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CONTENTS

July-August 2002 ■ Volume 79, No. 7-8



FOCUS ON FICTION

20 / NO ACCOUNTING FOR SAINTLINESS
She was compared to Mother Teresa in good works.
The problem was this: she wasn't accounting
for her government grant.
By Mary Cameron Kilgour



Page 20

25 / THE OLD MAN
The old man's days passed
unremarkably — until the day
not just one but two items in
the mail energized him into an
uncharacteristic break from routine.
By Hank Zivetz

29 / ENCOUNTER AT PALAZZO CORPI
Jarvis could not get the story out of
his mind. He loved a good mystery.
By Ruby E. Carlino

36 / EL SOLDADO DE CABALLOS (THE HORSE SOLDIER)
The American girl knew nothing of cacao's bitterness
or that the cáscara held two nuts in each shell.
She knew only of chocolate that had been refined.
By Gail Ann Kenna

40 / LAST REQUEST
When Sammy was diagnosed with lung cancer,
no one thought it would actually beat him.
He seemed so full of life, almost immortal.
By Phillip Buckley

SPECIAL

32 / AFSA AWARD WINNERS IN ACTION

FEATURE

EAST TIMOR: A NATION BORN, LESSONS LEARNED / 44
The road from the violent aftermath of the Aug. 30, 1999,
independence vote to nationhood on May 20, 2002,
was not smooth. Nor was the opening of a new U.S. post.
By Gary Gray

COLUMNS

PRESIDENT'S VIEWS / 5
AFSA's Secret Weapon
By John K. Naland

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR / 6
By Steven Alan Honley

SPEAKING OUT / 13
Using Public Diplomacy to Promote Agricultural
Biotechnology
By Michael Conlon

FS FINANCES / 16
Gathering Investment Information Online
By Paul K. Stahnke

REFLECTIONS / 64
By F. Champion Ward

DEPARTMENTS

LETTERS / 7

CYBERNOTES / 10

BOOKS / 51

IN MEMORY / 54

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS / 62

AFSA NEWS / CENTER INSERT

Cover and inside illustrations by Jan Stamm

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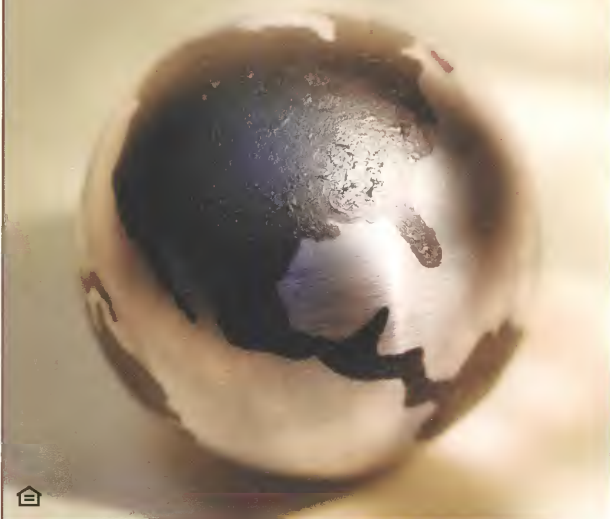
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WILLIAM WANLUND

THE MAGAZINE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS PROFESSIONALS

Foreign Service Journal (ISSN 0146-3543), 2101 E Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20037-2990 is published monthly by the American Foreign Service Association, a private, non-profit organization. Material appearing here-in represents the opinions of the writers and does not necessarily represent the views of the *Journal*, the Editorial Board or AFSA. Writer queries and submissions are invited, preferably by e-mail. *Journal* subscription: AFSA Members - \$9.50 included in annual dues; others - \$40. For foreign surface mail, add \$18 per year; foreign air-mail, \$36 per year. Periodical postage paid at Manchester, N.H., and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to *Foreign Service Journal*, 2101 E Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20037-2990. Indexed by Public Affairs Information Service (PAIS). The *Journal* is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, photos or illustrations. Advertising inquiries are invited. The appearance of advertisements herein does not imply the endorsement of the services or goods offered. FAX: (202) 338-8244 or (202) 338-6520. E-MAIL: journal@afsa.org. WEB: www.afsa.org. TELEPHONE: (202) 338-4045. © American Foreign Service Association, 2001. Printed in the U.S.A. Send address changes to AFSA Membership, 2101 E Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20037-2990. Printed on 50 percent recycled paper, of which 10 percent is post-consumer waste.

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PRESIDENT'S VIEWS

AFSA's Secret Weapon

By JOHN K. NALAND

Since becoming AFSA president, I have been very pleasantly surprised to learn just how much Foreign Service retirees contribute to achieving AFSA's goals. While it makes sense that those who helped to shape the Foreign Service would remain interested in its future, the depth of that interest is still remarkable.



Retirees constitute the "ground troops" in AFSA's outreach campaign to educate, inform and engage the American public on the role of the Foreign Service in the promotion of vital U.S. interests abroad. Retirees are out speaking under AFSA sponsorship before some 200 audiences a year nationwide at universities, World Affairs Councils, Kiwanis and Lions clubs, and other groups. They also address more than 200 Elderhostel classes annually. That adds up to over 400 outreach events a year — more than one a day on average. Several activist retirees deserve special mention for placing articles in regional publications and talking to local groups. Whether their focus is the Middle East, Latin America, or another regional or global issue, an underlying goal is to build a constituency for the budgetary resources that the Foreign Service needs to do its job.

John K. Naland is the president of the American Foreign Service Association.

Retirees constitute the "ground troops" in AFSA's outreach campaign.

Retirees play a key role in taking AFSA's message directly to Congress. During AFSA's second annual Day on the Hill this past May 9, some 44 retirees accompanied 15 AFSA staff members and Governing Board officers up to Capitol Hill to urge passage of the president's FY 2003 budget for international affairs. Our delegation fanned out and met with 36 congressional offices, including meetings with four U.S. senators and six members of the House of Representatives.

While those 44 retirees personally advocated our agenda on Capitol Hill, hundreds of other retirees indirectly support AFSA's efforts. Retirees contributed 72 percent of the money donated last year to AFSA's Legislative Action Fund to support the day-in/day-out lobbying efforts coordinated by our highly experienced and effective Congressional Relations Director, Ken Nakamura. Also, 80 percent of those contributing to our new AFSA-PAC have been retirees.

Besides volunteering time and money, many retirees also generously offer their sage advice to AFSA. One-third of the members of the current AFSA Governing Board are retired Foreign Service members. Retirees

are well represented on the Editorial Board of AFSA's *Foreign Service Journal*, and play key roles in selecting those to be honored in our annual awards program. Finally, retirees frequently respond when AFSA asks for member reaction to draft proposals designed to strengthen the professional Foreign Service.

Unfortunately, retirees are under-represented in one area: AFSA membership. While about 72 percent of active-duty Foreign Service members belong to AFSA, the ratio for retired employees is closer to 25 percent. One reason is that the State Department had not given retirees the same hassle-free option that active employees have long had to pay their AFSA dues via deductions from their checks. Happily, this is no longer the case. AFSA will provide an annuity deduction authorization form to retired members prior to the expiration of their current year's membership.

But what about the 75 percent of retirees who already got away? We will soon send a letter to all non-member Foreign Service retirees explaining the continuing value of AFSA membership during retirement. These colleagues are benefiting from our advocacy of issues affecting Foreign Service retirees but are not contributing to the operating budget that funds that advocacy. If you know anyone in that category, please encourage them to join with you in supporting AFSA. Their support will strengthen our ability to serve all members, retiree and active alike. ■



LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

By STEVEN ALAN HONLEY

Summer is the traditional Foreign Service transfer season, so it seems especially fitting that two more changes to our 83-year-old publication see the light of day in this issue. One is an addition to our format, while the other is actually an expansion of an existing department. But both are intended to make the *Journal* even more relevant and responsive to the needs of the Foreign Service community.

As I foreshadowed back in April, this issue marks the debut of FS Finances, a periodic column addressing financial issues from the unique vantage point of Foreign Service personnel (particularly those serving overseas). Our first installment (p. 16) is by retired FSO Paul K. Stahnke and offers tips on "Gathering Investment Information Online" (a topic our new Cybernotes department may also cover from time to time, incidentally).

Mindful that there is both considerable interest in such information and a great deal of practical expertise out there among our readership, I hope others will be inspired to submit similar pieces for consideration for upcoming issues. Possible topics could relate to investments, retirement planning, saving for your children's education, property management, or any other subject that could reasonably come under the heading of finances for Foreign Service personnel. (Please note that like all submissions to the *Journal*, such columns must be approved by our

*These latest
changes are intended
to make our
83-year-old
publication even
more relevant
and responsive
to your needs.*

Editorial Board and are subject to editing for style, length and format.)

Let me also take this opportunity to reiterate that we are still looking for basic financial questions you would like to see answered by experts who are knowledgeable about the special needs of Foreign Service personnel. (We cannot, of course, promise to answer all questions in print, nor can we acknowledge receipt of those we do not use.) Our Advertising & Circulation Manager, Ed Miltenberger, will match your questions to the appropriate experts. The resulting Q&A columns will appear in *AFSA News*, rotating with the Personnel Issues Q&A by James Yorke and the Retiree Issues Q&A by Ward Thompson. Since we hope to begin this second prong of our FS-finances coverage this fall, please send your questions to Ed via e-mail at miltenberger@afsa.org as soon as possible.

The other change this month is

actually an expansion of an existing feature.

Nine years ago this month, the *Journal's* "Postcard From Abroad" department made its debut, migrating shortly thereafter to the back page of the magazine, where it has remained ever since. When you turn there this month (or look in the Table of Contents), however, you will see a different heading: Reflections. Rest assured that the department will still feature short pieces (approximately 600 words) describing insights you have gained through living in or visiting a foreign location. But as the new title for the department suggests, now we are also seeking more general vignettes about Foreign Service life, past and present. (These may also include photos, by the way.)

Finally, looking ahead, I am pleased to announce that the November issue will spotlight Foreign Service employees of the three smallest foreign affairs agencies, FCS, FAS and IBB. I therefore invite FS personnel in those organizations to submit pieces dealing with your particular professional issues and concerns. Tell us what your mission or office is doing, what it could do better (or what it should not be doing at all), or what it is planning.

