secret cabal behind the policies of the Bush administration (the idea that the Bush administration is behind the policies of the Bush administration is apparently too prosaic). They are all Straussians, we are told, or Trotskyites, or neoconservatives, or Texas oilmen, or Bible-thumping fundamentalist Christians, or a bunch of J-E-W-S. We need to be debating

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actual ideas, not arguing over who had lunch with Richard Perle.

Janowski alleges that U.S. policy is to create an empire, but he does not define "empire." Over the past two years, the United States has employed a variety of means to deal with what it defines as threats to its security, and has shown a willingness to use military force to do so even when it lacks the explicit support of an international organization or the support of all of its traditional allies. This sounds more like the definition of an independent nation-state than an empire.

Before our invasion, our Iraq policy consisted of indefinitely stationing large numbers of troops in Saudi Arabia; endless air patrols over the northern and southern thirds of the country; a Swiss-cheese sanctions regime, under which Saddam Hussein mysteriously grew richer and stronger; and an inspections regime that he first treated as a shell game and then contemptuously refused to work with at all. Saddam continued to support terrorism, and attempted to develop WMDs and dominate the region.

This was an untenable situation. Janowski neither acknowledges this nor suggests what he would have done differently. Nor does he discuss what should be done now. He asserts that there were no WMDs. The possibilities that Iraqi WMDs were moved elsewhere or hidden, or that the WMDs were dismantled by Saddam to ride out the new round of inspections, receive not the slightest consideration or acknowledgement.

Janowski exhumes Cordell Hull and exhorts us to concentrate on international economic affairs, leaving behind "obsolete" political-military paradigms. The United States, on a firmly bipartisan basis, tried something like this in the 1990s, cutting the Foreign Service, CIA human intelligence collection and the military, while also virtually obliterating public

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diplomacy. While we sipped our lattes and watched our stocks, the international jihadist movement grew stronger and stronger within the Islamic world, defined us as an existential enemy, and began a series of attacks culminating with 9/11. Surely what we need is an integrated foreign policy that brings together political, military, intelligence and public diplomacy objectives — not an exclusive focus on our balance of trade.

Janowski has not grounded his arguments in the facts and has decided to insult those who do not share his views. This is unfortunate.

Kerem Bilg 

FSO heading to Baku

Lies, Damned Lies and Statistics

I spent a large part of my Foreign Service career working on trade policy issues, and support initiatives such as the African Growth and Opportunity Act that promote the integration of developing countries into the world trading system. Anthony Carroll, in his article “AGOA: Opening Doors” (*FSJ*, May), touts the success of AGOA and notes that U.S. Trade Representative Robert Zoellick has called AGOA an unqualified success. A closer examination of trade data, however, reveals a decidedly less rosy picture.

The 2001 to 2003 trade data included in the article reveal a mixed trade performance at best. While imports increased by \$4.4 billion, or 20 percent, fully \$3.5 billion of this growth represents higher imports of petroleum and petroleum products from Nigeria, Angola, Equatorial Guinea and Gabon. These products were duty-free prior to AGOA, and their value largely fluctuates with world prices rather than in response to trade policy.

Furthermore, while several countries, such as Kenya, Swaziland and

LETTERS



Madagascar, showed impressive export growth over this period, a depressingly large number of countries (nearly half of the 50-plus countries in sub-Saharan Africa) actually exported less to the U.S. in 2003 than in 2001.

Sub-Saharan Africa clearly faces enormous challenges and the U.S. should continue to pursue policies that promote growth and development in that part of the world. The formulation and assessment of our policies, however, should be based on careful and objective analysis of issues and outcomes.

Stephen Muller
FSO, retired
Troy, N.Y.

Ignoring Public Diplomacy

Thank you for Bill Kiehl's thoughtful piece on public diplomacy (Speaking Out, April). Many hope, as Kiehl does, that the State Department will begin to take the public diplomacy function seriously. However, his comment that a "middle ground" will be found between the independent approaches of the former USIA and the current lack of direction is too optimistic.

A riveting illustration of the actual position of public diplomacy is described by Doug Wells of Embassy Paris in "Last Flight of the Black Swan," from the same issue. If I read the piece correctly, in the weeks before the Iraq invasion, Embassy Paris disposed of the correspondence it was receiving from tens of thousands of French citizens.

That the leadership of a flagship post in the midst of the most serious crisis with its host country in 50 years decided not to respond to the thoughts, comments and desires of the people to whom it is accredited was an incredibly bad management decision that says all one needs to know about the role outreach and public diplomacy has and will have in



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the department.

The many studies carried out by various commissions and committees have had — and will have — no effect or impact on the department's introspective, introverted culture. Foreign public opinion simply doesn't count.

Neal Walsh

FSO

Fredericksburg, Va.

Deeds, Not Words

It's all very well for pundits, practitioners and kibitzers in the field of mass communications to bemoan the inadequacy of U.S. efforts at public diplomacy (*Speaking Out*, April). The fact is, however, that no nostrums involving bureaucratic reshuffling, financial resources, technical enhancements or programming expertise are likely to produce measurable changes in America's global image as long as our society and political leaders are seen to behave in ways that belie the values we profess to hold dear — i.e., values such as freedom, self-determination, democracy, elemental fairness, human rights and equal justice under law. This rings especially true with regard to U.S. policies toward the Middle East.

In other words, it's not what we say that will improve America's declining image abroad, but what we do. To pretend otherwise is self-defeating. It is also hypocrisy.

Thomas J. Carolan Jr.

FSO, retired

Silver Spring, Md.

Internal Outreach

Like Bill Kiehl (*Speaking Out*, April), I had grave doubts about the consolidation of USIA into the Department of State in 1999. What I have seen and experienced first-hand since then, however, has convinced me that the integration of public diplomacy into the State Department has given us the best opportunity we

have had since the days of Charlie Wick to inform and influence the decision-making process.

Our experience in communicating across cultural and language divides, our understanding of how to shape messages that will persuade and influence, and our knowledge of how to deploy human and program resources creatively in support of policy objectives are assets we brought to the Department of State. It's true that many of our colleagues in Washington may not fully understand what it is we do because we are largely field-oriented, and they may not grasp how public diplomacy can and does add value to the policy equation. So it is our responsibility to inform them.

In my view, to stovepipe public diplomacy within the department, by reconsolidating PD offices now dispersed throughout the department under an under secretary for public diplomacy, is no remedy. What serves the interests of the PD function and the department better is to continue to conduct our own outreach program to educate our colleagues about what we can and should be doing as equal partners at the policy-making table. It can be done: take a look at the inspection report of the Bureau of Western Hemisphere Affairs conducted two years after consolidation. The integration of public diplomacy is happening throughout the department, and will continue to take root, largely due to the efforts of people — within and outside the PD cone — who simply understand the worth of reaching out to publics and make a conscious effort to factor that into policy-making. That's what enabled WHA's approach to succeed.

Simply to insist, as Kiehl does, that PD officers are victims of uninformed rating officers in Washington and in the field gives little credit to all involved. While they may not be

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experienced PD practitioners, most senior rating officers have surely read the Secretary's statements about the importance he attaches to PD. Surely they are aware that those skills are now part of the standard training continuum for all officers and count among promotion precepts. What they don't know about the macro and micro of PD they can be taught by any PD officer with a modicum of self-interest. It's in everyone's interest to get smarter about PD, and those of us who know and practice it best ought to be spreading the word daily.

We can claim that we're not well-understood or intelligently supervised, or rail that State just isn't like USIA, and there just might be some grain of truth in those assertions. The real issue, however, is whether those PD officers still in the trenches in the State Department really want to isolate themselves further by demanding a separate public diplomacy bureau, or would prefer to proactively reach across the information divide and show that they are and should remain part of the team.

Elizabeth A. Whitaker
FSO
Washington, D.C.

EFM & the FS Staffing Puzzle

Shame on you both, Mr. Honley and AFSA, for not even mentioning Eligible Family Member employment, or the fact that EFM positions are an important component of the Foreign Service staffing puzzle, in your Editor's Introduction on Foreign Service staffing (*FSJ*, April).

You focus on the vital contributions of Foreign Service National employees. Similar to the FSNs, the EFMs provide valuable support to our embassies and consulates, accomplishing a wide range of jobs. We are hard-working and undercompensated, expected to perform at the same

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level as FSOs, but without any of the perks, respect or opportunities for advancement.

When the Family Member Associates program was created in 1998, the department's goal was to increase the professionalism of family-member employment and create an appointment mechanism that would allow EFMs to earn credit toward retirement. By providing "real" opportunities for family members, the department hoped to improve the recruitment and retention of FSOs.

It was a worthy goal, but the reality is that the department has missed the target. There is little "buy-in" from management and HR officers to ensure that EFMs are afforded truly equal status with FSOs, or even FSNs! In these "real" EFM jobs, we continue to have to fight our own HR office to receive our highest previous rate of pay and are rarely able to convince HR that we are worthy of having our backgrounds reviewed for the Superior Qualifications Rate.

Nothing is more frustrating to an EFM, already relegated to a significant pay cut from a U.S.-based job, than learning there are mechanisms to recognize private sector experience but HR didn't understand the process, or didn't bother to inform the EFM candidate of the options. That the hiring rules preclude salary grade adjustments once we begin working and have the opportunity to do a little digging into the archaic Foreign Affairs Manual rules, and discover we could have been more fairly compensated, is yet another bureaucratic barrier.

By excluding the EFM piece from the Foreign Service staffing puzzle, your article seems to confirm that FMA are no closer to being considered professionals than when we were known as "the PITs!"

*Terri Lawler Smith
Eligible Family Member
Embassy Ankara*

More on CAJE

Alex Ludwig's article on the Computer Aided Job Evaluation program (*FSJ*, April) was both interesting and insightful. It's gratifying to me, as an HR practitioner, to see this topic given the thought and time it deserves. Implementing CAJE is a huge change for overseas missions, and Ludwig pointed out legitimate concerns. However, I don't think he fully conveyed why this change was undertaken in the first place and how the benefits of this transition to a new way of evaluating jobs outweigh some of the negatives.

CAJE is an off-the-shelf system that is being used widely in the U.K. and around the world. It has been tailored slightly in order to give value to some of the unique skills our overseas locally-hired employees must have to work successfully with the U.S. government. All agencies and all regional and functional bureaus were invited to participate in the development of CAJE. As a result of their input, changes were made to the basic tool.

Ludwig is right on the mark in many of his observations. CAJE does measure five factors: knowledge, responsibility, intellectual skills, communication and work environment. He accurately notes that the local employee system is based on "rank-in-job" rather than "rank-in-person." This has always been true and is unlikely to change, CAJE or no CAJE.

The old system, based on the Local Employee Position Classification Handbook, was a "standards-based" system. The standards were written in the 1970s and most were never updated. They had arbitrary limitations and in many cases were almost impossible to understand and explain. The classifier had to write a long, often convoluted "analysis and evaluation" based on a comparison of a real

job to the 1970s standards. Lacking accurate, up-to-date standards, it was difficult for different classifiers to come to similar grade determinations. Without any uniform guidance across different categories of jobs, it was extremely difficult to convince employees and their supervisors that their jobs were being classified fairly in relationship to other jobs.

Ludwig does not support his assertion that "the CAJE calculus implicitly assigns more value to the work done by FSNs in the admin/GSO fields — thereby discriminating against the rest." My personal experience implementing CAJE at three posts does not support this. Some management employees — those with huge responsibility for funds, property or other employees — tend to get significant credit for "responsibility." Political, economic and public diplomacy employees tend to get high scores for knowledge, intellectual skills and communication. Some of the higher-level management jobs tend to score well in these areas, too.

It's not just political assistants that should be given credit for being "consummate diplomats." I've seen many shipping assistants and HR assistants who exercise high-level interpersonal skills in influencing people, completing difficult negotiations, and solving tricky long-term problems important to mission goals. These employees deserve credit for these skills and CAJE can give it to them.

The CAJE questionnaire is on the HR/OE Web site, and I'd encourage interested employees to look specifically at the questions under "intellectual skills" and "communication." These questions are designed to try and tease out some of the indefinable interpersonal and "human" skills.

One thing that always bothered me about the old system is that supervisors quickly learned to take

LETTERS



the standards and write jobs based on them. They did this mainly to try and get people promoted, but an unintended consequence was that they started to believe that jobs had to be the way the standards described them. The standards became a strait-jacket and we were all conditioned to think that embassy sections have to be structured a certain way based on how the poorly-written and out-of-date standards defined our work. With CAJE, that's all out the window. Creative supervisors can now design jobs they need, not jobs based on some preconceived idea from a fat book written in 1978. If you need an office manager to run the section's Web page and be in charge of the post's alternate command center, you can write the job description up and I

can evaluate it for you (in much less time, by the way).

But I do agree wholeheartedly with Ludwig that our local employee colleagues deserve an evaluation system that recognizes all their valuable contributions to our overseas missions. CAJE is a big step forward. While it may not be perfect, it is light-years ahead of what we had in the past and will only get better as more posts implement it and post managers learn about its strengths.

Michael S. Tulley
HR Officer
Embassy Rome

Serving with Sizer

It should come as no surprise to anyone to learn that Harry Sizer capped his exemplary Foreign Service

officer incarnation as an efficacious grievance attorney for AFSA (*AFSA News*, April). Harry certainly has the character for the job.

Harry and I were fellow budding "Arabists" at Embassy Beirut's Arabic Language School from 1960 to 1961. In those days, "Arabist" was an honorable designation. In our class, there were many fine Arabic scholars, including Harry, Dick Murphy, Terry Todman, Morrie Draper and others. True to his nature, Harry was always thoughtful and treated me as an equal even when I was of much lower rank. Please add my congratulations to those Harry has already received on his "second retirement."

John D. Tinny
FSO, retired
Ponte Vedra Beach, Fla. ■

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CYBERNOTES

Tales from A Small Planet Named Best Expatriate Resource

Tales from A Small Planet, the Web site launched in 2000 by Foreign Service spouses Francesca Kelly and Fritz Galt to replace their "Spouses' Underground Newsletter," the *SUN*, has been awarded top billing in *Forbes* magazine's "Best of the Web" Directory in the category of "Expatriate Resources" (<http://www.forbes.com/bow/>).

Tales (www.talesmag.com) has steadily evolved into the most comprehensive source of information and education on what it is really like to live in a foreign country. It employs literature, humor and the arts, as well as online discussion groups, to enrich and share the experience of living abroad, including how to cope with the challenges that come along.

The *Forbes* magazine "Best of

Web" Directory also includes these sites: *Transitions Abroad* (www.transitionsabroad.com), *Escape Artist.com* (www.escapeartist.com), *Outpost Expatriate Network* (www.outpostexpat.nl) and *Overseas Digest* (www.overseasdigest.com). One particularly useful site, www.newsstand.com, provides online subscriptions for hundreds of international newspapers and magazines.

Iraq Bellwether: Kurds at a Crossroads

The Kurdish ethnic minority may have reached a crossroads. The long-oppressed ethnic group has been dealt a new set of challenges in the wake of the overthrow of Saddam Hussein — not least of which is to participate in overcoming the ethnic animosity inspired and enforced by decades of persecution by the Ba'athist dictator.

While representatives from the

larger Shia and Sunni populations received the two top posts in the new interim Iraqi government, Iraqi Kurds were given one of the two vice presidencies, the foreign ministry and the deputy prime minister's portfolio. But crucial issues such as a constitutional safeguard of minority rights and the status of Kirkuk remain to be tackled.

With the fall of the Ba'athist regime, the Kurds — who had developed a governmental infrastructure in northern Iraq at the end of the 1991 Persian Gulf War — were logical protectors of the vast oil reserves around Kirkuk. Saddam Hussein had, however, instituted a policy of Arabization and driven most Kurds from the city — and tensions have recently flared anew.

In Ankara, meanwhile, the thought of a Kurdish regional authority with a newfound source of wealth is troubling. Quoted in the Turkish daily newspaper *Zaman*, Turkish Foreign

Site of the Month: Nation Master

Begun in May 2003 by an inquisitive fact-finder, *Nation Master* (www.nationmaster.com) provides to serious statisticians and trivia enthusiasts the simple tools for comparing the national statistics of nearly every country in the world. Whether you want to learn how countries rank according to industrial growth or simply want to know which nations are the top exporters of apricots, *Nation Master* has the answer.

Nation Master draws its data from a variety of governmental, international and private sources. Among many others, these include the *CIA World Factbook*, the Department of Energy, the World Health Organization and the World Bank. The Web site provides an easy and informative way to gather and compare data on everything from national unemployment to car thefts per capita.

Near the top of the page is a "Make Your Own Graph" feature that can be used to rank countries according to a particular variable using color-coded bar graphs or pie charts. By clicking on the "Stats" link in the top corner of the page, users can see the long list of possible data. Maps and flags of every country are also available. In addition, there is a free "Forum" where users can discuss topics ranging from crime and health to sports and geography.

While some of the most advanced features of the Web site, such as correlations and scatter plots, are limited to "supporters" only, all of the data are accessible free of charge. With statistics ranging from health and environmental to economic and governmental, *Nation Master* is an invaluable central resource for the curious and the scholarly alike.

— Kristofer Lofgren, Editorial Intern



CYBERNOTES

Minister Abdullah Gül warned the Kurds that, “it is dangerous to play with Kirkuk,” a thinly veiled warning against Kurdish muscle-flexing.

Though Turkey has been pushed to come to terms with its own 12-million-strong Kurdish minority by the requirements for European Union membership, the task is by no means complete. On June 1 the Kurdish terrorist group KONGRA-GEL, the successor of the Kurdish Workers Party (PKK), announced it would end its five-year truce with the Turkish government (<http://www.kurdistanforum.com/article88.html>).

The earlier 15-year war between the Turkish military and the PKK resulted in over 37,000 deaths. Though KONGRA-GEL is dismissed by many Turkish Kurds as an extremist group that does not represent their interests, the re-emergence of conflict at the very time when Kurdish efforts may have the best chance at success is not heartening.

There are a number of Web sites that are helpful in following developments affecting the Kurds, starting with their story from 1920 to the present (www.pbs.org/wgbh/pages/frontline/shows/saddam/kurds). *Kurdish Media* (<http://www.kurdishmedia.com>) is a source of general commentary on Kurd-related news. *Kurdish Daily* (<http://www.kurdishdaily.com>) references international media for stories from the region in and around geographic Kurdistan, while *Kurdistan Forum* (<http://www.kurdistanforum.com>) emphasizes news from local sources. The *Kurdistan Observer* (<http://www.kurdistanobserver.com>) features

op-eds by expatriate Kurds and news from Iraq. Finally, the northern Iraq Regional Kurdish Government also has its own Web site (<http://www.krg.org>).

— *Kristofer Lofgren,*
Editorial Intern

Is the G-8 Committed to Africa?

As President Bush hosted leaders from the world's leading industrialized democracies June 8-10 at Sea Island, Ga. (www.g8usa.gov), African countries wondered whether the G-8 Summit of 2004 would continue the progress outlined two years earlier at Kananaskis, Canada, when the G-8 formally endorsed the New Partnership for Africa's Development (www.nepad.org).

At Sea Island, African development took a back seat to the summit's three broad themes: freedom, prosperity and security. Development and the spread of HIV/AIDS played only a supporting role. So rather than push forward the African growth initiative on its own terms, the six African leaders invited to Sea Island found themselves trying to convince G-8 leaders that African success could help advance the summit's three themes.

The G-8's waffling on Africa is put into perspective in a new report by the Council on Foreign Relations, which offers a mixed assessment of the G-8's dedication to NEPAD (<http://www.cfr.org/pdf/G8Africa.pdf>). The report, written under the direction of Ambassador Princeton Lyman, applauds G-8 members for their efforts to raise Africa's paltry 1-percent share of world foreign direct

What to do now [about Iraq]? You know, there's a rule that if you find yourself in a hole, stop digging. The first thing I would say is we need to stop digging.

— Gen. Anthony Zinni, USMC (Ret.), Remarks at Center for Defense Information Board of Directors Dinner, May 12, 2004, www.cdi.org

investment. The report, however, warned G-8 leaders against losing their focus in other areas: “The African political terrain is littered with good initiatives that floundered for want of sufficient funding from subscribing states.” High agricultural tariffs in G-8 countries were also cited as a limiting factor to African growth.

The G-8's focus in recent months on the Middle East and the world economy, moreover, has forced African leaders to frame their needs in a context that strikes a chord with the U.S. and its allies. The U.S. has already committed over \$100 million to counterterrorism efforts in East Africa and an embryonic peace effort has developed in the Sudan.

The Council report was critical of the G-8's inconsistent promotion of political reform: “Although the U.S. government has traditionally considered democracy a high priority on its global agenda, it has not placed consistent emphasis on funding programs that support democracy and good governance in Africa.” As Africa's share



of world energy production increases beyond a quarter of the world supply in coming years, the G-8's strategic interest in Africa may follow suit and force a more attentive policy.

In the meantime, NEPAD may be the best method for moving toward Africa's development goals. That initiative has encouraged African countries to work toward better governance, market-based economic transparency and broader support for private sector development. It also instituted a peer-review process between African countries in order to promote good economic management and honest government. While NEPAD has shown its inadequacies in countries such as Zimbabwe, African leaders defend the plan as a "building-block process" that will evolve over time.

G-8 members still face an uphill task on the issue of the debt burden. While

50 Years Ago...

[The] public impression of the Foreign Service is most important for the Service itself to realize. ... If the average voter or constituent has a fixed opinion of our diplomats and consuls, there are few congressmen who are willing to take the time, trouble and risk to correct this stereotyped opinion. The best way to influence the Congress in a favorable manner is to work on the "folks back home."



— Hon. Alvin M. Bentley, "Congress and the Foreign Service," *FSJ*, July 1954.

several G-8 countries have advocated an extension of the Heavily Indebted Poor Countries initiative (www.worldbank.org/hipe), which has helped some of the worst-off countries in the world, many African countries still pay more in debt than they receive in foreign investment. To address this issue, Southern African leaders and business representatives met in Maputo from

June 2-4 for the World Economic Forum (www.weforum.org). The forum ensured a new focus on NEPAD by the private sector — a development that may provide a needed complement to the G-8's equivocal efforts in promoting African development. ■

— Kristofer Lofgren,
Editorial Intern

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SPEAKING OUT

A Tribute to the Senior Seminar

BY WILLIAM STEDMAN

By the time this issue of the *Foreign Service Journal* appears, the Senior Seminar will have passed quietly into State Department history, ending nearly half a century of sustained and impressive contributions by its graduates to the conduct and creation of foreign policy.

Considering that distinguished track record, the bad news was delivered in a strangely low-key way: a routine departmental notice dated Aug. 15, 2003, announced that the course would be terminated upon the graduation of the 46th Seminar class on June 4, 2004. The notice went on to promise that “beginning in the fall of 2004, the Senior Seminar will become a series of shorter, stand-alone training events relevant to executives at the senior-most ranks of the national security community.”

Speaking as an alumnus of the 13th Senior Seminar, I think the decision to terminate the class was unfortunate, both for the Foreign Service as an institution and for the many colleagues who could have benefited from taking the course. I can certainly understand that for mid-level and junior personnel, the issue seems somewhat remote. But at a minimum, the seminar deserves an appropriate send-off; hence this column.

Fostering Executive Excellence

The Foreign Affairs Manual (3 FAM 2724.3) describes the course as follows: “The Senior Seminar is a nine-month program conducted by the Foreign Service Institute and

From its inception, the Senior Seminar has concentrated on conducting public diplomacy in local communities around the U.S.



offers the highest level of executive training in foreign affairs offered by the U.S. government. Each year a limited number of highly qualified Foreign Service and Civil Service personnel at the grades of FE-OC, SES, FO-1, and GS and/or GM-15, from the Department of State and other agencies are chosen for this course, based upon past performance and current potential, and in accordance with merit principles.”

Although the size of the Seminar has fluctuated from year to year since the first group met in the fall of 1957 (the most recent class had 30 participants), it has remained true to that vision. But far from remaining static or stodgy, the content and methodology of the Seminar have evolved over the years to meet the changing needs of the Foreign Service.

Consider the statement of purpose for the current Seminar, the 46th:

“The Seminar brings together 30 career foreign affairs and national security professionals with high potential for executive-level leader-

ship, and immerses them in a 41-week program in preparation for such leadership positions.

“The objectives of the Seminar encompass both strategy and leadership. ... The curriculum uses the president’s National Security Strategy and U.S. foreign policy and military strategies as the basis for analysis of the domestic connections. Participants enhance their understanding and appreciation of senior-level inter-agency dynamics in Washington and the work of U.S. government agencies dealing with homeland security, national security and foreign affairs, as well as the roles of the Congress and state and local entities.

“Participants also engage in a broad array of activities aimed at refining senior-level leadership, management and tradecraft skills. The emphasis is on strategic leadership, and skills modules on subjects such as strategic planning and delivering congressional testimony are specifically geared to the senior officer.

“To achieve its objectives, the Seminar employs an imaginative mix of dialogue with leading authorities on major current issues at home and abroad. This includes sessions with public officials, scholars, journalists, business and labor leaders, and representatives of interest groups and study trips to U.S. military bases and different regions of the United States. The integrated learning process also takes place through extensive reading, individual research assignments, case studies, group projects, simulations, public presentations, and informal



discussions among the Seminar members. The professional relationships developed among Seminar members from various organizational cultures lead to greater understanding of institutional differences and serve to develop an interagency network of contacts.”

Leadership Training

Hundreds of U.S. ambassadors, generals, admirals, and top-ranking officials of agencies involved in foreign affairs are among the alumni of the Senior Seminar. Alumni cite several major benefits that they derived from participation and which enabled them to make substantial contributions to the management of foreign affairs issues. Many note the opportunity to reflect on issues and concerns without the constant press of dealing with immediate problems. Others underscore the development of enduring ties among high officials from various foreign affairs agencies and departments, noting that through such connections they have been able to resolve interagency problems, either by involving colleagues from the Seminar or by drawing on the knowledge of other government departments that they attained in the course.

The Senior Seminar has regularly included women, officers of the uniformed services and representatives of civilian agencies with foreign affairs interests. While State is the most heavily represented agency, participants have come from every branch of the military, as well as USIA, USAID, DOD, CIA, NSA, FBI, EPA, Commerce, Treasury, Agriculture, and Labor.

Former Secretary of State George Shultz spoke at several graduation ceremonies for Seminar classes. He consistently described the course as an adult experiential educational experience, not as “training.” I believe what he was getting at was that the

Seminar’s aim was to expand its participants’ horizons, and develop their latent abilities, not just teach them specific skills by demonstration, practice or rote.

But as valuable as the Seminar experience has been to its participants, the Foreign Service arguably benefited as much as they did. Consider the public diplomacy component of the course. It has long been the goal of the Department of State to strengthen understanding of issues in the foreign relations of the U.S. and to relate policies to domestic concerns and interests. However, most public diplomacy efforts have focused on the first of those objectives. Only the Senior Seminar has, from its inception, concentrated on the second aspect, via its program of monthly domestic travel throughout the U.S. Local communities around the country have been delighted that a group of Washington-based foreign affairs specialists visited them each year to exchange views about issues and problems in our international affairs and their impact on life in the U.S. There never has been a comparable program in the U.S. government.

A Senior Seminar SOS

Graduates of the Senior Seminar formed an Alumni Association in 1984, and for 20 years this organization provided strong support for the Seminar. As soon as they learned of the decision to disband the course, the association board met with the leadership of FSI. They underscored the tremendous professional value of the Seminar and cited examples of how the course had enabled them to do their jobs more effectively after graduation.

The FSI officials did not dispute the value of the Senior Seminar, but asserted an overriding need to provide leadership training to a much larger number of senior officials of the department than the Seminar can accommo-

date. They attributed that shift in priorities to Secretary Powell, who has frequently stressed the importance of training in general, and instruction in leadership and management in particular. Yet it still seems very strange that he would order the termination of a successful program.

Our interlocutors also expressed disappointment that many graduates of the Seminar retired soon after they participated in it. They also alleged that agencies sometimes used the Seminar as a place to “park” officers who were difficult to assign. I recognize that these assertions may have some validity. However, so far as I know there has been no systematic evaluation to substantiate either charge. Furthermore, such situations reflect failures within the assignment process, not problems with the Senior Seminar itself.

Unsatisfied, the Senior Seminar Alumni Association wrote to Secretary of State Powell on Jan. 15, 2004, requesting reconsideration of the decision to terminate the course. That letter noted:

“The Senior Seminar was conceived as a program for senior State Department officers and from the outset included senior representatives from the military and the other foreign affairs agencies. Participants were selected for their potential to continue to advance in the Service, and most had spent the majority of their working years mainly overseas. Because these officers had not lived in America in decades, the Senior Seminar was a valuable mechanism that reacquainted them with their own country — warts and all. At base the Senior Seminar has been an American studies course, designed to enable Foreign Service and other agency leaders to represent their nation at the highest levels based on personal knowledge. ...”

A reply rejecting the request came from the director of the Foreign

SPEAKING OUT



Service Institute, who asserted that the Senior Seminar format is not the only way to train leaders to meet future challenges. The director further noted that FSI offers a variety of other programs for that purpose, such as the Senior Executive Threshold Seminar.

However, these courses only run a few days and do not yet include officers from other agencies. Thus, while there is an important place for such instruction, they are no substitute for the kind of in-depth, long-term training that the Senior Seminar offered. Indeed, I would contend that this is not a zero-sum game: both approaches could be conducted with only a modest increase in the department's budget.

A Proud Legacy

The Senior Seminar served this

nation well for 46 years, offering senior officers of all foreign affairs agencies and departments much needed opportunities for:

- reflecting on current policies and practices and on ways to improve them, something the demands of their everyday job responsibilities otherwise precluded;
- exchanging views and concerns about U.S. foreign relations with leaders and citizens in communities in major regions of this country;
- establishing close working relationships with members of other agencies and departments involved in foreign affairs;
- understanding the missions and responsibilities of other agencies in the conduct of U.S. foreign affairs;
- interacting with recognized leaders in a variety of fields so as to deter-

mine what makes good leaders; and

- gaining an appreciation of the geographic and functional areas of foreign affairs other than those they have been involved with.

It could and should continue to do so. My hope is that sometime soon, the department will recognize this and recreate the Senior Seminar or a similar program. ■

William Stedman, a retired Senior Foreign Service officer, was a member of the 13th Senior Seminar. He is currently the director of the Education and Culture Program for Partners of the Americas, an NGO whose mission is to bring together citizen volunteers from Latin America, the Caribbean and the United States to improve the lives of people across the Western Hemisphere.

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STRANGE DAY

The clouds amassed on the horizon one day last year. A new member of the community noted they looked like rain clouds. No, was my response, they might look like rain clouds but they'll never spill their contents here. Not in Africa. Not during the dry season. I spoke with a certainty gained from too many years suffering the continent's predictable weather patterns.

That's what was so strange.

So unusual.

It did rain.

The locals were a bit concerned. They tried to go about their business as if nothing unusual happened, but it was evident in their eyes and in the long pauses that marked their conversations. The market didn't matter to them that day. Selling their wares didn't matter to them that day. It rained that day. That's what mattered to them. It was the dry season, and in Africa that means no rain. But it rained.

Strange.

I remember the day well. Perhaps because of what happened to Ebrima that day, or maybe it was because of the butterflies.

When it began to rain, I was sitting on my front porch

reading. My little bungalow sat one block in from the main road leading into the capital. The main road was paved. My road was sand in the best of times and mud in the worst. During the dry season, everything was covered in a thick layer of fine dust kicked up from the road, or blown in from the Sahel. The normally vibrant African colors were dulled by the rusty-brown film of dust, and the bright hot sun further bleached everything in sight.

I was engrossed in my book and only afterward would I remember that everything around me had stilled. The usual cacophony that is urban Africa — the street vendors, the greetings of passersby, the cluck of chickens, the bleating of goats, the sputter of poorly-tuned combustion engines, pied crows cawing from rooftops, the grinding and grating and squealing of bearings in need of lubricant, the regular schwok-schwok sound of a machete being used to trim bushes and cut back the tall grass, and, yes, the incessant chorus of insects — fell away. I was less aware of the sudden lack of noise than I was of the sound of the wind playing through the fronds of the palms and the leaves of the hibiscus that sheltered my porch. It was a sound I usually only listened to in the



Donald Muthigan

A MAN REALIZES
THE RHYTHM OF LIFE AND DEATH
IN A RAINSTORM IN AFRICA.

BY MICHAEL E. KELLY

F O C U S

quiet of the night, when Africa slept. Then, sometimes, I would steal away to my roof to watch the moon arc across a perfect sky, or stare in awe at the Southern Cross as it slowly rotated in its ascension.

As I listened to the quiet of the wind, I lowered my book to my lap and looked out at the sky. It was as if a shroud was cast across the sky from horizon to horizon. Not so much clouds as a pale green veil that deepened into turquoise as I watched. I put down my book and stood, transfixed. The usual harsh shadows of the mid-day African sun were gone. The sun's rays were diffused so that everything was bathed in an even light, and the breeze that played through my garden was almost refreshing. Almost cool.

It was a bizarre experience. The world around me was at once familiar — yet strangely surreal. I felt transported, detached, unplugged, and a feeling of unease spread from my stomach to my bowels, then up my spine. The hairs at the back of my neck pricked to attention. In retrospect, I think I was approaching the steep edge of a deep and primal panic the likes of which I had never experienced before. But that is when the wind stopped blowing and it began to rain.

It started as soft, evenly-timed pats, not unlike someone holding a sheet of paper and flicking it with his finger. I watched as the drops, fat and wet, struck the dusty leaves of the hedge surrounding my porch, leaving them clean and bright. I watched as the drops hit the dusty path leading from my porch into my garden. They struck hard and heavy, like little artillery shells, sending up barely-perceptible puffs of dust and leaving dime-size craters.

But then it started to rain in earnest.

Something overcame me. The next moment I was in my garden in the deluge, barefoot and soaked to the core. My light cotton shirt clung to my body; my hair was plastered to my head. I lifted my face to the sky. The rain fell in my eyes and ran down the creases of my face, into the corners of my mouth. It was sweet. It

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was clean. It was cool.

Then, as quickly as it had started, the rain ceased. The veil that covered the sky and muted the sun lifted. The heat returned in an instant, and the air was suddenly muggy and thick. The insects took up their chorus. The animals joined in, soon followed by the rest of the noise of urban Africa.

I lowered my head. A blush rose to my cheeks and I found myself looking around to see if anyone had witnessed my baptism. That is when I noticed the butterflies, scores of them. It was as if they simply blossomed out of the bushes. One moment they weren't there, and the next they were everywhere. They danced and flitted about. I stared in wonder. Most were light blue and trimmed in black. Others were orange. I followed my footpath around to the back of my garden. The butterflies were there too. I could hear their wings flapping, and the air verily pulsed with each tiny wing beat.