For information on how to submit a column, article or letter, please contact us at journal@afsa.org and we will be delighted to respond.

Let us hear from you. ■



LETTERS

Attitudes toward FS Spouses

The May 2002 issue of *State* magazine contains an article entitled "Energetic Spouses Find Work Inside and Outside Embassy Walls." It asserts that looking for new work opportunities "requires flexibility, creativity, self-confidence and a global network," and goes on to declare that "Networking takes initiative." The implication is that spouses without "meaningful" jobs or careers are inflexible, uncreative, and lack energy, self-confidence and initiative. This is unfair to family members who for years have been met with silly bureaucracy, laughable compensation and a total lack of respect.

Ironically, this article is simply more proof of State's attitude on spouse employment — all the problems are the spouse's fault, not State's!

Fortunately, the May 2002 issue of the *Foreign Service Journal* gives a much better and fairer treatment of the matter.

Roger Johnson
Information Management
Officer
Tri-Missions Vienna

Ahead of the Curve in 1976

The article in the May issue about Foreign Service spousal employment advocates providing realistic information to all recruits so they can make informed decisions. But as far back as 1976, we on the Board of Examiners were ahead of the curve.

Three of us — two men and one woman — conducted the then-standard one-hour interview with a female candidate. She was outstanding. We

quickly agreed to recommend that she be hired. Her husband was a law professor and we thought that in fairness we should mention the spousal employment situation to her.

After the exit interview, she went straight to the Office of Equal Employment Opportunity and complained that she was the victim of discrimination! Go figure.

Norman Shaft
FSO, retired
Falls Church, Va.

The Same Deity

Michael Mates' letter, "Not the Same Deity," in the May issue of the *Journal* illustrates the need for more theology education. By Mates' criteria, Jews also are not speaking about the same deity as Christians. Jews, like Muslims, do not accept the Holy Trinity nor do they accept that Jesus Christ is the son of God.

However, Mates' comment that Muslims do not accept the crucifixion disregards the tenets of Christianity. For mainstream Christianity, the crucifixion is a tragedy but not the essential element of faith. Belief in the resurrection of Jesus Christ, which neither Jews nor Muslims accept, is the essential element of Christianity.

Judaism, mostly, accepts the crucifixion but denies the resurrection. Islam teaches that God took Jesus bodily into Heaven and substituted a third thief on the cross — thus no resurrection. And Muslims, who regard Jesus as a prophet co-equal with Moses and Muhammad, accept the Christian belief that God will send

Jesus on the Day of Reckoning to judge the living and the dead.

Mr. Mates' assertion notwithstanding, Jews, Christians and Muslims do indeed all speak of the same God. Unfortunately, we disagree on a large number of technical issues.

We should take Mates' letter as a wake-up call on the need to include comparative theology as an essential element in the training of diplomats.

Patrick N. Theros
Ambassador, retired
Washington, D.C.

No Excuses for Terrorists

I hereby nominate retired FSO Gunther K. Rosinus for his own "Breckenridge Long Award for Moral Obtuseness in Foreign Affairs." He earned the award with his strange letter published in the May *Journal* regarding what he called the "follies" of American "terrorists" Marisa Berenson and John Walker Lindh.

Despite Rosinus' inability or unwillingness to face this unpleasant fact, Berenson and Lindh earned their unenviable status as international terrorists, the former for serving as housemother for Tupac Amaru Revolutionary Movement (MRTA) guerrillas in Peru and the latter for signing up and going to war against the U.S. with a group of violent Muslim extremists whose principal goal in life is to kill Americans.

Do we feel compassion for their parents? Of course, but that's no reason to make excuses for a pair of American terrorists who made terrible choices. Berenson and Lindh, who

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Qualifications. The State Department has established eligibility criteria for FO-02s and FP-02s and for Civil Service officers at the GS-13 or GS-14 level. Details are available in a series of State Department notices or from HR/CDA/SL/CDT and HR/CSP.

LETTERS

chose to betray their own country while avoiding prosecution for treason, deserve to spend many years in prison. And I hope they do!

Guy W. Farmer
USIA FSO, retired
Carson City, Nev.

Wasting Language Training

I would like to comment on "Lost in Translation," a May *Government Executive Magazine* article stating that the State Department has 2,581 positions requiring some linguistic proficiency spanning 64 languages. State has acknowledged its lack of Foreign Service officers who meet language requirements, but it doesn't have reliable data on the extent of the problem.

I expect that there are far more than 2,581 Foreign Service personnel qualified in these 64 languages. The problem is those employees' assumption that they need only do one tour in the country requiring the language, before moving on with their personal world tourism programs. Getting a 3/3 in Bulgarian for a three-year tour in Bulgaria does not make one language-qualified for subsequent tours in Bolivia, Burma, Belgium, etc.

Perhaps the Foreign Service would be better served by getting personnel language-qualified at the 4/4 level and altering assignment policies to ensure that they use their skills during their full 25- to 35-year careers, rather than for just one tour.

Peter Rice
FSO, retired
Sarasota, Fla.

Praise for Cybernotes

The new "Cybernotes" is a great feature. It has included especially pertinent and useful resources right from the start. Great change. Keep up the good work.

Doug Ellrich
Administrative Counselor
Embassy Tbilisi ■

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CYBERNOTES

U.S. Among "Top Ten" Bribe Payers

The Bribe Payers Index 2002 ought to be required reading for administrators of the Bush administration's new Millennium Challenge Account foreign aid program. The BPI 2002 was released May 14 by Transparency International, the Berlin-based global anti-corruption coalition, and is available on TI's Web site (www.transparency.org).

Under the terms of the MCA, developing countries will be required to certify themselves as responsible, corruption-free practitioners of open markets and good governance to qualify for aid. But with corruption, as in other things, "it takes two to tango," and, according to the BPI 2002, American companies are part of the problem.

Corporations from Russia, China, Taiwan and South Korea are by far the top bribe payers in developing countries, the BPI 2002 shows. Close behind, according to the survey, are leading industrial nations, all of which have laws on the books making corrupt payments to foreign officials a crime. Companies from Italy, Hong Kong, Malaysia, the U.S., Japan, France and Spain have a "high propensity to bribe" overseas, states the report.

The U.S. is tied with Japan for eighth place in the bribery rankings, and appears to have increased its propensity to bribe since the 1999 survey.

The Index shows that corruption is concentrated in the public works/construction and arms and defence sectors, with the oil and gas sector a close runner-up. Further, the survey shows that generally corporations do not see criminal prosecution for bribery and other unfair business practices as a significant risk.

The Bribe Payers Index, compiled every two years, is based on surveys conducted in 15 emerging market economies by the Gallup International Association. Between December 2001 and March 2002, a total of 835 interviews were carried out with senior executives of domestic and foreign companies, chartered accountancies, chambers of commerce and national and foreign commercial banks and law firms. The survey questions related to perceptions about multinational firms from 21 countries.

The BPI is by no means the international whistle-blowers' only product. The annual "Global Corruption Report" gives an overview of the state of corruption around the globe, broken down into separate regional reports and global issues. While the

science of measuring corruption is still in its infancy, TI's methodologies, explained on the site, are growing increasingly sophisticated.

TI also produces a Corruption Perception Index, a Kenya Urban Bribery Index, a corruption fighter's Toolkit and scores of issue papers and country studies, all downloadable in PDF format for free from the organization's Web site. The TI site also offers CORIS, the Corruption Online Research and Information System, a large, searchable database of literature and documents from around the world on corruption and governance,

The true diplomat is aware of how much subsequently depends on what clearly can be established to have taken place. If it seems simple in the archives, try it in a maelstrom.

— Former Senator and Ambassador Daniel Patrick Moynihan, quoted by former Secretary of State George P. Shultz in a speech at the National Foreign Affairs Training Center, May 29, 2002

50 Years Ago



It is possible, of course, that the professional diplomat is an anomaly in democratic society ... [One] can only suggest, on the basis of the interwar experience of the two great democracies of Western Europe, that flagrant neglect of the resources and conventions of professional diplomacy has in the past had unfortunate results.

— Gordon A. Craig, "The Professional Diplomat and His Problems: 1919-1939," *FSJ*, July 1952



CYBERNOTES

an invaluable tool for the anti-corruption researcher.

Peter Eigen founded the international corruption monitoring organization in 1993. A former World Bank official with experience in Africa and Latin America, Eigen had argued unsuccessfully within the Bank that corruption must be taken on. In the post-Enron era, it is an idea whose time has come.

The ABCs of Terrorism

Since Sept. 11, terrorism has held top billing as a subject of discussion at almost every level — from the family dinner table to high-level defense and foreign policy analysis and decision-making. Happily, the Internet offers some excellent resources on terrorism to help make that discussion informed and constructive.

The new encyclopedia-in-the-making, *Terrorism: Questions & Answers* (www.terrorismanswers.com), is a good baseline guide and a distinct service to the perplexed at the family dinner-table level. The site is a project of the Council on Foreign Relations and the Markle Foundation, a \$200 million philanthropy that promotes the use of emerging IT and communication media to address public needs. Though some may find the Q&A style and “See Spot run” sentence structure irritating, the material is definitely easy to understand, comes off as nonpartisan and is reasonably authoritative (thereby meeting the creators’ three goals). Moreover, the site is comprehensive: a detailed and very logically-organized index of topics in the left column serves as an overview, and answers to

questions are based on a compilation of expert views with disagreements and uncertainties noted. A summary of news events of the week related to terrorism and America’s response completes the presentation. Cross-referencing is plentiful and useful within the site, but there are no links to any other sites.

For the initiated, the Brookings project, *America’s Response to Terrorism* (www.brookings.edu/terrorism), is a large-scale undertaking focused on both the immediate and long-term challenges of international terrorism. The clean and well-organized Web site provides quick access

to the wealth of information and analysis being generated: biweekly press briefings, analysis and dialogue, congressional testimony, policy briefs, and Frequently Asked Questions. Under Resources, one can find an authoritative list of official and unofficial multinational terrorism and counterterrorism links and a wealth of factual material; under Related Issues/Regions, cross-references to other Brookings projects. And, with organized Internet chat sessions on a given topic and the solicitation of viewer feedback with almost every presentation, interactivity is built into this weighty site.

Site of the Month: www.Crayon.net

Whether you find yourself surfing the Net at work, on the road or on your home PC, making daily visits to all of your favorite sites just became a lot easier. *Crayon*, which stands for “Create Your Own Newspaper,” is a free online tool to manage news and information sources on the World Wide Web. With it, you can customize the information you receive every day in the format of an interactive newspaper. *Crayon* provides an extensive list of links covering diverse subjects — everything from political news to religion — from which to choose as many as you like to comprise the content of your newspaper.

A major advantage of the site is that it’s quite user-friendly. Find yourself unsatisfied by *Crayon*’s suggestions? You can use your own favorite sites, simply entering the Web address of the source. You don’t like the look of your newspaper? No problem: *Crayon* provides several layout alternatives. The end result is the creation of your personal newspaper, complete with your choice of title and motto, that includes a page highlighting the day’s headlines along with a sidebar allowing for easy navigation to all of your beloved sites.

At first glance, the site might appear to be little more than a glorified version of the favorites folder on your browser. Don’t be fooled! One of *Crayon*’s biggest benefits is that it stores your newspaper on a remote server, rather than on the computer hard drive like your browser does. Doing so allows you to access your newspaper on any Internet-enabled computer. Not to fret: even if you are on the road without your laptop, your customized newspaper is just a few clicks away.



Not to be left out, the Center for Studies in International Security announced in February that its Global Organized Crime Project, chaired by Judge William H. Webster and directed by Arnaud de Borchgrave, would be replaced by "a new, more relevant program," the "Transnational Threats Initiative." But the new program doesn't appear to have gotten off the ground: at the CSIS Web site (www.csis.org) the tired, old 1999-2000 GOC offerings haven't even gotten a name change, much less an update. The site does, however, offer a "Terrorism War Update" by Anthony Cordesman; "Terrorism-Related Publications," chief among which is a useful overview of long-term foreign policy challenges posed by Sept. 11, "To Prevail," by CSIS Sr. VP Kurt

Campbell; and, for the media, a list of CSIS experts on "Terrorism Analysis: Causes, Responses."

Not surprisingly, the Center for Defense Information's *Terrorism Project* (www.cdi.org/terrorism), a more substantive resource, offers a military-strategic perspective on the issue. The independent military watchdog group's Web site is easy to navigate, and contains action updates and a very useful "Eye on Iraq," which analyzes developments relating to this candidate for "Phase II" of the war on terrorism. "Terrorist Network" contains clearly written profiles of the various terror outfits, with excellent maps and references.

The only think tank wholly dedicated to terrorism with an up-to-date presence on the Net is the

International Policy Institute for Counter-Terrorism (www.ict.org.il). (Others, such as the Terrorism Research Center and the Center for the Study of Terrorism and Political Violence seem to have lost their webmasters or otherwise gone into limbo as of 2000.) The ICT, established in 1996 in Herzliya, Israel and headed by Shabtai Shavit, former director of the Israeli Intelligence Agency (Mossad), makes no claim to be nonpartisan. ICT is presently aggressively advising policy-makers and "bidding for its definition of terrorism to be accepted and standardized internationally." The group has projects under way to track terrorism legislation worldwide and to assemble a database of international terror attacks since 1960. ■

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SPEAKING OUT

Using Public Diplomacy to Promote Agricultural Biotechnology

BY MICHAEL CONLON

Even though biotechnology is still in its infancy in the U.S., and barely known in most of the world, it already represents a major advance in agricultural science. During the 2001 growing season — just five years after crops genetically enhanced through biotechnology became available for commercial production in the United States on significant acreage — 26 percent of corn acreage, 68 percent of soybean acreage and 69 percent of cotton acreage consisted of varieties improved through biotechnology. Biotech products already approved for commercialization in the United States include tomatoes with superior color, taste, texture, and a longer shelf life than conventional tomatoes; peppers that have a novel sweet taste, a deep red color, and are nearly seedless; and soybeans that produce an oil with lower levels of saturated fats.

Scientists are using these techniques to make many foods more nutritious, increasing concentrations of natural minerals and vitamins and eliminating dangerous allergens. Biotechnology may eventually produce vegetables with increased quantities of antioxidants to reduce the risk of cancer and fruits containing vaccines for diseases that devastate developing countries, at only a fraction of the cost of more traditional vaccination programs.

In addition, by making it possible to customize the genetic makeup of crop plants so they can grow in extreme climates, or in saline soils, biotechnology also offers the promise

Despite its many selling points, widespread misconceptions about agricultural biotechnology could deny its benefits to the rest of the world.



of increased food production. This could make self-sustaining agriculture a reality for people in areas of the world that aren't currently able to feed their populations.

Finally, biotechnology is good for the environment. Biotech crops containing natural herbicides can require less tilling of land, reducing the danger of soil erosion, and use fewer chemicals — meaning cleaner water, healthier soils, enhanced conditions for wildlife and greater biodiversity.

Despite these many selling points, widespread misconceptions and fears about agricultural biotechnology not only threaten billions of dollars in U.S. exports but could also deny its benefits to the rest of the world. Already there are campaigns in many countries calling for a moratorium (or an outright ban) on both the testing and

commercialization of the technology.

To counter this disturbing trend, U.S. embassies in several countries are utilizing robust public diplomacy efforts to increase public understanding and acceptance of bioengineered foods. But as useful as these ad-hoc efforts have been, they could be even more effective if they were coordinated and supported back in Washington.

A Lesson from London

Despite extremely close ties to the United States, the United Kingdom has been at the forefront of hostility to agricultural biotechnology and is a particular bellwether for European and global attitudes toward the technology. For example, a national opinion poll in February 1999 indicated that only 33 percent of those surveyed said they would eat food that contained biotech ingredients. This consumer apprehension has been fueled by a variety of causes, such as past food scares, the lack of reliable information about the technology, and the spread of negative information by some groups opposed to agricultural biotechnology — all factors which public diplomacy is well-suited to counter.

To address these concerns, Embassy London began a campaign in 1999 to facilitate a rational, open dialogue with opinion leaders in government, politics, the media, education, the environment, the food industry and other related fields. This focus on influential figures provided a multiplier effect for efforts to help increase

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SPEAKING OUT

the British public's understanding of agricultural biotechnology.

Specifically, since 1999 the embassy has sponsored several International Visitor programs for U.K. opinion leaders to visit the United States to meet with regulators and other interested parties, and coordinated outreach events throughout the United Kingdom for U.S. scientists and regulators. In concert with other organizations that wanted to promote rational dialogue on the issue, the embassy also co-hosted an international conference on agricultural biotechnology in May 2001 and provided partial funding for a booklet developed by a U.K.-based foundation on agricultural biotechnology for high school science teachers.

This sustained public education campaign is already beginning to show results. By February 2001, a national survey indicated that 48 percent of the respondents would eat biotech food, an increase of 15 percent over a two-year period.

Getting the Message Out

London is just one of many U.S. embassies that are active on the biotechnology issue. A regional agricultural attaché in Vienna, Paul Spencer-MacGregor, reports that the fight for science-based policies is occurring on many fronts in the region. For example, to counter draft legislation in Croatia that would ban all products derived from modern gene technology, Spencer-MacGregor notes, "with the help of the public affairs office of the embassy, we have held press conferences and printed local language brochures. And the embassy in Zagreb has been 'zealous' in delivering demarches to the government. But what it really comes down to is public education."

Several embassies in Eastern Europe collectively organized an education trip on biotechnology in 2001 to

U.S. embassies in several countries are utilizing robust public diplomacy efforts to increase public understanding and acceptance of bioengineered foods.

the United States for opinion leaders from the Czech Republic, Slovenia, Hungary, Slovakia and Croatia. The trip was filmed by Czech public television for use as a documentary, then translated into several languages and distributed to various countries in the region. These embassies have also organized regional conferences on agricultural biotechnology throughout Eastern Europe, bringing over various U.S. experts to speak.

Nor are such efforts confined to Europe. Last year, U.S. embassies in Mexico, Peru, Chile, South Africa and the Philippines, in liaison with the U.S. Department of Agriculture, put together effective educational programs of their own on biotechnology. USDA, in partnership with U.S. private companies and trade associations, provided the U.S. speakers and educational resources for the events, while the embassies provided the venues and the local speakers. Many of the programs also attracted co-sponsorship from local organizations and came at critical times in the debate over agricultural biotechnology. For example, the seminar in the Philippines occurred at the same time as the legislature was drafting a key biotech policy statement, while in Chile, the event coincided with that



country's debate on biotech labeling.

Two weeks following the conference in Lima, attended by Bolivia's vice minister of agriculture, the government of Bolivia rescinded a recent decree that would have required all crops, or food products produced from crops that have been enhanced using biotechnology, to be labeled. And U.S. Ambassador to Peru John R. Hamilton reported that the conference "was an outstanding example of the exceptional results from synergism between Washington and U.S. embassies." Embassy Mexico City selected several local legislators to travel to the United States to learn about U.S. regulatory policy on agricultural biotechnology; the USDA-sponsored trip coincided with the debate in the Mexican Congress over labeling requirements on biotech-derived foods. In South Africa, a biotech seminar sponsored by the U.S. embassy stimulated discussion among stakeholders on the needs and opportunities for such products throughout Africa.

Coordination Is the Key

The public diplomacy campaigns undertaken by these embassies can be duplicated throughout the world on a more centralized basis to provide broad-based, in-depth information on biotechnology to opinion leaders. The public affairs, science, economic and (where applicable) commercial and agricultural sections at each post should collaborate on a multifaceted approach, bringing local figures to the United States for programs on agricultural biotechnology, and providing venues for U.S. regulators and scientists to speak in the target country. We should also make information on agricultural biotechnology easily accessible to the public through embassy Web sites and work with other interested parties in disseminating information and cosponsoring conferences.