My garden was a carefully planned and tended chaos of flowers, shrubs, bushes, and trees. Ebrima, my gardener, was tasked with its care, and in that he was unsurpassed. He was before me now. Not standing, but lying in the middle of a patch of green grass. He was in his work clothes — brown trousers cut at the legs so they came just below his knees and one of my old dress shirts with the sleeves rolled up above his elbows. He wore the shirt tucked in the trousers and open to the waist, not as a fashion statement, but simply for lack of buttons. The trousers were cinched around his waist with a tattered piece of rope. Oddly, his plastic flip-flops rested next to him side-by-side, as if placed there with care. His machete, the tool of choice for all of his gardening chores, lay on his other side, again as if placed there by a gentle hand. The wool cap he normally wore, was rolled up and loosely rested in his right hand. His body was still wet from the rain, droplets glistened in his close-cropped gray hair, and pooled in the hollow at the base of his neck and the corners of his closed eyes. His body shone magnificently in the bright sun. He looked fresh and alive like the rain-cleaned greenery that surrounded me, but I knew without going any closer that he was dead.

Ebrima had been my gardener from the day I moved my battered suitcases into the tiny bungalow I came to call home. He was there waiting for me at the gate as the bush taxi dropped me off. He stood proud

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One of the butterflies broke from the group and began a slow, wavering spiral up into the sky, as if caught on an errant breeze.

but short and withered with age in what were probably his best clothes. He greeted me, told me his name, and in a manner that was not rude or arrogant told me he was my gardener. He explained he had been the gardener for every previous resident. I saw no need to break the cycle.

Over the years, my dealings with Ebrima were infrequent and brief. He knew what he was doing and he did it well. He managed to stretch out a day's worth of hard work into six full days of steady toil. For his efforts, he took away a reasonable weekly wage, all the firewood he could cull from my trees and still leave me with shade, and half the crop when there was fruit to be harvested from the mango, papaya or avocado trees. He never bothered me for extra money, never asked for a loan, never coveted my meager possessions, and never troubled me with conversation beyond his formal greeting every morning as I left my bungalow to try to save the continent. In the evenings when I returned from my efforts, frustrated and hot, he was already gone.

He had 12 children. That's right, 12 children. Eleven girls and one boy. The boy was the last to be born. The day his son was born was one of the few occasions Ebrima and I spoke at length about anything. He waited for me to come home from work that evening to tell me, his face twisted into a wrinkled mass of beaming flesh that took me a moment to realize was a smile. I noticed for the first time that he was almost toothless. Eleven daughters and one son—he was a rich man in a land where riches were counted by one's progeny. There were several wives too. That's just the way it was. Each one younger than the last. He must have been close to 80 when his son was born. That was just a couple of months back.

I knelt down next to Ebrima's still form. His skin shone and was pulled tight across the frame of his body, not stretched, just a perfect fit. What I could see of his chest and arms were lean and fit; only his face gave away his great age. At first I didn't want to touch Ebrima. I wasn't worried my presence would disturb

him from his well-deserved rest; I just didn't want to destroy the sanctity of his final moment. I was witnessing a mystery where flesh meets nature in its greatest and final glory, and I wasn't sure I was worthy. Still the butterflies flittered and fluttered about the garden, but even they seemed to be losing interest. Where their efforts had been focused on the bushes and blossoms a moment before, now they were breaking up and flying about in random loops and whirls. I knew the moment was passing. It had rained. The butterflies had come. And now they must go again. As they performed their last dance across the garden before disappearing, a handful passed over Ebrima in his repose. They seemed to hover there a moment before moving on, and one of them, one of the butterflies, broke from the group and began a slow, wavering spiral up into the sky, as if caught on an errant breeze. I watched that butterfly as it was carried higher and higher, above the limbs of the avocado, above the tall palms, then up beyond view. By the time my eyes returned to my garden, the rest of the butterflies were gone. Only Ebrima and I remained.

Finally, I reached out and gently took his hand in mine. His fingers were long, the pads on them and his palm surprisingly soft and warm. This was never my garden, never my home, never my Africa. I held his hand in mine. I held his hand and I cried.

A year has passed since Ebrima's spirit was set free in the garden. The husband of his oldest daughter now tends it. His touch with the land and the greenery isn't as gentle and perfect as was Ebrima's, but that will come with time. I greet him as I leave for work every morning. Sometimes I linger and ask how the family is doing, or if he needs any supplies for the garden. Sometimes we just talk about the weather, and I ask him if he thinks it will rain.

It is the dry season again, but there has been no rain, and there is no sign of rain. Just like it has always been. Just like it should be during the dry season: hot, dusty, and dry. There have been no butterflies either. No other surprises. Africa is as it is — as it should be. Finally, I understand that. ■

THE VERDERER

Anthony Riggs removes the chiffon paper from around his recently purchased gloves. He relishes the sweet smell of new leather and admires the gloves' fine craftsmanship before slipping them onto his bare hands, careful not to set a single finger on the outside surface. The gloves are of exquisite quality, and Anthony believes they will make a fine gift for some lucky relative when he returns to Boston. After all, he plans to wear the gloves just once, and for the briefest of moments.

The winter morning is dark at this hour, a condition accentuated by a soup of London's thickest fog. Anthony looks out the window of the bus in which he is riding. He can barely make out the naked trees and signposts by the side of the street, but it does not matter. He has traveled this route countless times in the last 12 months. He knows every street and every house along the way.

As the bus finally approaches the desired stop, Anthony sees a luxurious automobile backing out of a driveway in this upscale residential neighborhood. The tail and headlights enter the

fog, but do little to illuminate it. Anthony watches the car drive into the street and quickly disappear from view. "Perfect timing," Anthony says to himself. "Mrs. Dixon is out of the house, and Nigel is home alone."

At the bus stop, Anthony steps into the thick fog and immediately feels the damp air penetrating his clothing like cold fingers wriggling through his black scarf and overcoat. Walking purposefully toward the driveway from which the luxurious automobile has just exited, Anthony eyes the number on the mailbox: 129. He has arrived.

Anthony slinks up to the front door, completely undetected, and rings the doorbell. He hears the muffled chimes through the walls and waits silently on the low, stone porch. A visitor so early in the morning, Anthony knows, will catch the house's owner by surprise and make him hesitant to open the front door.

A porch lamp jumps awake above Anthony, but its weak light fragments into a million dull particles in the fog. Just to be sure, Anthony's face is mostly covered by his low-hanging hat and scarf. The door opens just a crack, enough for Anthony to see the warm glow of a living room lamp behind the suspicious slice of face that cau-



Donald Mulligan

*A CENTURIES-OLD AFFRONT
DRIVES A POLITICAL OFFICER
TO PLAN A METICULOUS REVENGE.*

By JOHN D. BOYLL

tiously peeks out at him.

“Yes — who is it?” the man behind the door asks hesitantly.

“Nigel Dixon?” Anthony asks, filling his words with urgency.

“That’s right.”

“Mr. Dixon, your wife has just had an auto accident. May I come in?”

It is a ruse, of course. It has, however, the planned effect. As the door shuts, Anthony hears the chain lock being undone. The door flies open in an instant.

“Please, come right in,” the homeowner says. “Where is she?”

“It just happened; I got here as fast as I could. No need to call an ambulance, the paramedics are on their way,” Anthony says as he closes the door.

“Where are they taking her?! I must go meet them,” Nigel says, turning to a closet to find his coat.

Nigel Dixon is visibly distressed, and his body shakes with nerves. Anthony notices the sumptuous turtleneck sweater that Nigel wears, and cannot help but think how appropriate it is. Anthony has awaited this moment for over a year, or perhaps a lifetime.

Anthony glances at his watch. It is exactly 6:30 a.m. With his back to Anthony, Nigel cannot see the insulated wire rising high before it comes down over his head and around his neck.

When Anthony began working at the U.S. embassy in London four years ago, it was like a dream come true. As a political officer, he was tasked with learning as much as he could about life in the British Isles, and he took the assignment to heart. Anthony faced no great challenge, however, as he already possessed more knowledge about his host country than many of the natives. His family lineage demanded no less of him.

Anthony’s ancestors journeyed to Boston from Britain hundreds of years ago — that much he knew from an early age. His English heritage was a source of great pride as he grew up, to the point that he dedicated his university studies to all things British, including attending Oxford as an exchange student.

Beginning then, Anthony cultivated a British accent

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and an even more fervent affection for the land of his ancestors. He wore only English suits, English shoes, and English spectacles. He had easily become, as his American friends observed, more a Londoner than a Bostonian.

It was this dedication that slowly dissolved Anthony’s endearment to America, and he came to feel like an alien in his own land. Though he was soon to be sworn into the American diplomatic service, he did so with one goal in mind: to be assigned to London for as long as possible.

It took several years, but Anthony was finally given his chance to call London home, albeit with a foreign passport and a very impermanent assignment. It was of no matter to Anthony. He was at last where he belonged, and he was sure of only one thing: he wished his ancestors had never left such a wonderful, civilized place.

After just two years in London, Anthony had married Maggie, the loveliest, most enchanting subject that the Queen could ever wish for. As a result, the legality of Anthony’s permanent stay in London was finally a matter of mere paperwork. Still, he was already scheduled to return to Washington for his next diplomatic assignment. Should he throw his career away to stay in England where he belonged?

It wasn’t a difficult decision. Anthony had no equal among Anglophiles, and would now draw even closer to his forefathers. But the exact details of his English heritage were not completely clear. Anthony knew that his family were loyalists in the American Rebellion, as he called it, but it was not until he delved passionately into his family’s genealogy during the next year or so that he uncovered something unexpected, truly sinister.

Jonathan Riggs, whose son journeyed to the New World and from whom Anthony’s family descended, was not a rich man. He was so poor, in fact, that his surname was awarded to him posthumously by his widow and chiseled into his crude headstone. As a man of no means, Jonathan was married to the land and to the land alone. He was very old by the time he took a common-law wife — about age 30.

Providing for a wife and a child, though, turned out to be more than Jonathan could afford. He felt prosperous enough, having a family and a lifelong job of toil, so long as his lord’s land would yield crops. He was short, however, of one important thing: food. Living next to the king’s forest as a serf meant living in a world of constant temptation, and this was Jonathan’s cross to bear.

The blood on his hands was nothing short of beautiful, until the verderer demanded that Jonathan drop his bounty.

The king's verderer traveled on a magnificent steed, and carried a sword that by all accounts was far too large to be wielded practicably. The sword, the verderer claimed, had killed 70 men. Whether the claim was accurate did not matter. The verderer, known to history only by his surname, Dixon, knew that he could not personally guard the entire perimeter and area of the king's forest all at once. To do his duty properly, the verderer relied on the reputation of his sword to be where he could not.

Jonathan knew that the forest was forbidden territory and that neither fowl nor fawn belonged to him. Jonathan also knew that his family would soon starve unless he took matters into his own hands — and game was only plentiful in the king's hunting grounds. Jonathan walked to the edge of the forest many times, yearning for some unwitting creature to bound out of the thicket and into his desperate grasp.

Though Jonathan had seen the verderer somewhat frequently in his last days, he knew nothing of espionage, and he knew nothing of instigating a crime. He was so simple, in fact, that Jonathan did not think it odd when the verderer himself invited him into the forest to see what game he might find. After all, Jonathan thought, his family was obviously in need and the verderer must have noticed.

When Jonathan finally emerged from the forest, he carried two enormous pheasants and new hope for the goodness of life. The blood on his hands was nothing short of beautiful, until the verderer demanded that Jonathan drop his bounty and present his palms. The verderer declared Jonathan guilty of theft, having been caught "red-handed."

The verderer's blade met its mark, and the very next day Jonathan's family fled the vicinity, and made plans to begin a new life. The verderer's cruelty was what forced Anthony Riggs' ancestors to the British colonies in America, according to the public records and private diaries dredged up by the curious confluence of a mutual interest in genealogy — shared by Anthony and one Londoner, Nigel Dixon.

After months of Internet communication with Nigel and mutual assistance in constructing two separate family trees, Anthony discovered his connection to that age-old day of deceit and treachery. Thereafter, Nigel wrote but one single, acrimonious e-mail in response to Anthony's revelation. It is burned forever into Anthony's mind: "It appears one of mine murdered one of yours. Bloody good show! History shows that yours are the filth of the earth, mine are the gems — and history cannot be undone."

The muscles in Anthony's arms are taut, frozen in a powerful isometric contraction. He stands over a gasping Nigel and calmly thinks of how beautifully his yearlong preparation paid off. He added detailed knowledge of London bus routes, timetables and weather patterns to his already extensive understanding of British history, politics and economics. The hours of secret footwork, researching Nigel's background and tendencies, his likes and dislikes, tracking and timing his daily routine — it was all worth it now.

Anthony is controlled and deliberate in his work. As Nigel's body slowly succumbs to its fate, Anthony watches only his wristwatch. Ten minutes is a long time to wait, but he is patient. It will now take him exactly five minutes to walk the four city blocks and catch the 6:45 bus. It is the same bus line Anthony took to arrive at Nigel's house, but it goes in the opposite direction and has a different driver. It has all been carefully thought out.

On the bus again, Anthony wraps his leather gloves carefully in the tissue paper once more. At his stop he buys one dozen roses, and goes directly home to tell Maggie the good news: their trip to the States will only be temporary, because he is now determined to live in London for good.

Anthony has no worries. He is certain his guilt will never be known, for he has left nothing for Scotland Yard to work with. As the lonely city bus winds its way through the dense fog like a submarine in the thickest of brines, Anthony breathes deeply and peacefully. His deed is history now, and history cannot be undone. ■

AWAKENING

The deep, hollow thump, thump of mortar meeting pestle that wakes the sun and brings it from its horizon bed has not yet begun. The log fires are not yet lit to make the morning porridge.

In this dry savanna village of Africa, where noise and rhythm seem as perpetual as air, it is shocking to witness such stillness.

We are awake because we are waiting. My weary head is propped against a concrete pillar, as I look out from the thatch-roofed porch of the maternité. Fifty meters in front of us, the narrow dusty road at the entrance to the village of Marama-Ba lies flat and empty — temporarily relieved of the traffic of callus-footed farmers, flip-flopped schoolchildren, and the worn-smooth rubber tires of second-hand Chinese bicycles. Awa is sitting on the porch steps, her head gently supported by the shoulder of her mother-in-law, Mon. Aminata, the assistant midwife, stands watch over us like a soldier at attention.

A soft wind picks up, and the trees just beyond the main road that make up the “magic forest” whisper in their movement. It sends

shivers down my spine. The villagers of Marama-Ba believe that the spirits of the forest protect them from all harm, and so are reverent and fearful of entering into these trees, lest the spirits be angered. Of course I don’t believe in sorcery, but I have never ventured into them either, unsure whether the comfortable suburban American reality that I know holds true halfway across the globe.

I arrived at the maternité early this afternoon, for what we all thought was the imminent arrival of Awa’s child. But even now, the infant’s soft head remains firmly wedged between Awa’s too-small pelvic bones.

Hours ago, when I suggested that Awa needed a doctor, the midwife had said, “The hospital is too far, and she can’t afford to pay.” Instead, the midwife pressed with both hands on Awa’s belly, yelling “Push! Keep pushing!” Then, turning to me she muttered disdainfully, “These women are so lazy.”

Awa obediently pushed. Her lips pinched together into a pale thin line across her face. Her eyes shut violently, extending wrinkles along her temples. But she never allowed a sound to escape her lips. To bear their pain without sound



Donald Mulligan

AS THE SLOW, CREAKY WHEELS
OF AN AFRICAN EMERGENCY TURN,
AN AMERICAN HEALTH WORKER
COMES TO TERMS WITH THE REALITY
OF HER OWN LOSS.

BY RACHEL HERR

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was a source of pride for the Jula women. I felt her screams inside me, though, alongside my own stifled cries. Between contractions, her head dangled limply to one side, drops of sweat that had beaded up in the curls of her hair at her brow, ran in rivulets down her face and into her ear. Aminata dabbed her face with a rag. Awa's eyes were large vacant saucers.

I met Awa two weeks after I arrived in the village to work at the health center. I was helping the nurse with his monthly vaccination of infants when she confidently strolled over, sat at the register and proceeded in her slow and careful handwriting to record each child's vaccinations as if this was her job. When I scheduled "baby-weighing days," she came again, and helped me record each infant's weight. Effortlessly, she translated my French into the mother's Jula, slid wriggling babies onto the scale, and then recorded the weights.

On the first day, when I told one mother how beautiful her son was, and the mother gasped and stepped back in fear, Awa corrected me. "Bintou," she said, using the African name she had given me, "we don't like it when you say the child is beautiful. We think the spirits will hear you and come take all the beauty away. In Marama-Ba, you must always say 'Mama, how ugly your child is!' The mother will know what you mean."

Another day, after weighing the babies, she sighed, sat back in her chair, then turned to me and said simply, "Thank you, Bintou."

"Thank you? For what? You're doing all the work! I should thank you!"

"No, Bintou. After I married, I thought that this was it — I would never again get to use my French, and I would only work as a farmer in my husband's fields. Now I can use what I learned in school. I'm very happy."

Unlike other village women, Awa was confident, and willing to try new things even when they challenged her own beliefs and customs. I imagined her learning to navigate a Wal-Mart or surf the Internet, if I could just take her home with me. I believed that she could survive anywhere.

I was not really surprised, then, when I heard other village women talk about her. "She married for love!"

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they said quietly, with an air of drama. "How shameful!" they whispered and clucked their tongues, all the while blushing. They relished telling the story, each time adding more enticing details.

In its most basic telling, the story went like this: Four years earlier, Awa was married to a man in the village of Marama-O. But when she met Namory, a prominent cotton farmer from Marama-Ba, she fell in love, and they would sneak out to the cotton fields at night and make love under the stars. One night, Namory's friends snuck into Marama-O and "kidnapped" Awa from her husband's home, just as if she was a young bride being taken from her father's house. They brought her in darkness to the bed of the waiting Namory. Scandal arose the next morning when Awa's angry husband went to Awa's parents and to the village elders of Marama-O.

To settle the affair, the elders of the two villages met and listened to both the pleas of the scorned husband and the cotton farmer in love. Awa had sat quietly on a stool, head covered with a shawl, and was not allowed to speak. In the end, the elders decided to annul her first marriage and acknowledge her marriage to Namory, but decreed that she could never return to her home village. She would have to start a whole new life in Marama-Ba.

This evening, at sunset, the midwife went home for dinner and her evening bath. She told us to come get her when the baby came. Aminata, Mon and I stayed with Awa in the little cement room, which, like our spirits, grew dimmer as the evening progressed. To soothe her youngest infant, tied to her back, Aminata remained standing and swayed from side to side, sometimes reaching back to tap her palm rhythmically upon the infant's bottom. She paused only to periodically expose Awa's taut belly and listen with a small ear horn for the sound of the baby's heart. Each time when she went back to rocking her infant, I knew that Awa's infant was still alive inside her, and felt relieved.

After midnight, the midwife returned, glanced into our room, declared authoritatively that Awa needed to go to the hospital, then left to go to bed. The slow, creaky wheels of an African emergency began to turn. Suddenly people I did not recognize appeared out of the darkness to help. Aminata sent them off to deliver messages. Someone went down the road on a bicycle

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to find the man who owned a vehicle in a village 6 miles away. An hour later, a beat-up old jalopy bumped and clanged up the dusty road, bicyclist hanging off the back end, black smoke spewing out of the tailpipe, and dragged itself to a clumsy halt at the front steps of the maternité.

"Thank God!" I shout. "Let's go!" Aminata and I lifted Awa from her bed and, her arms around our shoulders, helped her to the steps of the maternité. But by then, the driver and the bicyclist had disappeared into the village. The truck sat empty, a wide line of smoke emanating from the hood. My jaw clenched.

"What is it now? Awa needs to go!"

"I don't know, Bintou." Aminata herself looks dejected for a moment, but then says calmly, "I think the men have gone to negotiate the price. They must think the price is too high, and the driver won't go until he is paid."

"Too high?! Tell them to go! Just go! We can figure out the price later. Or I'll pay! Just let them go!"

Aminata laughs gently, as if to tell me how naïve I am. "I know, Bintou. They will go. Don't worry."

"Aminata, tell me where they are. I will go and get them. Please help me do this!" I cry out. But then I realize from her defeated demeanor and silence that my words will be to no avail. Awa moans aloud for the first time, and the noise hangs in the air like an insect trapped in a web.

"Aminata? Aminata?" I plead, trying to keep tears back.

"Bintou. It's not up to us. God willing, they will return, and then Awa will go."

"God willing?"

"Yes, Insha'Allah."

With nothing else to do, we eased Awa onto the steps, and now, we four women are waiting.

In Marama-Ba I live alone in a two-room concrete brick house in the village chief's compound. Most people live in one room, and never alone, but I receive special accommodations as an honored guest of the village, because the villagers had been instructed that "Americans like to be alone." But in the evenings, the children's faces peeking in my windows and the little hands reaching over the sill remind me that I am never really alone.

When I am in a good mood, I sing children's songs,

making my hands into spiders climbing waterspouts, or I make my crooked elbow into a teapot. The kids laugh and mimic my gestures and sounds, melting my words into an alphabet soup none of us understand. Other times, when I'm homesick or frustrated, I sit as still as I can, hoping to be boring enough that they will go away. This usually does not work.

The best evenings are when Awa cooks for Namory. On those nights, she puts aside a portion for me and comes to sit with me until late in the evening while I eat. On one of these evenings, she playfully asked me, "Do you know why my husband's cotton grows so tall?"

Suspicious of where she was leading me, I drawled out, "Nooo ..." and looked at her to continue.

She eyed me for a moment, and then tossed her head back in great guffawing laughter. "Bintou! You know! Bintou, loooove makes my husband's cotton grow so tall!" She roared at her own joke, and I could not help but laugh, too.

When our laughter faded, she said with solemnity, "Bintou, I know what the women say about me, but I am not ashamed. I am happier than they are. My first husband did not treat me well. Namory has made me happy." Her youthful, 23-year-old face belied her courage and wisdom. She challenged me with an unwavering, steady gaze.

I asked, "Awa, do you miss your family?"

"Yes," she said slowly and quietly, "but I had to go away to be with my husband." She paused. "Now it is important that I make my own family."

She has had two miscarriages already. In a village where virtually every woman carries a baby on her back, Awa is among the very few who do not. Awa continued, "But, Bintou, I am worried."

Over a year ago, on a hot, still afternoon when most villagers were still in the fields, a small barefoot child came running up to me, "Bintou! Bintou! Bintou!" She used my name as a siren. She urged me to follow her, and I ran with her to Awa's dark, concrete-floored room.

"Bintou!" I heard Awa plead in a tiny, quivering voice as I arrived on the doorstep. I felt a shock of cold in my heart.

"What is it? What's wrong?"

"Bintou, help. Please." As my eyes adjusted to the darkness of her room, I saw her on all fours on top of scattered clothes and bedding. Underneath her, a small bloody heap lay on the rags. Her wrap-around

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Every second feels like an eternal minute, and it's all I can do to restrain myself from screaming out, "Why here? Why now?" This would never happen at home!"

skirt was pulled up around her waist, and blood covered her legs. She looked up at me, brow furrowed with worry. I hadn't even known she was pregnant. My hand flickered across my own belly, absent of scars, but once knowing that same loss, and I was frozen for a moment, unsure what to do.

"Awa, stay there. I'll get help." My heart pounding, I sent the child to find Namory, and I ran to the clinic to find the nurse. An hour later, we were helping Awa onto the narrow metal luggage rack on the back of her husband's motorbike for the long, bumpy, 20-mile ride to the nearest hospital. She was dignified, but silent in

her sorrow. Her shawl was draped delicately around her head and shoulders, sheltering her small frame. Her eyes looked downward. I couldn't believe this was the only option.

"Wait!" I ran home and returned with a small cushion for her to sit on. They roared off, leaving us behind in dusty silence.

A couple of days later, Awa was back. When she saw me, she smiled as if nothing had happened, and went about her work. Other women did not speak of Awa's miscarriage, lest they recall their own similar incidents, or curse themselves by saying one wrong word of hope.

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F O C U S

Awa moans softly, and her shoulders tense in pain. She is increasingly unable to hide her discomfort. Mon, or “grandmother,” lays her weathered hand over Awa’s and closes her eyes, seeming to draw Awa’s pain inside of her. The dark crevices, hollow cheeks and long eyes of Mon’s face are testament to the harsh conditions of her life. Mon has borne 12 children, of whom seven survived. She attended the births of all of Namory’s children from his two other wives. She is the vigilant mother, overseeing the household, helping the co-wives with their work, restoring peace among them when they argue, and caring for the youngest children while the able-bodied go to the fields. I usually see her at midday, slowly and methodically pounding dried palm nut kernels to make black palm soap, surrounded by a dozen young children attending to their own games. Now she sits beside Awa, watching over her protectively, holding her hand.

It’s been over an hour since the driver disappeared. My anger and frustration are growing. Every second feels like an eternal minute, and it’s all I can do to

restrain myself from screaming out, “Why here? Why now? This would never happen at home!” I begin to feel as though ghosts are surrounding me, and I want nothing more than to be away from here, as if my disappearance will prevent this scene from being real, or my ignorance of it will bring me peace. My own scene had been too unreal, too quick; I almost believe it was imagined. I was too young and naïve when I quietly withdrew three hundred dollars from my well-padded college savings account, to go to a nearby clinic. I disappeared from my classroom for a day, and was back the next Monday, as if nothing had ever happened. My parents and my boyfriend never knew. If not for the sound of the stifled cries rising inside of me now, I might, perhaps, still think it had never really happened . . .

At last, out of the gray shroud of dawn, two men appear, walking briskly. Without a word or signal, the driver sits in the cab of the dilapidated vehicle and waits. Aminata and I help Awa to her feet, her neck too weak to support her head. We place her in the deep indentation of the torn cushion, ready again for the

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F O C U S

long journey. Mon clammers into the covered bed of the truck. What is Awa thinking? How will she manage that bumpy ride with her infant still wedged between her thighs? Are these spirits with her, too?

"It will be fine," I say.

"Insha'Allah," Aminata says.

The next day the men go to the fields. The women sweep their dirt floors, rhythmically pound the husks off rice, cook breakfast over open fires and soothe sleepy infants tied to their backs, oblivious to the slow drama of the night before. For Marama-Ba, it has been an ordinary night. Despite the blazing sun and swirling dust, I hop onto my bike and head to town toward the hospital. I arrive covered in sweat and dust. Mon is at the door of the maternity ward and looks surprised to see me.

"Bintou!" she calls brightly, despite her obvious exhaustion. She leads me into the large recovery room, where three rows of narrow cots are lined up in the dingy white-tiled hall. Three dusty ceiling fans turn lazily at the lowest speed; one, I notice, is dragging a cobweb through the air. The room is noisy and bright

with families and new mothers and the wailing of newborns. Mon grabs my wrist in her firm hand and leads me to a thin cot where a tiny infant lies alone, swaddled in Awa's colorful print shawl.

A lump rises in my throat. Fear and disbelief melt into my bones. My legs feel weak when I whisper, "Where is Awa?"

"With God," Mon answers solemnly.

I can no longer see. A hazy curtain of color and sound is drawn around me. Tears track down my dusty cheeks. My throat is so swollen that even mouth agape, only a strangled, high-pitched groan emerges. Mon lifts the infant from the bed. She turns to face me, her own face long with sadness. "Bintou, please..." she stretches out her weathered arms, offering me the infant on her two open hands.

As though guided, my own arms open to accept the child, and as I fold Awa's tiny infant against my chest, the noise and motion of the world slip away. I feel only the peaceful thump, thump of this small heart alongside mine. ■

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BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS

The call came during supper at a modest home in a Roman Catholic parish in Flatbush, in the borough of Brooklyn, in the city of New York, in the Year of Our Lord 1939. Dad was telling Billy (Mom and the rest of the kids listening as they ate) what he was learning in night school at St. John's University, School of Commerce. All about corporations: what they are, how they are formed and organized, how they are seen as individuals under the law, the function of the Board of Directors, what proxies are. Dad had the gift of making such things simple and interesting. He should have been a teacher, with his love for explaining things and his voice, "soft as an Irish rain," as Mom would say.

Dad was right up to answer the doorbell. "Now who could that be, wanting us at suppertime?"

Tim could see from his place at the table that it was a policeman. Everyone knew "Redface the Cop," as Martin O'Rourke was called. The boys prayed that he was not calling to talk with Dad about something one of them might have done. Maybe he just wanted to remind Dad about the next meeting of the Ancient Order of

Hibernians that both belonged to.

After a whispered conversation, Dad said in a low voice, "Thanks, Martin, we'll see what can be done." Redface saluted.

Dad went back to the table with a quick kiss for Mom. "Supper was delicious, wasn't it, boys?" A chorus of "Yes!" followed.

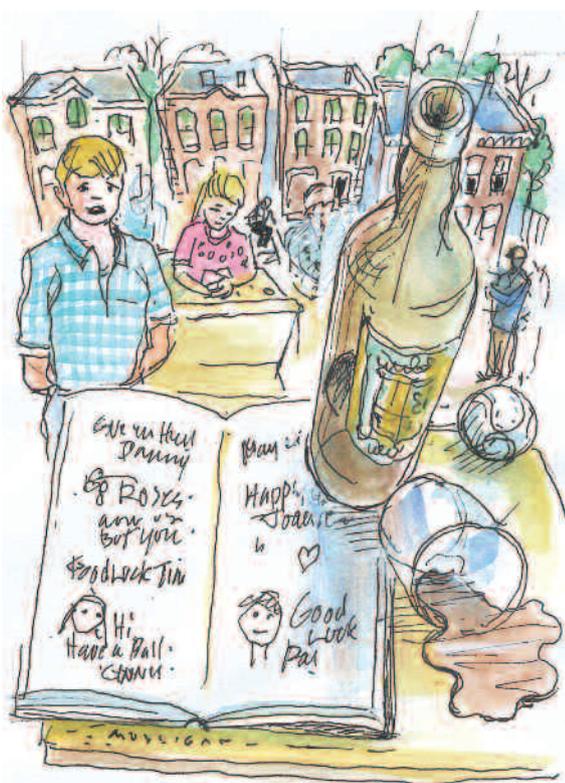
Then, to Mom, he said, "Sorry, Kathleen, but I've got to help out up the street. I shouldn't be long. And with your permission I'll take Tim along. There might be a chance for him to learn something."

"I know, of course. Jesus and Patrick be with you."

"And Mary and Joseph with you."

"Tim, lad, we're going to the Quillens," Dad said as they ran out the door. "You are going to learn a little about being a peacemaker. And isn't the Quillen girl in your class?"

Yes, Maureen Quillen was in Tim's class, the eighth grade at St. Vincent's grammar school, which was about to graduate. She lived with her mother and father and a new baby sister in a storefront next to the bar and grill on the corner. When a small business would fail, as often happened, and move out of a store, the owner of the property would some-



AN EARLY EDUCATION IN
PEACEMAKING IN BROOKLYN
LASTS A LIFETIME.

By FRANCIS XAVIER CUNNINGHAM

times rent the storefront to a family at some negligible rent like \$5 a month, or maybe even no rent at all. “Otherwise the store would stand empty,” some owners would say, as if the families were not objects of their charity, but rather were doing the owners a favor by occupying the stores. Dad said it was a Christian act, done by store owners who were often Jewish. The families had to pay for heat and electricity if they wanted them and could do so, but sometimes the landlord would even neglect to bill them for the utilities.

“Mr. Quillen has come home drunk again and is beating up his wife,” Dad continued. Redface had looked in and tried to quiet Mr. Quillen, but there was nothing else Redface could do. The policy of the police and the courts in New York City was clear and simple: Do not interfere in domestic troubles. “A man is the ruler in his own home.” Dad said Redface was bound to either follow this policy or be fired, though he knew it was cruel and stupid.

Redface had often tried to reason with Quillen when he was sober as well as drunk. The priests of St. Vincent’s had tried many times also, but nothing could stop his drinking, or help Mrs. Quillen in her purgatory. “So it’s up to us, lad, to do what we can to bring peace in the home,” Dad concluded.

When they got there, the baby was asleep in a cot and Maureen Quillen was sitting on a stool at the counter in the front of the store. The rear of the store was partitioned off, with a door leading to a bedroom and a toilet. Tim’s heart began to pound when he heard cursing and screaming, and the sickening sound of fists hitting flesh, coming from the closed-off rear of the store.

“Tim, you know Miss Quillen. Why don’t the two of you go over some of your lessons? I’ll be going back to visit with the folks. I won’t be long.” Dad closed the door after himself as he stepped into the rear area.

Tim wasn’t worried about his dad getting hurt; he knew he could take care of himself. Dad was fore-

Francis Xavier Cunningham is a chemist and solid propellant rocket scientist who joined the Foreign Service in 1973. After postings to Brussels, Manila and Cairo, an assignment in INR and a detail to NASA headquarters, he retired in 1992. He is currently a WAE, working on electronic document review.

man of a street gang laying gas pipe for the Brooklyn Union Gas Company. He loved to tell his boys about how he had to separate his Irish immigrant workers into street gangs by their county of origin in Ireland. Otherwise there would be constant fighting among them. Dad was a Mayo man, and also a weekend club fighter — at smokers, Knights of Columbus bazaars, men’s gatherings — making \$10 if he won his four rounds, five bucks if he lost. Dad didn’t lose often. It was an easy way to make extra money beyond his \$35 a week as foreman — as long as you kept in shape.

One of Dad’s semipro fighter buddies, “Jerry Levine, The Fighting Marine,” came to dinner from time to time. Dad told Tim that Jerry could be world welterweight champion if he wanted, but he refused to fight on Friday nights for religious reasons, and therefore had to pass up the best bouts.

“Why? What’s a religious reason?” Tim had asked.

“It’s like we Catholics won’t eat meat on Friday — it’s a sacrilege that we will burn in hell for, if we do it. Just know, lad, that the man is a saint, because he won’t do something against his beliefs, even though he would profit from it,” Dad had explained.

Jerry was as sweet and gentle a man as you could ever hope to meet. Dad said that all really good fighters were gentle like Jerry, probably for two reasons: first, they get rid of their base instincts, their native male aggression, through fighting; and, second, they abhor chance violence through fear of breaking their knuckles on someone’s jaw, and having to stop boxing and lose money until the fractures heal.

Yeah, Tim knew Maureen from school. She was a little runty kid, watery eyes and runny nose. None of the other girls were friends with her. She had black hair and a round, red face and was very shy, always hanging her head and never looking directly at you. Tim remembered that the last time Sister had slapped Maureen, her left cheek had turned white and stayed that way for a few minutes from the impact. All the guys resented it when a nun hit a girl — hitting a boy was undoubtedly deserved, but girls were entitled to a certain amount of dignity and were seldom struck. If they were, their mothers would be right up to complain to the pastor. But nobody seemed to care when Maureen Quillen was slapped.

Anticipating graduation in June, all the eighth-

F O C U S

“Tim, lad, we’re going to the Quillens,” Dad said as they ran out the door. “You are going to learn a little about being a peacemaker.”

graders had bought little, 4-inch by 8-inch, 100-page, “autograph books” from Woolworth’s Five-and-Ten at the Junction, where Flatbush and Nostrand Avenues intersected. They brought their books to school to get their classmates’ autographs and comments.