Opinion polls in key countries should be commissioned on consumers' attitudes on biotech food to measure the effectiveness of our public diplomacy initiatives. Public diplomacy on agricultural biotechnology should be undertaken in countries that are important markets for U.S. agricultural products but where consumers have not evinced negative attitudes to the technology. Convincing consumers with open minds about the benefits of biotech food will be significantly easier than changing the minds of consumers who are already hostile to the technology.

To be effective on a worldwide basis, however, will require a substantial commitment of U.S. resources and increased coordination among State, Commerce, USAID and USDA. In addition to their institutional expertise in world agriculture and agricultural biotechnology, the Foreign Agricultural Service's attachés have important contacts in the food industry in each host country. And USDA has close ties to many U.S. agricultural trade associations, which also see global hostility towards biotechnology as a threat to U.S. farming.

No innovation is ever immediately and universally accepted. Nevertheless, misconceptions or incomplete information about agricultural biotechnology could jeopardize development of the technology and the tremendous promise it holds for so many people. We owe it to U.S. agriculture, the consumer, the environment, and the hungry around the world to do all we can to promote a rational dialogue about this critically important technology. ■

Michael Conlon has been a Foreign Service officer with the Foreign Agricultural Service since 1988. He has served in Mexico City and London and is currently acting agricultural attaché in Santiago.



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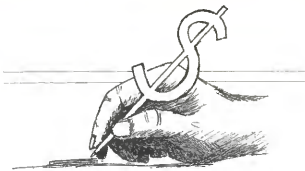
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FS FINANCES

Gathering Investment Information Online

BY PAUL K. STAHNKE

In his recent book, *Investing: The Last Liberal Art* (Texere, 2002), Robert G. Hagstrom asks why, even though we know that no one can infallibly predict the future of the stock market, we nevertheless persist in listening to market forecasters. Hagstrom suggests that it may be because a belief in magic is central to the human psyche.

Whatever the truth of that theory, it is certainly reasonable for investors to consult analysts for advice, always bearing mind the possible influence of external forces on their judgment. As a retired FSO, I know all too well the unique difficulties that Foreign Service investors have both in managing their stock market holdings and in conducting other financial matters while they are stationed abroad. I have maintained a modest stake in the stock market ever since the 1960s, and enjoyed reasonable success until the infamous market collapse in the fall of 1987. Because I was overseas and no Internet was available at that time, I was unable to react fast enough to sell some of my holdings.

After a long Foreign Service career, I retired in April 1988 and became better able to tend to my investment holdings, which have enjoyed modest but satisfactory growth. In the 1990s, I joined a local investment club consisting of fellow retired foreign affairs officers and have been the club's presiding partner (i.e., president) for the past two years. Our club is intended primarily as a vehicle for education on stock market investment and joint research on

*The Internet offers
even far-flung
Foreign Service
personnel the
ability not only to
buy and sell stocks
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research stocks,
bonds and mutual
funds.*



stocks. It operates under the auspices and rules of the National Association of Investors Corporation, whose Web site (www.better-investing.org) offers details on membership and other useful information. When I asked NAIC whether they accept membership from overseas, they told me that individual membership is accepted; they then referred me to the site of the World Federation of Investors (wfic.org), of which NAIC is a member. The site lists a number of chapters in Europe and elsewhere.

I have learned much from club membership, though hardly enough to lay claim to magical powers in predicting how the stock market will fare. But I have picked up a good deal of practical expertise along the way about how to manage holdings and how to know when to sell them.

In particular, the Internet has

made those tasks far easier than when I was overseas. It offers even far-flung Foreign Service personnel the ability not only to buy and sell stocks online but to research stocks, bonds and mutual funds as well as other financial matters such as college scholarships, tuition assistance and the like.

The Right Investments for You

Of course, particularly in periods of market turbulence such as we are currently experiencing, it is natural to ask whether it is wise to invest in stocks at all. After all, many hitherto promising stocks have declined significantly in value over the past several years, some of them disastrously. Certainly, anyone going into the market in the late 1990s at the height of the boom would now be suffering grievously, particularly if they concentrated on stocks that were "hot" then, such as the high-tech sector. During such periods, the general caution that normal investors should not buy short-term or put all their eggs in one basket is even more applicable than usual.

"Short term" is the key phrase, however. Over the long haul, stock market investments have historically proven to be better choices than other investments, enjoying average annual growth rates of seven percent (albeit with plenty of ups and downs along the way). Though bonds may offer steadier and more secure returns, they generally provide lower total returns over time. As for real estate, a house can be a better investment than stocks (depending on when it is pur-



chased, interest rates and other factors) but for most of us, it is primarily a practical purchase.

At any rate, let us suppose that you have decided to enter, or stay in, the stock market. Which of the thousands of stocks do you choose? Obviously, the better informed you are about what is out there, the better the chances of making wise investments. Fortunately, assistance is available from a variety of sources: full-service stockbrokers; published analyses by companies such as Value Line and Standard & Poor's (both available in most public libraries but more difficult to find overseas); and a number of online sources, some of which I will identify below.

All this research takes time, effort and money, of course. This may be a pleasure for the more hands-on investor but a tedious chore for oth-

The better informed you are about what is out there, the better the chances of making wise investments. Assistance is available from a variety of sources.

ers. One solution for the latter group may be to invest in mutual funds and let experts do the research. However, there are also many different mutual funds, so the same question applies as

it does to investors assessing individual stocks: How does one choose which to buy?

Some Investment Sites

The best single source of information, in my opinion, is Morningstar (toll-free number: [800] 737-7000), which has a Web site at www.morningstar.com. This site provides information on both mutual funds and stocks. Among the many options available on this site, some free general information is provided to visitors who are willing to register, though the company seems to have substantially reduced those free resources, presumably in hopes of enticing investors to subscribe.

Particularly for new investors, I would recommend trying the free resources first and then, if found necessary, subscribe to the service. This

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costs \$11.95 per month, \$109 a year or \$189 for two years (the best value). However, the first 30 days are free, so if you subscribe and don't find the information helpful, you can always cancel your subscription within that timeframe. An alternative is to purchase Morningstar's recently published "Funds 500," a 600-page roundup of mutual fund performance last year, which may be ordered online at Amazon.com for \$27.97.

One highlight of the Web site is Morningstar's list of "15 Great Funds for the Future," which provides diverse choices for long-term investors. The five core stock funds include names such as Dreyfus Appreciation (stock market symbol OGAX), T. Rowe Price Equity-Income (PRFDX), Fidelity Dividend Growth (FDGFX), TIAA-CREF Growth & Income (TIGIX); and

As a retired FSO, I know all too well the unique difficulties that Foreign Service investors have in conducting financial matters while they are stationed abroad.

Vanguard Total Stock Market (VTSMX), an index fund that mimics the broad Wilshire 5000. All five of these funds provide a broad balance of stock holdings and, because of the

simplicity of managing them, have low maintenance fees.

The Morningstar book also lists a number of aggressive-stock funds, including Davis Growth Opportunity (RPEAX) and Janus Mercury (JAMRX). As the term "aggressive" suggests, these funds offer the potential of higher returns, but also pose higher risks. All of these funds can also be reviewed at Morningstar's Web site.

Another excellent source of information and analysis of stocks is www.quicken.com. It is intuitively easy to use. You simply enter the symbol of a stock (if you don't know it, there is a "Symbol Lookup" field) and press "go." The left-hand column has a "one-click scorecard" giving analysis of the stock following guidelines similar to those used by NAIC. It's a good way to separate out the promising stocks from the clunkers.

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If you are an AOL subscriber, America Online has a good stock-screening site at: <http://research.web.aol.com/screen.htm>. This provides tools that can help AOL members to select the stocks that best meet their individual investment goals.

Finally, one other investment guide I like is the Web site of *Investor's Business Daily*: www.investors.com. However, be aware that access to this site is tied to subscription to the newspaper, which is an excellent source of investment information but obviously not nearly as useful if received weeks later through the pouch.

Similarly, all these information sources are useful only if you have a computer connected to a telephone line with a server at the other end to put you on to the Internet. If you are in a country lacking these facilities and with poor mail and pouch services,

you are in a situation such as I dealt with in Somalia 15 years ago, where any changes you make in your portfolio may take weeks to be processed. Accordingly, it is crucial to do your stock market investment planning with the long term in mind. Before leaving for such a post, review your portfolio to determine whether it can stand the test of time. Make certain you have solid stocks or mutual funds with an excellent record. And above all, keep in mind that the seven percent average annual growth rate of stocks over time I cited above is an average only. It could be more or less, depending on the stocks chosen.

To choose the right stocks is a challenge. Even with the best information available, there is no guarantee of success. But Foreign Service personnel overseas can at least increase their chances by using all available

resources before making up their mind on either a purchase or a sale.

A final note: If any of you have favorite investment Web sites not mentioned here, please send the information to the *Foreign Service Journal* (journal@afsa.org) so that it may be featured in future columns. ■

Paul Stahnke was a Foreign Service officer from 1951 to 1988, serving in Hamburg, Palermo, Venice, Tokyo, Mogadishu, Copenhagen, Paris, Bangkok and Washington, before retiring with the rank of minister-counselor. Since his retirement from the Service, he has been a senior inspector for the State Department and done consultancy work on economic issues and investment risk analyses. For a decade, he has been a member of the Foreign Service Retirees Investment Club, which he has headed for the past two years.

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NO ACCOUNTING FOR SAINTLINESS

She was compared to Mother Teresa in good works. The problem was this: she wouldn't account for her government grant. The auditors wanted to investigate. So the ambassador told me to go down to Calipayan in Mindanao where Sister Cristina de la Cruz had her headquarters and solve the problem.

After hours of travel on increasingly smaller and more ancient planes, I reached the airport nearest Calipayan, a dirt runway cut into a coconut plantation on the southern coast. The air smelled of salt and smoke from burning field debris at the edge of the airfield.

A short slender man with oiled hair strode toward me. On his narrow hip he had an enormous gun in a brown holster studded with white seashells.

"You are Madam Fraser?"

"Yes, and you?"

"I am Manolo. I am here to carry you to my Mother."

"Your mother?"

"Yes, Mum." He took my bag, and I followed him through the small Quonset-hut terminal.