As Tim was very bashful, he was glad to leave his book with a group of girls to sign, while he was signing other kids’ books. He could not think of clever things to write, like “Roses are red, violets are blue, sugar is sweet, and so are you” for the girls, or some tough-guy thing for the boys, like “Give ’em hell, Flash Gordon.” He got so wrapped up in trying to think of things to write that he forgot all about his own book. And when he looked for it, nobody seemed to know where it might have gone — until one of the girls told him that Maureen Quillen had taken it because she didn’t have a book. She had been getting signatures of classmates in it, saying it was her book. But everyone knew she didn’t have a book; she couldn’t afford one, and had stolen his.

“Yeah, where would she get 25 cents to buy one?” Tim thought. He looked across the room and saw that Maureen did have an autograph book. “Oh, well, I didn’t need a book anyway.”

But some of the girls had told Sister Gonzaga that Maureen had stolen Tim’s book, and Sister apparently was determined that justice be done. “Timothy and Maureen, come to the front of the room. Maureen, bring your autograph book.” Maureen looked frightened, and Tim thought he saw a tear, but she walked up and stood beside him “bold as brass,” as the nuns would say.

“Maureen, where did you get that book?”

“At the Woolworth’s, Sister.”

“Did you steal that book?”

“No, Sister.”

“Timothy, is that your autograph book that Maureen has?”

“I don’t know, Sister.”

“Well, look at it carefully, and tell me if it is yours.”

The first page, where Tim had written his name,

class, school and date, was missing from this book. It wasn’t obvious, but he could see that the page had been torn out very close to the binding.

“Now, is that your book, Timothy?”

“No Sister, this is not my book. I’ve lost my book, but this is not it — I can tell.”

Sister Gonzaga glared at Tim for about 10 seconds. Then she told them, in a surprisingly gentle voice, to return to their places. Some of the girls started to wave their hands, obviously wanting to tell Sister something, but she looked at them and said, “I don’t want to hear any more accusations.”

And that was that, and blessed be the peacemaker.

Now Tim was trying to talk to Maureen, trying to at least get her attention. Maureen kept reading the label on a can of soup sitting on the counter in front of her, over and over, “Camp - bells - toe - may - toe - soop.”

“Maureen, listen; it’s ‘Cambuls,’ quick, like that.”

No response, no recognition even, of his presence. Didn’t she know he was president of the Altar Boys Society, that she should be glad he was talking to her, even though none of the other kids did? Wasn’t she glad he and his Dad were there to help them out? She almost seemed hypnotized. Maybe she was mad at him, ignoring him because of the trouble with Sister Gonzaga. But that wasn’t his fault.

Suddenly the door to the rear flew open, and Mr. Quillen, face bloody, and propelled from behind by Dad’s foot, crossed the room, lurched out the front door and fell onto the sidewalk.

“Don’t come back until you’re sober, Quillen,” Dad said. “And do ask permission from Mrs. Quillen; you may only enter her home if she permits it. We didn’t break anything this time, more’s the pity. But if I have to come for you again, we’ll break some ribs and arms, and maybe a jaw.”

And to two ladies who happened to be passing outside, Dad added: “Please step across Mr. Quillen, and please do accept his apology for blocking the sidewalk.

He pulled his State Department ID out of his pocket and flashed it, careful not to let them focus on it.

And may I add my own regret for your inconvenience?”

On the way home Dad told Tim that he was a peacemaker now. He should be proud of himself, and for the rest of his life he should be alert to the opportunity for peacemaking; it can come suddenly, without warning. There were many kinds of peace, of course. The one they had just imposed by force was a worthy accomplishment, but it probably would not hold. It was more peacekeeping than peacemaking. The most effective peacemaker cannot take sides in any way, and must have the respect of all parties. He must be imaginative, and use whatever means will help both parties keep their basic self-respect.

And a peacemaker seldom is thanked, and must be prepared for criticism, and sometimes even attack. “When we get home you’re to read the Sermon on the Mount. You’ll see that peacemakers are blessed, and they shall be called children of God,” Dad said. “And tell me, lad, did you have a nice visit with your classmate Maureen?”

“She wouldn’t even talk to me, Dad. It was as if I didn’t exist, and I felt pretty bad. She wouldn’t even say hello; just kept reading a soup can label, over and over.”

“Now don’t you be feeling bad, son. You can be sure she appreciates that you were there and trying to keep peace in the family. There was nothing personal in it on her part. She was in her own private world, a secret world where no one can hurt her, a world nobody else can enter,” Dad explained.

“Tim, sometimes things get so bad that a person has to escape from their world,” Dad continued. “They may do it by getting drunk, and maybe this is what Mr. Quillen does. Maureen escapes by entering her own private world. Maybe the real world is so bad for her at times that the only way she can survive is to leave it.

“You did a good job, lad,” Dad concluded. “Now let’s get home to the family, lest they worry about us.”

Five years later, on the athletic field behind his high school, Tim was privileged to witness another

peacemaker in action.

Brother Mark, a Christian brother who taught biology, and Vladimir Kalucki were standing about 50 feet apart and throwing a softball back and forth. Brother Mark, about 6 feet, 1 inch and 200 pounds, had played football for Georgetown. Vladimir, about 16 years old and from Greenpoint, was maybe the same height and weight as Brother Mark. But they were not having a friendly catch. This looked to be for blood.

They had been playing in a pickup softball game after school, when one of them fielded the ball and threw it to the other, perhaps with a little too much steam. The recipient took it personally, and sent the ball back even harder. The situation escalated, each of them now throwing the ball as hard as he could — and they didn’t use gloves for softball. Both players’ hands were scarlet. A group of students had gathered, fascinated, wondering in trepidation how the incident would end. A student-faculty shootout like this was unprecedented.

Suddenly Brother Cassian, the high school principal, came striding out and shouldered his way through the crowd: “Gentlemen, please let me see that ball.” Turning the ball in his hand, he continued, “Just as I feared. You may not realize how rough handling can damage these softballs. You must understand how much they cost, and how hard it is for us to come up with the funds to replace them. So, gentlemen, please — enjoy your game, but be careful with the equipment. Thanks.”

As Brother Cassian walked away, Brother Mark threw an arm across Kalucki’s shoulder. “You’ve got a good arm, Kal, but we’re going to have to work on your control.”

“Thanks, Brother. I hope I’m as good as you someday.”

Fifty years later Tim was privileged to have an opportunity to be a peacemaker again. Stepping out of a subway car at a station in Washington, D.C., he encountered a group of people watching two men

*And then Tim heard another voice, soft as an Irish rain,
“Good job, lad. We’re all proud of you. Now go home to your
family, lest they worry about you.”*

about to square off. One man, maybe in his 40s and powerfully built, was yelling obscenities at the other, itching to fight. In his 20s and slightly built, the other man obviously would be the loser, but apparently felt he must uphold his honor in front of his wife or girlfriend, who looked terrified.

Tim stepped between them and yelled, menacingly and with authority, looking at one and then the other: “You two clods knock this off right now, or I’ll finish you both off.” He pulled his State Department ID out of his pocket and flashed it, careful not to let them focus on it. “If you think I won’t, just try me. Now I want each of you to turn around and walk away, leave the sta-

tion, before I lose my temper. Now, *move!*” The two turned in opposite directions and were off.

“Mister, you were very foolish and very lucky,” a bystander said to Tim. “That one man was so mad and mean he might have attacked you. You had no authority to interfere; you bluffed it. You could have been killed; you never know about people these days. Just mind your own business after this, and let the police handle things like that — it’s their job, not yours. Someone should have called the station manager.”

And then Tim heard another voice, soft as an Irish rain, “Good job, lad. We’re all proud of you. Now go home to your family, lest they worry about you.” ■

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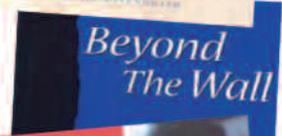
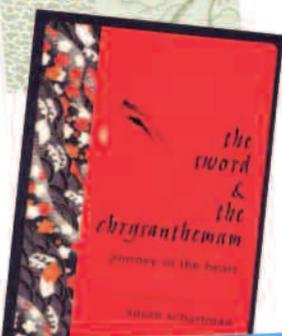
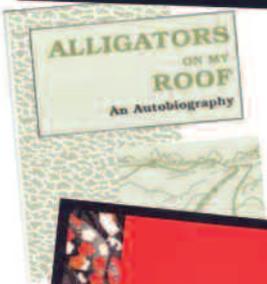
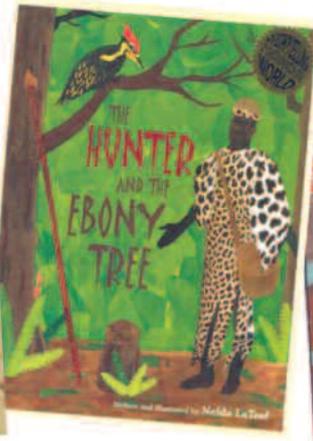
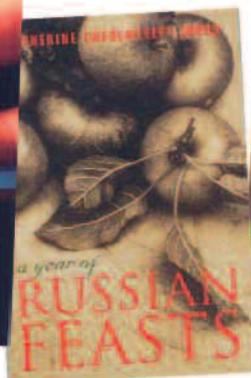
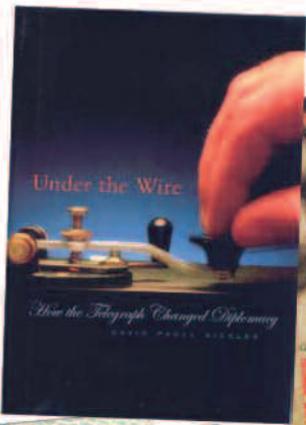
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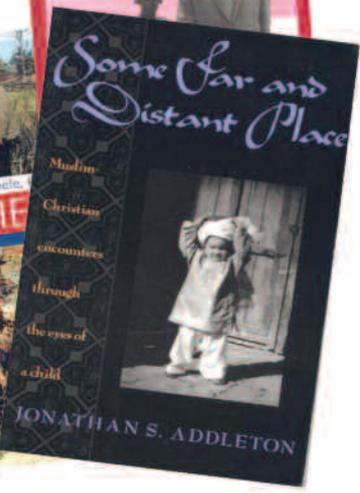
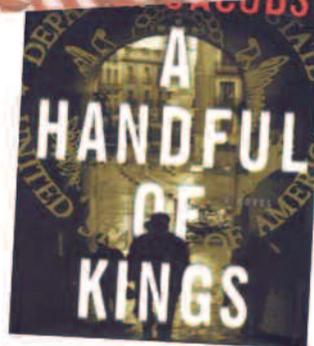
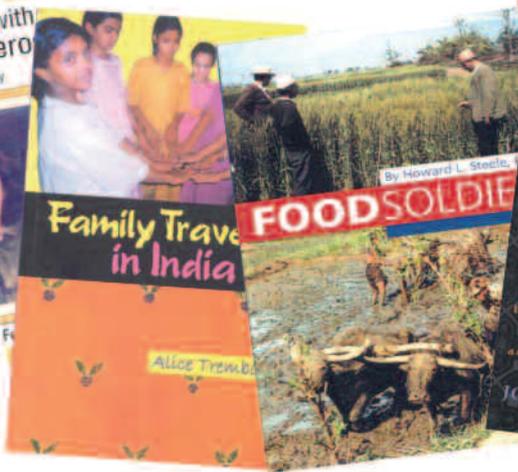
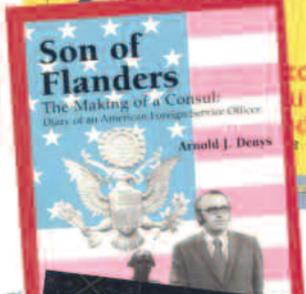
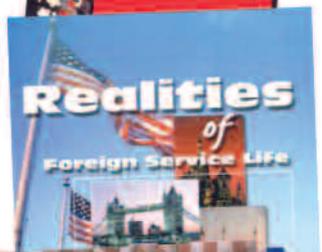
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THE KEEPER

In the room of his own, in the house of his own, at the end of the road of his own, Conrad Campbell picked up another box. The disturbance of the dried cardboard raised the fecal dust that had come to cover everything he had dragged out of Rose's old house. These 10 boxes, the remnant of 50, sat on the floor in front of the bright maple bookcases.

Conrad Campbell had moved to the end of this flat, sandy road a decade earlier. He had searched for a place that had both the feeling of home and that avoided the tendrils of the world. Much of his career had him working on a series of impossible problems that were, in the end, the same. They were all problems of ample resources, poor distribution and primitive power; twice in the past 35 years he had been quoted as a "career diplomat" in the *Washington Post*. He was an expert on famines and epidemics. Campbell labored under the idea that he held the best interests of all and worked for a higher cause, but in the end he left with profound fatigue and uncertainty.

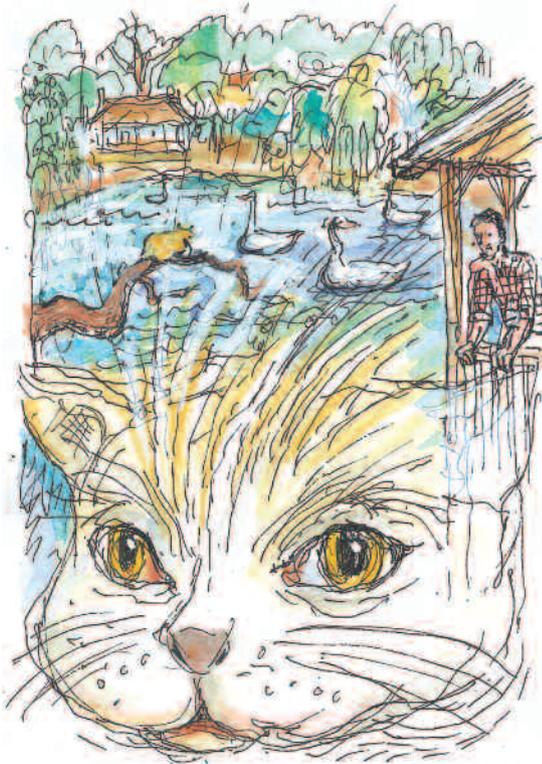
Rose Winstead Williams was a relative of questionable connection; they shared people in the same hometown whom they both called cousins by marriage. Camp-

bell found Rose, a childless widow, seemingly forgotten, living on an ancient estate along the shore of Nassawango Creek. The discovery followed from his answering an odd advertisement in Pine Hill's free weekly paper: *Curious and watchful neighbor needed for guest house. Rent to own. Need Cash.*

Campbell bought Rose's guest house and 25 acres of land and took up residence about 200 yards from Rose's

house, where she cured herbs, distilled oils, and stored all that she collected. On thick, old paper, she maintained journals of her discoveries, including pencil and watercolor sketches. They shared a garden, and he became her conduit for routine supplies.

From these rotting boxes Campbell was trying to construct order, to save the farm. Strewn across card tables around the room were related piles. On the power company table were four piles. In the first were letters asking for payment of derelict bills. In the second were invoices from appliance repair shops called in to fix powerless appliances. The third pile contained letters from Rose to Eastern Shore Power and to various Maryland agencies complaining of electrical waves that were being pumped into her house, trying, if not to kill her outright,



Donald Mulligan

NEGOTIATING A PEACE WITH ROSE WILLIAMS' LOYAL CAT IS CONRAD CAMPBELL'S GREATEST CHALLENGE.

BY RICKY ROOD

F O C U S

to disorient her and take her property. In the final pile were uncashed dividend checks from 25,000 shares of Eastern Shore Power stock. The checks Campbell had found totaled more than \$135,000.

The envelopes and papers in today's box were from six years ago. On top was a letter from A. K. Hillston, Agent, Internal Revenue Service. There were three high-priority goals of Campbell's, and maintaining the peace with Agent Hillston was one. As Rose carried on with Eastern Shore Power, Hillston came to collect what the government was owed. Over fruit pies and iced tea, he and Rose had spoken many times. Hillston realized that Rose was unable to deal with the world, and he decided that anything the government was owed would come at her death.

The second goal of Campbell's was to keep CreekShore Homes from getting Rose's land at the end of his road. Rose failed to pay the property taxes, and CreekShore Homes led the charge to have the land sold at auction. Constant calls to the tax-hungry council reminded them of what a hundred new waterfront houses would mean to the local contractors.

Quietly, Campbell had borrowed the money against his savings and paid the taxes in Rose's name. In the year that followed he obtained a power of attorney, with Rose's signature coming after his invocation that CreekShore's owner was trying to damage her husband's business. Mr. Williams, Rose's husband, had died 30 years earlier, and his partner's son, T. R. Raines, owned CreekShore Development Corporation. The Raines name agitated Rose, and Campbell had found a common enemy whom he could use to advantage.

Every month the company lawyer asked about Rose's condition and sent flowers. Campbell only lamented that Rose was intestate, and he meekly conjectured that the land would certainly go to auction.

The power of attorney was fragile, especially if some lost cousin was to figure out that there was a \$7 million pot of land and stocks. Campbell proceeded discreetly, using the shield of charity. Nassawango Creek was

wild and was the northern reach of the bald cypress. On the higher parts of the land there was remnant American chestnut. Campbell was arranging the transfer of the land into a private conservancy that would produce enough cash to handle Rose's perilous debts. He carried on all of his business with lawyers in the capital, Annapolis.

From his desk that looked out over a ragged field, Campbell could see the tundra swans in the famous wide cove of the creek. The swans had arrived two weeks ago, the Friday after Thanksgiving. They flew in behind a strong storm, a storm that had toppled the old sweet gum tree into the creek. He watched Mal-ku, the last of Rose's cats, walk down the trunk of the fallen tree. Everyday, Mal-ku walked the 50 feet out to the end of the trunk. From there he shimmied out one of the branches until his front legs dangled in the air. He sat motionless as the black-billed swans circled, unconcerned, below him. The fur on Mal-ku's neck occasionally stood.

Mal-ku was Campbell's greatest failure; he had negotiated no peace with the cat. The only building that remained on Rose's land was a Norwegian-cut log barn with 30 five-foot-long, 14-inch-square timbers. One end of the barn had a massive chimney. On summer evenings, Mal-ku straddled the peak of the barn's roof, watching the bats and swallows at sunset. In winter, he walked the shores of Nassawango Creek, shadowing the flock of tundra swans. He'd not been in a house since Rose's was burned down for practice by the fire department.

Over time, Rose had closed off portions of her house — first the upstairs, then random rooms downstairs. She said they were full. There were cats, some indoors, some out, and eventually they had overrun the house. Rose started to forget, to wander, and to set fires on top of her cold electric stove and in her sink. Three years ago, Campbell arranged to move Rose into Pine Hill to live with Mae and Big Jimmie. This was his final goal — that Rose was well cared for and did not die alone. Campbell became the keeper of Mal-ku.

Rose let any visitors, even Campbell, only onto the back porch. She said that the rest of the place was too messy. One day, after noticing the kitchen curtains had not been raised, Campbell ventured in to see if Rose was alive or dead. Nothing could have prepared him for the

Ricky Rood is an atmospheric physicist whose sister is a member of the Foreign Service. Originally from North Carolina, he currently lives on the Chesapeake Bay in Maryland. In addition to scientific publications, he writes short stories, poems and essays, which have appeared in Faultline, Arnazella and Night Music.

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sediment of newspaper, feces, bones and fur that covered the floor. Even the historical society had no interest in preserving the place.

Campbell signed another letter generated by the lawyer of the trust he had set up for Rose. He was just a few weeks away from completing the transfer to the conservancy as well as providing Mae and Big Jimmie a modest annuity. Standing to go get more coffee, he heard a large splash, like the dropping of a brick into a barrel. This was followed by a chorus of bellows and whistles of straining air. At the window he saw 60 swans running across the water, their wings slapping the surface as they crept into the air. Four swans remained under Mal-ku's tree, two reared high with their wings spread broad like sheets, foaming the water between them.

Mal-ku was in the water. The other two birds swam around, their heads darting at the water, snapping; one had a tuft of orange fur in its bill. Campbell watched as they trapped Mal-ku in a cold, frothy cage.

As he headed to the door, the phone rang.

Campbell ignored it, ran from the house to the dock and untied the canoe. The tide was low, and he had to drag the canoe through icy muck.

Mal-ku was waterlogged; he'd swim one direction and the four swans would corral him back to their center. The water beaded off their feathers; they hovered, almost standing on the water. Mal-ku was simply an annoyance that would be easily dispatched. Campbell paddled, but with the way the shore ran, with all the fallen trees and brush, it was hard going. Mal-ku's head was below the water more than it was above.

The two reared swans settled down. The four of them swam tightly together. They seemed to be using their bodies to hold Mal-ku under water. Campbell yelled. He threw the canoe's bailing bucket at them.

An explosion burst out of the woods.

As the sound resonated through the cove, a second, more percussive shock followed. Steel pellets rained

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into the water, several clanging in the bottom of the canoe. The four swans scattered. Mal-ku's head rose above the water, nose pointed skyward.

"That damned cat of yours finally jumped." On the shore, in a cloud of blue gun smoke, stood Bobby from across the creek.

"He'd a-been drowned long afore you got there," Bobby yelled. "Those swans are the meanest damn birds I know." Bobby turned and walked back toward his house.

Mal-ku clawed onto a branch hanging into the water. Campbell picked up a piece of spent shot from the bottom of the canoe, rolled it between his fingers, and began to paddle toward the cat. "Thanks," he mouthed to Bobby's back.

The cat scrambled up to the trunk of the tree and ran to his barn. He was sodden and scrawny. Campbell turned back and finally noticed the 40-degree salt water that soaked his pajama legs and burned his shell-cut feet.

He dragged the boat to shore. The phone was ringing again, or maybe, still. Campbell looked at his watch: Sunday, 7:33. He picked up the phone and words started to pour out.

"Praise God you're home, Mr. Campbell, you gotta get up here as fast as you can!" It was Mae. "Miss Rose done gone completely wild. She's been runnin' all round the house for the last 30 minutes. She's tearing things off the wall and throwin' them on the floor."

"How?" Campbell asked. "I mean ..."

"Mr. Campbell, she's got the strength of Samson. Big Jimmie had to grab her like a bear. He's sittin' in the chair holdin' her on his lap now, an' she's just pounding his legs. We needs you."

"I'm on my way," Campbell said. "Call Doc Willoughby."

"We have," Mae said.

Campbell washed the mud from his legs, put on some pants and soft, thick socks, and started the 20-minute drive to Pine Hill. Mae had spent most of her life

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taking care of other people, mostly white people. Along with her husband, Big Jimmie, Mae was stuck somewhere between the Civil War and the 21st century. Both their families had been in the county forever, usually as domestics and laborers. With a bit of good fortune and a lot of ambition, they were now licensed in geriatric care and had an old house in Pine Hill. They always had one or two live-in wards. Their children, all except for Little Jimmie, had finished college and dispersed across Maryland and Virginia. Little Jimmie, the oldest, stayed at home and did whatever needed doing.

Rose had been bedridden for three months. If you were there when she woke, she'd say hi, smile, and start to sit up. Then the smile would disappear, fear would take her eyes, and what strength she had mobilized into rigidity.

At the house, Campbell hurried to the steps. There was a gust of cold wind, then three loud clanks on the tin roof. The clanks were followed by the rat-a-tat of acorns rolling down and falling with a soft thud into the yard. He picked up two large nuts from the ground. The door was cracked. Campbell looked in.

The room was quiet and hot. Rose lay on the couch. Mae sat in a straight-back chair, Rose's hand in her lap. Big Jimmie was at the end of the couch at Rose's feet, holding his face in his hands. "How are things?" Campbell asked.

Big Jimmie looked up slowly. "Miss Rose is dead," he said. "She woke up with the sun today and was thrashing all around."

"You sure?" Campbell asked.

"She was all worried about her cat, Mr. Campbell," Mae said, as she stroked the still hand in her lap. "She's always worried about some cat or another."

"We'd catch her," Big Jimmie continued. "She'd pull away and run pick up something, swing it around and throw it." On the floor under the radiator was a small shattered bottle; the house smelt of honeysuckle.

"And that picture," Mae pointed at a crumbled frame on the floor. It was a watercolor of the cove in the creek.

"Yes sir," Big Jimmie laughed. "She got that picture and snapped the frame in two. Then she just stood there. I grabbed her and held her tight." Big Jimmie looked at Rose's body and swallowed the end of his laugh. "I carried her over to the couch and set her down. She just sat there, calm as snow."

The lyric voice of a radio preacher came from the kitchen, "We start to worship the created ..." There was a long pause, "Instead of the creator."

Campbell walked over to Mae and Rose. "Look at her face, Mae," he said. "She looks like she did in those old pictures we found."

"She's at peace, Mr. Campbell." Mae laid Rose's hand on the edge of the couch. Humming along with the beginning of a hymn on the radio, she stood and walked down to sit next to her husband. "So, I'm sitting with her and Rose looks at me and says, 'Thank you, Mae. I'm tired now,' and she lay down."

"Laid down and died," said Big Jimmie. "I'm sorry, Mr. Campbell."

"It's for the best, Big Jimmie," Campbell said. With a finger he touched Rose's cheek, and pulled her hair back from her eyes. "Mae, what do we do?"

"Wait for Doc Willoughby."

"No," Campbell said. "I mean, I don't know what to do. What's next?"

Campbell walked to the front window. People were collecting at the Methodist church across the street. A still vigorous Lawrence Godbold, who had worked with Rose's husband to convince the Army Corps to keep the river dredged after the Second World War, walked to the church's steps. Rose's husband wanted the dredging because he didn't think the town could maintain the light manufacturing the war had brought. Today there was a modest collection of restaurants and marinas at the river that kept Pine Hill vital. T. R. Raines walked up and shook Godbold's hand. He paused and looked at the extra car parked in front of Mae's.

"Oh, we'll have a fine funeral, Mr. Campbell," Mae said. "You'll need to write an obituary. You might be the only thing she could call family, but people will remember Mr. William's Rose."

Campbell walked back over to the couch, then to pick up the broken picture from the floor. "No, Mae, I don't think these people really want to know. Let's have a service in your church. You and I can talk about Rose, the choir can sing, and Reverend Johnson can call on the Lord."

"Mr. Campbell," Mae said. "You think that'd be okay with Miss Rose?"

"Yes, Mae. I think she'd find it curious and appealing." Campbell pieced the picture of the cove back together.

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“Mae,” Campbell said. “We need to keep Rose’s death quiet. We need to wait as long as possible before we file the death certificate and the death notices — before we do whatever we have to do.”

Mae, Big Jimmie and Conrad Campbell sat in the kitchen, waited for Doc Willoughby, and set a plan. In the quiet of the evening, the funeral home used by the black folks of Pine Hill would come and get Rose. If noticed, most would assume it was some other person Mae cared for. They would cremate the body, have a private memorial service, and spread Rose’s ashes on the shore of the creek. The next day Campbell would take a room in Annapolis and accelerate the land deal and solidify his power.

“I’ve got to go,” Campbell said as soon as the plan was hatched. “I’ve a mess to clean up down at the creek.”

Slowly he drove, without the usual worry of being a hindrance if cars lined up behind him. The way was

dotted with old wooden barns and new metal sheds; houses with fresh paint and houses with sagging roofs; boats for sale in front yards; empty vegetable stands with a few darkening pumpkins on the ground. Five miles from town was the entrance to “Cypress Grove at Dialeigh, A CreekShore Community,” named for the developer’s daughter, Diane.

Five more miles along, at a heavy stand of oaks and beech, a sandy road ran down the side of one of the fields. There the swans spent the afternoons rooting out lost kernels of corn. Down this road, after a hard curve into the woods, cypress trees, clung to the shores of the creek. It was these trees, that reached like knobby fingers from the south, that held Campbell to the creek.

As the car bounced into the clearing, Mal-ku looked from the door of his barn. He started to trot, then run. With a single jump he went from the ground to the raised porch of Campbell’s house. He nuzzled at the door. ■

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Telling It Like It Is

Ron Schlicher was honored with the Christian A. Herter Award for “unmatched courage and integrity” while serving in Israel and Iraq, dealing with some of the toughest and most politically charged issues facing the U.S. government today.

The Team: Ron Schlicher (center, in suit) with his security detail from the Armed Forces Office of Special Investigations, and Military Assistant Col. Dale Shirasago (far right, in suit). They are standing in front of the Triumphal Arch — originally built to celebrate Saddam Hussein’s “victory” over Iran — inside the Green Zone in Baghdad. Pictured from left, front row: Chris Garon, Kurt Playle, Craig Hotaling. Back Row: Mike Leinig, Ed Calter, Ron Schlicher, Ben Hatch and Dale Shirasago.



The “Heart and Soul” of Embassy Kabul

Jenny Jeras has been honored with the Delavan Award for her outstanding performance while serving as the office management specialist for the management section of Embassy Kabul. Described as the “heart and soul” of the embassy, Jeras helped keep the many sections of a rapidly expanding embassy coordinated and in good communication.

Jeras is pictured here with the Embassy Kabul management section, and a few others. Standing, from left: Richard McInturff, John Shippy, Roy Vacho, Peggy Douglas, Chris Del Corso, Robert C. Wood, David Smith, Onnie Ogot and David McCrane. Seated, from left: Chad O’Brien, Jenny Jeras, Judie Pruett and Vincent Romero. Jeras notes that we should not be fooled by the pingpong table, “I have yet to see paddles or balls!”



Ahead of His Time on Iraq

The 2004 William R. Rivkin Award recipient is Keith Mines, who was honored for his dissenting opinion on Iraq policy. The gist of his viewpoint is clear from the title of his Dissent Channel Message, sent in May 2003: “Let the U.N. Manage the Political Transition in Iraq.”

Keith Mines is pictured here (in suit) during a visit with Sheikh Latif, an influential tribal leader. Mines toured Latif’s farm outside Ramadi, Iraq, while they awaited the arrival of several local tribal leaders.



Raising Morale in Kyrgyzstan

Susanne Turner, community liaison officer for Embassy Bishkek and winner of the 2004 M. Juanita Guess Award, is credited with raising post morale and fostering a sense of community during a particularly difficult time for the embassy.

Turner is pictured here (on right) with a local guide at a Kyrgyz yurt during an October 2002 visit to the caravanserai at Tash Rabat, not far from the Chinese border. The traditional caravanserai were rest stops along trade routes, and this one was a stop along the ancient Silk Road.

THE GULSHAN REGATTA

Hameed jumped out of bed with the alarm's first buzz. He washed quickly and dressed in cut-off jeans and a T-shirt that advertised his college back in Tennessee. He ran an electric razor over his morning stubble and brushed

his thick, unruly hair into sufficient order for a Saturday morning. Old sneakers without socks, a few bites of a toaster-heated chapatti, and he was ready. He looked in the mirror — brown skin, dark brown eyes, black hair, not unhandsome — a Bengali man who also looked American.

Stan, the co-worker who had talked him into participating in this international community regatta, showed up in a similar outfit, although his T-shirt advertised the U.S. Marine Corps Security Detachment. "All set? Loretta and Jerry are going to meet us there."

"Loretta? Women do this, too?"

"Yeah, especially smart, self-confident women like her. She designed the costumes. We're going to dress as bananas."

"Oh, nice. I hope no one in my family sees me. Do the locals watch this?"

"Of course. They line the shores and laugh at us. It's good for them. You know, Loretta was asking me about you the other day. I wonder if she has a crush

on you."

"On me?"

Stan rolled his eyes. "Mrs. Right could be under your nose while you go the old-fashioned route. But, hey, what do I know?"

Hameed smiled. His American friends were intrigued by his pursuit of an arranged marriage, and peppered him with questions and opinions. He tried to explain the system and why it worked at least as well as the American way, but they didn't seem convinced.

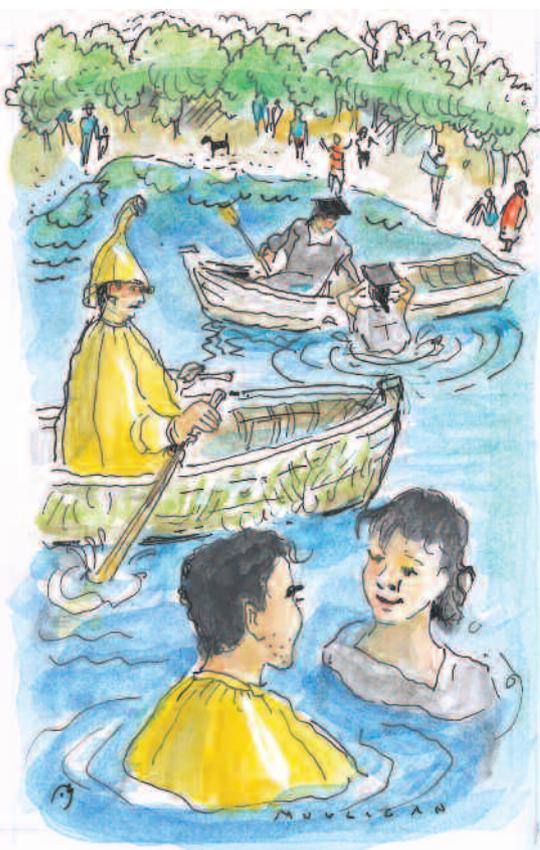
"So who are we racing?"

"Several of the embassies and aid missions. Also, the World Bank, CARE, the U.N., the International School, and the rest I can't remember. Sixteen in all, I think."

"And it's fair game to capsize the other boats?"

"Absolutely, if it helps us win. But remember, these boats aren't very stable. They're more like canoes than rowboats." Stan smiled, as if relishing victory, or some secret joke he wasn't sharing.

It was less than a mile to the lake, tucked in between the two posh enclaves where most of the international community lived, Gulshan and Baridhara. Hameed's office and apartment were in Gulshan. His family lived in an older neighborhood across town called Dhanmandi,



Donald Mulligan

A YOUNG MAN FINDS THAT
FATE PLAYS A ROLE — EVEN IN AN
ARRANGED MARRIAGE.

BY MARY CAMERON KILGOUR

a different world now, although years ago there had been foreigners in that neighborhood, too.

He thought of the conversation with his family the previous night, the focus on finding him a marriage partner, the unstated plan to do it before his father died. His father, 78 and with a bad heart, had been a widower for three years. He continued to live in the family home with Hameed's oldest brother and his wife and children, as was the Bangladeshi custom. Next door another brother lived in a smaller house. They all gathered for dinner most nights, and the house rang with the singsong games of children and the bustle of the women in the kitchen.

After dinner, Hameed sat with his father and brothers chewing paan. The cheek-sucking dryness of the betel nut gave him a sense of ease, although he chewed it only here. In 17 years in the States, he had lost many of his home-country ways, even his accent, and become a U.S. citizen. He was tenured at his small college in Tennessee and would be returning there after this 18-month sabbatical with an international aid organization. Surely he would find a wife before then and start his own family. It would mean a lot to be able to present his first child to his father for his blessing.

He hadn't looked very hard for a wife in the States. First he was busy with school, then with work. A couple of long relationships had petered out. Over the years he realized that he wanted to marry someone who shared the same childhood experiences and customs, religion and family values, so the Dhaka job had come at the right time.

Why was he thinking about this now? He yanked himself back to the present as Stan pulled onto a bumpy lane bordering the lake. Better to relax and enjoy this interlude.

They unloaded the banana leaves from the back of Stan's car and carried them to a boat that Jerry and Loretta had already claimed.