"We're going to Calipayan to Sister Cristina?" The meaning of the name of her home base, Calipayan, suddenly struck me: happiness.

"Yes, Mum. Our boat is just there, with Berting, who will carry us."

The boat was small, carved from a tree trunk. A teenager in khaki shorts and rubber sandals sat revving the engine, holding onto the dock with one hand to steady the boat as we stepped in. My rear end was almost as wide as the boat. Berting pulled out to sea, the soft putt-putt of the engine barely disturbing the huge sense of silence. "What exactly do you do for Sister Cristina?"

Manolo turned in his seat to answer. "Mother helps us in all ways. So I help her in all ways."

"But what exactly is your job?" I tried to remember the list of employees in the project file. "Why do you carry that gun?"

"Pro-teck-shun." He pronounced it as three words. "I work with the fishing co-op. We are pirates."

"I beg your pardon?"

"We are peaceful now; we no longer smuggle. Thanks be to God and to the efforts of our Mother, we have become fishermen."

I sat back to avoid learning more than I wanted to know just yet. I ran through my questions. Did Sister Cristina understand that she was required to submit quarterly reports? Why wasn't she sending them? How much money remained? How far behind schedule was she? Getting the answers would keep me busy today and tomorrow. I'd make the long journey back to Manila the day after tomorrow,



Jan Stamm

SHE WAS COMPARED TO MOTHER TERESA IN GOOD WORKS. THE PROBLEM WAS THIS: SHE WASN'T ACCOUNTING FOR HER GOVERNMENT GRANT.

MARY CAMERON KILGOUR

*The meaning of the name of her home base, Calipayan,
suddenly struck me: happiness.*

Friday. A half-hour later Berting pulled the boat expertly up to the dock of a small island. Manolo jumped off to tie a line. He reached for my bag, then for me, and I stepped onto the long, narrow dock. We started walking single file toward the village, approaching two men. As we came close, they yelped and both jumped into the water. "What on earth?"

"You may be the first white person to visit Calipayan in many years, and the people here are very superstitious."

"Oh, great. Who are these people?"

"They are sea gypsies, like me, but they are uneducated."

The dock led onto a narrow path of rough coral edged by small bamboo houses and shops on rickety stilts above the water. At the end of the path was a grove of coconut trees and bananas. Manolo turned left along a rickety scaffold to a cluster of wooden buildings also over the water.

"This is our headquarters."

We stepped onto a wide porch and then into a large room that appeared to be a reception area and office. Chairs lined three walls and four desks lined the fourth wall. Behind each desk was a table covered with crooked piles of paper. Manolo led me through a narrow corridor onto an open porch, off of which were three doors. He opened the first door and motioned me into a small room with a narrow bed of woven rattan with a mosquito net over it.

"The dining room and kitchen are in the next building. The comfort room and shower room are next door. Would you like Nescafe?"

"Yes, that would be nice." I put my bag down and followed him.

Mary Cameron Kilgour was an FSO with USAID from 1966 to 1995. She served in Pakistan, Colombia, Costa Rica, the Philippines, Liberia and Bangladesh. Now retired in Gainesville, Fla., she writes fiction and creative nonfiction and volunteers with several local groups.

The dining room had a long table covered with oil-cloth and several wooden chairs. Manolo made us each a cup of instant coffee with hot water from a thermos. Just as I took a sip, he jumped up and rushed to the door. "Here is our Mother!"

Sister Cristina entered the room in a rush. I felt the breeze she created, yet she was incredibly short, well under five feet tall, and rotund in a billowing white cotton habit. She smiled, and her face seemed to light up. She came quickly toward me. "You are welcome, my dear lady. You bring greetings from Mr. Ambassador?"

"Yes, Sister, thank you. I'm happy to be here. I look forward to learning about your operation."

"Good. Tomorrow we will see the fishermen on their boats."

"Well, I'm not sure I'll have time for that, Sister. I need to concentrate on the issue at hand. And be back in Manila by Friday."

"Oh, my dear, we will be disappointed if you leave us too soon. You must stay longer, see everything. What exactly is the issue at hand?"

I took a long drink of my coffee. "Well, Sister, the grant you received last year requires quarterly reports. We haven't received any. As my letter said, we have no idea how your project is going."

"That is why you must stay and visit the fishermen on their boats and the weighing and packing operation. And you need to attend the co-op meeting. And see our work with the fishermen's families, the well-baby clinic and the literacy classes."

"Yes, Sister, but most importantly, I need to talk with your accountant and look at the reports he's been preparing. I'd like to carry those reports back to Manila."

Our cups were empty. Sister Cristina's smooth round face looked perplexed.

"Do you think I am stealing your money?"

I gulped. What should I say? Did I believe that? I said the Christian thing. "Of course not!"

"Then why are you only interested in reports when

This first meeting hadn't gone well. I'd probably have to go to confession before all this was over, for the first time in years.

you could be seeing our work on the boats, in the homes of our people? I wish to share all of our work with you, so you return to Manila blessed by a full understanding."

"But the government requires reports, Sister. We have to account for the funds."

"Are you not interested in the results?"

"Yes, but we need reports too. The auditors, Congress."

I was sweating. The sun had set, turning the room from rosy orange to gray. Manolo, at the end of the table, the gun still on his hip, lit a small kerosene lamp. I felt foolish, even sinful. I needed to escape. "Excuse me, where is the comfort room?" Manolo stood, turned on a flashlight, and directed me next door. He handed me the flashlight and left. His knitted brow signaled disapproval.

When I returned to the dining room it was empty. I went to my room to unpack my bag. Someone had put a pitcher of water and a basin, towel, and sliver of soap on a table in the corner. I started to wash by the light of the flashlight, dripping water through the slatted bamboo floor into the sea. Then, the window still open to passing boatmen, I changed in the dark and lay down on the hard rattan bed to think through my next moves. This first meeting hadn't gone well. I'd probably have to go to confession before all this was over, for the first time in years.

I must have dozed. Suddenly I heard tapping that became insistent. I opened the door to find a young girl.

"Dinner is ready. They are waiting."

I put my shoes on, rubbed the sleep from my face and followed her. A pressurized lantern lit the dining room. Insects smacked it and fell to the floor. Sister Cristina, Manolo, a man they introduced as Akub, the captain of one of the fishing teams, and several other men sat at the table, which was loaded with a massive plate of rice and smaller plates of prawns and fish mixed with greens and onions. The young girl was setting bowls of soup in front of each person.

"We shall say grace first."

My eyes closed for a ritual almost forgotten.

"Bless us, Oh Lord, and these thy gifts which we are about to receive from thy bounty" My eyelids relaxed on hearing the familiar grace.

The food was delicious. I had been hungry. After dinner Akub talked about the catch that week.

"The holds were full by this morning, better than last week by at least 10 percent. We'll know for sure at the weighing."

Sister Cristina seemed to glow. "Wonderful, wonderful!"

Manolo sat writing in a large black book and didn't say much. Sister Cristina stood up. I peeked at my watch. It was 8:45.

"Tomorrow will come early, my dear. I will say good night and see you at breakfast."

"Yes, good night. Thank you." I returned to my room and lay down. The small pillow smelled of mildew but a cool breeze came through the open window and I tucked the rough sheet around me.

The next thing I knew it was morning. From the sounds around me others were already up. I washed, dressed quickly, and went to the dining room, eager to discuss my schedule with Sister.

Manolo was there with Akub. "Ah, Mum, you had a good sleep?" Manolo asked.

"Yes, thank you. Where is Sister?"

"She has gone ahead. We are to join her at the fishing traps in the southeast quadrant."

What! She expected me to visit the fishing operation, when I had explained that I wouldn't have time? "Manolo, is there an accountant here at the office? I need to find out about the reports that are overdue."

"Yes, but no one will be here today. We will all be fishing or at the packing plant."

"When can I speak with the accountant?"

"Perhaps next week. We turn our attention to such matters when we have our monthly co-op meeting."

God, help me. "Is there any way that I'll be able to see

The Mass was sweet. I whispered my responses in English at all the right places and enjoyed myself more than I had expected.

the reports and still catch the plane back to Manila tomorrow?"

"I think not, Mum."

Nibbling on the rice and fried eggs, I thought about my options. I could tell Manolo to take me back to the airport right then. But there was no plane until tomorrow so that didn't make sense. Perhaps I could reason with Sister in the course of the day, spend tonight collecting the reports and still make the plane tomorrow. "Okay, let's go to the fishing zone." Manolo smiled.

After a two-hour boat ride we reached an area studded with prawn traps marked with colorful floats painted like the jeepney taxis of Manila. It made for a bizarre scene. But there was no sight of Sister Cristina. She had 'gone ahead.'

"Ahead where?"

"To the packing plant."

Akub explained the operation with enthusiasm, how each fisherman owned his own traps but paid the co-op a percentage for support services, including loans, technical assistance, supplies and marketing. Each fisher family had improved its standard of living, he said. Piracy had declined. I changed the subject; the less I learned about piracy, the better.

When we reached the packing plant I was surprised to see that it was a refrigerated ship rather than a warehouse. Akub explained.

"The ship will take the prawns directly to the market in Zamboanga City and return within three days."

"Who owns the ship?"

"The co-op leases the ship from a Japanese businessman in Zamboanga but we hope to buy it within two years."

Sister Cristina was nowhere to be seen. She had come and gone again. Was she trying to hoodwink me? I toured every inch of the smelly ship with Akub and the captain, a Mr. Plaza. Then we had a lunch of grilled prawns, rice, and wonderfully cold Pepsis. Captain Plaza was friendly and talkative but knew little about the co-op side of the operation.

We arrived back in Calipayan as the sun was set-

ting. Little children eyed me shyly, hiding behind their mothers or running away if I looked directly at them. But no one jumped into the water.

Back at the HQ, I was told that Sister would see me at dinner. No one said where she was. I washed and changed into my remaining clean clothes. I wandered back to the office reception area and started leafing through the papers behind each desk. They seemed to be the accounts of each co-op member. When it got too dark to read I made my way to the dining room, where I found Sister talking quietly with some of her staff. She had been in the complex the entire time, because she had not passed by me at the entrance. "Ah, Sister, I thought you had gone out."