"Here's your costume, Hameed." Loretta handed him a gown-like thing made of yellow cloth.

He wondered if Stan could be right about Loretta. Wouldn't it be ironic if she turned out to be the one he fell for? He would have come all the way back to his native country, after years in the States, to marry an American.

Mary Cameron Kilgour was an FSO with USAID from 1966 to 1995. She served in Pakistan, Colombia, Costa Rica, the Philippines, Liberia and Bangladesh. Retired in Gainesville, Fla., she writes fiction and creative nonfiction and volunteers with several local groups. Her childhood memoir will be published in January 2005.

What would his brother, busy finding suitable Bangladeshi candidates, make of that?

He put on the costume. It was sleeveless and came to his knees. Then Loretta gave him a yellow hat shaped like the end of a banana made from painted cardboard. He put it on and stepped into the green leaf boat with his teammates.

The Bangladeshi fisherman-owner sat barefoot on his haunches watching them with a bemused expression on his face. His lunghi was pulled up and wrapped to resemble shorts. His undershirt was clean but pocked with small wear holes. He puffed a local cigarette, a bidi, whose acrid smoke brought memories floating toward Hameed — memories of his grandfather and uncles smoking on the flat roof of their house before sleeping on hot summer nights, memories of last night's conversation, which had started with a compliment to his sister-in-law.

"Your cooking is delicious, as always, Rifat," he had said, smiling at his sister-in-law when she joined them in the sitting room. "Will you be sure to teach my future wife this particular dish?"

"With pleasure, brother. When might I start?"

"Yes, Hameed, when? We are running out of girls."

Hameed gave his oldest brother, who was a banker and Rotarian, a mock scowl. "Farouk Bhai, I don't think I'm being unreasonable to ask that she already have experience living in the States. You know I'll be going back there to live and I want her to be able to adjust, to be happy."

"No, that's not unreasonable. But does she also have to be beautiful, intelligent, well-educated, charming and athletic? Where am I going to find such a girl? What was wrong with the last two, I'd like to know?"

"Well, Salma's years in Russia really didn't qualify her. And Nila was too young, only 19 and not yet finished with her education. Besides, I need to feel a spark."

"A spark?"

Hameed stood up and stretched, tired from a busy work-week and the tensions of this wife search. "Yes, my brother. Use your networking skills to find me a spark."

His father had been silent, but the look on his face, which made it clear that Farouk was speaking for both of them, changed to a smile. "The spark will come, my son, if we choose carefully."

Hameed nodded and smiled as he bent to kiss his father's cheek. "Well, Father, I'll take my leave. I have to be up early tomorrow."

"Okay, I'll add spark to the list." Farouk shook his head. "Don't forget tomorrow afternoon. We have to be at the

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Rahmans' house at 5. Their daughter's name is Suraya. She's an excellent prospect, here visiting from the States, I'm told, and supposedly very brainy."

"I won't forget."

"And next weekend is the foreign minister's niece. Her name is Huda."

When Hameed drove back to his apartment through streets crowded with buses, trucks, motor rickshaws, bicycles, cows and pedestrians, his prospects floated through his mind like smoke. He knew he was more than ready to marry. But brains at 5, the foreign minister's niece a week later? Would her family be willing to let her leave the country permanently? Was this system really better? A heavy diesel gloom obscured the night sky. The smell filled the car, forcing him to roll up the window.

"Let's get moving." Stan's call startled him. "Are you with us, Hameed?"

He nodded as they started paddling through the turbid water to the starting line at the bridge. Other boats joined them. One crew was dressed like Vikings, probably from

one of the Scandinavian embassies. There were people in grass skirts, with a grass-draped boat. Another boat was wrapped in silver foil and its crew wore wet suits and masks.

"Look at that one with the gongs and leather shields," Jerry laughed. "They must be samurais from the Japanese mission."

"There's the International School crowd." Loretta pointed to a crew in caps and gowns. "I have friends on that team."

"So do I," said Jerry. "But don't give them any leeway. We won't live it down if they win."

By the time all of the boats were ready it was after 8 o'clock. A crowd dotted the shores of the lake. People sat on blankets or beach chairs on the sloped banks. Clumps of onlookers stood on the road; others lined the bridge. This early it was pleasantly cool, but an ice cream vendor had already set up his cart.

"That guy's not going to get much business from this crowd," said Hameed.

"Don't be sure," responded Jerry. "People willing to

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swim in Gulshan Lake will eat anything. And it's going to get hotter."

When they were all in line, the Swiss ambassador fired a starting gun. Birds flew off in all directions, flapping their wings and distracting the paddlers for a second or two.

"Damn. C'mon, let's go!" shouted Jerry. They began paddling wildly, out of rhythm with each other, splashing water everywhere.

"Synchronize!" Stan shouted. "One. Two. Stroke. Lift. Stroke. Lift."

They got into rhythm and soon reached the middle of the pack. The crowd was cheering. Horns were blaring. Street kids were jumping into the water to swim after the boats.

Suddenly their boat took a hard knock from the silver foil boat. What were they? Navy Seals? The banana boat started rocking, jostled by the pushes of silver foil paddles.

"Brutes!" Loretta shouted. "Get away!" She pushed with her own paddle and the nose of the silver boat changed direction. Stan gave it a shove from the rear and it headed into the Samurais.

The bananas took a few minutes to regain their rhythm, but soon found their boat heading right for the Vikings.

"Watch out!" Loretta shouted from the helm as the two boats collided. She toppled backward, out of reach of the hairy arms of a Viking hulk.

Hameed stood up to defend her, possibly his future wife. It started their boat rocking wildly.

"Sit down!" Stan shouted to him as they struck the Vikings again. "Paddle! Keep paddling!"

The Vikings pulled ahead.

"Catch them! Paddle!"

Hameed was sweating. The yellow costume stuck to him. Another boat was coming alongside. The International School scholars were almost abreast. They started splashing water into the bananas' boat. The bananas splashed back. Paddles were flying. Everyone was shouting. He laughed with the exhilaration of it, the incongruity of him, a studious economics professor temporarily turned aid worker, participating in such a nutty adventure. It made him feel very American.

The International School boat crashed into the bananas. He saw, under a mortarboard cap with a crimson tassel, the face of a beautiful girl. Her eyes were large and black, her cheeks wet and rosy. She was laughing. She was a Bangladeshi.

Hameed stopped splashing and stared at her.

"Take that!" she shouted, and threw a full paddle of water into his face. "Ha!" She thumped her paddle against his side of the boat. Her teammates did the same, rocking it dangerously close to the water line.

"Teachers, beware!" Stan thrust his paddle at the last man in the teachers' boat, forcing him off the other side. One of his mates grabbed the oar and pushed back at Stan. Rather than abandon the boat, Stan let it be pushed so hard that water rushed in.

"Lean forward!" Stan shouted as he tumbled backward and out of the boat.

Hameed, Jerry and Loretta leaned toward the teachers' boat. This brought Hameed within inches of the lovely Bangladeshi girl.

The dream girl pulled his hat off and threw it overboard. She looked startled by her own boldness. He reached for her arm, to pull her into his boat. She resisted, grabbing his hand instead.

Who is she? He looked at Loretta and Jerry. They were grinning. At that moment, the two boats started to tip toward each other, nudged by the frogmen, already in the water with their snorkels and fins.

Hands clasped, Hameed and the dream girl fell into the water together. Her mortarboard floated away.

Treading water, he shook the hair from his eyes and sputtered, "Who are you?"

She flipped onto her back and looked toward the sky. "I'm from Texas, but I'm teaching at the International School for a while." Her accent was faint, similar to his.

He followed her gaze. The pale blue sky was dusted with wispy clouds and black birds soaring on wind currents. Judging from the sounds of laughter, splashing water and distant cheers, the race went on without them.

She raised her head and turned to look at him while still floating on her back in the chocolate water. Her gown clung to her.

"My name's Suraya. And who are you?" Beads of water sparkled in her hair.

"I'm Hameed, from Tennessee."

She flipped upright to tread water and looked at him closely, taking his measure.

He blinked once, then again, and ran a hand through his hair. "Is your family name Rahman?"

She smiled and her eyes glowed. "Yes. I think we're having tea this afternoon."

He took her hand and felt the warmth. "Shall we swim to shore together?" ■

A DIPLOMATIC “RENAISSANCE MAN”: RICHARD B. PARKER

THREE-TIME AMBASSADOR RICHARD PARKER WAS A FOREIGN SERVICE OFFICER FOR 31 YEARS, AND SINCE RETIREMENT HAS CONTINUED TO WRITE AND TEACH. LAST MONTH, AFSA HONORED HIM FOR A LIFETIME OF CONTRIBUTIONS TO AMERICAN DIPLOMACY.

BY STEVEN ALAN HONLEY

On June 24, Ambassador Richard Bordeaux Parker received the American Foreign Service Association's award for Lifetime Contributions to American Diplomacy, in recognition of a distinguished 31-year Foreign Service career and equally impressive academic and scholarly accomplishments.

Being born on July 3, 1923, in the Philippines, where his father was stationed with the U.S. Army, gave Parker an early, if brief, exposure to overseas life. But his initial professional goal was to become a chemical engineer. It was while he was studying engineering at Kansas State University (known then as Kansas State College of Agriculture and Applied Science) that fate stepped in for the first time. The future ambassador had to take German as a prerequisite for chemical engineering, he recalls, “and it was clear that German came much easier to me than to anyone else in the class. I discovered a gift for languages that I hadn't realized I had.”

Then fate nudged him once again — much more strongly, this time — when World War II interrupted his studies and he went overseas as an infantry officer. Captured by the Germans after the Battle of the Bulge, he was eventually repatriated at the end of the war via Odessa, the Turkish Straits, Port Said and Naples. That first encounter with the “great wide world” left him determined to go back and see a lot more of it.

Soon after he joined the Foreign Service in 1949, his facility in languages steered him toward a specialization in

the Arab world. In 1961, he became the first non-native speaker in the Service to attain a 4/4 rating in Arabic, indicating full fluency in the spoken and written language, from the Foreign Service Institute. That facility paved the way for him to be a three-time ambassador, to Algeria, Lebanon and Morocco; earlier assignments included Australia, Israel, Jordan and Egypt, as well as several stints on country desks back in Washington.

Somehow, along the way he found the time to take up the study of Islamic architecture as a hobby and to write two “practical guides” on the subject — the first of seven books he has written or edited: *Guide to Islamic Monuments in Cairo* (American University in Cairo Press, 1974; now in its fifth edition) and *Guide to Islamic Monuments in Morocco* (self-published, 1981); *North Africa: Regional Tensions and Strategic Concerns* (Praeger, 1984; a Council on Foreign Relations book); *The Politics of Miscalculation in the Middle East* (Indiana University Press, 1993); *The Six-Day War: A Retrospective* (editor; University Press of Florida, 1996); *The October War: A Retrospective* (editor; University Press of Florida, 2001); and his latest, *Uncle Sam in Barbary: A Diplomatic History* (University Press of Florida, 2004; see p. 71 for a review). He has also served as editor of the *Middle East Journal*, and has contributed dozens of articles and book reviews to various periodicals.

Upon retirement from the Service in 1981, Parker became diplomat-in-residence at the University of Virginia for two years, and has also taught at several other colleges and universities. He served as the first president of the Association for Diplomatic Studies and Training and is also a member of many other prestigious organizations, including the Advisory Council on Near East Studies at Princeton University, the American Academy of Diplomacy, the

Steven Alan Honley, a Foreign Service officer from 1985 to 1997, is editor of the Journal.

Council on Foreign Relations, the Middle East Institute, the Cosmos Club and Delta Tau Delta. His many honors and awards include the Department of State Superior Service Award (1967, for a rescue mission to Yemen), the Grand Cordon of the Order of the Cedars, Lebanon (1979); the Air Force Medal of Merit (1980); and the Foreign Service Cup (1989).

Little wonder, then, that many of Parker's peers in the Foreign Service over the years (even those who did not already know of his penchant for chemistry and math) have described him as a "Renaissance man."

Ambassador Parker is married to the former Jeanne Jaccard. They have four children and nine grandchildren.

Foreign Service Journal Editor Steven Alan Honley interviewed Parker at his Georgetown home on March 31.

FSJ: *Congratulations on your award for lifetime contributions to American diplomacy, which places you in the same company as George Shultz, Tom Pickering, Cyrus Vance, George Bush Sr., and Larry Eagleburger, among others. What would you say have been your strengths as a diplomat?*

RP: I think the fact that I've been able to maintain my sense of humor through some difficult times, first of all. Eisenhower once said, "Always take your job, but never yourself, seriously." But of course, if you don't take yourself seriously, no one else will, either. So you have to find some compromise there. But the important thing is if you don't take yourself too seriously, you can understand the humor in the situation in which you find yourself and you can relate much more easily to other people.

I would also say that I've always concentrated on doing whatever my job was to the best of my ability.

"The term 'Arabist' was no compliment even in the 1950s, but it was a fascinating world and language. And no one ever tried to warn me off from going into it."

— Richard Parker

FSJ: *You were born in the Philippines. How long did you live there?*

RP: We left when I was three months old. My father was stationed there as an Army officer; and they were just waiting for me to be born.

FSJ: *I understand you originally planned to be a chemical engineer. What drew you to the Foreign Service instead?*

RP: Well, engineering studies are very difficult, with a very heavy class load. The war was on, and I had sort of lost interest. I had one more semester to go at Kansas State College of Agriculture and Applied Science (now Kansas State University), before I was going to be taken into the Army in 1943, and I said the hell with it, I'm going to have one fun semester before I leave. So I dropped engineering, much to the dismay of my faculty adviser, and took a semester of things like public speaking and Spanish, as well as German, which I'd already been studying — that was required for chemical engineers — and navigation math, which was very easy. That made 12 hours of

very easy courses. So I had a wonderful semester and a great time.

FSJ: *This was the fall of 1943?*

RP: The spring.

FSJ: *And you were already in officer training by this point?*

RP: Yes, I was in ROTC. We were told we would be sent to an OCS (Officer Candidate School) after we did our basic training. I was in coast artillery, or anti-aircraft, ROTC as befitting an engineer, but along with all my classmates, ended up being sent to infantry OCS — which, of course, was a good deal more dangerous.

FSJ: *And then you shipped overseas in 1944?*

RP: Yes, our division went first to England and then to France.

FSJ: *Tell me about your experience as a POW in World War II.*

RP: Well, our division was annihilated in the Battle of the Bulge, and I was among the thousands of men captured. I spent only 34 days under German control, ending up at a camp for American ground-force officers in Poland, near Poznan. When the Soviets finally began moving west from Warsaw, where they'd been stopped the previous September, the Germans started marching us back to Germany. About 200 of us, out of the thousand or so men in the camp, said after one day that we were too weak to walk any further. So they left us, and the Soviets arrived that night.

FSJ: *And then you were repatriated?*

RP: Yes, over a long period: it took over six weeks before we got back into American control down in Odessa.

FSJ: *I understand from one of the biographical sketches I read that you saw a lot of the world on the trip and*

that was one of the factors behind your decision to apply to the Foreign Service.

RP: Oh, yes. I'd had no idea many of the things I saw existed. I was also very concerned that we not have another war like World War II, and I thought maybe I could help by joining the Foreign Service. Pretty idealistic of me, but anyway, that's how I turned up.

FSJ: So then you went back to Kansas State? What was your degree in?

RP: I got a degree in general science. My major was mathematics, which was a mistake.

FSJ: Why was it a mistake?

RP: I had almost failed integral calculus because the war had diverted my attention, but I had more hours of mathematics on my transcript than any other subject. I was not a serious mathematics student, but I got through it.

Parker's first encounter with the "great wide world," as he later called it, left him determined to go back and see a lot more.



Amb. Parker and his wife Jeanne at DACOR on April 14 at the launch of his new book, Uncle Sam in Barbary: A Diplomatic History.

FSJ: When did you apply to the Foreign Service?

RP: I took the written exam in Tokyo in 1946, when I was still in the Army. I took it just to see what it was like, with no expectation of passing it, and much to my surprise, I passed. So they let me out of the Army and I went back to school. I got there in March 1947 and graduated in May; I'd had such a heavy schedule as an engineering student that there was no problem getting enough hours to graduate with.

I took the oral Foreign Service exam later that summer in Chicago.

The chairman of the board, a Mr. Eberhard, said to me, in effect, "We like your style, Mr. Parker, but you don't know anything. Go back to college for a year and study about history and economics." Which I did.

FSJ: That's when you earned your master's degree?

RP: Yes, in something called citizenship education, which was a "Great Books" program modeled on the one at the University of Chicago.

FSJ: Tell me about your time with the Kansas State UNESCO Commission.

RP: Well, it was brief but interesting. Milton Eisenhower, who at that point was the president of Kansas State, and changed its name to Kansas State University, was the chairman of the U.S. National Commission on UNESCO. UNESCO had its first international conference in Beirut in the summer of 1948, and he wanted to establish a UNESCO commission in every state. He started with Kansas and got three or four other states to follow suit, but all of the state commissions died on the vine not long afterward.

The commission was an early NGO, funded by the university. This

was at the beginning of the implementation of the Fulbright legislation and the resumption of Junior Year Abroad and that sort of thing. There had been almost no exchanges before between Kansas schools and schools abroad, and we were beginning that program. There was a good deal of interest throughout the state, but the program died after Milton Eisenhower left to go to Johns Hopkins University.

FSJ: *What did your job entail?*

RP: I did some local travel, doing things like showing educational films to groups. One of my favorite films was “No Place to Hide,” an *Encyclopedia Britannica* film about the implications of atomic warfare. Trying to bring that issue home to farmers in Kansas was interesting. They were ready to listen.

But the most exciting thing I did was to witness a festival celebrating the adoption of a town in Holland by a little town named Morganville, not far from Manhattan, where the university was. That was a great event. Everyone came from miles around and people performed on a stage set up in a vacant lot. It was a very rewarding grass-roots experience.

FSJ: *Did anyone from the town in Holland come?*

RP: No. It was a long way to go, and travel was difficult then.

FSJ: *You spent about six months with the commission?*

RP: Less than that, actually: August to December 1948. So about five months.

FSJ: *And you entered the Service in 1949?*

RP: Yes. After I completed my year of graduate school, I came to Washington and took the oral again in 1948 and passed. I said I was ready to work, but they said, “Oh, we’ll let you

“Beirut was the most fun of my postings. I served there three times, once as a language student, once as political officer, and once as ambassador.”

— Richard Parker

know some day, but we don’t have any work for you now.” So I went back to Kansas and took the UNESCO job until they told me to report for training, which was in January 1949.

FSJ: *Where was your first posting?*

RP: Sydney. I was the general services officer there, dealing with diplomatic pouches and customs clearances and things like that. And I did some consular work, as well.

FSJ: *You are perhaps best known as an Arabist. At what stage did you choose that area for your concentration, and why?*

RP: It was while I was in Sydney. I enjoyed consular and administrative work, but this was a period when we were saying no to everybody who wanted to come to the United States. I spent the day saying no to Australians who didn’t understand why they had to be taken under a quota of 200 immigration visas a year.

That was pretty dreadful and I had a perpetual headache. My replacement was much impressed when I casually reached into my desk drawer,

pulled out a large bottle of aspirin and popped a couple in my mouth and chewed them.

Anyway, I decided to become a political officer, which was supposed to be the road to glory. And I felt I needed to develop some specialization to get there. This meant studying a hard language.

My wife and I looked at the post reports and the possibilities around the world. My first choice would have been a specialization in Japanese or Polish, but neither one of those was open. Coming home from Odessa during the war, I’d been much impressed with the sight of Istanbul from the water. Then we stopped in Port Said, so I’d had a brief exposure to Egypt. Both places looked interesting, so we narrowed it down to Arabic or Turkish, and I wrote on my April Fool’s card that I wanted to specialize in one of those, but would like to have a post in the area first. So they sent us to Jerusalem in 1951, and I never looked back. It was so fascinating, I spent the rest of my career working in or on that area.

We started out on the Israeli side of the line and then we moved to the Arab side. I hired a tutor and paid for Arabic lessons for about a year before the department invited me to come and join an Arabic class in 1953.

FSJ: *In retrospect, it seems there has always been some stigma within the Foreign Service associated with becoming an Arabist. Did you feel that way at the time, and did anyone ever try to discourage you from making that choice?*

RP: Well, the term “Arabist” was no compliment even then, and I understood that. But it was a fascinating world and language. And no one ever tried to warn me off from going into it.

FSJ: *Which of your postings stand out in your memory?*

RP: Beirut was the most fun. I served there three times, once as a language student, once as political officer, and once as ambassador. The Lebanese are very hospitable, and you get to know a lot of people.

Even the last tour as ambassador in the late 1970s, which was a time of great danger — my predecessor had been assassinated — was much better than today in terms of security for our personnel. We were much freer to move around. Even so, it's no fun to have to go everywhere in an armored vehicle and not be able to stop and go into a shop or look at the sights without a bunch of bodyguards jumping out and standing around you, intimidating everybody.

The third time I went to Beirut, I should note, I was plucked out of Algiers and sent there on very short notice. Algiers was a tough post, although the security situation was nothing like what it is today. Back

then (1974-1977) I was the only U.S. ambassador accredited to an Arab country who didn't have a bodyguard. But I was the first ambassador to serve there after the resumption of diplomatic relations, which had been broken in 1967 and restored in late 1974.

So there was a lot of work to be done. I liked the Algerians, but the infrastructure there for diplomats and the possibilities were very restricted. Housing was a great problem, and my staff was generally unhappy with the fact that Algerians never returned telephone calls. It was a frustrating place to work in, but relations have improved a good deal since then.

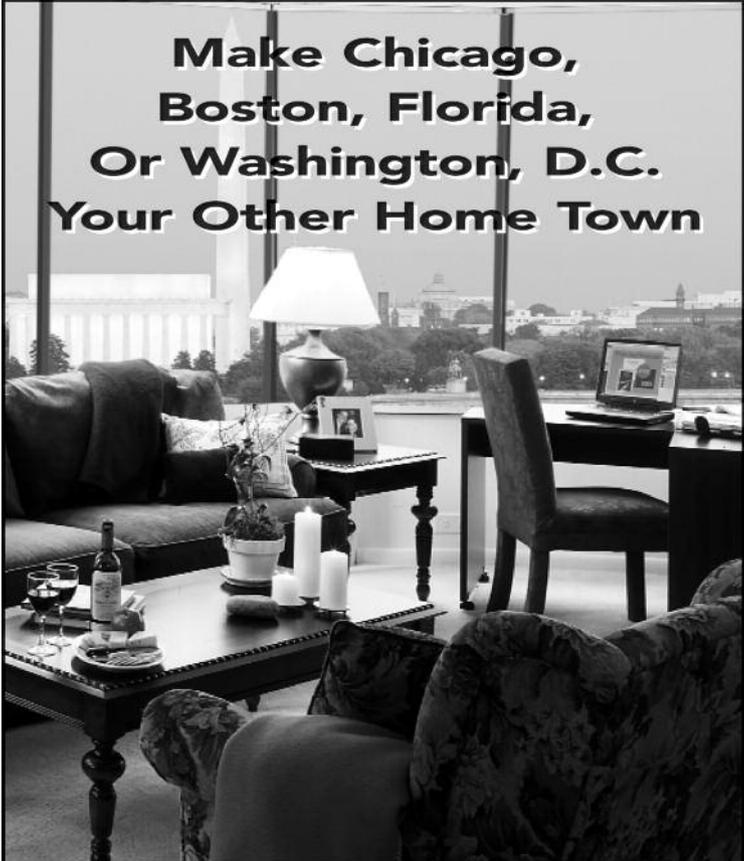
Still, Beirut was a much easier place to work. I knew everybody, or had access to everybody, and people were willing to help. The only problem was, there was no functioning government; it was basically anarchy. Courts did not operate; judges were

afraid to sentence people for fear of reprisals. The president's power did not extend much beyond the presidential palace. But the Lebanese are very entrepreneurial and found ways to make things work.

FSJ: *Who were some of the people you especially admired or were inspired by during your Foreign Service career?*

RP: I liked all my chiefs but one, who shall be nameless. My first boss, the consul general in Sydney, was Orsen Nielsen, long since gone to his reward. His first post had been St. Petersburg, in 1917. It was 1949 when I met him, so that had been 32 years earlier: it was so unbelievably remote to me. It wasn't until I went back to Amman, I think in 1989 — 33 years after I'd left that post — that I realized how short a span that actually was.

Nielsen was old-line Foreign



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Service, very proper. His secretary said he had a way of pointing out to you that you were inferior. But still, he was a decent fellow, and an honest man.

My first ambassador was Lester Mallory, in Amman, in 1955-1956. A former agricultural attaché, he was a rough-hewn fellow, but I liked him very much. He taught me a good deal.

Next was Ambassador Armin Meyer, who's still around. He started out as a radio operator, along with Bill Porter, and was still a ham operator when we arrived in Beirut in 1961. He was our ambassador and I was political officer. He taught me many things.

Then there was Lucius Battle, who was ambassador in Cairo in 1965. I learned a lot from him, too.

I first worked with Stuart Rockwell in the Near Eastern Affairs Bureau back in Washington from 1957 to 1958, and later was his DCM in Rabat. He is the most competent Foreign Service officer I ever knew, but the problem

was that he did not leave much for me to do.

I could go on and on ...

FSJ: *You spent most of your career overseas, but you were in Washington for eight or nine years. Which Secretary of State do you most admire and why?*

RP: I would say John Foster Dulles. Not because of his personality — he was very much a cold fish, and he treated the Foreign Service like a public convenience — but because of his command and control of the department. He was running American for-

eign policy. President Eisenhower was the ultimate authority, of course, but Dulles had no real competition from anybody else in the structure. Everyone deferred to him. He was very competent and a good director; he understood international politics and American interests. I disagreed with many things he did, but I think only Henry Kissinger rivaled his control of foreign policy.

FSJ: *How would you assess Secretary Powell?*

RP: I think very highly of him. He is the first Secretary we've had in a long time who understands the qualities and principles of leadership.

FSJ: *Going back to your career — you were ambassador to three countries during the 1970s: Algeria, Lebanon and Morocco. What were some of the challenges you faced as chief of mission, and how did you handle them?*

RP: In the case of Algiers, we had significant American investment in the petroleum sector: prospecting for oil, building natural gas liquefaction plants, and so forth. That presence had stayed intact even during the break in diplomatic relations.

American firms had good working relations, in general, with the higher echelons of the Algerian government. But they had a lot of problems with the lower echelons: for example, the Ministry of the Interior requirement that their personnel obtain an exit permit to leave the country. Holding their hand and helping them with such problems was a preoccupation.

Trying to get something done in terms of cooperation in the cultural field was another challenge in Algiers. Having had open-heart surgery that left me needing a monthly lab test in a place where the hospital was sort of anarchical, I was very interested in getting some kind of exchange going with American doctors to try to



Above: The monument to American diplomat Joel Barlow in Zarnowic, Poland, erected after a campaign launched by Richard Parker. Below: Parker (second from left) at the dedication of the monument in 1998, with Francis Scanlan, Consul General, Krakow (center), and Polish dignitaries.

improve local health care. Doing that was a constant preoccupation, and I had not succeeded by the time I left. In fact, I don't think it's ever come to pass.

FSJ: *Was the problem getting institutions interested back in the States or there in the country?*

RP: It was both dimensions, and there were a lot of complications. For one thing, we didn't have a bilateral agreement in place on cultural and educational exchanges, and you had to get that done first. And once we located an American consortium that was interested in doing this, somewhere up in the north-central states, getting the Algerian side to cooperate was a problem. I think there was one brief exchange, and then the thing folded. Initiatives like that require constant attention from both sides, and if they don't get it, they stop.

Also, in contrast to Libya and Egypt and other states in the region — even during the break in relations, there were hundreds of Egyptian students in the U.S. — there had been almost no Algerian students here; just a handful. Algerians didn't travel to the States. But that began to change almost immediately after restoration of relations. We were very surprised to have a long line of visa applicants, one of whom was a man named Elias Zerhouni, who is now director of the U.S. National Institutes of Health.

One of my problems was that USIA wanted to close its office there, which it had operated at a modest level throughout the break in relations, because of the lack of response from the Algerians. So I said, send an Arabist to run it and let's see what happens. They brought in Chris Ross, and immediately things started moving on the informational and cultural side.

FSJ: *How was your return to Morocco as ambassador? I assume conditions there were not as difficult*

as in your other two ambassadorships.

RP: Oh yes. I liked the country and the people, and the U.S. and Morocco have had good relations for some 200 years. But even so, I didn't want to go back there because of the way the king treated foreign ambassadors. He wanted them to be lackeys who played golf and went to parties and basically waited for him to tell them what to do. In addition, there had been two coup attempts when I was there before, and the king was never fully persuaded that we weren't involved in them somehow. So I only lasted about six months.

FSJ: *Were you "PNG-ed" from there?*

RP: No, he said he would not declare me persona non grata, but declared that relations would not improve as long as I was there. He was upset because I was unable to relieve him of the [exiled Iranian] Shah [Pahlavi]'s presence, but his principal complaint about me seemed to be that I knew too many people.

FSJ: *Always a dangerous quality in a diplomat.*

RP: Yes, indeed. I was also PNG-ed, in effect, while serving in Egypt in 1967. President Nasser himself ordered my departure because he apparently thought I was the real CIA station chief and was personally responsible for all the bad things he thought the Americans had done to Egypt. The Egyptians later explained that they thought I had not acted like a diplomat. I'm not sure what that meant, but have taken it as an unintended compliment.

Being PNG-ed twice is not a service record, however. I don't know for sure, but the man who holds the record may have been James Leander Cathcart, who was one of the American prisoners in Algiers in 1785 and rose to prominence in the hierar-

chy there. He was U.S. consul in Tunis at the time of the Tripolitanian War that began in 1801. And he was PNG-ed three times: in Tunisia, Algeria and Libya. This is obviously a subject that needs more research.

By the way, he also lived for a time in Georgetown, on P Street.

FSJ: *It's just a coincidence that you also live on that street, I take it? It's not an homage?*

RP: Oh, no. I had no idea of that when we bought this house.

FSJ: *We've already touched on your time in Lebanon, but how much did the deteriorating security situation affect your ability to do your job as ambassador?*

RP: We certainly had plenty of problems — constant fighting among the Lebanese militias, Israeli incursions and PLO infiltration along the southern border, and the invasion of 1978, plus an almost total absence of judicial activity. But that didn't really inhibit our work very much; we had contact with everybody, and the common danger generated a certain camaraderie among us all. But we did try to do something about the security situation, not for ourselves but for the country as a whole. One of the problems was that because of the State of Siege Law (which came about because of the movie starring Yves Montand that portrayed the U.S. as teaching the Uruguayan police how to torture and provoked Congress to pass a law limiting aid to foreign police forces), we couldn't give a single bullet to the gendarmerie, the rural police force, which was an essential part of the security structure in Lebanon. It didn't look very impressive to the outsider, but it was very influential in the countryside.

One of my first assigned tasks after getting there was to try and arrange a ceasefire between the Chamounists and the PLO in southern Lebanon,

where a firefight was going on. I succeeded, and received a telegram from Roy Atherton, the NEA assistant secretary, congratulating me on this. But by the time it arrived, they were fighting again!

That was the way it went, though. You'd work and work to hammer out a ceasefire or an agreement and get everyone on board, and then somebody would fire a shot and it was all over again.

I have a framed cartoon showing a group of Lebanese politicians standing around in a state of embarrassment, while a hand is sticking out from behind a curtain — holding a Parker pen that was labeled "The Godfather." I'd persuaded this group of traditional political leaders — Sunni, Shia and Maronite — to agree on an informal compact by urging that if they agreed to stop fighting each other, the Israelis and Syrians would not be able to exploit them the way they had. And they agreed and signed, but five days later, the fighting started back up.

Some of this is discussed in my book on diplomatic miscalculations, *The Politics of Miscalculation in the Middle East* (Indiana University Press, 1993) and in an article I did for the *Middle East Journal's* Autumn 1996 issue.

The most frustrating thing was trying to get the Lebanese Army to move into southern Lebanon to take over security. We thought we had it arranged, but then it was blocked by the Israelis and their local puppet, who really didn't want them down there.

FSJ: *Speaking of Israel: did you ever have occasion to meet Ariel Sharon?*

RP: No; I did see him twice, once speaking at the Council on Foreign Relations and once in the Kremlin, in 1990, when we both happened to be visiting Moscow. But we've never spoken.

“In the old days, when an assistant secretary came out to your post, that was really something. Today, someone at that level visits every three months or so, and they sneak in and out.”

— **Richard Parker**

FSJ: *Do you think Ariel Sharon will ever make peace on terms acceptable to the Palestinians?*

RP: No. Any peace will come in spite of Sharon, not because of him.

FSJ: *Were you frustrated by the ban at that time on American diplomats dealing directly with the Palestinian Liberation Organization?*

RP: Not really; the ban was on formal contacts only. Our CIA folks in Beirut — Robert Ames, in particular, who was later killed when the embassy was bombed in 1983 — dealt with the PLO all the time. At times we saw them as a positive influence in the civil war; they were more responsible than some of the Lebanese factions. But there wasn't much they could do, so there wasn't much substance to our dealings with them.

FSJ: *Did you disagree with the Bush administration's initial reluctance to become engaged in the Middle East peace process?*

RP: Yes, I did.

FSJ: *And do you think the administration's "road map" is still viable?*

RP: Well, the ink is still on the paper, so I suppose it could be revived. But it looks pretty dormant now.

FSJ: *Are you a pessimist about a peaceful resolution of the Israeli-Palestinian conflict?*

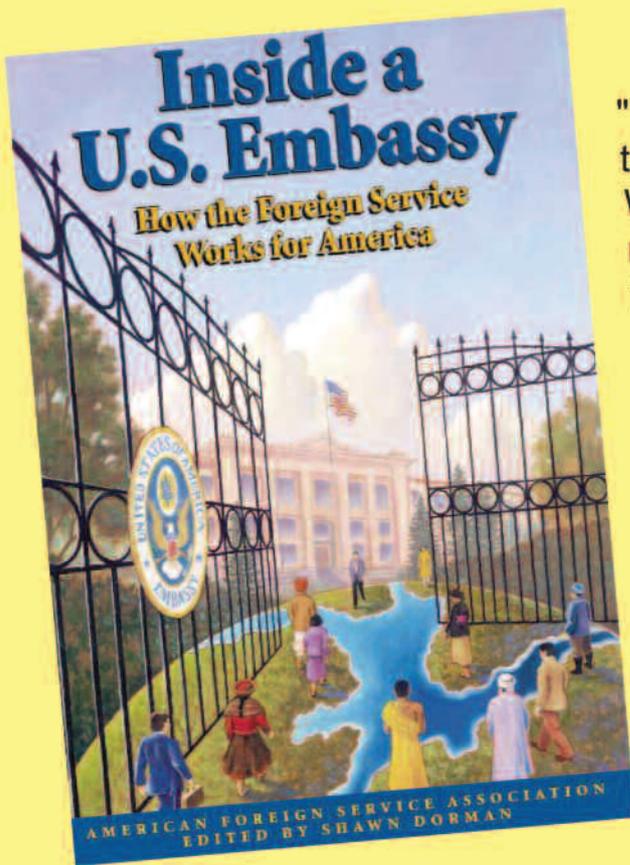
RP: You know, Adlai Stevenson said that "Optimism is to a diplomat what courage is to a soldier." Pessimists don't make good diplomats. I am professionally optimistic that there is going to be a solution, but I must say that when I look at the details, I don't see how it will come about.

FSJ: *Do you think the U.S.-Middle East Partnership Initiative has promise?*

RP: No, I don't. I may be wrong, but the whole idea, it seems to me, is that we're preaching to the natives, as though the problem is reform. That isn't the problem: it's people and land. Where do we draw the borders and what do we do about the refugees? There will be little American-sponsored progress on democracy until we do something effective about Arab-Israeli peace. The initiative doesn't deal with that; we've just sort of put that aside, but it's the 900-pound gorilla in the room. Now, I'm out of touch: I haven't been out there since 1997. And I haven't talked to any Palestinians on the ground, so I may not know what I'm talking about, but I doubt it.

FSJ: *Do you see signs that Arab societies themselves are starting to recognize the urgency of reform and are willing to pursue that process?*

RP: Yes, I see some modest signs, even in Saudi Arabia. And that's the only way reform will happen — from within. The idea that we're somehow going to teach them the way is non-



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sense. For us to push them actually makes it less likely to come to fruition.

FSJ: *In your view, has our intervention in Iraq been successful?*

RP: I felt at the time that it was a tragic mistake to go in there, that we were going to have a great deal of difficulty in the aftermath, and that it would engender a good deal of hostility toward us in the region. I think all those assumptions have been vindicated.

I also think that if we are safer today than we were on Sept. 11, 2001, it's because of the security measures we've taken, not because we went into Iraq. That action has actually made us less safe.

FSJ: *If there should be a stable, democratic government in Iraq, do you think it will help pave the way for democratization in the region?*

RP: Oh, yes. Anytime you have a successful change, and the result is beneficial, that's going to have an effect on others. And I hope that is the result in Iraq, but I don't think we can count on it. We are a long way from a stable Iraq today.

FSJ: *How serious do you think Libya is about moving closer to the West?*

RP: They've been talking in those terms for some time. Martin Indyk (formerly NEA assistant secretary) published an interesting commentary on this in the March 9 *Financial Times*, pointing out that the Libyans were talking about breaking out of their isolation back in 1999. And I think that desire is the real cause of the change. Iraq may have increased somewhat their fears of American "cowboyism," but they were already moving in that direction on their own.

FSJ: *So this is an evolutionary change, then?*

RP: Yes. Qaddafi is so unpre-

dictable that one never knows for sure, but it looks like he is serious about coming clean and restoring ties.

FSJ: *Have you met him?*

RP: Not to my knowledge.

FSJ: *How successful do you believe we have been in getting out the message that the war on terrorism is not a war on Arabs or Muslims?*

RP: I don't think we've been successful at all. The restrictions we've had to introduce on travel and so forth inevitably create the appearance of discrimination against Muslims. I don't think there is anything we can do about that other than be as tactful and careful as possible in implementing the policies.

FSJ: *You've had a wide-ranging career with several phases — you've been a soldier, a diplomat, a teacher, an administrator, an editor, and an author. Have the transitions been difficult, or have you always seen yourself as pursuing several different interests at the same time?*

RP: Aside from my desire to maintain the world's peace, what really motivated me and my wife to go into the Foreign Service was a desire to live abroad and meet other people and learn about foreign cultures. I've been fascinated by these things ever since we started. Also, I've always been intellectually curious about why people are doing certain things and what it means. And that has led me to write, and read, and study. I've been too busy to worry unduly about shifting from one thing to another.

FSJ: *When you retired from the Foreign Service in 1980 after 31 years to become the diplomat-in-residence at the University of Virginia, was that transition particularly difficult?*

RP: Yes, going from being an ambassador to a college professor was the hardest transition I made. After being in a situation where every day was divided up into 15-minute intervals during which I'd see visitors, and people were constantly asking me for answers to their questions, suddenly my telephone was no longer ringing. And nobody cared what I was doing, not even my fellow professors, as far as I could tell. That took a real adjustment; I think it took me five or six years to deprogram myself and stop talking like an NEA officer. Maybe I still am!

FSJ: *How long were you at the University of Virginia?*

RP: I was at U. Va. for two years, during which time I also held down the job of editor of the *Middle East Journal*. And then I decided there wasn't enough going on regarding the Middle East in Charlottesville to keep me busy, so I moved back to Washington. I kept working at the *Middle East Journal*, but not quite full time.

FSJ: *And you were the first president of the Association for Diplomatic Studies and Training, right?*

RP: Yes, [former FSI director] Steve Low hired me for that. But I stayed at the magazine for another year or so before leaving to devote more time to ADST.

FSJ: *And then what?*

RP: I'd been thinking for years about the theme of miscalculations in diplomacy and wanted to write a book on the subject. And I thought the way to do it was to get a fellowship at the Woodrow Wilson Center at the Smithsonian, which I did. And I've been a casual laborer ever since. For example, during the 1992-93 academic year, I was the Stephen Scarff Distinguished Visiting Pro-

fessor at Lawrence University in Appleton, Wisc. (a fellowship set up by the parents of a student who had been killed in an accident; I don't know where he was killed or how). I taught courses on the Middle East there, which was fun. Then I came back and for one semester taught a course at the School of Advanced International Studies (part of Johns Hopkins University) in tandem with Bill Zartman.

FSJ: *Tell us about your new book, Uncle Sam in Barbary: A Diplomatic History (University Press of Florida), that is about to come out. You've been working on that for what, six years?*

RP: Even longer than that: since 1990. It's really been a retirement project, but during that period I did three other books before concentrating on this one.

FSJ: *What in particular drew you to writing about America's early diplomatic relations with North Africa two centuries ago? Is it the fact that the topic isn't well known?*

RP: Well, a lot of American historians have written on it, particularly the war with Tripoli, but not much has been done from the point of view of an area specialist. Only one of these historians, to my knowledge, has ever been to the area, and that briefly; most of them have known almost nothing of the local language and culture.

So Carl Brown at Princeton suggested that I write the history of those early relations from the perspective of a practitioner who is knowledgeable about the area to see if it made any difference in the interpretation.

FSJ: *In your introduction to the book, you write that, to the extent anyone does know about that episode, they've drawn the wrong lessons from it.*

RP: Yes, they do not understand what really happened. They think that "Millions for defense, not one cent for tribute," is what it's all about. They don't realize that we paid almost a million dollars to get our men out of Algiers in 1796 — which would be about \$15 million in today's money — at a time when our total annual federal revenues were about \$6 million or \$7 million. And force did not settle anything there, at least initially; one could argue that it did later, in 1815, but these initial problems with Algiers were solved by negotiations.

FSJ: *But wasn't that at least partially because we didn't really have any navy to speak of at that stage?*

RP: Well, yes, but even if we'd had greater forces to bring to bear, what difference would it have made? All our prisoners there would simply have been sacrificed; we would not have been able to rescue them militarily. In the end, we still would have had to negotiate.

My other preoccupation has been Joel Barlow, an American diplomat from that period. In fact, I was up in his hometown of Redding, Conn., last weekend to give a talk on him. I helped raise funds to erect a monument to him in 1998 in Zarnowic, Poland, where he died. It's near Krakow.

FSJ: *As someone who has written extensively about U.S. diplomacy and taught it, in addition to being a practitioner, you've obviously seen a good many changes in it over the course of your career. How has diplomacy changed over the past 50 years or so? Are you optimistic about the future of the profession?*

RP: In the old days, 50 years ago, when an assistant secretary came out to your post, that was really something. The trumpets would blare. Today, someone at that level visits

every three months or so, and they sneak in and out.

Communications have so multiplied that I sense we no longer have the control we once did. Dean Acheson talks about this in one of his books: when he was Secretary of State, there was a woman named Mrs. Halla who ran the correspondence review branch up in S/S. She looked at every telegram that went out of the department and corrected the grammar — "You can't do this, Mr. Parker." Those days are long gone, and I'm sure our writing has gotten a lot sloppier as a result. E-mail also encourages sloppiness.

The deterioration in the security situation has really affected diplomats' ability to do their jobs, as well. In places like Beirut, personal contact is so important. And if you're sitting up on a hill and you can't go out without a guard, even for junior personnel, I think that's decreased our ability to influence events.

But diplomacy is still necessary. Sometime back, I heard Newt Gingrich speaking at Georgetown about how the Foreign Service was becoming irrelevant. But I don't think he understands anything about how diplomacy is conducted, or how important it is to have people on the ground in these places. Personality is everything.

FSJ: *Whenever you talk to bright young people today, college graduates, do you recommend the Foreign Service to them as a career?*

RP: Yes, I have given talks on that quite a bit. And I always tell them that I can't think of anything I would rather have done with my life than be in the Foreign Service. There was never a dull moment. I was sometimes troubled or unhappy with what I had to do, but I never wished I were doing something else.

FSJ: *Thank you very much. ■*

REBEL RAIDER AS DIPLOMAT: JOHN MOSBY IN CHINA

AS U.S. CONSUL IN HONG KONG, THE COLORFUL CONFEDERATE GUERRILLA LEADER GREATLY IMPROVED THE UNITED STATES' REPUTATION IN CHINA.

BY KEVIN H. SIEPEL

Among those who have studied American history, the name of Colonel John S. Mosby conjures up an image of “Mosby’s Rangers,” a Confederate guerrilla band known for its highly effective harassment of Union troops during the American Civil War. Operating frequently by night and usually behind enemy lines, these rugged Southern horsemen, led by a young Virginian lawyer-turned-soldier, stole acres of federal livestock, ambushed cavalry columns, derailed trains, sent hundreds of prisoners to Richmond — even plucked a Union general from his bed — and generally gave fits to commanders of regular troops operating in northern Virginia. Their leader was a favorite of Lee, who once exclaimed, “I wish I had a hundred like Mosby!”

Not so well known, but equally colorful, is Col. Mosby’s subsequent diplomatic career as U.S. consul in Hong Kong from 1878 to 1885. The result of machinations by Mosby’s friends in the Hayes administration, who wished to put their often uncomfortably forthright and outspoken colleague at a distance from the day-to-day politicking of Washington, Mosby’s appointment to the Foreign Service plunged the lawyer-soldier into a different kind of warfare. Mosby proved as effective in this engagement as in his ear-

lier battles, and the result was a consular housecleaning that greatly improved the United States’ reputation in China.

An Irregular in War and Peace

By the end of the Civil War, John Mosby had become well known in the North — the subject of frequent, if ill-informed, newspaper articles — and was on the road to becoming a Southern icon. But the decisiveness that had enabled him to exert his will so forcefully during the war did not serve him well in the war’s immediate aftermath. Following the surrender at Appomattox, Mosby proclaimed that the war was over, the cause was lost, and national life must go on. He would, he announced, help heal the nation, not contribute to its continuing division.

Settling in Warrenton, Va., where he resumed the practice of law, Mosby was not shy about making public this unpopular view. By 1872 he had kindled a friendship with Ulysses S. Grant, and soon thereafter turned Republican. His embrace of the party of Lincoln, and his outspoken insistence that, for the South to advance, the past must be forgotten, caused many of his former compatriots to seethe. By the mid-1870s, his young wife having recently passed away and Southern hostility boiling around him, Mosby closed up his law practice in Warrenton and moved his now-motherless family to Washington.

To help ease his distress (and doubtless to distance themselves from a fellow who, uncomfortably for all, marched to a different drummer), some of Mosby’s Republican friends — notably President Rutherford B. Hayes and Ohio Congressman James A. Garfield — conspired to arrange an appointment overseas. In December 1878, therefore, the 45-year-old widower, having placed his children with family and friends, found himself in San

Kevin H. Siepel is the author of Rebel: the Life and Times of John Singleton Mosby (St. Martin’s Press, 1983; DaCapo Press, 1997). His writings have appeared in Wild West, Civil War, Virginia Cavalcade, Notre Dame University Magazine, The Christian Science Monitor, Readers Digest, Chicken Soup for the Soul, and elsewhere.

Francisco en route to Hong Kong, where he would become the new U.S. consul.

If both his friends and his enemies thought they were rid of him for a while, they soon found themselves mistaken. By the following April his name had begun to pop up in state-side newspapers. The story line: “Mosby charges consular corruption.”

One of the first things Mosby had done on arrival was to examine the consular books, and it did not take him long to detect a bad odor. His predecessor, David H. Bailey, had apparently been bilking the government of many thousands of dollars annually. Just how he had been doing it became clear from conversations with American ship captains and dock workers. In his shipboard examination of emigrants to the United States (to ascertain that their emigration was voluntary, and not part of the nefarious “coolie traffic”), Bailey had been charging large fees for his service, then declaring expenses equal to the fees, and remitting nothing to the government. By this time Mosby knew that a whole shipload of emigrants could be examined very quickly, and that absolutely no expenses were involved.

Another of the former consul’s lucrative practices had been the certification of opium shipments from Macao to the United States. While the certification was perfectly

***“I am in for the war,
and intend either to
purge the public service
of these scoundrels
or go out myself.”***

— *John Mosby*

routine and legal, Bailey’s fee — \$10,000 per year for one shipper — was not. Mosby astonished a Macao shipper by charging him \$2.50 for the same service.

An Augean Stable

Mosby’s immediate superior at the State Department was Assistant Secretary of State Frederick W. Seward, son of Lincoln’s renowned Secretary of State. Mosby wrote to

Seward about his discoveries. He did so nervously, because former consul Bailey was a crony of Fred Seward’s cousin (and U.S. minister to China), George F. Seward. Complicating the situation was George Seward’s alleged involvement in shady speculative transactions in China — in violation of the Burlingame Treaty of 1868, under which Americans pledged not to meddle in Chinese affairs. Seward was, in fact, so strongly suspected of illegal activities that a congressional committee had recently recommended his impeachment, and Bailey, who had been nominated to the consul generalship in China following his departure from Hong Kong, was in Washington as a witness in his behalf. It was not a good time for Bailey’s honesty to be brought into question and, as Mosby knew, it was never a good time to tangle with the Searwards.

Other U.S. diplomats in the Orient had taken the



Photograph courtesy Peabody Essex Museum.

A painting of Hong Kong Harbor, c. 1870, by an unknown Chinese artist.

Sewards on and not survived. John C. Myers, sent to China in 1876 as consul general, had noticed that George Seward lived above his means, and communicated his suspicions to State. He was promptly sent home. G. Wiley Wells, an ex-congressman from Mississippi, had met a similar fate when he demonstrated excessive zeal in matters pertaining to George Seward.

As Mosby awaited a reply to his letter to Fred Seward, he began to look harder at his fellow consuls in the Orient. Among ship captains, the name of David B. Sickels, U.S. consul at Bangkok, was often mentioned pejoratively. Sickels, in fact, no longer even lived in Bangkok: he had moved to Singapore, leaving the consulate under the charge of a former Hong Kong vagrant named Torrey.

In March 1879, Mosby wrote to General T.C.H. Smith, a Hayes intimate, urging the president to act on the matter. "Nearly all the American consulates out here have a horrible reputation," he explained to Smith. The American consuls, he said, were a "scaly set," and a "disgrace to the country." He felt "humiliated every day," he wrote, at being obliged to deal with them. "If the president does not clean out this Augean stable," Mosby told Smith, "it will be the subject of congressional investigation. Better let his administration get the credit of it than the Democratic Party."

Apparently Fred Seward ignored Mosby's letter: Bailey was confirmed as consul general in China and George Seward escaped impeachment. Mosby confided to G. Wiley Wells, according to the *New York Sun* of Oct. 7, 1879: "I am in for the war, and intend either to

***Other U.S. diplomats in
the Orient had taken the
Sewards on and not
survived.***



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John Singleton Mosby during his service in Hong Kong.

purge the public service of these scoundrels or go out myself."

Mosby was unlikely to be removed from his post, being far more dangerous prowling about congressional corridors than bottled up on Hong Kong Island. But efforts were made to silence him, and this brought the press out. "The [new] consul," noted the *China Mail* in July 1879, "has evidently made up his mind to place things consular upon an entirely new platform." Colonel Mosby, said the *Mail*, was "a man amongst men," and a "consul among consuls."

The Press Turns Up the Pressure

Back home, the press had begun to run with the story of consular corruption and Mosby's efforts to stop it. The *National Republican* noted in September 1879: "The latest revelations in the matter of Bailey ... only emphasize the unfortunate position in which the State Department is placed by its efforts to shield Seward and Bailey." The *Republican* added pointedly: "It is very strongly charged that the department shields Bailey because Minister Seward must stand or fall by the former."

The *Hartford Evening Post* of Sept. 29 suggested that the State Department would have to ease up on Mosby. It had come to light that the ex-guerrilla was being censured less for the substance of his charges than for his refusal to observe channels of authority, and especially for his new insistence upon writing directly to President Hayes. Mosby, argued the *Post*, could not be dismissed for such infractions. "If Mosby should be turned out because of his activity in the matter," said the paper, "it would incline people to think that he was sacrificed because of his zeal in pursuit of a corrupt official. ... People would honor Mosby for the course he has taken, and, coming home with a fistful of facts, he would become an exceedingly troublesome customer for the Seward family."

Not all of Mosby's growing press coverage was supportive. He was ridiculed in a letter published in the *National Republican* for having "organized himself into a widespread smelling committee," to sniff through all the consular corners of the East. He was accused of trying to make a reputation out of a "cloud of fragrant scandal." It was alleged, according to the *Cincinnati Commercial* of Oct. 2, 1879, that he had annoyed the president to the point that Hayes had told him he was "no longer engaged in the

partisan ranger business.” He was accused of violating “official etiquette” and of behaving “just as he would in a Virginia bar-room,” just as he had earlier been accused of bringing the “manners of the saddle into the salons of the diplomats” (in *The Press* of April 8, 1879).

But George Seward remained under a cloud, and editorial sentiment came down largely on Mosby’s side. “It is probable,” declared the *Philadelphia Times* on Sept. 26, 1879, “that the case against [Seward] would have been dropped sure enough but for the accident of our getting one honest man into a Chinese consulate. Col. Mosby is that man.”

At this time Fred Seward decided to press Mosby on the Bangkok issue, asking him to make the charges against the men at Bangkok more specific. Mosby answered serenely that he personally had preferred no charges against Sickles or Torrey. The

charges, he explained in a dispatch to Seward on Oct. 18, 1879, were being brought by the master of the *Alice C. Dickerman*, an American merchant vessel. He had, however, expressed an opinion of these men, Mosby told Seward, and would gladly repeat it. “I believe,” he told Seward, “that I said Sickles [sic] was an idiot and ... Torrey ... was about as fit to be in the consular service as ... Capt. Kidd. I have no apologies to make for having expressed this opinion.”

At the end of October 1879, pleading overwork and poor health, Fred Seward turned in his resignation. “The friends of Mr. Seward,” wrote the *Cincinnati Gazette*, “indignantly repel the insinuation thrown out ... that the charges pending against his cousin, the minister to China, influenced his resignation.” Mosby had a different take on it, writing to his Virginia friend E. M. Spilman in January 1880 that he had finally had to

“turn” on Fred Seward, and “expose him along with the others whom he was trying to protect.” Explained Mosby: “If he had remained in office until Congress met, I would have had him impeached. He saw what was coming, and got out of the way.”

Years later Mosby related that after he had discovered Fred Seward trying to “shield the rascals,” he had written privately to Hayes. “Hayes,” he asserted in a May 1902 letter to John W. Daniel, “discharged him [Seward] from the State Department.”

Outreforming the Reformers

Mosby continued his agitation for reform, now through one of his most powerful patrons, Ohio Congressman James A. Garfield. He pressed Garfield to have President Hayes act immediately on Bangkok. “I regret,” he told the former Union general in a letter dated March 18, 1880, “that the president did not take the advice I

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gave him when I first came here as all the scandal would have been avoided and he would have got great credit for reforming the service.”

Fred Seward's successor was John Hay, a man who would one day write a memorable chapter in American diplomacy, but who would prove no friend to Mosby. The official attitude toward Mosby remained unchanged. He continued to be treated as a crackpot, and to be harassed in subtle ways, such as by denial of funds for chair or boat hire, or by ignoring his requests for furlough. Petitions for money to purchase law books fell upon deaf ears, despite similar allowances made to his predecessor. Mosby wrote to Garfield that Secretary of the Treasury John Sherman, in a move smacking of petty revenge, even removed one of Mosby's sisters from a Civil Service position.

Garfield assured the Virginian that despite what he had been hearing, President Hayes found no fault with Mosby's conduct. Newspapers all over the country, smelling the blood of a second Seward in the offing, were, in fact, stirring in his behalf. Note was taken of a reported disagreement between Hayes and Secretary of State William M. Evarts over how George Seward's inevitable resignation should be handled. Evarts allegedly wanted to hold Seward's resignation until his impeachment should again become imminent, while Hayes wanted to install a new man in Peking at once. "Mr. Evarts," commented the *Washington Post* in March 1880, "... seems infatuated with the idea of being the special defender ... of all the legally unconvicted violators of law that disgrace his department, especially those bearing the name of Seward."

In the event, the president had his way, and it was shortly announced that George F. Seward, after many years of meritorious service, etc., etc., had resigned his post in Peking. Mosby again set his sights on the Bangkok

[He] seems to be one of those restless, inquisitive spirits who feel that they have a mission to look into things, and get at their true inwardness.

— San Francisco Chronicle,
April 1880

consulate, where, in the words of a U.S. Navy ship captain quoted in a dispatch from Mosby to John Hay, things were going on "that would disgrace a Modoc Indian."

Mosby was by now being depicted as a man who outreformed the reformers. "Col. Mosby," remarked the *San Francisco Chronicle* in April 1880, "seems just now to be a particularly sharp thorn in the side of our mild and virtuous 'Civil Service reform' administration. ... [He] seems to be one of those restless, inquisitive spirits who feel that they have a mission to look into things, and get at their true inwardness. Instead of being content to draw his pay, take things easily, and shut his eyes and ears, ... he keeps a bright lookout, and is always wanting to understand the working of the machinery."

By the spring of 1880, Bailey and Sickels had resigned. President Hayes had, as Mosby told Garfield in May, "at last swept the China coast." A crop of respectable men now took up station in the East. "The president's new appointments in China," Mosby wrote to Garfield in October, "are all first-rate men."

His immediate objectives accom-

plished, Mosby began to press President-elect Garfield for more widespread reform. "The State Department needs overhauling and renovating," he wrote to Garfield in November. "It above all needs an able law officer — some of its decisions on law questions would 'make the angels weep.'" He hoped to resign shortly, he added, and enlisted the president-elect's aid in regaining a "foothold at the bar." In particular, he wrote to Garfield, "I shall ask you to give me the position of assistant attorney-general for which many friends urged my appointment."

Irony and Fulfillment

The following summer (1881), Mosby's long-term hopes were dashed by an assassin's bullet in Washington. After Garfield's death, he stayed on in the Orient, immersing himself over the next four years in the boiling issues of Chinese immigration to America and the opium trade. He sallied forth from time to time on other Far East issues that he felt merited attention, from the perceived arrogance of Spanish authorities at Manila to perceived weaknesses in the distribution of U.S. naval forces in the Pacific. He pushed for an increased American involvement in China, arguing (not unlike George Seward before him) for a ground-floor American role in Chinese railroad-building and other internal projects.

In late 1881, Ulysses S. Grant appears to have prodded President Chester A. Arthur to name Mosby consul general at Shanghai. But Mosby, according to papers in the National Archives, got wind of the plan and balked, replying through a stateside spokesman that he would prefer something at home, or a first-class post in Europe. In 1884, he received what he considered an even greater honor: the powerful Chinese viceroy Li Hung-chang offered him command of an army in the field. But

because he did not wish to fight against the French, Mosby also turned down this opportunity, according to a subsequent article in the *Brooklyn Eagle*.

In 1885, Democrat Grover Cleveland entered the White House, and Republican Mosby was soon advised of his pending replacement. He dashed off a letter to Grant, requesting assistance in getting started back home. But in late July, just as he was about to embark for San Francisco, a cable arrived announcing Grant's death. The 51-year-old Mosby sailed for the United States with a heavy heart and without a prospect in the world.

Mosby didn't know it, but his request for assistance had reached Grant literally on his deathbed. And the dying man had, in his last days, dictated a telegram to be sent at once to Grant's friend Leland Stanford,

California's new senator and president of the Southern Pacific Railroad. Grant's plea for the ex-Confederate partisan fighter was not refused, and Mosby, when he stepped onto the pier at San Francisco, found a job awaiting him in the legal department of the Southern Pacific. He would spend the next 16 years as a railroad lawyer — not the sort of salvation he'd envisioned, but, as he later put it, his poverty dictated his circumstances, not his will.

Disappointed, Mosby had at least landed on his feet, and would spring into action again. At the age of 64 he was drilling a light cavalry unit in Oakland, Calif., for service against Spain. (As it turned out, "Mosby's Hussars" never saw action.) A little later he again burst into print as a Land Office special agent and personal emissary of President Theodore Roosevelt, wading into the volatile

range-fencing crisis in Colorado and Nebraska. And, in perhaps the greatest irony of his life, the one-time ravager of Union supply trains and rustler of Union mules capped his career with six years as an attorney in the Department of Justice.

In his retirement years Mosby received a medal from the University of Virginia (from which he had been expelled years before for shooting a fellow student in self-defense) and, subsequently, an invitation to speak on campus. He was deeply moved, feeling that the greatest injustice of his life had been righted. "I now feel that I am a rich man," he told a friend, Mrs. Charles W. Kent, years later, with "something more valuable than gold."

John Mosby died in Washington, D.C., at the age of 82, on Memorial Day 1916. He is buried in Warrenton, Va. ■

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IT'S TIME TO WIN THE BATTLE FOR UGANDA'S CHILDREN

A PERVERSE WAR CONTINUES TO DEVOUR THOUSANDS OF CHILDREN EACH YEAR IN UGANDA, PUTTING PRESIDENT MUSEVENI'S INTERNATIONAL REPUTATION AT RISK.

BY MICHAEL ORONA

More than 120,000 children under the age of 18 are reported to have taken up arms in sub-Saharan Africa as of 2003. The majority of these child soldiers are between 15 and 18 years of age, but children as young as 7 years old are involved in numerous conflicts. One of the most perverse of these wars, which continues to devour thousands of children each year, is centered in Uganda.

Located in East Africa, Uganda is one of the most geographically diverse nations in the world. With its large mountains, deep verdant forests and open savannas, there is little wonder why Winston Churchill bestowed upon it the title, "Pearl of Africa." After gaining independence from the British in 1962, however, the country endured two dictatorial regimes during the 1960s and 1970s — including Idi Amin's infamous reign of terror — that threatened to destroy the very fabric of Uganda's social structure.

Unfortunately, the pattern of violence and strife the

Michael Orona is a foreign affairs officer in the State Department's Bureau of Democracy, Human Rights and Labor, where he is responsible for monitoring democracy and human rights issues in East, Central and Southern Africa. Previously he was employed with the U.S. Department of Labor's International Child Labor Program, where he investigated the Chinese Laogai (forced labor system) and supervised the department's work on an executive order regarding employment of children in China's rural fireworks industry. He has a J.D. in international law and a Ph.D. in international development.

people of Uganda have known for far too long continues in the current war in the Acholi region in the northern area of the country. There, in the mid-1980s, the Lord's Resistance Army launched a brutal war against the Ugandan government. A quasi-religious insurgency, the LRA is focused on overthrowing the government of President Yoweri Museveni and ruling Uganda according to the Ten Commandments and its own pseudo-Christian beliefs. LRA leader Joseph Kony is said to receive his military strategies from invisible spiritual messengers and is allegedly able to read minds. In 2001, the Department of State added the LRA to its list of known terrorist groups.

Ugandan government representatives often refer to the LRA as the greatest and most sustained threat to the country's stability. For 18 years this group has been involved in raiding villages, killing innocent civilians and kidnapping children to serve as slaves, soldiers and wives. In response, the government has waged a so-far-unsuccessful military campaign against the LRA. Kony's brutality is compounded by apparent instability, a factor that clouds the prospects for resolving the dispute. And, despite appeals from international nongovernmental organizations and the Ugandan government's own public statements that it seeks a negotiated settlement, Pres. Museveni has shown little commitment to a peaceful solution.

To fully understand this seemingly intractable situation — the role of the LRA, the response of the Museveni government, and the prospects for peace — it is necessary to review how the group was first established and look at the socio-political climate in Uganda at the time.

The Background to Butchery

In 1986, President Yoweri Museveni, leader of the dominant political party known as “The Movement,” deposed the short-lived military junta of Tito Okello. Museveni’s victory over Okello produced resentment from the Acholi population in the north, who would once again be ruled by a southern-influenced government. For decades the north-south divide resulted in the Acholi being marginalized and even massacred by previous government leaders. After Okello’s departure from office, Alice Lakwena organized a group of ethnic Acholi supporters known as the Holy Spirit Mobile Force in opposition to Museveni’s rule. Lakwena, whose followers considered her a prophet and spiritual guide, led the HSMF against Museveni in a futile attempt at resistance. Confident of her spiritual powers, she sent her followers into battle armed only with sticks and anointed with butter oil. Despite her faith that the lubricant and her divine power would shield members of her group against bullets, the HSMF were no match for Museveni’s well-organized and battle-ready soldiers.

With the HSMF nearly wiped out, Lakwena fled to Kenya. Joseph Kony, Lakwena’s nephew and self-proclaimed “spiritual heir,” gathered what was left of the HSMF and renamed it the Lord’s Resistance Army. Under Kony’s leadership a new chapter of violence was launched. The LRA started with small or “soft” targets, but eventually gained enough experience to carry out large guerilla-style attacks. In the 1990s, in an effort to create a climate of fear, the LRA began targeting civilians and abducting children for use as soldiers. Since its inception, the group has engaged in a systematic campaign against the northern areas of Uganda, attacking from its military camps within the country and from across the border in southern Sudan.

Complicating matters further, in 1995 the government of Sudan took up support of the LRA in retaliation for Uganda’s support of the Sudanese People’s Liberation Army, which had been at war with the Sudanese government since 1983. Four years later, in 1999, Sudan and Uganda restored diplomatic relations

and both governments agreed to end support of the two rebel groups. In March 2002, the Sudanese government permitted the Ugandan People’s Defense Force to enter Sudanese territory in pursuit of LRA forces and to rescue abducted children. The UPDF initiative came to be known as “Operation Iron Fist.”

While the military operation resulted in the rescue of many abducted children, it also intensified the military conflict in northern Uganda between the LRA and government troops, which continues to disrupt every aspect of life of the Acholi people, and, in effect, expanded the theater of war. During the military campaign, the rebels were driven from their four main camps on the eastern bank of the White Nile and scattered into smaller bands. Eventually the LRA fled deeper into Sudan. In an effort to evade Ugandan troops, the rebels adopted a slash-and-burn policy that has destroyed villages and taken the lives of innocent civilians on both sides of the Uganda/Sudan border. Observers believe that the LRA is retali-

ating against the Sudanese government by attacking government-controlled villages in the south.

Meanwhile, efforts by the Ugandan government to protect internally displaced persons and prevent further abductions and killings are seriously inadequate. Innocent civilians and IDPs continue to be targeted by both the LRA and Ugandan forces. Large communities have been uprooted and thousands have been forced to leave their ancestral lands due to the fighting. In response to increased insurgent activity in October 2002, the government ordered 100,000 individuals to leave their villages within 48 hours and gather in displacement camps.

The government said it would protect individuals who moved into the camps, but critics claim the facilities are merely a ploy by the government to further marginalize the population in the north. More than 800,000 IDPs have been placed in 12 overcrowded camps in northern Uganda, where they face acute food shortages and a lack of proper medication. The UPDF has failed to provide protection to individuals living in the camps: LRA rebels routinely make their way into them under cover of dark-

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ness to loot, rape women and abduct children.

Child Soldiers

In 1999, Convention 182 of the International Labor Organization was adopted to eliminate the worst forms of child labor, including the use of child soldiers. The convention is also the first international treaty to set 18 years of age as the minimum age for military participation. NGOs monitoring the situation estimate that during the past 17 years of fighting in Uganda, more than 20,000 children have been abducted by the LRA. The United Nations reports that currently 10 to 20 children are abducted daily in northern Uganda. Human Rights Watch estimates that over 4,000 children were abducted between June and October 2002 alone. They also note that while nearly 8,000

***Child soldiers
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kill or be killed.***

children have escaped, the boys who are unable to escape are forced to live as child soldiers, while girls are held captive as child brides, sex slaves or laborers.

Abducted children live in virtual slavery at clandestine LRA camps, serving as guards and being forced to participate in the killings of other children who attempt to escape.

Child soldiers are faced with only two choices — kill or be killed. Children between 12 and 16 years of age make up 90 percent of the LRA. The majority of these children were captured when they were quite young: they have been indoctrinated, trained to fight and have had to endure a life filled with violence. The majority of children in the LRA do not remember living a life free of violence and chaos.

Children who do succeed in escaping or have been rescued by the UPDF are eligible for a U.S. government-funded program aimed at rehabilitating and reintegrating them back into their communities. This program provides services and assistance to former child soldiers, including child wives and IDPs, to transition back to a normal community lifestyle. Further, the U.S. is funding a program to expand access to quality education in the wartorn area of the north for children at risk of being exploited as child soldiers and those who have been rescued. Families are usually more willing to accept the males back into the community. The females, who have been raped or forced to be child brides, often have a more difficult time being accepted.

There are reports by several NGOs alleging that the UPDF is also involved in recruiting child soldiers, sometimes forcibly, despite Uganda's ratification of Convention 182. Much of the forced recruitment of children is alleged to take place within "protected" villages and camps in northern Uganda, where the children are recruited by government forces as trackers to help locate LRA camps. Human rights monitors in the region report that UPDF personnel offer formerly abducted children financial incentives to join their ranks.

The UPDF has publicly declared it would spare no efforts to maintain

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the safety of innocent civilians, as well as the safe repatriation of abducted children. However, as the conflict continues, the government of Uganda has admitted that its forces are unable to protect civilians, and there are reports that child soldiers have been killed rather than rescued during UPDF-LRA fire-fights.

While the majority of the atrocities have taken place in the Acholi region of the north, the barbarity is not confined to this area. The Lango subregion has also experienced a tremendous amount of destruction and loss of life. The two areas have a total population of 2.5 million people, about 10 percent of Uganda's total population.

The devastation in the Lango region includes killings, abductions, looting, internal displacement, and the loss and destruction of infrastructure including schools, homes and health facilities. Over 19 schools have been destroyed by the LRA and nearly 20,000 pupils at the primary and secondary levels have had their studies disrupted. Between eight and 10 secondary and tertiary institutions have been temporarily relocated to other areas due to LRA incursions.

One of the worst cases of abduction by the LRA took place in 1996 when 150 girls from St. Mary's Aboke school were abducted. Some of the girls were tortured and killed, according to the testimony of those who were able to escape. The majority of the survivors are still severely traumatized.