"No, my dear, I was saying my prayers, as we religious do." Her eyes were twinkling again. "Come. Have coffee before we dine. Have a cookie."

I sat with them and ate a delicious imported Danish butter cookie.

Smuggled? "Sister, I had hoped to return to Manila tomorrow, but I can't return without the reports."

"Then you will stay with us longer."

"It'll be inconvenient. The next plane is Sunday, right?"

"No. Monday. You can attend Mass with us on Sunday. A priest will be at Yulo."

"I need time with your accounts, Sister. You do have an accountant?"

"I am the accountant," said Manolo.

I stared at him, and then at her. The shock on my face surely rivaled that of the men who had jumped into the water.

She smiled. "The Americans think we are stealing their money, Manolo. My dear, what did you think of the operation you saw today?"

I sipped my coffee. "It was impressive, I admit." I took another, longer sip. "But I really must see proof in your records."

"Perhaps tomorrow night or the next day Manolo can show you the files. Tomorrow we cannot miss the wedding of Akub's son. It will be joyous."

Manolo drank so much palm wine that he would clearly be in no condition to show me the books that night.

The next day we attended a Muslim wedding, which was mostly social as far as I could see. Sister Cristina said the legal part between the two parties took place in private before we arrived. It was fun, I admit. Manolo drank so much palm wine that he would clearly be in no condition to show me the books that night. We took a boat back from Akub's house. In the black of night without electricity the stars seemed close enough to touch and the water in the shallow bay sparkled with phosphorescence.

I went to bed feeling oddly content, from the palm wine perhaps. I would meet with Manolo immediately after Mass and spend the afternoon going over the records. I slept soundly.

The next morning we left by boat before breakfast, Sister preferring not to break her fast before taking Communion. She had found me a large straw hat, after remarking on how the white city skin on my nose and arms was already red and starting to peel.

Three hours later we pulled up to the dock at Yulo! A half-hour for Mass, lunch with the priest, and the return trip would shoot the whole day. The Mass was sweet. I whispered my responses in English at all the right places and enjoyed myself more than I had expected.

That night I went looking for Manolo. He was nowhere to be found. Sister had also disappeared. "She is praying," said the kitchen girl, Zenaida.

On Monday I awoke early and was the first person at breakfast. The sun was far to the east and to the west the water had an opaque sheen that reflected the sky. The village looked quaint and tranquil.

But the ambassador had been serious when he told me not to return without the reports.

Sister Cristina came in with a bustle. "Good morning, my dear. You must be full of energy to be up so early."

I smiled. "So I am, Sister. I've decided to spend the day going through your records myself. Can you tell me where the records are for the activities that the grant has paid for?"

"Of course. All of the receipts and revenue records are in the four desks in the reception room. And the co-op members' accounts are in the piles behind each desk. What more do you need?"

"Have any plans or targets changed since the grant was approved?"

"No, except that we're ahead on everything. The bottom drawer of the fourth desk has the plans and performance file. We're spending faster than the budget but we're catching and selling prawns and fish even faster. Phase One should end in fifteen months rather than the eighteen months we anticipated. We'll have spent all of the American money by then and will be well over 100 percent of our goals. The Japanese have already offered us a grant for Phase Two and the Europeans want Phase Three. By Phase Four we should be self-supporting."

Mother smiled, Buddha-like, innocent and benign. I took a deep breath, let it out slowly, and turned my frown into a smile. Our eyes met. "I think I can prepare the reports myself from the information you have." And that's what I did. I spent two days at the four desks and reconciled everything with the grant. Without a Xerox machine, I made notes and certified that I had seen the original receipts. I caught the plane heading back to Manila on Wednesday.

Three months later I returned to Calipayan and did the same thing to close out the project. No one jumped into the water this time. True to Mother Cristina's word, and amply documented, the project's results were really quite amazing. There was a farewell party for me on my last night, with singing and dancing, eating and speeches. I sat next to a Mr. Igocha from the Japanese aid agency. Looking perplexed, he leaned toward me to whisper. "I am surprised the Americans are giving away such a wonderful project."

I looked around the rustic room at the fishermen, at Mother Cristina, the scent of frangipani wafting from the leis around my neck. I smiled. "Me, too." ■

THE OLD MAN

He sits in the lobby of a modest retirement hotel. He is surrounded by others like himself, but he is alone, captive to his own thoughts and dreams. Time seems to sit inert as if in recognition that in

this place, it is a precious commodity to be passed as slowly as possible.

He awaits the arrival of the postman. Mail from whatever source is a lifeline to a world that still throbs with movement and change. Most of the letters are impersonal circulars with no real meaning for him but their arrival is still an affirmation of himself. If he is worth the cost of a stamp, plus the effort it took to prepare, send and deliver an item, then its receipt is welcome.

Each day he treasures the small packet of mail that he is handed and he summons up a residue of willpower to resist the urge to immediately open and read it. He learned long ago, in his youth perhaps, that denial of immediate satisfaction heightens ultimate pleasure. So he savors his anticipation and puts off discovery until after lunch when he is back in his room.

He has a ritual. Each envelope is sliced open neatly with a

paper knife. Each item is quickly perused and placed in its own pile. Mail marked "resident" or "occupant" is put aside in one stack. Some of the larger pieces in this category will receive greater scrutiny later. Most recognizable advertisements are doomed to the trash.

Magazine subscription offers and charitable solicitations are eagerly sought and placed in a second pile. It has been a long time since he has made a contribution or subscribed to a periodical, but these letters offer much good reading material for long, interminable afternoons.

Political materials are treated with greater care, and with a modicum of respect. One never knows when a phrase or sentence might engender an emotion stronger than a thin smile or, conversely, a modest snarl. Something he reads may even elicit an angry outburst vented gratuitously to an empty room. And sometimes — rarely in recent years, but sometimes — a particularly egregious item will elicit a written response, carefully, laboriously spelled out in a cramped, arthritic hand and mailed to the offending organization.

Those letters whose envelopes fail to identify their contents merit a pile of their



Jan Stamm

THE OLD MAN'S DAYS
PASSED UNREMARKABLY —
UNTIL THE DAY NOT JUST
ONE BUT TWO ITEMS IN THE
MAIL ENERGIZED HIM INTO
A BREAK FROM ROUTINE.

BY HANK ZIVETZ

F O C U S

*He learned long ago, in his youth perhaps,
that denial of immediate satisfaction heightens ultimate pleasure.*

own. Most of these are ultimately discarded as their "mystery" is eventually unmasked.

The final and most treasured pile consists of personal letters and postcards. Rarity enhances their importance and thus they are saved for last.

On this particular day an item from each of the latter two piles energizes him into an uncharacteristic break from routine. The first turns out to be an invitation to the annual celebration in Washington, D.C., of "Foreign Service Day." It has been almost 40 years since he retired from the Foreign Service. Ordinarily, he saves these types of papers: schedules of speeches, dinners and special events, and even ads listing hotel rates for participants. This material is usually worth a scan over lunch, for nostalgia if nothing more.

It is the second letter, the one in the personal pile, that sets off synapses in a still-active brain. It is also an invitation — personal, but sent with no more anticipation of a positive response than was the first. It is an invitation to the wedding of the old man's great-granddaughter. The event, in a Maryland suburb of Washington, D.C., is scheduled for the week-

Hank Zivetz was an FSO from the mid-1960s to the mid-1980s. He served in Duesseldorf, Berlin, Accra, Ghana, Bucharest, Tokyo and Washington. After retirement in San Diego he earned a master's degree in international relations at the University of San Diego. He later worked as a research associate for the Institute for International Security and Conflict Resolution at San Diego State University, and lectured on world affairs for the Extension Division of the University of California at San Diego. Publication credits include a study of "The People's Republic of China and the Law of the Sea" for the Naval College Review and an article on Romania's Gypsies for the Journal.

end prior to the start of the Foreign Service gathering.

He doesn't make the connection immediately. First of all, he knows that at his age — what is it, 97, closing in on 98? — a trip across the country is not in the cards. Still, it would be nice to see his family again, all together. Actually, to let them see him. It would also be nice, for a change, to be surrounded by young people for whom the future is still an unwrapped marvel.

The Foreign Service Day function is something else again. Of course he wouldn't know anybody. Anyone he might have worked with is long dead. And despite his continuing interest and sometimes frustrated anger at the way things are being mishandled, he isn't sure he could sustain attention to speeches and extensive conversations. On the other hand, it might be fun to actually see some of the foreign policy experts in person instead of on TV or in the papers. These youngsters think they know it all. He could tell them a thing or two.

Unlike other schemes that periodically percolate through his mind, this one won't go away. He even reserves time on his daydream agenda to flesh out what it might be like to travel east to see family, to attend the wedding, and finally to present himself in public as a Foreign Service officer, retired.

The first action he takes is almost incidental. He is making out monthly checks and answering a few necessary notes when the wedding invitation comes to the top of the pile. He checks the box saying he will attend, and sends the thing off in its self-addressed, stamped envelope.

His second act is taken only after considerably more thought. He makes lists in his mind of all the arguments that could be raised against his traveling to Washington. For days he debates with himself. And after chewing over the issue like the last bites of a good meal, he fills out the formal response form

*It is the second letter, the one in the personal pile,
that sets off synapses in a still-active brain.*

saying he will be delighted to attend the Foreign Service Day reunion, including the major luncheon for the secretary of State. He encloses the required check and even puts an extra stamp on the envelope before mailing it, just to make sure it arrives safely.

The response from his family is prompt and unanimous. For a short while, he enjoys a rare deluge of phone calls and letters from sons, daughters, grandchildren and various other relatives seldom heard from over the years, all of whom assure him that they have his best interests at heart before launching into a litany of concern:

"What are you thinking? A man your age must not contemplate a long airplane ride. It is still cold in the east. Too much excitement is not good for you. We all love you. Of course we'll miss you, but everyone will understand."

He is touched but also slightly amused. How much stronger would the furor be had they known about his commitment also to attend the Foreign Service Day ceremonies?