The Prospects for Peace

After nearly two decades of fighting, a military victory is not in sight. Negotiating a peace agreement may be the only way of bringing the 18-year-old conflict in northern Uganda to an end, and there have been several opportunities to pro-

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ceed along these lines. Acholi elders and religious leaders have intermittently taken initiatives and held peace talks with the commanders of the LRA, and have tried to bring both parties together through their own initiative, known as the Acholi Religious Leaders Peace Initiative.

To many Uganda-watchers, the single greatest impediment to achieving peace in northern Uganda is LRA leader Joseph Kony. The fact that he defines strategy by "spiritual" or arcane methods and continues to renege on negotiating promises makes him a difficult partner for achieving peace. In March 2003, according to the government, an attempt to hold peace talks failed because the LRA delegation called for a new date and fresh demands at the last minute. The LRA insisted that Ugandan General Salim Saleh attend talks without military escorts.

But on a number of occasions progress was stopped at the behest of Pres. Museveni. In 1996, Parliament established a select committee to investigate the war in the north and the possibility of reaching a peaceful settlement. A list of recommendations were developed that

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included adopting a peaceful approach to resolving political differences. In the end, the report had little impact on the president's political advisers and was not implemented.

In August 2002, the Acholi Parliamentary Group in Gulu presented a memorandum to Pres. Museveni calling for a cease-fire between that UPDF and the LRA. That October, members of the Lango and Acholi parliamentary groups met with cultural, religious and district political leaders and security officers stationed in the municipality of Lira. The goal of the meeting was to discuss a peaceful solution to the war and the implementation of development objectives. The meeting produced a declaration condemning the violence and the targeting of civilians. However, the momentum that was gained by this meeting was short-lived as the government refused to continue the process and hampered a parliamentary debate on the issue.

The Ugandan government has publicly stated that it will negotiate, but has shown little commitment to pursuing talks and has relied instead on military force. The Acholi population and Ugandan human rights groups argue that Museveni is not truly interested in ending the war in northern Uganda because of the direct hardship inflicted on ethnic groups that supported the previous regime, which Museveni's guerilla movement overthrew in 1986. They suggest that he is only interested in seeking revenge against northern ethnic groups for their current lack of political support. In their eyes, the rebellion in the north has been used to sustain Uganda's "no-party democracy" system and convince foreign leaders of Museveni's commitment to fighting terrorism by waging war against the LRA.

The government's efforts to fight

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the LRA have been characterized by a lack of mobility and professionalism within the UPDF. Human Rights Watch and members of the Acholi population insist that UPDF troops are not interested in direct military engagement with the LRA and in protecting innocent civilians from further abductions. These same groups report that the Ugandan military has instead enlisted the help of militia groups to do the bulk of the fighting. Tribal militia groups from Teso, known as the "Arrow Boys," have taken it upon themselves to protect their communities from LRA incursions, and have also been successful at rescuing abducted children.

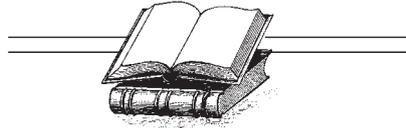
Proposed Solutions

For nearly two decades, the Ugandan government has waged an unsuccessful war against the LRA rebel group, most of which is made up of children. Parliamentarians, religious leaders and the people themselves have called for a cease-fire, yet the Museveni-run "Movement" has been reluctant to negotiate a settlement. The Ugandan gov-

ernment must be made aware that its military operations have only increased the devastation. Both LRA and Ugandan forces have targeted civilians, displaced persons and refugees, but it is the government that has the direct responsibility for providing protection for its citizenry.

Since capturing power in 1986, Pres. Museveni has garnered recognition internationally for largely putting an end to the human rights abuses of earlier governments and instituting broad economic reforms in consultation with the International Monetary Fund, World Bank and donor governments. The government has also been cited for great strides in combating HIV/AIDS and improving the country's literacy rate. Pres. Museveni must now step forth and demonstrate statesmanship in bringing an end to the war wracking the northern part of his country and involving a large portion of its citizenry. If he continues to fail to resolve the conflict, he will only encourage more speculation that all he is interested in is punishing the people of northern Uganda.

The war in Uganda has taken the lives of far too many innocent civilians. The U.S., along with the international community, must continue to urge the Ugandan government to facilitate an end to the conflict in the north and to pressure the government of Sudan to cease any military support of the LRA that may still exist. Donor countries such as the United States have urged and must continue to insist that both sides develop interim arrangements for improved delivery of humanitarian relief to those in the north. Above all, it is vital that the government of Uganda work to improve relations with the Acholi population by establishing a dialogue and allowing for the development of local social and political institutions. ■



BOOKS

Deys of Diplomacy

Uncle Sam in Barbary: A Diplomatic History

Richard B. Parker, University Press of Florida, 2004, \$59.95, hardcover, 285 pages.

REVIEWED BY CHARLES DUNBAR

Uncle Sam in Barbary marks a triumphant return by the American scholar-diplomat Richard Parker to his old North African stomping grounds. Following the publication of his 1984 study on the contemporary politics of the Maghreb, Ambassador Parker absented himself from Barbary to write books on the 1967 and 1973 Middle East Wars. Now he has moved on to the Western Mediterranean and back in time to the first contacts of the young American republic with the Muslim world.

The book has three dimensions, each offering insights into the modern Maghreb and the wider Muslim world and Uncle Sam's current role therein. First, it explains who the "Barbary pirates" were and why parallels should *not* be drawn between them and the Islamist terrorists who are the major concern of contemporary American foreign policy. Unlike today's terrorists, the warships that seized American merchant vessels and made hostages and slaves of their crews sailed under the flags of four states — Morocco, Algiers, Tunis and Tripoli — that were recognized, if troublesome, members of the Mediterranean state system in

Parker demonstrates that the checkered history of U.S. diplomacy in Barbary two centuries ago offers lessons for today.



the late 18th and early 19th centuries. The European powers relied on tribute, ransoms and large "gifts," backed as necessary and possible by force, as the principal instruments of their diplomacy in Barbary. So did the Americans.

Second, the checkered history of U.S. diplomacy in Barbary offers lessons entirely relevant to the problems Washington faces today. Some things have changed, to be sure. Modern communications would conceivably have overcome some of the monumental misunderstandings between headquarters and the field that stymied diplomatic efforts, and today's media would not have permitted the enslaved hostages in Algiers to languish for 11 years. Thomas Jefferson's willingness to cut the daily subsistence being paid to the Algiers hostages from something over six cents per day to three as part of a negotiating strategy would not have played well on the 7 o'clock news. But other things remain the same, most notably the need for a professional diplomatic service with area and linguistic competence, and

the importance of determined presidential leadership like that of George Washington in finally securing the freedom of the Algiers hostages.

Lastly, Amb. Parker is right to stress that military might is an essential, but not the predominant, component of foreign policy. Having been cut loose from British protection following the end of the American Revolution, the United States was unable to protect its shipping. Its generally inept efforts to free the hostages taken by Algiers in 1785 and 1793 desperately needed the backbone that only the Navy, finally commissioned by Congress in 1794, could provide. Stephen Decatur's defeat of the corsair Rais (Captain) Hamidou in 1815 and subsequent show of force ended America's 30-year conflict with Algiers. The threat and even the use of military might not backed by determined diplomacy — such as the campaigns of Commodores Edward Preble and John Rodgers on Tripoli and before Tunis — are still as counterproductive today as they were then.

Beyond the lessons it imparts, *Uncle Sam in Barbary* is a really good read. Parker devotes most of the book to Algiers, where he was ambassador for three years in the mid-1970s, and uses his languages, area knowledge and painstaking research to tell a complicated, tragicomic story from all possible perspectives. His prose is as bright and fluid as it was when I worked for him in Rabat and Algiers, and he brings to life Algiers and those who peopled it — from the deys (heads of state) to the horse-trading diplomat manqué John Lamb to



James Leander Cathcart and Richard O'Brien. The latter two were (American) captives who insinuated themselves into the negotiations for their release (Cathcart became the dey's chief clerk!) and later into the fledgling American diplomatic service.

Like Guinness, *Uncle Sam in Barbary* is good for you. It is also good fun.

Retired FSO Charles Dunbar teaches international relations at Boston University. He spent 21 years in the Middle East, seven of them as chargé d'affaires in Afghanistan, ambassador to Qatar and, later, to Yemen, and most recently as U.N. Secretary-General Kofi Annan's special representative for the referendum in Western Sahara.

A Voyage through History

Paris 1919: Six Months that Changed the World

Margaret MacMillan (foreword by Richard Holbrooke), Random House, 2003, \$16.95, paperback, 624 pages.

REVIEWED BY DAVID CASAVIS

When the candidates for president were asked back in February to name the last book they had read, John Kerry cited this volume as a favorite, noting that he enjoys reading histories and found this one particularly powerful. Whatever one thinks of the senator's politics, it is hard to disagree with his assessment. The first full-scale treatment of the Paris Peace Conference in more than 25 years, *Paris 1919: Six Months that Changed the World* takes us back to those dramatic and fateful days when much of the modern world was sketched out, and countries were created (e.g., Iraq,

**MacMillan's conclusion
may come as a surprise:
she defends the hasty
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done in Paris.**

Yugoslavia) whose troubles haunt us still.

In his foreword to the American edition, Ambassador Richard Holbrooke picks up on this theme, calling *Paris 1919* "a voyage through history." He also recalls joking with his negotiating team in the Balkans in 1995 that their goal was to undo Woodrow Wilson's legacy.

Author Margaret MacMillan critically examines the three central figures in the drama: Wilson, British Prime Minister Lloyd George (her great-grandfather) and French Premier Georges Clemenceau. Each had his blinders: Wilson didn't know there were so many nationalities in the world, George's sense of geography was poor, and Clemenceau at one point dismissively commented, "If I want oil, I will go to the grocery and buy a bottle." It is therefore not surprising that the negotiators gave so little thought to the world east and south of Germany's borders.

She also moves a large supporting cast on and off the historical stage with aplomb. Wilson left his Secretary of State, Robert Lansing, and the rest of the delegation so completely in the dark about his plans that a young Russia expert, William Bullitt, personally confronted the president during the voyage to France to obtain information.

Wilson later sent the brilliant, cocky and mercurial Bullitt on a risky mission to Moscow, only to ignore his report. Bullitt promptly resigned, persuaded a dozen other diplomats to do so, and sent out a press release about himself. (He would later testify against the Treaty of Versailles in a Senate hearing.)

Among the many other notable figures on the scene were Winston Churchill, John Maynard Keynes, Lawrence of Arabia (part of the Arab delegation) and Ho Chi Minh, who was a young kitchen assistant at the Paris Ritz but submitted a petition for an independent Vietnam.

Foreign Service readers will find particularly instructive MacMillan's account of Wilson's ill-fated campaign to get the resulting treaty ratified. By snubbing the Republican-controlled Senate before he even left for Paris, Wilson lost a great opportunity to make American diplomacy a bipartisan tradition. Some 75 years later, another Republican chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Jesse Helms, would still cite Wilson's treatment of his predecessor, Henry Cabot Lodge, with resentment. So MacMillan's conclusion may come as a surprise: she defends the hasty diplomatic work done in Paris, looking to subsequent events for the causes of World War II.

Despite its catastrophic aftermath, *Paris 1919* is primarily a creation story that plunges the reader into the crucible of the modern world as it was being constructed. Seldom have so many diplomatic decisions, made by so few, so quickly affected so many people. Seemingly unrelated events, casual decisions and miscalculations all brought on historic consequences, and MacMillan's skillful telling repeatedly compels the reader to stop, think, and weigh what could have been. ■

David Casavis, a regular FSJ book



IN MEMORY

Georgia May Acton, 81, retired Foreign Service specialist, died April 4 at Flagler Hospital in St. Augustine, Fla., after a brief illness.

The daughter of George C. Acton and Laura Dell, Ms. Acton grew up in San Angelo, Texas, and Helena, Ark. She worked her way through college and became fluent in French and several other languages, graduating from the University of Wisconsin in 1950.

Ms. Acton joined the Foreign Service that same year. During a 28-year career, she was posted to Cebu, Surabaya, Tripoli, Paris, Tunis, Phnom Penh, La Paz, Vientiane, Montevideo and Valetta. An office management specialist, she rose to the position of personal secretary to several ambassadors. Friends attest to her love of travel: "Where her job didn't take her, she traveled for fun — on the *Queen Elizabeth II*, the *Concorde*, a riverboat up the Inter Coastal from Florida to Rhode Island, and more."

Following retirement from the Foreign Service in 1978, Ms. Acton moved to St. Augustine. She continued to correspond regularly with more than 250 friends throughout the world. An enthusiastic patron of the arts, she was a major benefactor of the local concert association. Ms. Acton was also an accomplished cook, and took great pleasure in entertaining and playing bridge.

Ms. Acton did volunteer work for the Flagler Hospital Auxiliary for 10 years, and served as its president in the early 1990s. She was also a member of the Red Hat Society. Dona-

tions in her memory may be made to the Flagler Hospital Auxiliary.



Jeremy D. Bower, 23, son of Foreign Service specialist Joan I. Bower and her husband Ronald, died in a car accident in Woodbridge, Va., on Dec. 29, 2003. He was buried Jan. 5 in Westhope, Ohio.

Born in Sylvania, Ohio, Jeremy lived with his Foreign Service parents, attending elementary school in Abu Dhabi and Moscow, middle school in Islamabad, and high school in Abu Dhabi. Jeremy graduated from the American Community School in Abu Dhabi in 1999. He attended Owens College.

Jeremy was employed as a security installation technician with RDR Corp., a Department of State contractor based in Lorton, Va. Just prior to his death he had completed security installation assignments in Madrid and Dublin.

Jeremy is survived by his parents, currently posted in Seoul; a sister, Ralna of Toledo, Ohio; and an aunt, Marilyn Richard, and uncle, David Shively, both of Westhope, Ohio. Contributions in Jeremy Bower's memory can be sent to The National Psoriasis Foundation, which has established a memorial in his honor.



Richard Clay Brown, 66, retired FSO and former ambassador, died April 13 following a heart attack at his

home near Harpers Ferry, W. Va.

Ambassador Brown was born in Oklahoma. He earned a bachelor's degree from The George Washington University in 1960, and a master's degree in Latin American studies from the same institution a year later. He joined the Foreign Service in 1963.

During a career spanning more than 30 years, Amb. Brown received the Secretary of State's Distinguished Service Award, as well as many commendations from both the State and Defense Departments for his superior service. Prior to his retirement in 1999, he served as executive secretary of the Accountability Review Board looking into the 1998 bombing of U.S. embassies in Nairobi and Dar es Salaam. During the 1990s he also served as senior coordinator for the Summit of the Americas, where he headed the special staff formed to coordinate the U.S. government's policy positions and implement the summit's Special Action Plan.

Before being named ambassador to Uruguay in 1990, Amb. Brown served as deputy assistant secretary of Defense for Inter-American Affairs at the Pentagon (1988-1990). He headed the Grenada Task Force, which planned and implemented the military rescue mission in 1983. From 1978 to 1979, he was detailed to the National Security Council to work on inter-American affairs. Earlier assignments were to Brazil, Uruguay, Mauritius, Spain and Vietnam.

In a statement of condolence Secretary of State Colin Powell paid tribute to Amb. Brown, citing his many

IN MEMORY



contributions and the fact that he was “popular with and deeply respected by his State Department colleagues.” Powell highlighted Amb. Brown’s service with the Accountability Review Board, the Summit of the Americas and the United Nations. He was recalled from retirement to serve as a negotiator with the Netherlands, Ecuador and El Salvador; as chargé d’affaires in Peru in 2002; and as senior area adviser for the Western Hemisphere at the U.N. General Assembly from 2001 through 2003.

In retirement, Amb. Brown pursued interests in classical music and opera, played the saxophone, perfected his pie-making skills and explored quilting. He is survived by his wife of 37 years, Elizabeth Ann Brown of Harpers Ferry; a daughter, Tara Jones of Columbus, Ohio; a son, Justin Brown of Washington, D.C.; a niece and a nephew, Lori Ratti of Indianapolis and Ron Miller of Columbus, who were raised in his home; a sister; and two granddaughters.



Philip Mason Burnett, 94, retired FSO, died Jan. 13, 2003, at the King James Care Center in Chatham Township, N.J.

Born in Peterborough, N.H., Mr. Burnett graduated from Yale University in 1930. He continued his studies at Columbia University, earning a master’s degree and then a Ph.D. in European history in 1940. Graduate work took him to Germany, where he did research and learned German. His dissertation, *Reparation at the Paris Peace Conference*, was published by Columbia University Press in 1940, with a foreword by John Foster Dulles.

After several years of college teaching, Mr. Burnett joined the State Department in 1942. He served as a member of Eleanor Roosevelt’s adviso-

ry staff and worked on the creation of the United Nations charter. In 1956 he joined the Foreign Service, and was posted to Asuncion and San Salvador as an economics officer.

Since childhood, books had been a passion for Mr. Burnett, and in 1963 he retired from government service to pursue a third career as a university librarian. He and his family moved to Los Angeles, where Mr. Burnett earned his Master of Library Science degree at the UCLA Library School. He first worked at Indiana University, and was then appointed director of libraries for the new University of Wisconsin-Parkside campus in Kenosha, Wisc. There, he built an award-winning library, with over 400,000 volumes. Following mandatory retirement from the library directorship, he taught European history and diplomatic relations at Parkside for several years before retiring in 1976.

In retirement, Mr. Burnett and his wife divided their time between Rhode Island and California. He enjoyed walking, reading, volunteering at local libraries and leading a foreign policy discussion group. He wrote letters to enlighten politicians and newspapers, including, frequently, to his favorite newspaper, *The New York Times*, which had been founded by his great grandfather, Henry J. Raymond. Mr. Burnett was also a lifetime member of the Rotary Club, and served as alumni representative and class secretary for both St. Mark’s School, in Southborough, Mass., and Yale University.

Following the death of his wife of 61 years, Esther, in September 2001, Mr. Burnett moved to Westfield, N.J. He is survived by three daughters, Barbara Kantner of Temple, N.H., Elizabeth Reinhardt of Westfield, N.J., and Katie Loss of Laguna Beach, Calif.; a sister, Elinor Vaughan, of Exeter, N.H.; eight grandchildren; and one great-grandchild.

John R. Clingerman, 73, retired FSO and former ambassador, died of cancer May 29 at his home at Lake of the Woods in Locust Grove, Va.

Ambassador Clingerman was born in Donipham County, Kan., on May 9, 1931. He earned a bachelor’s degree at Michigan State University in 1953, and while a student met and married Ruth (Polly) Muilenburg. He served overseas in the Army from 1953 to 1955, attaining the rank of first lieutenant. He returned to Michigan State in 1957 for a master’s degree in history.

Amb. Clingerman joined the Foreign Service in 1957. Following stints as training officer and then exchange program officer, he was sent in 1959 as economic and consular officer to Kathmandu, and in 1962 as economic officer to Leopoldville (Kinshasa). He was named principal officer in Stanleyville, now Kisangani, in 1963.

Between his departure from Stanleyville in the summer of 1964 and his assignment to the department as international relations officer in 1965, Amb. Clingerman played a key role in the execution and aftermath of Dragon Rouge, a dramatic joint Belgian-U.S. paracommando operation mounted in November 1964 to rescue more than 1,600 American, European, and other international hostages held by Congolese rebels known as the Simbas. A Joint Chiefs of Staff review of an analysis of the undertaking called it the first — and in many ways the most complex — multinational hostage operation of the Cold War.

Amb. Clingerman volunteered to be the department’s lead participant on the ground during the action and, among other exploits, braved rebel fire while accompanying the Belgian commanding officer on his initial entry into Stanleyville’s Simba-dominated center. He received the department’s Distinguished Honor Award for his extraordinary perfor-

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mance and achievements in helping coordinate U.S. Army, Air Force and CIA participation in the operation on the American side.

From 1965 to 1966, Amb. Clingerman was on detail to the University of Paris-Sorbonne, where he pursued African studies prior to assignment in July 1966 as deputy chief of mission in Cotonou. Embassy Brussels, where he was political officer, was his next assignment from 1969 to 1972. After Brussels, he was in the department for two years, successively as educational and cultural officer, career management officer and personnel placement officer. Then, following a year's study at the Army War College, he served as deputy chief of mission in Lusaka, earning the department's superior honor award for his work there.

Mr. Clingerman was named ambassador to Lesotho in 1979. Returning to Washington in 1981, he held a senior position in human resources until detailed to the U.S. Information Agency as area director of its African division in 1983. USIA bestowed its distinguished honor award on him for his outstanding leadership and management. He served thereafter as a Senior Foreign Service inspector in the department until his retirement in January 1987.

For some 13 years after retirement, Amb. Clingerman was a member of the faculty of Troy State University and taught courses on international relations and U.S. foreign policy formulation at U.S. Army and Air Force bases in Germany, the United Kingdom and the Azores, and psychological warfare strategies at the John F. Kennedy Special Warfare Center at Fort Bragg, N.C.

Amb. Clingerman's wife Ruth died of cancer in August 2000. He is survived by three sisters, Marion Shotwell, Ethel Donn, and Ann Lauterbach, all of Michigan, and one

brother, Edgar Clingerman, also of Michigan.



Elizabeth Ann Swift Cronin, 63, retired FSO and a former hostage in Iran, died May 7 in a horseback riding accident near her home in Rector-town, Va.

Born in Washington, D.C., Mrs. Cronin was raised in Georgetown and was an alumna of the Madeira School in McLean, Va. She graduated from Radcliffe College in 1962. Then known by her maiden name, Elizabeth Ann Swift, she joined the Foreign Service in 1963, and was posted first to Manila. She returned to State in 1965, and was assigned to Jakarta in 1968 as a political officer. She studied at Cornell University in 1971 and 1972, and was then assigned to State. In 1979, she was posted to Tehran as deputy political counselor, and within months found herself a hostage to followers of Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini.

With the other U.S. hostages, Ms. Swift was freed in January 1981. She was assigned to the Center for International Affairs at Harvard University for the 1981-1982 academic year. She then served as a senior consular officer in Athens (1984-1986), Kingston (1986-1989) and London (1993-1995). From 1989 to 1992, as deputy assistant secretary for Overseas Citizens' Services, she aided family members of U.S. victims of the hijacking by Libyan agents of Pan Am 103 over Lockerbie, Scotland. She retired from the Foreign Service in 1995.

"I remember Ann well," recalls AFSA President John Limbert, a fellow hostage in Iran. "I was also in the political section, where it was a joy working with her. I regret that we had only a few months together as colleagues in Tehran before the roof fell in. She would not accept

Washington's view that 'everything would somehow turn out all right,' but saw clearly that we — and Iran — were in serious trouble even before the shah came to the U.S. I owe her a lot. On Nov. 4, 1979, I was outside the second-floor chancery door with a gun to my head, and the Iranians were threatening to shoot me and the RSO if the door wasn't opened. It was clear that no help was on the way, and Ann probably saved my life by agreeing to open that door."

At a May 11 memorial service in Upperville, Va., where Ambassador Parker Borg delivered the eulogy, friends and former colleagues paid tribute to Ms. Swift, "a Foreign Service officer of the highest competence and dedication," as fellow hostage Ambassador Bruce Laingen put it. "I knew Ann as a colleague for only a short time in Tehran, but [that was long] enough to know what a spirited woman she was, a fighter for her convictions, who would often challenge, but always with a smile."

By a "quirk of fate," Amb. Laingen recalled, Ann Swift was the ranking officer at the embassy when it was stormed by the followers of Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini on the morning of Nov. 4, 1979. Laingen, then *chargé d'affaires*, and Ms. Swift's boss had gone to the Foreign Ministry. Just before being taken hostage, Swift was able to describe the rapidly deteriorating security situation at Embassy Tehran in a phone call to Assistant Secretary for Near East Affairs Harold Saunders. She courageously refused to give her captors the combination to an embassy safe and endured being blindfolded and tied to a chair in terror for her life.

"She was on the other end of the telephone wire with me, as I sat in the foreign minister's office, trying my best to provide leadership, but she was physically where leadership was most

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needed,” Laingen said. “And she provided that leadership, working closely with others of the embassy staff around her — and by all accounts providing it with calm and courageous poise — and in a way that was immensely helpful to me as I pleaded for the help from the Foreign Ministry that might have made a difference but that never came.

“With one exception, I did not see or hear from her again until I saw her come up the aisle in that Algerian aircraft that would take us to freedom — still wearing that cheerful smile that was her style,” Laingen recalled. “I did see her once, when she appeared on Iranian TV a day or two after being taken hostage. At that moment, I still had access to a TV while being held hostage in the Foreign Ministry.

“Deeply concerned and very fearful about the fate of my staff, I watched as the papal nuncio was allowed into the embassy compound to see the hostages. There was Ann, tied hands and feet in a chair and facing into a corner of the room, looking up at the nuncio and, with a smile on her face, asking ‘and who are you?’

“During the next 444 days, that smile of courage on Ann Swift’s face did not leave my memory. Thank God for her service and blessed be her memory,” Laingen concluded.

Ms. Swift and Paul D. Cronin were married in 1994 and settled in Sweet Briar, Va., where Cronin directed the riding program at Sweet Briar College. In 2001 they moved to a farm in Rectortown. Mrs. Cronin was an avid sailor and skier as well as a skilled equestrian. She was a member of the board of the Madeira School, a board member of the Goose Creek Environmental Organization, a member of the Orange County Hunt and of the Trinity Episcopal Church in Upperville, Va.

Survivors include her husband; two stepsons, Peter F. Cronin of

Charlotte, Va., and David R. Cronin of Richmond, Va.; and a step-granddaughter.



Philip Judson Farley, 87, retired FSO, died Jan. 20 in Los Gatos, Calif.

Born in Berkeley, Calif., on Aug. 6, 1916, Mr. Farley graduated from Campbell High School in 1933, and received his doctorate at the University of California at Berkeley in 1941. Although he began his career as an English professor in an East Texas junior college, he rose to the top of the U.S. Foreign Service and was centrally involved in many of the major events in U.S. political history from World War II until the dismantling of the Soviet Union.

Mr. Farley served in the U.S. Army from 1943 to 1946, before joining the War Department as an intelligence specialist. From 1947 to 1954 he served at the Atomic Energy Commission. In 1954 he joined the State Department as deputy to the special assistant to the Secretary of State for atomic energy affairs. In 1958 he was named special assistant to the Secretary for disarmament and atomic energy, and in 1961 became special assistant to the Secretary of State for atomic energy and outer space matters.

After serving as deputy chief of mission in Paris, and political adviser to the chief of NATO, Mr. Farley was appointed deputy permanent representative to the NATO Council, with the personal rank of minister, in 1966. In 1967 he was named director of the Political-Military Affairs Bureau in the State Department. He transferred to the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency in 1969. He served simultaneously as deputy director of ACDA and alternate chairman of the U.S. delegation to the SALT talks with the Soviet Union until 1973.

After retirement, Mr. Farley was a senior fellow at the Brookings Institution in Washington, D.C., where he studied the effects of U.S. sales of nuclear weapons to countries that were currently posing a threat to our security. He was also a visiting scholar at the Center for International Security and Arms Control at Stanford University.

Deeply philosophical, Mr. Farley read and studied ceaselessly. He was the author of the official report, “The Effects of Atomic Bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki.” He maintained a lifelong love for poetry and music, and, although the operas of Berlioz were his favorite, he listened to jazz, chansons francaises, flamenco and Beethoven string quartets as well. As long as he was able, he played Chopin waltzes and Scott Joplin songs on the piano he and Mrs. Farley hauled around the country and the world during their long marriage.

He was a familiar and well-loved sight in the town of Los Gatos and the surrounding hills because of his daily walks — rain or shine. He touched many hearts, particularly those at the Los Gatos Meadows, through his remarkably constant good humor, positive outlook and conscientiousness.

Mr. Farley’s beloved wife of 63 years, Mildred Pauline Farley, predeceased him in December 2001. He is survived by three children, Paul Judson Farley of Soquel Calif., Katherine Farley Dietrich of Palo Alto, Calif., and Kenneth Guy Farley of Manassas, Va.; two brothers, David E. Farley of Forestville, Calif., and Thomas K. Farley of Rancho San Diego, Calif.; 11 grandchildren; and two great-granddaughters.



John P. Foster, 75, retired USIA officer and former broadcaster, died

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May 5 in Washington, D.C., of a brain tumor.

The son of Ann Catillaz Scanlan and John H. Foster, he was born in Brooklyn, N.Y., and educated by the Marist Brothers at St. Ann's Academy in New York City. Foster graduated from Fordham University with a degree in philosophy and pursued post-graduate studies at Columbia University. He worked at CBS and NBC before moving to Maine to open radio station WQDY, serving Calais, Maine, and St. Stephens, New Brunswick.

In 1962, Mr. Foster joined the U.S. Information Agency. He served in Athens (1962-1963), Tehran (1963-1964), Kabul (1964-1968), Saigon (1968-1969), Accra (1969-1970), the U.N. Mission in New York (1970-1973), New Delhi (1973-1976),

Amman (1976-1978), Manila (1979-1983) and Durban (1983-1985). He retired in 1985, and settled in Rumney and Haverhill, N.H. He continued working with the State Department's International Visitors Program and the Federal Emergency Management Agency.

Mr. Foster was once described as "the most reasonable man you'll ever know ... in the most unorthodox sense of the word." A master networker, he was in touch across the globe. Mr. Foster thrived on current affairs and breaking news, but loved the life of a country gentleman and the White Mountains of his adopted state. To the end, he maintained a magnificent and mischievous sense of humor as dry as the best martini. He loved his family, his church and his country, and they

framed his world.

He is survived by his wife, Jody Foster of Haverhill, N.H.; three children, Kent Foster of El Dorado Hills, Calif., James Foster of Aptos, Calif., Mary Claude Foster of Washington, D.C.; and seven grandchildren. Memorial contributions may be sent to: Marist Brothers Retirement Fund, c/o Brother Hugh Turley, FMS, 4200 West 115 St., Chicago IL 60655.



Charles A.P. Gendreau, 78, retired FSO and a founder and first president of AFSA Upper Midwest, died April 7 in Brooklyn Park, Minn.

A native of Minnesota, Mr. Gendreau served with the U.S. Navy as a fighter pilot in the Pacific

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Theater during World War II. In 1949 he received his bachelor's degree from the University of Minnesota, and served as assistant director of the university's international relations center.

Mr. Gendreau joined the Foreign Service in 1952. He served in Puerto la Cruz, Mexico City, Venezuela and Washington, working primarily in Latin American affairs. He was the State Department's expert on the Falkland Islands during the 1982 war.

Following retirement Mr. Gendreau settled in Brooklyn Park, Minn., where he was a founding member of AFSA Upper Midwest. In a tribute to Mr. Gendreau, AFSA Upper Midwest President Malcolm McClean, Secretary Brynhild Rowberg and Ambassador Robert A. Flaten said: "Chuck was the first president of AFSA Upper Midwest. He wrote editorials on our behalf, and scheduled our meetings with Minnesota senators and representatives, giving us a professional voice well beyond our numbers. He was also a member of the board of directors of the United Nations Association of Minnesota. Retirees in the Midwest will miss him greatly."

Survivors include Mr. Gendreau's wife of 55 years, Joan; two sons, Brian and John; two daughters, Jennifer Olson and Suzanne Gendreau; and nine grandchildren. Memorial gifts may be sent to the Community Emergency Assistance Program, 6840 78th Ave N, Brooklyn Park MN 55445, or the United Nations Association of Minnesota, 2104 Stevens Ave S, Minneapolis MN 55404.



Faith Stewart Hillenbrand, 86, wife of Ambassador Martin J. Hillenbrand, died May 7 at St. Mary's Hospital in Athens, Ga.

Mrs. Hillenbrand was born on Nov. 10, 1917, in Tokyo to American missionary parents, who died while she was still a girl. As the eldest of four children, she spent much of her youth in caring for her three siblings in Fort Valley, Ga. After graduation from Asbury College in Wilmore, Ky., she taught in the Georgia school system for a year. In 1941, she departed for Burma as a missionary. While in Rangoon, she met vice consul Martin Hillenbrand, whom she married in June 1942.

After Japan entered the war, Faith Hillenbrand became an ambulance driver with the St. John's Ambulance Corps. During the Japanese advance on Burma, she left for Calcutta on one of the last flying boats to stop at Rangoon. In Calcutta she managed U.S. Army Gen. "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell's office while he was in Assam training Chinese forces to liberate Burma.

Mrs. Hillenbrand accompanied her husband on assignment to numerous posts, including Lourenço Marques, Bremen, Washington, D.C., Paris, Berlin, Bonn and Budapest, where he served as the first U.S. ambassador to the Hungarian People's Republic. In 1972, her husband was assigned to West Germany as ambassador. Mrs. Hillenbrand fulfilled her official duties as hostess with elegance and finesse; she took that role seriously, and set an example that was rarely equaled.

In 1976, she and her husband moved to Paris, France, where they lived for six happy years. In 1983, Amb. Hillenbrand accepted a position at the University of Georgia, and they moved to Athens, where Mrs. Hillenbrand was active in the University Women's Club and the Wednesday Study Club. She spent much of this time traveling with her husband, including several tours of the great restaurants of France.

Mrs. Hillenbrand is survived by her husband of nearly 62 years, Martin, and by her three children; Ruth Quinet of Seattle, Wash.; David Hillenbrand of Toronto and Savannah, Ga.; and John Hillenbrand of Athens, Ga. They all remember her for her adventurous and rebellious spirit, her love of travel and fine dining, her garden and her dogs, her intense loyalty to her friends and family, and her generous spirit. She was the loving grandmother of Derrick Quinet, Stuart Hillenbrand, and Joseph Hillenbrand.

Memorial contributions may be made to the St. Mary's Hospice, P.O. Box 6588, Athens GA 30604.



Matthew James Loram Jr., 83, retired FSO and former ambassador, died March 16 at his home in Langau, Austria.

Born in New York City, Amb. Loram was educated at the Buckley School, St. Paul's School, and graduated from Harvard College in 1943. He served in the U.S. Army's 13th Airborne Division from 1943 to 1946, when he was honorably discharged with the rank of captain, and then worked briefly for a shipping company.

In 1948 Amb. Loram joined the Foreign Service. Following assignments to Rome (1948-1952) and Paris (1952-1955), he served as French desk officer in Washington (1955-1959). In 1959 he was posted as consul to Asmara, and was detailed to the Canadian National Defence College in 1962. He returned to Washington as desk officer for Angola and Mozambique. He was appointed successively deputy director for Central African and for North African affairs. In 1966 he was named country director for Northeast African Affairs. In 1969 he was assigned to Benin as ambassador. His last assignment was as ambassador

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to Somalia from 1972 to 1974.

Retiring in 1974, Amb. Loram settled in Langau. His interests included drawing and fly fishing. He published privately a memoir of his career titled *With Malice Toward Some*.

Amb. Loram is survived by his wife, the former Bettina de Rothschild, of Langau; a daughter, Bettina Burr of Cambridge, Mass.; a son, Peter A.A. Lloram of Aspen, Colo.; and two grandsons. In lieu of flowers donations may be made to The Glimmerglass Opera, Inc., P.O. Box 191, Coopers-town NY 13326.



Joseph B. Norbury, 76, retired FSO, died March 5 in Washington, D.C., of complications from Parkin-

son's disease.

Mr. Norbury was born in Little Rock, Ark., on March 28, 1927. Following graduation from the University of Chicago in 1945, he spent two years in Germany serving with the U.S. Army. After receiving a law degree from the University of Chicago in 1952, Mr. Norbury was associated with a New York City law firm until joining the Foreign Service in 1955.

Posted to Quito as an economic officer in 1955, he was transferred to Brussels in 1957. In 1959, he was detailed to the Foreign Service Institute for a year to learn Russian, and then studied Soviet affairs at Harvard University for another year. In 1961, Mr. Norbury was sent to Moscow as a consular officer; he later

became a political officer. He returned to State in 1963, and was seconded to the White House in 1965. The following year he was posted to Santiago as a political officer. In 1969 he was assigned to Poznan as principal officer, returning to State in 1971. In 1973 he was posted to the U.S. Mission to the United Nations. There followed several tours of duty at State and a tour in Vienna, attached to the U.S. Mission to the U.N. agencies headquartered there.

Mr. Norbury retired from the Foreign Service in 1982, and he and his family returned to their home in Washington, D.C., where he taught Russian at St. Alban's School for Boys for six years.

After retiring a second time, in 1988, Mr. Norbury used his skills as a

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linguist to help foreign tourists at the White House Tourist Center, the National Portrait Gallery and the Smithsonian Institution Building.

Mr. Norbury is survived by his wife of 46 years, Marthe Michiels Norbury of Washington, D.C.; two children, Julie Norbury Webber of Herndon, Va., and Andrew Joseph Norbury of Washington, D.C.; and a sister, Madelon Norbury McDonald of Annapolis, Md.

Memorial contributions may be sent in his name to the American Academy of Neurology Foundation, 1080 Montreal Avenue, St. Paul MN 55116 (www.neurofoundation.org).



Edward Thomas ("Tom") Pinch, 76, retired FSO, died of cancer May 1 at the home of his son, William, in Middletown, Conn.

Mr. Pinch was born in Washington, D.C., and spent most of his childhood in Florida. He received his degree from the School of Government of The George Washington University, where he majored in foreign affairs. He joined the State Department in 1949, left briefly in 1951 to serve in the U.S. Army, and returned to the State Department a year later. In 1951 he married Anita Porro.

In 1953, Mr. Pinch joined USIA. During a 27-year Foreign Service career, most of his service was in South Asia. Mr. and Mrs. Pinch developed a deep and abiding affection for the peoples and places of the subcontinent, and four of their five children were born there.

His first overseas posting, in 1954, was to Athens. He next served as assistant information officer in Karachi, and then as executive officer in Bombay. There followed a posting to Lucknow, where he served as the North India press officer and subsequently as the

sub-post public affairs officer. After an assignment in Washington, he had two tours of duty in New Delhi, first as a program officer and then as PAO, followed by a tour as PAO in Karachi. After another assignment in Washington, Mr. Pinch participated in The Executive Seminar in Foreign Policy. His final posting was to Brasilia, where he served as deputy country PAO.

During retirement in Berkeley, Calif., Mr. Pinch occasionally worked as an escort officer and interpreter for the International Visitors Program of the State Department's Bureau of Educational and Cultural Affairs. In addition, he and his wife Anita volunteered for the mentally ill in the Bay area. They supported Bonita House, a facility that provides housing and services for those suffering from severe mental illnesses and addictions. Mr. Pinch also served as co-chairman of the Lake Merritt Lodge Support Committee, an organization of volunteers who strive to improve life at the lodge for mentally ill tenants. He also served on the board of directors for the Mental Health Association of Alameda County.

Mr. Pinch will be remembered as a dedicated Foreign Service officer, a deeply generous, kind-hearted man with great compassion for those less fortunate and handicapped in life, and a faithful and loving husband and father. His first wife of 44 years, Anita, preceded him in death in 1996. He remarried in 1998.

Survivors include his second wife, Maria Carroll Pinch of Naples, Fla.; five children from his first marriage, Thomas Pinch of Mountain View, Calif., Kathleen Pinch O'Donohue of Manassas, Va., William Pinch of Middletown, Conn., Michael Pinch of Albuquerque, N.M., and Anthony Pinch of Oakland, Calif.; and 10 grandchildren. Donations in memory of Mr.

Pinch may be made to Middlesex Hospital Homecare Hospice, 51 Broad Street, Middletown CT 06457, or to the National Alliance for the Mentally Ill (www.nami.org).



Janet Sorg Stoltzfus, 73, wife of Ambassador William A. Stoltzfus Jr., died March 5 after an extended illness.

Born and raised in New Jersey, Janet Stoltzfus was a 1952 graduate of Wellesley College and in 1953 of Trinity College, Dublin.

In 1954 she served as an English teacher at the Beirut College for Women in Beirut, Lebanon, where she met her husband, William, a Foreign Service officer. They were married in August 1954, and left immediately for their first Foreign Service post in Kuwait.

Over the next 28 years in the Middle East and Africa, Mrs. Stoltzfus was headmistress and teacher at the English School of Kuwait and the American School in Damascus; founder of the Taiz Cooperative School in Taiz, Yemen; and developer and head teacher of a "Head Start"-styled program for low-income families in Addis Ababa, Ethiopia. She also served as a volunteer coordinator for an enrichment program for children with cerebral palsy managed by the Kuwait Handicapped Society.

In 1976, Mrs. Stoltzfus moved to Princeton, N.J. She served for 12 years as a faculty member at Princeton Day School, teaching English and religion until she retired in 1994. From 1986 to 1990, she lived in London, where she founded and edited the *Ellesmere Gazette*, a newsletter by and for senior citizens.

She is survived by her husband, William, of Princeton, N.J.; two sons, William III and Philip; three daughters, Winifred S. Host, Susan M.

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Stoltzfus and Rebecca Dineen; a sister, Winifred S. Vogt, and six grandchildren.



Wayne A. Swedenburg, 78, retired FSO, died May 16 of prostate cancer at his home in Middleburg, Va.

A native of Salina, Kan., and a first-generation Swedish-American, Swedenburg served during his high school years as an officer cadet in the Civil Air Patrol, and joined the U.S. Army Air Corps Reserve. He was called to active duty upon graduation from high school, and served as a crew member of a B-29 during World War II.

Swedenburg joined the Foreign Service in 1948. His first posting was to Jerusalem, where he witnessed the

end of the British Mandate in Palestine and the establishment of the State of Israel. During this hectic time he was held at gunpoint on two occasions by terrorists, and later was wounded by mortar shrapnel, requiring his evacuation to the U.S. and hospitalization at Bethesda Naval Medical Center.

Subsequent postings included assignments in Europe, the Middle East, South and Southeast Asia, and Africa. During most of his assignments war, insurrection and civil unrest prevailed. Mr. Swedenburg once reported that he had forgotten the number of times he had come under sniper fire, but that he could recall one instance when he came under rocket fire and another when he was strafed by aircraft, both times

while performing duties for the U.S. government.

In the mid-1950s he spent one year at the Pacific Proving Grounds on the island of Bikini, where he was in charge of security during the testing of an atomic bomb. He served three tours of duty in Indochina, first when it was still a French colony and then in the 1960s and 1970s. Mr. Swedenburg was instrumental in assisting in the escape from communist grasp of several longtime U.S.-employed locals there, and performed a similar self-appointed mission while serving during the 1971 Pakistan-India War, when the country of Bangladesh was formed and ethnic rivalries caused so much bloodshed. Mr. Swedenburg received two Superior Honor awards for outstanding and heroic work in the U.S.



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Foreign Service: the first in 1966 in Somalia, and another in 1968 during the Pakistan-India War in Dacca (now Dhaka).

Mr. Swedenburg's Washington assignments included service as personnel division chief, Foreign Service Institute special assistant, and a detail as executive director of the Federal Energy Office of the White House in 1973. He served as *chargé d'affaires* during stints in Saudi Arabia, Yemen and Equatorial Guinea. In 1980 Mr. Swedenburg retired from the Foreign Service, but was retained under contract by the Department of State until 1985, during which time he served primarily as a management troubleshooter in Africa.

He then returned to his beloved Valley View Farm, a cattle farm, commercial vineyard and winery in Middleburg, where he actively assisted in its operation and management. Mr. Swedenburg was a strong advocate of the growth and development of the Commonwealth of Virginia's wine industry. He was a member of the Virginia Wineries Association, Vinifera Wine Growers Association, the Republican Party and the NRA.

Mr. Swedenburg leaves his wife of 50 years, Juanita, his son Marcum, and granddaughter Jeana, all of Middleburg. An older sister, LaVera Swedenburg Larson, resides in Modesto, Calif. In lieu of flowers, memorial contributions may be made to the Middleburg Volunteer Fire Department, P.O. Box 122, Middleburg VA 20118.



John Carl West, 81, a former U.S. ambassador to Saudi Arabia and governor of South Carolina, died March 21 at his home in Hilton Head, S.C., after a yearlong battle with cancer.

A native South Carolinian, Amb-

assador West received his bachelor's degree from The Citadel in 1942, and his law degree magna cum laude from the University of South Carolina in 1948. During World War II, he served in the U.S. Army and was honorably discharged with the rank of major. In 1954 West was elected to the state Senate and, after 12 years of service there, successfully ran for lieutenant governor in 1966. In 1970 he was elected governor for a four-year term.

A Democrat, he helped calm racial tensions in South Carolina in the years after highway patrolmen opened fire on a civil rights protest at the historically black South Carolina State University, killing three students and wounding 20. West appointed blacks to prominent positions and established a commission to ease racial tensions. On the commission's 25th anniversary in 1997, West said it had sent a message that racial divisions had been put aside. "I'd like to think this was a major turning point in race relations, because it set up communications where [a problem] could be addressed before it reached a crisis point," West said. His efforts earned him the enmity of the Ku Klux Klan, but his wife Lois' reputation as a crack pistol shot and her warning to the Klansmen saw him through this tough period.

As governor, West also saw to the creation of the state's second medical school at the University of South Carolina and encouraged foreign investment, inducing several European automobile manufacturers to establish factories in the state. He considered his most important contribution to the people of South Carolina to be his role in establishing numerous technical/vocational colleges. These institutions provided South Carolinians significant opportunity for professional and economic

advancement and were a major factor attracting industry to the state.

President Carter named West U.S. envoy to Saudi Arabia in 1977. Amb. West worked to enlist Saudi support for the Middle East peace process, and was highly regarded by his Foreign Service staff. As Ambassador Joseph Saloom, economic officer in Saudi Arabia from 1978 to 1980, recalls: "Amb. West ensured U.S. access to the vital Saudi petroleum essential to world economic growth and prosperity. Within the embassy, Amb. West was a model of loyalty and support to his staff at this isolated and difficult post. He was a mentor and model to all, and was instrumental in grooming eight of his subordinates to eventually become chiefs of their own diplomatic missions. His emphasis on kindness and devotion to others was multiplied by his influence on these leaders of the Service, who were inspired by what they learned from West's example."

AFSA President John Limbert, political officer at Embassy Jeddah in 1978 and 1979, recalls: "Amb. West's friendship and support extended to all in the embassy, without regard to rank or specialty. When not occupied with official diplomatic functions (which he did not enjoy very much), he would invite communicators, secretaries, junior officers and their spouses to his home to try out a new recipe or a new cook he and Lois were testing. For decades after he left Saudi Arabia, he stayed in contact with and supported the careers of those who had served with him."

In retirement, Amb. West encouraged the growth of Hilton Head as a resort and retirement community.

He is survived by his wife, Lois, and their three children, Douglas, Shelton and John Jr., and one grandson. ■

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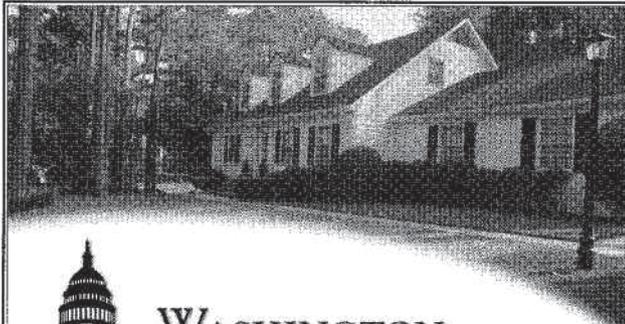
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REFLECTIONS

You Picked a Fine Time to Leave Me, Lucille

BY JEFF MAZUR

Nigeria produces lively indigenous music, but the airwaves of Lagos, Africa's most populous city (more than 13 million inhabitants), are filled mostly with American R&B and hip-hop songs. Occasionally you'll even hear country & western music. But it is easiest to catch Nigerian music on Sundays, when the streets are eerily quiet as Lagosians attend church services lasting three hours or more.

Lagos is my first Foreign Service post after a decade practicing law and working on the Hill, and I had been here only a few days when I was tasked to be control officer for the visit of a senior Senate staffer. I scheduled three days of meetings and entertainment, and hoped the consulate's drivers knew their way around the sprawling megacity because I certainly did not. The "staffdel" went smoothly, and on a Friday morning marking my second week in country I accompanied my outbound guest to the airport in an armored SUV. Another U.S. government employee who rode with us had trouble with his flight, so to ensure he wouldn't be stranded (potentially for several hours) in one of Lagos' infamous traffic jams, called "go slows," I stayed at the airport until we confirmed his departure.

As we waited in the airport's diplo-

Jeff Mazur's first tour as an FSO was in Consulate General Lagos. His next assignment is to Sao Paulo. The stamp is courtesy of the AAFSW Bookfair "Stamp Corner."

*I was 25 years and
10,000 miles from
my days growing up
amidst the dairy
farms of Wisconsin.*



matic car park, my driver, almost forgetting about me being tucked in the second row of seats of the big Suburban, tuned the radio to a station of his liking. Hearing no objection, he settled into his seat contentedly. At first I was distracted by something I had brought along to read, but slowly my mind focused on the distantly familiar tune emanating first from the radio, and then from the driver in a low, coarse voice. I paused and looked around. The scenery I saw through the tinted glass — squat trees cropping up from dusty streets amid crumbling infrastructure — placed me in West Africa, as did the look of the people walking by in both Western and colorful traditional dress. But then I began to recognize the song from my lily-white, all-American, Midwestern childhood, while the driver — a lanky, dark-skinned young man who spoke mostly pidgin English in addition to one or two of the many languages of Nigeria — sang easily and from the heart along with the refrain, which now registered in my mind:

"You picked a fine time to leave me, Lucille.

With four hungry children and a crop in the field."

I was 25 years and 10,000 miles from my days growing up amidst the dairy farms of Wisconsin, where I first heard Kenny Rogers singing those words on the radio. My mind reeled at the contrast between my past and current situations. I started a new chapter in my life when I joined the Foreign Service, and entered a world that couldn't be more different from that of my youth and most of my adulthood. I now lived in sub-Saharan Africa, represented the United States government, and at that moment was providing a safe haven for a diplomatic courier. But strangely, I was listening to my Yoruba driver comfortably singing out an old, familiar tune, albeit in an unfamiliar accent:

"Ahw hahd sum bahd tahmz. Liv'd true sum sahd tahmz.

But dis tahm yo huhtin' won't heel."

The lyrics had references the driver could not have had the slightest understanding of: a honky-tonk in Toledo; a long, lonely Midwestern summer; and a broken marriage holding the prospect of a bitter divorce. Yet, that mournful, ironic, broken-hearted lament clearly resonated with him. As did the moment with me. With a knowing and contented smile drawing across my face, I joined him in the words we both knew:

"You picked a fine time to leave me, Lucille." ■

AFSA NEWS

American Foreign Service Association • July-August 2004

FOREIGN AFFAIRS DAY

AFSA Welcomes Retirees and Honors Fallen Colleagues

Another successful Foreign Affairs Day was held May 7 at the State Department, where hundreds of retired members of the Foreign Service community were welcomed back. Director General W. Robert Pearson and State Department Spokesman Richard Boucher spoke at the opening session, the Foreign Service Cup was awarded to Stephen Low, and the Secretary's Awards for Volunteerism

women of the Foreign Service who made the ultimate sacrifice while serving their country abroad. Thankfully, no new names were added to the plaque at this year's ceremony, but the Secretary reminded those

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MIKKELA THOMPSON

Acting AFSA President Louise Crane makes remarks and introduces Secretary Powell.

were presented to the winners by Associates of the American Foreign Service Worldwide President Terri Williams.

Following the opening session, Foreign Affairs Day participants joined AFSA officials and staff for the annual AFSA Memorial Plaque Ceremony in the C Street lobby at the site of the memorial plaques. Secretary Colin Powell presided over the ceremony, which honored the 215 men and

LIFETIME CONTRIBUTIONS TO AMERICAN DIPLOMACY

Richard B. Parker

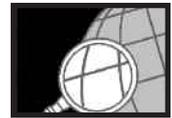
Ambassador Richard Parker has been selected as the recipient of the 2004 AFSA Award for Lifetime Contributions to American Diplomacy. (See the interview with Amb. Parker in this issue of the *Foreign Service Journal*, p. 49.) This award honors a distinguished American who has given many years of service in international affairs and has supported the work of the career Foreign Service. Recipients of the 2003 and 2002 awards were George Shultz and Tom Pickering, respectively. Amb. Parker's 31-year Foreign Service career (1949-1980) included three ambassadorships, to Algeria, Morocco and Lebanon. He was the first non-native speaker to attain a 4/4 rating in Arabic, indicating full fluency in the spoken and written language, from the Foreign Service Institute.



Following his retirement in 1980, Amb. Parker has remained active in foreign affairs, making lasting contributions to the field. He spent two years as a diplomat-in-residence at the University of Virginia, among many other teaching positions; served as editor of the *Middle East Journal*; and was the founding president of the Association for Diplomatic Studies and Training, serving there from 1986 to 1989. He has published seven books dealing with the Middle East, North Africa and Islam; his latest, *Uncle Sam in Barbary: A Diplomatic History*, was published in April.

Director General W. Robert Pearson presented the award at the AFSA Award Ceremony on June 24 in the Department of State's Benjamin Franklin Diplomatic Reception Room. All of this year's AFSA awards were presented at that ceremony. Articles about the dissent award winners and the exemplary performance award winners start on page 5 of this issue of *AFSA News*. Look for coverage of AFSA member achievement winners and the June awards ceremony in the September *AFSA News*. □

AFSA NEWS BRIEFS



AFSA President Back from Iraq

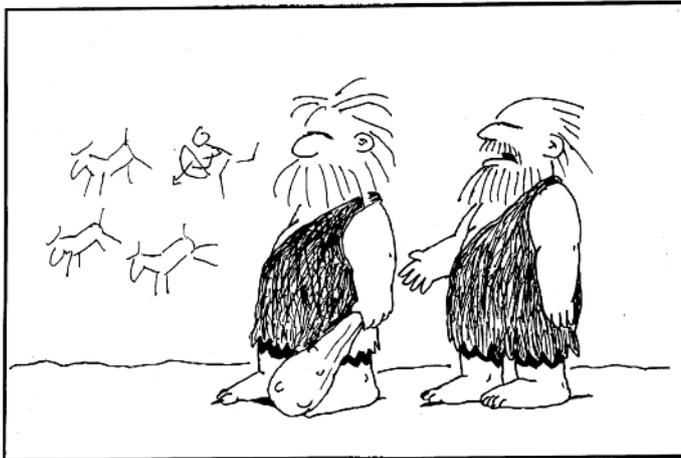
AFSA welcomes back John Limbert, who returned in late May from a 3-month assignment to Iraq. Given his experience and language abilities, we were not surprised he was called for a second short-term assignment in Iraq. He was missed at AFSA headquarters and we're glad he's back at the helm. We hope someday he will be at liberty to tell us all exactly what he and his team were doing in Iraq!

Membership at All-Time High

As of early May, AFSA membership had reached an all-time high of 12,728. Active-duty members account for 68 percent of the total, and of those, 33 percent are specialists.

Life in the Foreign Service

■ BY BRIAN AGGELER, FOREIGN SERVICE OFFICER



"IT'S A PERFECTLY FINE EVALUATION, BUT I JUST DON'T KNOW IF IT'S THE KIND OF THING THAT WILL GET YOU PROMOTED...."

Retiree Fun in the Sun Event

In May, the Foreign Service Retirees Association of Florida hosted a three-day weekend gathering in Key West for Foreign Service retirees and family members. Over 80 people attended, most of them coming from around Florida, with a few from Virginia and Georgia. Programming for the weekend was deliberately kept to a minimum so people could spend most of their time socializing and reconnecting with old friends. There was a dinner at which Under Secretary Marc Grossman was scheduled to speak, but because he had to travel out of the country, a replacement was found: *Washington Times* correspondent Nicholas Kralev, who recently completed an eight-part series on the Foreign Service for his paper, addressed the group.

FSRA has about 850 members, and meets five times a year in different Florida locations. The group runs three Elderhostel programs each year, helping educate the public about the Foreign Service. The FSRA published a book of Foreign Service stories last year, *Serving America Abroad*, available through XLibris at www.xlibris.com or (888) 795-4274, ext. 276.

Time to Donate to BOOKFAIR

AAFSW needs your donations for BOOKFAIR — an annual October event for 44 years. Artwork, books in good condition, stamps and coins are all gratefully accepted. Handicrafts from around the world are especially welcome, as such items are highly popular and sell quickly.



To donate: Pick-ups in the Washington area can be arranged by calling Virginia Jones at (202) 223-5796. Donations may be dropped off in the Truman Building at the bookroom, now located in B816, Monday through Friday from noon to 2 p.m. From overseas, donations may be pouched to the AAFSW BOOKROOM, Room B-816 Main State.

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MIKKEA THOMPSON

Military Color Guard at the memorial plaques.

in attendance that “dangerous times lie ahead ... for our Foreign Service, Civil Service and Foreign Service National employees working in more than 200 embassies and consulates around the world.”

In her remarks, AFSA Vice President Louise Crane (acting president at the time) pointed out that while no new Foreign Service names were carved into the marble plaques this year, four individuals had died protecting Foreign Service lives. Three American employees of a private security firm died in the Gaza Strip when their car was destroyed by a roadside bomb. The men were escorting Foreign Service employees traveling to interview Palestinians for Fulbright grants. A Salvadoran soldier was killed outside Najaf, Iraq, in April. But for their sacrifice, there would have been new Foreign Service names on the plaque to honor.

The plaque ceremony was followed by seminars on regional and global issues led by State Department officials. Given the popularity of the Near Eastern Affairs talk last year and the expected increased interest in 2004, the session addressed by Assistant Secretary of State for Near Eastern Affairs William Burns was held in the Dean Acheson Auditorium. His candor in discussing the current situation in Iraq and elsewhere was much appreciated by attendees.

AFSA hosted a reception for retirees at headquarters in the afternoon, which was well attended. Old friends had a chance to catch up in a relaxed setting. □

V.P. VOICE: STATE ■ BY LOUISE CRANE

Extreme Diplomacy

Baghdad is unquestionably the most dangerous place the United States has ever tried to conduct diplomacy. At every other diplomatic post in the world, events we term “tripwires” would have triggered a staff drawdown and even shuttering the embassy. These “tripwire” events are ignored in Iraq.

Part of everyday life in Baghdad for the Foreign Service will be making the trip from the Green Zone to the Baghdad International Airport. In the first week of June, four Blackwater security personnel (two Americans, two Poles) were killed while riding in an armored vehicle those eight miles to the airport. This is the same company that lost four American employees in Fallujah in April. Clearly, the insurgents in Iraq have acquired munitions that can penetrate armor. So, one has to ask, what good are armored cars, carryalls, vans and buses for our personnel in Iraq?

Contrary to standard procedures elsewhere, the U.S. has decided that Embassy Baghdad will be bigger than almost any other in the world. The Secretary of State has called on the Foreign Service to respond to “our number-one priority,” the stabilization and reconstruction of Iraq. The Foreign Service has responded magnificently.

That response, however, does not diminish in any way the fact that this is “extreme diplomacy.” I suppose it was just a matter of time before the current fad for extreme sports would pass into the conduct of our foreign relations. Yet nothing prepared me for the contents of the obligatory training every U.S. government employee assigned to Iraq undergoes prior to departure. This training includes how to detect improvised explosive devices; a short exercise on weapons familiarization; lectures on “route analysis” and practical exercises in surveillance detection. I remember when employees, in preparation for their next assignment, only had to read embassy cable traffic, call on the desk officers at State, Commerce and DOD, and meet with their counterparts in that country’s Washington embassy.

Then there are the instructions in the “Welcome to Baghdad” cable. Employees assigned to Baghdad first go to Kuwait, where they sign in at the Federal Deployment Center. There they are issued their helmet and protective vest. The following day they board C-130 aircraft for the trip to Baghdad. They are transported by shuttle bus from the airport to the Green Zone. The cable firmly instructs personnel that “helmet and vest must be worn during the 20-minute trip.”

By the time the embassy opens, enough shipping containers will probably have been converted to housing units to give every employee his/her own half-container (though some may have to double up at first). The containers are fortified on all sides by sandbags, but the roofs will peel open like beer cans if hit. Where are the sandbags for the roofs?

A retired Foreign Service officer who was born the same year as Ronald Reagan, 1911, and who retired before I joined the Foreign Service 40 years ago, recently wrote to me saying something worth repeating:

“Our State Department people should consistently participate in foreign assignments to ensure that everyone has a really competent knowledge of what goes on abroad and what should be done about it in benefit of our country. ... How can a president and Congress know what to do intelligently regarding foreign affairs without the advice of an organization deeply informed in all that goes on abroad and how best to take advantage of it?”

This explains why we are opening an embassy in Baghdad and why the Foreign Service is flocking to staff it. □



DAY ON THE HILL

AFSA Takes Retirees to the Hill

BY SUSAN MAITRA

Participants in AFSA's fourth annual Day On the Hill took an urgent message to their legislators: Both military force and diplomacy are essential in meeting our national security interests abroad. The Congress must give the same strategic priority to foreign relations as to the military, including in funding.

While legislators and staffers didn't exactly jump to agree, the group of more than 50 Foreign Service retirees, spouses, AFSA staff and AFSA Governing Board officials who made the trip to the Hill on May 6 found a perceptible concern about diplomacy and foreign assistance.

"Foreign aid is viewed differently now than before 9/11," is the way Rep. Charles Bass, R-N.H., put it to the AFSA delegation from New Hampshire. "The State budget should be well treated," Bass said, adding that the prospects for funding were improved by the issues of the day but not by the government's fiscal situation.

This year, AFSA also found more personal responsiveness from legislators. Rep. Frank Wolf, R-Va., warmly welcomed the AFSA delegation to Capitol Hill in a room secured by Rep. Tom Davis, R-Va. "There's a growing appreciation of the role of federal employees in the war on terrorism," Wolf, chairman of the House Appropriations Subcommittee on Commerce, Justice, State and the Judiciary, said. Despite severe budget constraints and extraordinary demands, funding for the State Department is expected to increase, with particular emphasis on security, he added.

Davis, a leader in the Republican Party and chairman of the House Government Reform Committee with jurisdiction over Civil Service and retirement issues, requested more information on FS retiree concerns.

Retirees from nine states and the



MIKELA THOMPSON

District of Columbia participated in meetings scheduled at 32 legislative offices. Two senators — Paul Sarbanes, D-Md., and John Sununu, R-N.H. — met personally with AFSA delegations. Two more — Sen. Judd Gregg, R-N.H., and Sen. Charles



MIKELA THOMPSON

Clockwise, from left: AFSA & retirees meet with Rep. Wolf; meeting with Sen. Sarbanes; getting ready to make the trip to Capitol Hill.

Grassley, R-Iowa — were called away from their meetings to the floor to vote on John Negroponte's appointment as ambassador to Iraq. Three congressmen — Charles Bass, R-N.H., Jim Moran, D-Va., and Chris Van Hollen, D-Md. — met personally with their AFSA constituents. Retirees met with the aides of 13 more senators and 12 congressmen representing California, New York, Washington, Ohio, Maryland, Iowa, Virginia and the District of Columbia.

Besides thanking legislators for their support in strengthening the State

Department's budget last year, and for responding to the need to protect "soft targets" in particular, AFSA delegates urged positive action on the president's FY05 international affairs funding request and passage of the State Department/foreign assistance authorization bill. The budget increases in the past three years, they pointed out, have been "catch-up."

AFSA delegates also expressed their concern over threats to the Federal Employees Health Benefits Program and began a process of educating lawmakers on the need to eliminate the pay disparity currently affecting Foreign Service members as they serve abroad. AFSA delegations received useful feedback on FS concerns and issues, and made new contacts for follow-up by AFSA's Legislative Affairs department over the coming year.

Timed to coincide with the visit of many State Department retirees to Washington



MIKELA THOMPSON



MIKELA THOMPSON

for Foreign Affairs Day, Day On the Hill has become one of AFSA's highest-profile efforts to increase its visibility and secure congressional support for legislative initiatives of greatest importance to the FS. Thanks to the work of AFSA's Legislative Director Ken Nakamura, Legislative Affairs Intern Melissa Fitzgerald and Executive Assistant Austin Tracy, this year's exercise was a great success. □

Christian A. Herter Award

FOR A SENIOR-LEVEL FOREIGN SERVICE OFFICER

Ronald Schlicher



Above: Ron Schlicher surrounded by his security detail immediately after automatic weapons fire is heard nearby in Baqubah, Iraq. Left: Schlicher in a Blackhawk helicopter about to traverse Iraq.

As consul general in Jerusalem from 2000 to 2003, and then as Coalition Provisional Authority provincial coordinator in Iraq, Ronald L. Schlicher has repeatedly dealt with some of the toughest and most politically charged issues facing our government today. He has responded to these issues with “unmatched courage and integrity,” says the high-level department official who nominated him for the Herter Award.

Schlicher created and ran the CPA's Office of Provincial Outreach, coordinating the efforts of the CPA's provincial representatives throughout Iraq. His instincts for the political cultures of the region and understanding of the political realities shaping Iraq today have uniquely suited him for this role. His reporting challenged many of the assumptions under which the U.S. government had been operating, and gave the CPA a new ability to influence Iraqi opinion in a coordinated way.

Critically, Schlicher used his network to create a Sunni engagement strategy designed to deal with an insurgency that has continually threatened U.S. efforts. Pushing against commonly-held views, he insisted that a constructive approach that brought key Sunni leaders into the transition process was necessary. And he was right. His commitment to offering honest and unvarnished reports of the facts and his willingness to advocate positions that may challenge the accepted wisdom offered a much-needed fresh viewpoint to policymakers in Iraq and Washington.

Schlicher's service in Jerusalem — during a highly challenging time when the Palestinian intifada moved from street protests to the systematic application of terrorism — was likewise marked by his exceptional reporting and advice, governed by a respectful but direct “tell it like it is” manner. He offered Washington a much-needed dose of reality during periods of crisis and intense international scrutiny, such as the first siege of Arafat's headquarters. As the award nomination states, “He demonstrated unmatched intellectual integrity in providing a continual flow of advice and information, which frequently challenged long-held assumptions.”

Ron Schlicher's consistent willingness to question the status quo and offer controversial recommendations that challenge long-held assumptions in one of the most difficult and dangerous areas of the world exemplifies the qualities recognized by the Herter Award.

Schlicher joined the Foreign Service in 1982. Prior to Baghdad and Jerusalem, he served in Washington, Beirut, the Sinai, Cairo, Alexandria, Damascus and Dhahran. He received his undergraduate and law degrees from the University of Tennessee.

William R. Rivkin Award

FOR A MID-LEVEL FOREIGN SERVICE OFFICER

Keith Mines

Keith Mines is being honored with the Rivkin Award for his dissenting opinion on Iraq policy. The dissent message that Keith Mines sent on May 7, 2003, titled “Let the U.N. Manage the Political Transition in Iraq,” included the following recommendation: “... It is my judgment that only a U.N. political mission can make of Iraq a functioning, stable democracy. The U.N. brings assets to this project which the United States, even in a broad coalition, could never replicate, including much-needed resources, the staying power to see the transition through, a buffer between Iraq and the United States for the many things that invariably will go wrong, a full range of programs, a neutral political posture, and the right people, particularly at the most senior levels.”



Keith Mines (far left), after a meeting with local sheikhs, with Governor Burgis (2nd from right) and Political Advisor Georges Younes (far right), in Ramadi, Iraq.

Mines presiding at the Al Anbar Business Caucus, Jan. 11, 2004.

The Mines dissent represents just the kind of constructive dissent the Rivkin Award was created to honor: Mines possesses the intellectual honesty and integrity to make his views known, while working within the system to bring about change. The views and proposals Mines put forward in his dissent message — sent from Embassy Budapest — were formed based on his previous experience with political transitions after military interventions in Grenada, El Salvador, Somalia, Haiti and Afghanistan. The message did not spur any immediate change of U.S. policy, but dissent messages only rarely do. As we see a year later, however, the arguments made by Mines were prescient, and some of his proposals have been, belatedly, adopted.

Undaunted by the fact that his proposals did not hold sway, in the best spirit of Foreign Service dedication and professionalism, Mines was one of the first FSOs to volunteer for duty in Iraq. He served as the Coalition Provisional Authority governance coordinator in Al Anbar Province from August 2003 until February 2004.

Mines never let disagreements over policy get in the way of his performance. He worked within the framework he was given, always trying to make improvements along the way.

Reflecting on his dissent, Mines says, “I would hope that the recent turnaround of our policies in favor of what I suggested 10 painful months ago highlights the danger of shutting out those who have made a career of working on political transitions in favor of those with vivid imaginations.”

Keith Mines joined the Foreign Service in 1992. He has served in Tel Aviv, Mogadishu, San Salvador, Port-au-Prince, Budapest, Kabul, Al Anbar Province of Iraq and Washington. Mines has a B.A. in history from Brigham Young University and an M.A. from Georgetown's School of Foreign Service. He is married with four children.

The W. Averell Harriman Award

FOR A FOREIGN SERVICE JUNIOR OFFICER

Steven Weston

Steve Weston was selected to receive the Harriman Award for his courage and constructive dissent that proved to be instrumental to U.S. embassy successes in Luxembourg on both the policy and management fronts.

Just after Weston arrived in Luxembourg for his first Foreign Service tour, as an economic/public diplomacy officer, the embassy lost its deputy chief of mission and the political/economic chief. For several critical months, Weston found himself in the unusual position of acting as the key adviser to the newly-arrived ambassador on a wide range of issues. He displayed an ability to quickly master complex issues and proved to be a skillful negotiator, creatively and constructively turning many of the ambassador's ideas into feasible proposals. As the award nominators point out, Weston earned the confidence of the ambassador by understanding that dissent doesn't necessarily require saying "no."

Typifying his ability to reshape expectations and shape events, Weston was adept at using the visits of high-level U.S. government visitors to further U.S. interests. As certifying officer for public diplomacy expenditures, he was repeatedly challenged to find a way to support the ambassador's ambitious public diplomacy initiatives while keeping expenditures within budget. He skillfully succeeded in these endeavors.