Anticipation is the accelerator of time. The accustomed rhythms of a patterned life are suddenly discarded. New priorities dictated by the deadline of a departure date ride roughshod over the sane, safe habits of an old man. Even the formalism of the mail ritual is brushed aside. Except for the few personal letters, all else is tossed into one undifferentiated pile, to be read later.

He does not mention his plans to anyone at the retirement hotel. They wouldn't be interested, even if they understood, which he doubts. Still, anyone with an observant eye could not miss the slight smile at the edges of his lips, and his new, livelier look. But the eyes of the very elderly are mostly focused inward, and no one sees, or remarks on any change in their neighbor.

Clothes are a particular concern. He has a few

suits in storage, but will they fit, and will they be fitting? He has not worn these clothes in a long time and surely styles have changed in the past 40 years.

First, the hotel handyman has to be suborned with a hefty tip to carry the boxes up from the basement mausoleum where they have resided for so long. Then the musty cloth must be examined for holes and hung in the open window to be rid of the smells of camphor and mold. Finally, two suitable outfits are chosen and, with trepidation, are modeled before a single judge and decision-maker, himself.

He is relieved to find that the clothes do fit, albeit loosely. Still, he is taken aback to realize how much he has shriveled and shrunk in his later years. It seems only a few years ago that he had to let these suits out from time to time to accommodate a more portly body. Well, who cares? He won't embarrass anyone, leastwise himself. After all, clothes are a problem only for the insecure.

Lingering in front of the full-length mirror that hangs on the back of the wardrobe, he marvels at the person he sees. It isn't a complete stranger, to be sure; he knows himself well enough. Yet the image that stares back at him is not what he expects. Unlike the normal occupant of this room, this is a man of substance. A man of respect.

It is remarkable, he thinks, how quickly the weeks pass. His mind is in a constant whirl, filled with a kaleidoscope of scenarios from travel to the airport to eating on the plane, to his impressions of Washington after so many years away. He imagines every moment leading up to his arrival at the State Department, and every detail of the Foreign Service Day ceremonies. When he is not too tired he even gets to the part where he makes his entrance at the wedding of his great-granddaughter. This part is not very well defined, however, as he is prone to dwell repeatedly on the earliest scenes of his mental script.

It isn't that his ailments and age are in any way

He is touched but also slightly amused. How much stronger would the furor be if they knew what else he had undertaken to do?

mitigated. He still suffers his familiar aches and pains, and frequently needs to conserve his energies, but somehow, the inevitable end of the tunnel is not as apparent as heretofore. For the first time in many years he is able to replace the sense of a void that has been his constant sleeping companion with an optimism that even envisions a future.

The maid, assuming he is down at breakfast, enters this room to make the bed and tidy up as she does every morning. But today she stumbles over a small

suitcase just inside the door. And then she sees him. It is almost as if a stranger were resting on the bed. The old man is fully dressed in a dark blue pin-striped suit framing a white shirt and diagonally striped tie. His black, pointed shoes are cracked with age but polished to a high shine. The gray stubble which ordinarily masks the wrinkles and folds of an ashen face is gone. So closely shaven is he, in fact, that even in death, his face exudes the pinkish tone of a younger man — a younger man at rest just before embarking on a great adventure. ■



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ENCOUNTER AT PALAZZO CORPI

The alarm on his wristwatch went off at five minutes before midnight. Jarvis Manalastas, a newly arrived Marine guard at the American Consulate General in Istanbul, picked up a thick telephone directory in the guard station at the consulate's main entrance. He propped it against the microphone of the building's PA system to keep the mike on. He did not anticipate an intruder, but he wanted to hear the alarm should it go off while he was away from the guard booth.

Jarvis, or JM, as he was called by colleagues who found his last name quite a mouthful, was a stocky young man with sad eyes in his mid-20s. He inherited his build from his father, a Filipino sailor in the U.S. Navy. His fair complexion and dark brown hair as well as his quiet demeanor were from his American mother, a lovely brunette who read poetry books and turned quietly, prematurely gray by the window, waiting for his father to come back from one port or another.

Jarvis followed the wide staircase to the second floor to begin his rounds. The consulate building was over one hundred years old, his gunnery sergeant had told him when he arrived in Istanbul two weeks earlier. Constructed as the residential

mansion of a rich Italian, the building certainly had neither the design nor proportions for an efficient modern office building. It also lacked many of the physical protections Jarvis had been trained to expect in a U.S. diplomatic post overseas. With its murals and frescoes and ornately carved decorations, the building reminded Jarvis more of a museum than a workplace. This made it a neat place to work, though, Jarvis had to admit. And, while the ongoing restoration of many of the art works and renovation of large portions of the building made his nightly security rounds a bit more difficult, Jarvis looked forward to seeing the paintings when they had been restored to their original glory.

Once he reached the second floor, he was not sure if it was the sob or the light coming from the political officer's room that first caught his attention. He did not think anyone was working this late; nobody had signed the after-hours log at the Marine post. As he approached the door, he saw a woman with her back toward him, looking at a painting on the wall.

"I didn't realize anybody was working late tonight," Jarvis said.

The woman looked surprised as she turned around. She was a stunning woman, with olive skin and straight black hair, a straight nose and green eyes brimming with tears. She was wearing a dark flowing garment that reached to her ankles and a silver necklace around her neck. Jarvis thought the



Jan Stamm

JARVIS COULD
NOT GET THE STORY
OUT OF HIS MIND.
HE LOVED A
GOOD MYSTERY.

BY RUBY E. CARLINO

F O C U S

He was not sure if it was the sob or the light coming from the political officer's room that first caught his attention.

woman seemed familiar and out of place at the same time.

"Is there anything wrong?" he inquired.

"Oh, nothing," she replied brushing her eyes quickly with the back of her hand. "I was just going to leave," she added, her wide lips turning up slightly in a wan smile.

"Okay, good night then. Take care," Jarvis responded as he turned to continue his rounds. "Oh, and don't forget to wear your badge when you're in the compound," he added as an afterthought.

"Okay," she replied. "Wait! May I walk with you while you complete your rounds?" she asked.

This was not standard practice. But the woman ended up walking the rounds with Jarvis anyway. She seemed to enjoy checking out every nook and cranny of the building but she did not talk very much. At the end of the rounds, Jarvis stopped at the conference room for a last check. The woman suddenly stopped in her tracks.

"I've got to go, but you must check every inch of that room," she said abruptly, her face inscrutable as she quickly walked off.

Jarvis turned on the light. The conference room, like all the rooms on the ground floor, was stripped bare for renovation and the restoration of frescoes. Jarvis could see where the workers had started cleaning the paintings on the ceiling. The room was empty except for pails and other construction materials.

Completing his inspection of the room, he locked its thick wooden doors and wondered why she had asked him to check every inch of the room. By the time Jarvis realized he had not even asked the woman her name, she was nowhere to be found.

Jarvis quickly put the incident out of his mind. A couple of days later he was on night duty once again.

Ruby E. Carlino is a Filipino-American writer based in Virginia. She lived in Ankara and Istanbul from 1996-1998 with her FSO husband, Randy Carlino. Her current "work-in-progress" is a 20-month-old toddler named Ethan.

He was performing his usual rounds when he noticed the same woman working late again. He stopped at her office for a brief chat. She looked as if she had been crying, but she seemed delighted to see him.

"You're working too much," Jarvis said in a friendly tone.

"Oh, I just had to finish a few things, JM," she replied.

"This isn't fair. You know my name but I don't know yours," he retorted, pretending to be cross.

She let out a slow and delightful chuckle, "Call me Jasmine."

Just as she had during their first encounter, Jasmine insisted on accompanying Jarvis on his rounds. This time though, she led him through the building as if she were a guide giving him a tour of the 19th-century palazzo. She painstakingly explained the mythological scenes found in the frescoes and on the paintings on the grand stairway. No one could fault him for not doing a thorough inspection, but Jarvis had to admit to himself that Jasmine was a distraction on these rounds.

When they reached the conference room, the woman stopped in her tracks once more. "I have to go," she said, and pecked his cheek. "Please . . .," she said in an almost pleading voice as she gestured toward the room and left quickly.

The following day, Jarvis commented to the gunny that the new political officer had been working late the previous night again, and wasn't she a great-looking woman. The gunny made a face and cautioned him to watch what he said. The political officer was a pale young man with a shock of red hair, certainly not a woman nor particularly good-looking.

"There was this woman . . .," Jarvis started to say, but the gunny had turned on his heels and was already gone. As he was new at the consulate himself, and because most Foreign Service assignments begin in the summer, Jarvis had assumed that Jasmine was a new officer at post. In the next couple of days he checked and rechecked the records of personnel at the consulate, but

He checked and rechecked the records of personnel at the consulate, but could find no one named Jasmine.

could find no one named Jasmine nor anyone resembling the woman who had walked rounds with him. He even asked the local Turkish guards, but they could not remember seeing the woman Jarvis described, either.

Jarvis encountered Jasmine just once more. He was doing his usual rounds when he saw her walking the hallway near the conference room. She was wearing the same dark clothes and silver necklace she wore the first night they met.

"I have been looking all over for you! Who are you?" Jarvis asked without preamble.

"I already told you," Jasmine replied quietly as she hurried her steps.

"But nobody knows you here," Jarvis insisted.

"I'm sorry, I can't talk right now," she said.

With that, she lifted her long skirt and ran down the hallway with Jarvis at her heels.

"Wait! I'm not going to hurt you," Jarvis shouted as he ran after her. "I just want to talk ..."

His voice trailed off as he turned a corner and found a dead end. Jarvis took a deep breath, and continued his rounds but could not shake the thoughts of the mysterious woman from his head. How did she get in? The alarm did not go off. Where did she disappear? If she were an intruder, what was she after? Alone at his guard post, Jarvis spent a long and troubled night. To get his thoughts off Jasmine and his own probable dereliction of

Continued on page 33



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...IN ACTION

Leading a Call for Action

Deputy Assistant Secretary for the Office of Foreign Missions Ted Strickler is the man behind the "SOS for DOS" reform movement. This initiative brought State Department employees — in Washington and overseas — together to push for reform of the department. He won the Christian Herter Award for having the courage to risk his professional reputation by speaking out about serious problems at State and for promoting concrete changes.