Even after the arrival of a new DCM and pol/econ chief, Weston's advice was sought by all the senior officers at post, including the ambassador. He continued to show a willingness to thoughtfully and deftly challenge taskings — not by saying no, but by offering constructive alternatives for implementation if possible or, if necessary, by questioning the objectives themselves. Weston's ability to recognize potential problems, envision alternatives and take thoughtful risks demonstrates the highest form of constructive dissent.

About winning the award, Weston had this to say: "It is a tremendous honor for me to be selected as recipient of the W. Averell Harriman Award. I hope to continue to live up to the principles represented by this prestigious award as I continue my career in public service."

Prior to joining the Foreign Service in 2001, Steve Weston worked for six years as a civil servant in both the State Department and the Commerce Department. At State, he served in the Bureau



Steve Weston and his wife, Lori, on July 4, 2003.

of Economic and Business Affairs, and at Commerce, in the International Trade Administration. He was born and raised in Los Angeles. He is married and has a young son, born in Luxembourg. He is headed to Shanghai for his second Foreign Service tour.



Weston with Amb. Peter Terpeluk Jr. (left) and Luxembourg Prime Minister Jean-Claude Juncker (center) at an embassy-organized 9/11 remembrance event on Sept. 11, 2002.

The Tex Harris Award

FOR A FOREIGN SERVICE SPECIALIST

Elizabeth "Betsy" Orlando

"Betsy Orlando has stuck her neck out for us so many times, I am surprised she still has a head attached," says one of the two people who nominated Orlando for the Tex Harris Award.

Orlando serves in the Foreign Service as a diplomatic courier, and was based in Frankfurt from 2001 until June 2004. Her colleagues recommended her for the Harris Award for her strong commitment to fairness and her willingness to put her own career on the line to help others. She repeatedly demonstrated the qualities of intellectual courage, initiative and integrity that reflect the spirit of constructive dissent.

Armed with extensive knowledge of the Foreign Affairs Manual and legal experience working as an attorney, she has effectively interceded on behalf of colleagues who have experienced difficulties due to poor management. One illustrative example is the story of a courier who worked with Orlando in Frankfurt. When he transferred to another post, he and a colleague at the new post faced abusive behavior from their supervisor. They sought help through the regular chain of command, and even traveled to Frankfurt to meet with the supervisor's supervisor. Nothing changed, until they approached Orlando for assistance.

After receiving a rather desperate e-mail from her colleague, Orlando went to her supervisor for help, and got none. Defying her supervisor, she took the matter further in an effort to help these faraway couriers. The situation was resolved positively for the two couriers, but Orlando received an unfavorable evaluation.

On another occasion, she fought for the payment of overtime to couriers who were being unfairly denied the extra pay. She persuaded a supervisor to pay the required overtime. This example was given by one of her nominators as "merely one of an almost unfathomable number" of instances in which Orlando has put herself on the line to help colleagues. Her colleagues have attested to her resourcefulness and bravery, and her willingness to stand up for what she knows is right.

Orlando joined the Diplomatic Courier Service in 1992, and has traveled to over 160 countries. She has been based in Washington, Frankfurt, Bangkok and Helsinki. She was born in Bohemia, N.Y., and graduated from Connetquot High School and Mount Vernon College (now George Washington University). She has a law degree from the University of Akron School of Law and is a member of the Ohio State Bar Association. She writes poetry, and published the book, *A Field of Flowers: Poems and Essays from a Diplomat's Journeys*, last year.



Betsy Orlando



Orlando in Trevi, Italy.

Delavan Award

FOR A FOREIGN SERVICE OFFICE MANAGEMENT SPECIALIST

Jenny A. Jeras

Serving as management section office management specialist in one of the most difficult posts in the world, Embassy Kabul, Jenny Jeras is called the “community’s heart and soul.” She sits at the “nerve center” of embassy operations, and with professional competence and unflappable reserve, she is the key player in coordinating between various units of the embassy and in properly routing requests and information.

Faced with the reconstruction of the embassy compound, daily security threats and a continual stream of high-level visits from Washington, Jeras has been instrumental in coordinating the embassy’s many sections. As the post housing coordinator, she created a highly efficient operation tailored for the complex situation. She handled the support for over 100 long-term residents of the compound’s shipping-container housing units, and she ran a 30-bed “hotel” for temporary visitors who were arriving and departing daily.



Jenny Jeras, 11 hours into a typically long day at the office in Kabul.

Jeras turned her office into the embassy publication center, proving herself highly skilled at preparing useful documents. These included a laminated pocket version of the ambassador’s mission statement, sophisticated morale-building certificates of appreciation and bound briefing books. She also took on the production of an

embassy newsletter, another morale-building publication. In another helpful outside-the-job-description activity, Jeras created a functional “gift shop” in her office, where visitors and residents can find souvenirs that they may not be able to shop for on their own.

Recognizing that in an environment as potentially isolating as Kabul, an unaccompanied post, the holidays can pose unique challenges and hardships, Jeras organized huge Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners. These events were held in three sittings each, and all 200 attendees at both dinners were brought a bit closer to home because of the holiday spirit and hard work of Jeras and her team of volunteers.

Through her strong professionalism and outstanding morale-building skills, all the more important at a post dealing with complete reconstruction of the embassy compound, rapid expansion of personnel, a dangerous environment and the demands of being a “must visit” post for much of Washington, Jenny Jeras met and exceeded the criteria for the Delavan Award.

Jeras was born in Buffalo and now calls Las Vegas home. She joined the Foreign Service in 2000. Prior to Kabul, she served in Berlin.

Delavan Award

FOR A FOREIGN SERVICE OFFICE MANAGEMENT SPECIALIST

Mary Jo Fuhrer



As office management specialist for the ambassador at Embassy Luxembourg, Mary Jo Fuhrer provided critical assistance to the ambassador and others. Her nearly two decades of Foreign Service experience was an asset to the entire mission. The ambassador,

the deputy chief of mission and others at post regularly consulted her on many different issues, including issues well outside the realm of “normal” OMS responsibilities.

Above: Mary Jo Fuhrer with her husband, Kevin, in 2002.
Below: Fuhrer with her father, retired SFS officer John Fuhrer, in 2003.

“Embassy staffing and resources had been neglected for so long that this post was simply not equipped to handle a full-time, high-energy, results-oriented ambassador,” according to Fuhrer’s nominator. “When Fuhrer arrived, post was in a state of disarray.” With

rare skill and grace, she took charge of the front office and quickly grasped the ambassador’s preferences and earned his trust. She set up procedures where they were lacking. She defined how requests for meetings with the ambassador would be handled, and chaired an important weekly scheduling meeting to determine which events would go on the ambassador’s calendar. She also took responsibility for determining what briefing papers were needed by the ambassador and made sure he got what he needed.

The DCM described her as the ambassador’s special assistant, as well as his OMS. She played a vital role in coordinating 15 high-level visits, including visits by Speaker of the House Dennis Hastert, Attorney General John Ashcroft, Supreme Allied Commander for Europe General James Jones, and others.

Fuhrer is an outstanding writer, and regularly reviewed documents for substance, style and accuracy. She drafted talking points for the ambassador’s use at the country team briefing for Speaker Hastert.

While handling numerous tasks, both within and outside her job description, she created an office environment where every employee feels welcome. She possesses an infectious positive attitude and was credited with doing the most to improve post morale. “Fuhrer’s performance, dedication and contributions to Embassy Luxembourg have been extraordinary by any measure,” says her nominator.

The daughter of a retired Senior Foreign Service officer, Fuhrer grew up in Asia and South America. She joined the Foreign Service in 1986 and met her future husband, U.S. Marine Corps 1st Sgt Kevin Hodgkins, at her first post, Lima. She went on to postings in Nassau, Niamey and Washington. In Washington, she has served most recently in the office of the under secretary for political affairs, and has also served as OMS to the assistant secretary for East Asia and the Pacific and in the office of performance evaluation. She has a B.B.A. from Marymount University.

Avis Bohlen Award

FOR A FOREIGN SERVICE FAMILY MEMBER

Helene DeJong & Dawn Sewell McKeever

Dawn McKeever and Helene DeJong are seen as "local heroes" in Uganda, according to their nomination for the Avis Bohlen Award. Their activities in expanding literacy and library access to underprivileged children throughout central and eastern Uganda will have an impact long after they have left post.

The volunteer activities of McKeever and DeJong included coordinating volunteer support from various official and private American entities and the broader American community in Kampala. They identified underprivileged schools and communities in the Kampala, Wakiso, Nakasongola, Mbale and Pallisa districts of Uganda and helped the communities establish and equip libraries. They also led workshops to train volunteer librarians. Together they coordinated the donation of over 3,000 books to 10 new libraries established with their support. Once the libraries were established, McKeever and DeJong rallied local students, Peace Corps Volunteers and others to help paint the buildings.

Another activity for which they will long be remembered is



Above:
Helene
DeJong;
Right:
Dawn
Sewell
McKeever



their assistance to an alternative school for children who cannot afford fees in government schools. They also adopted a slum community on the outskirts of Kampala, and supported a local microenterprise that fosters the economic prosperity of single mothers and widows.

McKeever and DeJong met in Niger where they worked together at an orphanage, a village community school and with the American Women's Group of Niamey. They continued working together in Kampala to

assist disadvantaged women and children; start school and community libraries; and train teachers and volunteers how to use the libraries. "We consider ourselves to be 'aunties for Africa,'" McKeever explains. Through their many volunteer activities, McKeever and DeJong have made a positive contribution to Ugandan society and tangibly improved bilateral relations between the U.S. and Uganda.

Helene DeJong is married to Regional Security Officer Albert DeJong, and is the mother of four daughters. She has a B.A. from American University and a teaching certificate from the FS Fast Train Program at George Mason University. She and her husband have served in New Delhi, Niamey and Washington, and will return again to Washington this summer upon completing their Kampala tour.

Dawn Sewell McKeever is married to Matthew McKeever, who is serving as refugee coordinator in Kampala. She is the mother of three children and the grandmother of one. She has a B.A. from Pennsylvania State University. She and her husband have served in Kingston, Paris, Sydney, Niamey and Washington, and will head for Casablanca from Kampala in the fall.

M. Juanita Guess Award

FOR A COMMUNITY LIAISON OFFICER

Susanne Turner



Susanne Turner

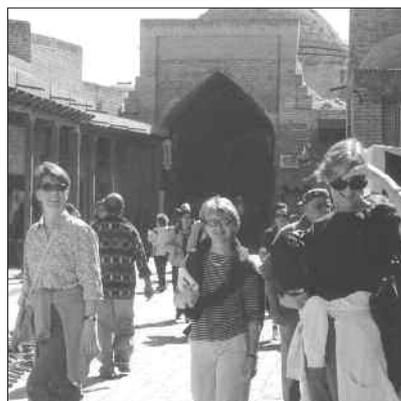
As the ambassador put it, following 9/11, "post morale was in the dumps." Many families had left Bishkek on authorized departure orders while at the same time the embassy workload had increased tenfold due to the opening of a Coalition military base in Bishkek to support Afghanistan operations. Community Liaison Officer Susanne Turner was an indispensable member of Embassy

Bishkek's team during this difficult period and can be credited with playing the key role in pulling the embassy community together.

As a member of the Emergency Action Committee, she was the "voice of reason" that reminded the others on the committee that increased security restrictions come at a cost to both morale and the ability to get work done. Displaying outstanding leadership, imagination, initiative and tireless dedication, she worked closely with the Regional Security Office to balance security concerns with opportunities to participate in activities and trips to boost morale and restore a sense of normalcy to embassy life.

Both the regional and post medical officers praised Turner's support of families in crisis. She consistently offered critical support during major medical and family crises that arose at post, including trips out in the middle of the night to support community members in need or in crisis. "She inspires confidence by her discretion, non-judgmental support and personal warmth," says the ambassador, adding that she "is the person everyone at this mission turns to for unfailing support, honest advice and a sympathetic ear."

Turner played an instrumental role on the school board, leading the board through a difficult period that included many school staff changes. She led the post response to a major increase in the number of dependent children at post, from four to 22 in just one year. She also played an important role in facilitating security upgrades at the



Turner (center) during a visit to Bukhara, Uzbekistan, in Oct. 2003.

school, with the cooperation of the RSO. She organized sessions on children's health resources, raising children overseas and first aid for parents and child-care providers in both English and Russian.

Embassy Bishkek now enjoys very high morale and a strong sense of community, due in large part to Turner's outstanding efforts.

Turner was born and raised in

Germany, and became a U.S. citizen in 1991. She is married to Public Affairs Officer Conrad Turner, who she met while working on the Soviet Refugee Program in Rosslyn, Va., in 1991. In addition to Bishkek, they have served in Islamabad, Vienna, Moscow and Minsk. The couple has two daughters.

Honoring Volunteer Award Winners

A FSA congratulates the winners of the Associates of the American Foreign Service Worldwide/Secretary of State's Award for Outstanding Volunteerism Abroad. The volunteer awards were created in 1990 by Susan Baker, wife of then Secretary of State James A. Baker III, and the first award was given in May 1991 on Foreign Service Day. The 2004 winners were honored during the opening session of Foreign Affairs Day May 7. AAFSW President Terri Williams presented the awards.

The 2004 winners are:

- Mary Jo Amani, Guatemala City, Western Hemisphere Affairs
- June Carmichael, Hanoi, East Asian and Pacific Affairs
- Zina Lynch, Dakar, African Affairs
- Theresa McGallicher, Kathmandu, South Asian Affairs
- Amy Sebes, Tirana, European Affairs

Each of these volunteers demonstrated a remarkable commitment to their respective communities and showed that one person can make a difference. Others who made outstanding contributions received honorable mention. They are:

Kathleen Ahern, La Paz
 Sandra W. Bagley, Antanarivo
 Jennifer Breiman, Dhaka
 Maxine Brinsfield, Moscow
 Marguerite M. Davis, Strasbourg
 Charlotte Davnie, Vilnius
 Deborah T. Delare, Bucharest
 Wendy Dwyer, New Delhi
 Mira M. Hankins, Maputo
 Maria Pastrana Lujan, Mexico City
 Maurice R. Olfus, Port-au-Prince
 Angel Rivera, Panama City
 Elaine Saxe, Mexico City
 Lee-Allison Sibley, Calcutta
 Judy Snellgrove, Managua
 Karen Sprakties, Ashgabat
 Ron and Sheri Verdonk, Sao Paulo
 Patricia and Dave Williams, Colombo
 Angelena Vernal Young, Ljubljana

Following are summaries of the activities of the five winners.

MARY JO AMANI, GUATEMALA CITY

Since her arrival in Guatemala in July 2001, Mary Jo Amani demonstrated extraordinary compassion for disadvantaged youth, dedicating hundreds of hours to improve the quality of education and to



Winners of the Secretary of State's Award for Outstanding Volunteerism Abroad, from left: Zina Lynch, Amy Sebes, Mary Jo Amani and Theresa McGallicher. Not pictured: June Carmichael.

inspire a reading culture in poor, marginal areas of Guatemala City and the countryside. Safe Passage, a Guatemalan community organization working with children living at the city dump, has benefited from Amani's teacher-training program to develop a Montessori-like approach for young children. She started a children's library and brought in trainers to conduct workshops with teachers on how to use books effectively. Most recently she has developed a grant proposal for the construction of a new building for Safe Passage.

JUNE CARMICHAEL, HANOI

Because of June Carmichael's love of museums and 14 years in retailing, she identified a great need in the museum shops of Hanoi. She began a series of projects with the Vietnam Museum of Ethnology presenting lectures on the importance of museum shops, collaborating with the shop manager to design and locate vendors to produce a VME mug and tote bag, and helped the museum director launch Vietnam's first museum membership program. Carmichael also encouraged the director to join in the worldwide celebration of International Museum Day and saw thousands of Vietnamese attend this special free family-activity day, raising awareness of their own rich cultural heritage.

ZINA LYNCH, DAKAR

Zina Lynch is involved with the House of Hope shelter for raped, abused and pregnant girls in Senegal. She began her involvement by soliciting friends in the U.S. for clothes, linens and hygiene items. She garnered support from the U.S. Air Force in Dakar to raise funds for a new building for the House of Hope, and enlisted support from Catholic Relief Services to manage the fundraising account and to establish a Web site for the shelter. Lynch is also the com-

missioner of Dakar's softball league, managing and operating the concessions to raise funds for the league and playing an instrumental role in making the West Africa regional softball tournament an international success. She has also worked to ensure the sustainability of the projects so that they can have a lasting impact on the communities after her departure.

THERESA MCGALLICHER, KATHMANDU

Theresa McGallicher believes that introducing the "haves" to the "have-nots" is a sure way to improve the lives of both. As chair of the Education and Training Committee of the Active Women of Nepal, she conducted site visits to prospective and ongoing programs to give out 218 scholarships and provide skills training to 64 women. She spent countless hours online seeking other sources of funding for organizations her committee couldn't support. She has raised thousands of dollars for AWON through her creative fundraising efforts. In addition, she became the unofficial advocate for four orphanages, bringing them donations of books, toys and clothes, as well as bringing in other volunteers.

AMY SEBES, TIRANA

Amy Sebes volunteers well over 40 hours a week helping trafficking-in-persons victims. With strong determination and devotion, relentless advocacy work, an entrepreneurial mind and endless energy, she helps trafficking victims rebuild their lives. At a shelter in Tirana for trafficking victims, Sebes established the Association of Albanian Girls and Women to teach handicrafts, the sale of which will provide needed income. She also works to ensure the victims have a voice in decisions that affect their lives and well-being. □

2004 AFSA Merit Award Winners

AFSA is proud to announce the 20 Foreign Service high school seniors who were selected for the 22 AFSA Merit Awards. These one-time-only awards totaling \$23,500 were bestowed on May 7. Congratulations to these students for their academic and artistic achievements. Winners received \$1,500 awards and honorable mention winners received \$500 awards. Judges were members of the Foreign Service community.

This year, 55 students competed for the 12 Academic Merit Awards. They were judged on grade point average, SAT scores, essays, letters of recommendation, extra-curricular activities and any special circumstances. From the Academic Merit Award applicants, a best essay winner (Ryan Fennerty) and a community service winner (Michelle Christensen) were selected.

Fifteen students submitted art merit applications under one of the following categories: visual arts, musi-

cal arts, drama and creative writing. Emily Thielmann was selected as the Art Merit Award winner for her novel excerpt and poem submissions in the creative writing category, and Ann Kidder was selected as the Art Merit Award honorable mention winner for her mixed media visual arts submissions.

AFSA offers four named scholarships for academic merit, which are awarded to the highest-scoring students each year. The named scholarships are: Association of the American Foreign Service Worldwide Scholarship; John and Priscilla Becker Family Scholarship; John C. Leary Memorial Scholarship; and Donald S. and Maria Giuseppa Spigler Scholarship.

For more information on the AFSA Merit Awards or the AFSA Scholarship Program, or on how to establish a named scholarship, contact Lori Dec at (202) 944-5504 or dec@afsa.org. Please visit our Web site at www.afsa.org/scholar/index.cfm.

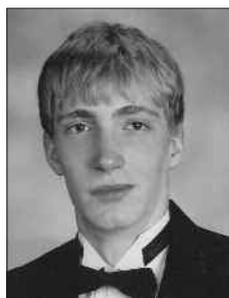
Academic Merit Winners

Art Merit Winner



Emily Thielmann: daughter of Pam and Gregory Thielmann (State); graduate of HB Woodlawn Secondary Program, Arlington, Va.; attending Vassar College.

Emily was also an AFSA Academic Merit winner, awarded for her novel excerpt and poem.



Colin Campbell: son of Linda and William Campbell (State); graduate of James Madison High School, Vienna, Va.; attending Yale University. Winner of the John and Priscilla Becher Family Scholarship.



Ryan Fennerty: son of Heather and John Fennerty (State); graduate of Saint Andrew's College, Dublin, Ireland; attending Yale University. Ryan was also the AFSA Academic Merit Program's Best Essay winner.



Jeffrey Julian: son of Anne Packer Julian and Dr. Wayne Julian (State); graduate of American International School of Vienna, Vienna, Austria; attending Columbia University.



Eric Lankenau-Ray: son of Linda Lankenau (USAID) and R. Thomas Ray (USAID); graduate of International School of Kenya, Nairobi, Kenya; attending Brown University.



Nastassia Patin: daughter of Maja and Paul Patin (State); graduate of Walworth Barbour American International School in Kfar Shmaryahu, Israel; attending Stanford University.



Mollie Ruskin: daughter of Andrea Cohen and Charles Rosenfarb (State); graduate of American School of Johannesburg, Pretoria, South Africa; attending Pomona College.



Jeremy Wickman: son of Phyllis and Stephen Wickman (State); graduate of McLean High School, McLean, Va.; attending University of Virginia. Winner of the AAFSW Scholarship.



Halley Wuertz: daughter of June Appel and Robert Wuertz (USAID); graduate of International School Manila, Manila, Philippines; attending Brown University.



Scholarship winners who attended the May 7 AFSA ceremony. Back row, from far left: State Representative of the AFSA Committee on Education Deborah Odell, FAS Representative of the AFSA Committee on Education Mike Conlon, and AFSA Merit Award winners Michael Young, Colin Campbell, Alexander Snider. Front row, from left: Jeremy Wickman, Emily Thielmann, Clarie Lauterbach and Leslie Cole (Financial Aid Scholarship recipient), Chairman of the AFSA Committee on Education Amb. Edward Dillery.

PMA Donation to AFSA Scholarship Fund

On the occasion of its 36th anniversary in May, the Public Members Association of the Foreign Service presented a \$3,600 scholarship check to AFSA to be awarded under AFSA's Financial Aid Scholarship Program. This award was given in memory of Dr. Hatten S. Yoder Jr., who served on PMA's board of directors for many years.

His daughter, Karen Wallace, was on hand for the scholarship presentation.



Amb. Edward Dillery (center) accepts a check from PMA Scholarship Chair Nick Frankhouser and Karen Wallace.



Claire Lauterbach: daughter of Steven Lauterbach (State) and Marie-Paule Lauterbach (State); graduate of Yorktown High School, Arlington, Va.; attending Duke University. Winner of the Donald S. and Maria Giuseppa Spigler Scholarship.



Alexis Mussomeli: daughter of Joseph Mussomeli (State) and Sharon Mussomeli (State); graduate of International School Manila, Manila, Philippines; attending Middlebury College.



Michael Young: son of Barbara Finamore and Ambassador Stephen Young (State); graduate of McLean High School, McLean, Va.; attending Bowdoin College. Winner of the John C. Leary Memorial Scholarship.

Academic Merit Honorable Mention Winners

Christopher Brill: son of Mary Brill and Ambassador Kenneth Brill; attending Georgetown University.

Bran Mahoney: son of Christopher Mahoney and Carolyn Cohen (APHIS); attending Florida State University.

Matthew Miller: son of Roberta and Lloyd Miller (USAID); attending University of Virginia.

Gabriele O'Connor: daughter of Mari and Christopher "Mic" O'Connor (State); attending University of York, England.

Caitlin O'Grady: daughter of Deborah Guido-O'Grady (State) and Daniel O'Grady (State); attending University of Virginia.

Alexander Snider: son of Penelope Williams (State) and Raymond Snider (State); attending University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill.

Art Merit Honorable Mention Winner

Ann Kidder: daughter of Sungeun Cho and Samuel Kidder (FCS); attending Brown University. Ann won in the visual arts category for her mixed media drawings and sculpture.

Community Service Award

Michelle Christensen: daughter of Brenda and Brent Christensen (State); attending University of Utah. Michelle won for her volunteer work at overseas orphanages.

Managing a Shortage

One of the major challenges facing the Foreign Agricultural Service is the impending shortage of Foreign Service officers. Over the past several years, the attrition rate for FSOs has significantly exceeded the intake rate. Since 1995, 70 FSOs have left the FAS Foreign Service while only 39 have joined. Even more worrisome, 20 percent of FAS FSOs are eligible to retire immediately and 54 percent will be eligible in five years.

Unlike other foreign affairs agencies, FAS relies on an in-house recruitment process to fill our ranks. Civil servants at the GS-11 level and above are eligible to apply after working for USDA for 18 months, 12 of which must be with FAS. This system has worked well in that it effectively screens employees before they apply for the FAS Foreign Service, which helps ensure qualified applicants and provides employees with the opportunity to assess whether or not there is a good long-term fit with the agency. This minimizes attrition, and allows employees to gain work experience so that they are better prepared to represent U.S. agricultural interests abroad.

But while the FAS in-house recruiting system has its advantages, few Civil Service employees are showing an interest in the Foreign Service. In 2003, only 11 people applied and eight were accepted. In contrast, last year the Foreign Commercial Service, which recruits from the outside, invited 114 applicants to the assessment exam, of which, 38 passed and 20 were given conditional offers.

Why the limited number of applicants at FAS? The answer could be our own outreach and hiring practices: we advertise and hire for specific job vacancies. While the Recruitment Committee screens applicants to ensure that they have the right general skill set for FAS, the selecting official hires a person to fill a particular Civil Service position vacancy. Job advertisements make no mention of the potential to join the Foreign Service. As a result, applicants may not be aware that FAS offers a Foreign Service option. The lengthy process associated with hiring for Civil Service positions, which routinely takes up to six months and, in some cases, up to a year, is also problematic. Finally, periodic disruptions caused by hiring freezes send the Recruitment Committee into spells of relative inactivity. After the hiring freeze between 1998 and 2000, the Recruitment Committee almost went dormant. Although it didn't go underground for as long as the 17-year cicadas, the committee did take a while to revive.

What can FAS do to stimulate interest in the Foreign Service? FAS management has already taken a number of steps to address some of the recruitment challenges including an initiative to streamline the hiring process and enhanced workforce planning. In addition, the FAS Recruitment Committee is now led by an FSO.

Will these steps achieve results? Should we be doing more? What is being done to expand outreach? Should we modify our hiring practices so that we can hire Schedule B employees and employees that are currently working for FAS under a personal services contract? Should we follow the lead of other foreign affairs agencies and recruit from the outside? These are questions that need to be debated. Given the significant percentage of FAS FSOs that are near retirement, this is an increasingly urgent task. We would welcome the opportunity to work with the Recruitment Committee to achieve the objective of attracting people that have both the right skills and a strong interest in the Foreign Service. □



USAA Reconfirms Policy of Membership Denial

The ongoing problem with USAA continues. Since 2002, USAA has refused to accept new membership applications from FS employees of FCS, FAS and USAID. AFSA has been arguing for a change in this new policy, and has tried a number of approaches. Most recently, AFSA facilitated the sending of a letter from Commerce Department Secretary Evans to the chairman of USAA.

At its annual board meeting in May, USAA reconfirmed their commitment *not* to allow these non-State Department Foreign Service members to join. AFSA will keep pushing until the policy is changed.

FCS AFSA News

In April, AFSA FCS sponsored a welcome reception for U.S. and Foreign Commercial Service Director General Rhonda Keenum Newman. Over 20 Washington-based members and a few members on temporary duty in Washington attended.

AFSA FCS has had a successful mid-term bargaining session. At AFSA's request, Commerce management agreed to sign on to the State Department "Members of Household" policy. In addition, with urging from AFSA, FCS management announced in April that all officers are now eligible to participate in the American Foreign Service Protective Association open season for the new Immediate Benefit Plan, a term life insurance policy that has been available to State employees since last year. The plan is also being offered to USAID members as well. Additional information can be found at <http://www.afspa.org>.

AAFSW: FS Community Resource

The Associates of the American Foreign Service Worldwide, a nonprofit organization serving the Foreign Service community, continues to add services for the Foreign Service community. The Web site, www.aafsw.org, features columns written by members of the community. Kelly Midura, also known as “the cyberspouse,” writes a series on living frugally in the Foreign Service. Stephanie Tansey writes an interactive column on the art of representation and entertaining. Patricia Linderman takes on relationships in the Foreign Service in the provocative and popular “Personal and Confidential.” A useful resource on the site is the classified ads, which provide a free place for members to advertise.

For people without reliable Internet access, AAFSW has also started “tele-sessions,” conference calls about key Foreign Service topics. Recent topics have included: building a strong Foreign Service marriage, relocating, raising kids in the Foreign Service and thriving as a Foreign Service spouse. For the most recent schedule, check www.aafsw.org or contact the AAFSW office at (202) 362-6514 or office@aafsw.org.

AAFSW is in direct communication with posts through post representatives in over 25 countries, and welcomes more volunteers for the post rep positions. For more information on all AAFSW has to offer, go to www.aafsw.org.

Annuity Overpayment Update

As of late May, 26 retirees had come to AFSA asking for assistance in responding to department demands for repayment of annuity overpayments. AFSA is working hard to assist these retirees and to push for a more fair and transparent system. If you have received an overpayment notice, let AFSA know by contacting Retiree Activities Coordinator Bonnie Brown at e-mail: brown@afsa.org or by phone: (202) 338-4045, ext. 509. □

Bully in the Pulpit

Recently, we have seen the damage of the havoc wrought by abuse-of-power issues as they surfaced in many professions: in the clergy and in media organizations, at big corporations and, most recently and graphically, in the military. The Foreign Service is not immune, and we all know that abuse of power has long been an underaddressed problem. We could be — and should be — doing better at every level: ambassadors, mission directors, project officers and even new entry professionals.



Like the military, the Foreign Service is hierarchically structured; we have our own chain of command and it's risky business taking on the boss, even when the boss is out of line and damaging the reputation not only of the Foreign Service, but of the United States. Overseas, no FS employee challenges a mission director, an ambassador or DCM lightly. Despite all of the dissent awards given by AFSA, it is difficult to counteract such behavior, especially in our risk-averse culture. The lingering fear is always that dissent will be punished. After all, promotions and future assignments (and the individuals who make those determinations) are never far from an officer's mind. Such an environment is conducive for abuses to be ignored or swept under the lumpy, proverbial carpet.

I have been the USAID AFSA vice president for about a year. During this time, I have had numerous phone calls, visits and meetings about abuses in missions; certainly more than enough to convince me that the issue warrants attention. Power is an intoxicant and can prove to be so delicious that it is a cup from which it is all too easy to drink. Professionalism and maturity can be antidotes to overblown egos, but are sometimes in short supply in the management medicine chest. More broadly, agencies have an obligation to provide an abuse-free work environment.

Several incidents of abuse come to mind, and I want to shine a spotlight on a few in the hope that the “ounce of prevention” theory might work. Actually, I am hoping for more — the “more” is called courage. I'm hoping we will have the courage to make sure that our profession avoids the scandal that has plagued others.

CASE ONE: There is a mission director who yells and screams at junior officers about their lack of familiarity with USAID work procedures, yet has failed to assure appropriate mentoring or enough training for them. Subordinates cannot rectify a knowledge gap or training deficiency if their mission director is not willing to assist them by providing opportunities to expand their knowledge base.

CASE TWO: There is the always-in-a-hurry project officer who berates and demeans the Foreign Service National driver who seems not to know the correct destination for a site visit. Yet the officer had failed to inform the motor pool in advance where he needed to go. Cooperation and respect includes co-workers at all levels and job types. Respect and cordiality need to flow in both directions, not just upward to one's superiors.

CASE THREE: There is the junior officer who capriciously dismisses household help. Household help have no AFSA-like organization to defend their rights. Junior officers must remember that they represent the U.S. government and the American people. Let's leave the “Ugly American” stereotype behind as an unfortunate relic of the last century.

Certainly, more training can be helpful, but maturity, civility and decency are the real answers, and so is courage. □

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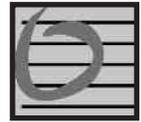
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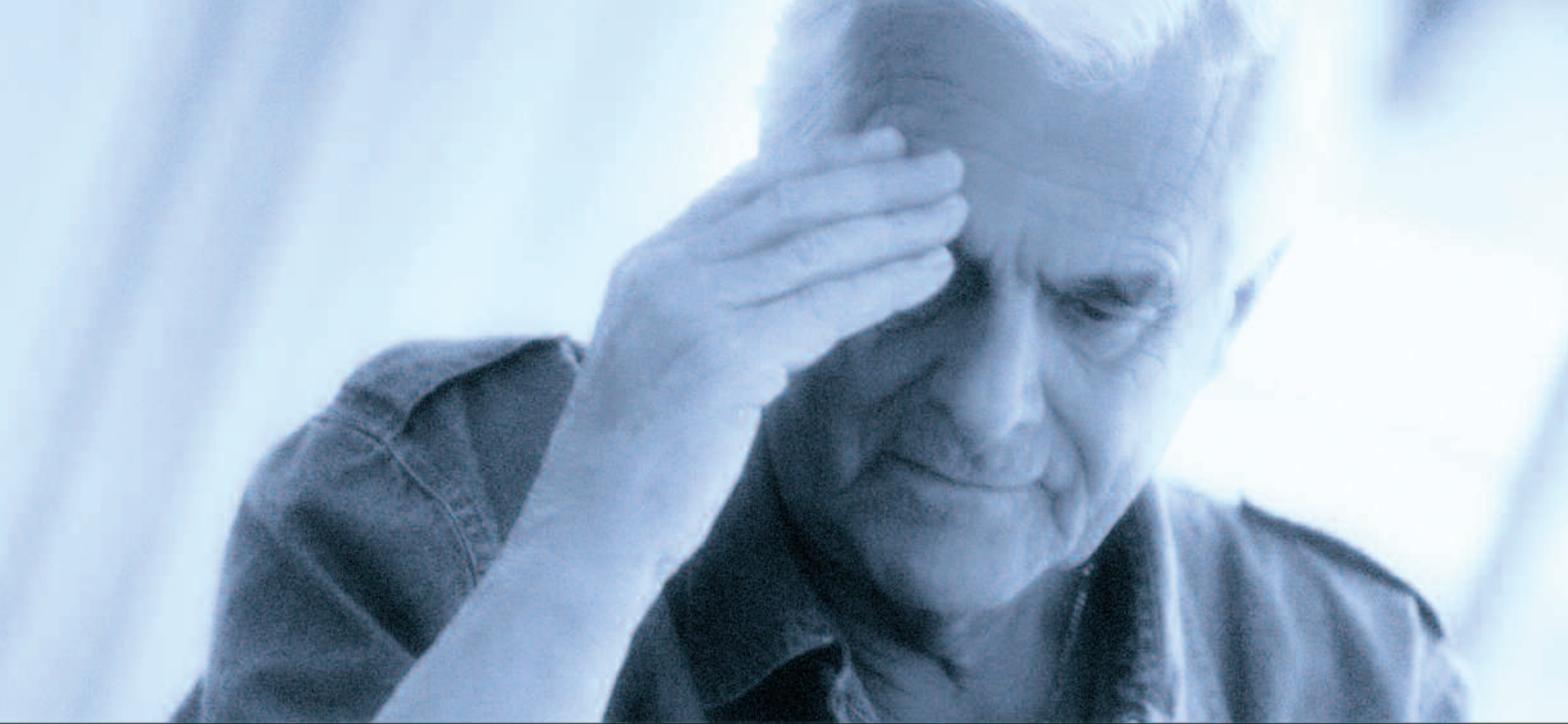
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