Preserving News Integrity

Voice of America News Director Andre de Nesnera won the Tex Harris Award for intellectual courage and constructive dissent connected with his efforts to defend VOA's charter and preserve the integrity of its news broadcasts. He stood firm under pressure to censor a news report that included excerpts from a post-Sept. 11 interview with Taliban leader Mullah Mohammed Omar. He is pictured below in front of the Russian parliament building in Moscow, June 1989.



A Push for Better Language Training

Carol Volk received the W. Averell Harriman Award for her constructive dissent in identifying problems in the Hebrew-language program at the National Foreign Affairs Training Center and advocating specific changes. Her persistent efforts, which continued after she left training and went on to post, produced improvements in the program. She is pictured here (center) with Ingrid Barzel, chief FSN in Embassy Tel Aviv's American Citizen Services Section, and Deputy Consul General David Tyler.



Building Morale in Tokyo

Embassy Tokyo's co-community liaison officers Jennifer Watson and Lynne Murphy were selected as the winners of the M. Juanita Guess Award. They are being honored for their many achievements in the area of spousal employment in Japan and other key

aspects of mission morale. They are shown here leading the Fourth of July parade in Tokyo last year. (Jennifer Watson is in the striped shirt in front and Lynne Murphy is marching backwards.)



Making a Difference in Bulgaria

Sharon Miles, the wife of Ambassador Richard Miles, was honored with the Acis Bollen Award for her significant outreach efforts. She was known in Bulgaria as a leading spokesperson for the fair treatment of the disabled. Her initiatives, which focused both outside the mission and inside the mission, made a tangible difference in the lives of hundreds of Bulgarians and Americans. She is shown here (in red) attending a community concert organized by the Psychological Center for Research in Sofia to honor her for her work on behalf of people with disabilities in Bulgaria.

AFSA NEWS

American Foreign Service Association • July-August 2002



LIFETIME CONTRIBUTIONS TO AMERICAN DIPLOMACY

Thomas R. Pickering

A FSA was honored to select Ambassador Thomas R. Pickering for the 2002 AFSA Award for Lifetime Contributions to American Diplomacy. Tom Pickering was recognized for his extraordinarily distinguished Foreign Service career, spanning 42 years of public service. He served as ambassador seven times, to Jordan, Nigeria, El Salvador, Israel, the United Nations, India and the Russian Federation. He held the number three position at State from 1997 to 2001 as the under secretary of state for political affairs, and retired at the highest possible rank, that of career ambassador.

Ambassador Pickering's record as a Foreign Service officer is unparalleled, and his leadership helped shape the conduct of American foreign policy. His insatiable thirst to learn everything possible about each country in which he served is legendary in the department.

Alice Stover Pickering was also honored by AFSA with a Special Award of Recognition for her many contributions over four decades to the Foreign Service and U.S. diplomacy. Alice Pickering was an active and vital partner with her husband, Tom Pickering, during the 42 years they served together in the Foreign Service. Because of a regulation in place until 1972 that female FSOs could not marry and remain in the Foreign Service, she gave up her own highly promising career as a Foreign Service officer in order to make her contributions as a Foreign Service spouse. At each post, Alice Pickering worked tirelessly to promote American interests within the host country as well as to enhance the morale of the embassy community.

The Lifetime Contribution award and the Special Recognition Award were presented to Tom and Alice Pickering by Secretary Powell at the AFSA award ceremony on June 27 in the Department of State's Benjamin Franklin Diplomatic Reception Room. All of this year's AFSA awards were presented at this ceremony. (See the interview with Ambassador Pickering in the June Foreign Service Journal. Articles about the Dissent Award winners and the Exemplary Performance Award winners start on page 4 of this issue of AFSA News. Look for coverage of the awards ceremony in the September AFSA News.) □

This Issue in Brief:



NEWS BRIEFS:	
AMBASSADORS ON TV.....	2
AFSA AWARD WINNERS.....	4
DAY ON THE HILL.....	8
TRANSFER RESOLUTIONS.....	9
SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS.....	10
FAMILY MEMBER MATTERS.....	12
AFSA ASSIGNMENTS REFORM PROPOSAL.....	12
ABSENTEE VOTING GUIDE.....	13



MARK BURIG AND BERT ESCOUANTE

FOREIGN AFFAIRS DAY

AFSA Adds 13 Names to Memorial Plaque

A Warm Welcome from Secretary Powell

Secretary of State Colin Powell opened this year's Foreign Affairs Day on May 10. With his rare gift of being inspirational, inclusive, serious, substantive and humorous, all at the same time, Powell made the participants in Foreign Affairs Day feel sincerely welcome at the State Department. Powell spoke about key foreign pol-

icy issues, about the war on terrorism, about treating management of the department as a priority not an afterthought, about the new Millennium Challenge Account, about the importance of chickens to U.S.-Russia relations, and about putting Flat Stanley and baby ducks on the State.gov Web site to liven it up.

Powell said he wanted to see Foreign Affairs Day each year as a great family gathering. "This is such an important part of what I'm

Continued on page 3



Assistance for East Africa Bombing Victims

In late May, the House of Representatives passed H.R. 3375, the Embassy Employee Compensation Act, by a vote of 391 to 18. The bill would provide compensation for the American citizens who were victims of the 1998 terrorist bombings of our embassies in Kenya and Tanzania through the Special Master appointed to administer the Sept. 11 Victim Compensation Fund of 2001. AFSA endorsed H.R. 3375 and has written to a key senator in support of final passage of the bill.

Life in the Foreign Service

■ BY BRIAN AGGELER, FOREIGN SERVICE OFFICER & CARTOONIST



AFSA Gets High Marks from Auditors

Another annual audit of AFSA finances has been completed, and AFSA was praised by the auditors for keeping the house in good order. Look for the audit report in the September issue of *AFSA News*.

National Geographic to Air "American Ambassadors"

BY TOM SWITZER, DIRECTOR OF COMMUNICATIONS

National Geographic will air its new special, "American Ambassadors," on Wednesday, Sept. 4, at 8:00 p.m. EDT on PBS. Producer Robin Goldman says this ground-breaking documentary attempts to depict a realistic "insider view" of the work and life of U.S. ambassadors in varied posts around the world, including Wendy Chamberlin (Pakistan), Howard Baker (Japan), Prudence Bushnell (Guatemala), and Joseph Sullivan (Zimbabwe). Goldman hopes to portray the uniquely interesting, demanding — and sometimes dangerous — challenges that ambassadors confront heading diverse and complex U.S. missions. Numerous former ambassadors present anecdotes — some sobering and some humorous — from their careers, describing conflict prevention, protecting Americans during revolutions, and the actual experience of being taken hostage. Among former ambassadors participating are Lawrence Eagleburger, Frank Carlucci, Bruce Laingen and Thomas Boyatt.

AFSA has provided substantial facilitative assistance for this program, which we hope will present a favorable image of American diplomats in action to a nationwide audience. National Geographic also plans to rebroadcast the program later via other educational channels.

Take the Journal with You

Are you moving this summer? Don't forget to let AFSA know where you're going. We need your new contact information so we can make sure you can continue receiving the *Foreign Service Journal* and other AFSA mailings. Send address updates to Ana Lopez at lopez@afsa.org.

Continued on page 8

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FOREIGN AFFAIRS DAY

Continued from page 1

trying to do here at the department, to bond us all together on one great big team. I don't care what your component is, I don't care where you are now. If you ever served in this department, you are still part of our family, part of our team, and I want you to believe that from the bottom of my heart to the bottom of your heart. So welcome back."

The secretary spoke with pride about how America responded to the Sept. 11 attack, about the coalition of nations that has supported the U.S. response. "None of us, not one of us, could have anticipated what was going to happen just some 24 hours after we were last gathered on Sept. 10," said Powell. "This is a challenging time, but it's always a challenging time for the State Department. Crises come and go, opportunities come and go, but what remains constant is the need for a department of professionals who are committed, a department that is full of esprit de corps, a department where each and every member in the department believes that he or she brings worth to the department, and that worth is appreciated."

AFSA Memorial Plaque: Honoring Foreign Service Colleagues Who Made the Ultimate Sacrifice

During Foreign Affairs Day, 13 new names were added to the AFSA Memorial Plaque, 10 State Department employees and three USAID employees. These Foreign Service colleagues lost their lives in the line of duty while serving their country overseas.

State Department Employees Added to the Plaque:

- **BARBARA J. GREEN**, Human Resources Assistant, Islamabad, Pakistan, March 2002
- **JAMES T. LEDERMAN**, Foreign Buildings Office Project Director, Egypt, 1994
- **THOMAS P. DOUBLEDAY, JR.**, Political Counselor, Liberia, 1993



Secretary of State Colin Powell, Director General Ruth A. Davis, AFSA President John Naland, and the U.S. Armed Forces Color Guard at the Plaque Ceremony.

- **MARIE D. BURKE**, Consular Officer, England, 1989
- **REBECCA LAMBERT ROBERTS**, Communications Specialist, Israel, 1987
- **JAMES DAVID MARILL**, Junior Officer, Cameroon, 1986
- **PHILIP ROBERT HANSON**, General Services Officer, Togo, 1981
- **ROSE MARIE ORLICH**, Foreign Service Secretary, Nicaragua, 1972
- **WILLIAM DALE FISHER**, Economic Officer, Ethiopia, 1961
- **LIVINGSTON LORD SATTERTHWAITE**, Deputy Chief of Mission, Greenland, 1959

USAID Employees Added to the Plaque:

- **RICHARD AITKEN**, Commodity Management Officer, Sudan, 1981
- **THOMAS F. OLMSTEAD**, USAID Mission Director, Cambodia, 1975
- **GUSTAV CRANE HERTZ**, Public Administration Chief, Vietnam, 1967



Family and friends of Barbara Green in front of the plaque.

AFSA President John Naland presided over the plaque ceremony. Naland said that as of May 10, the AFSA Memorial Plaque honored 209 fallen colleagues. He recognized the families and friends who had lost loved ones for "the sacrifices that you have made and the pain that you have endured." Secretary of State Colin Powell read a message from President Bush and unveiled the new names alongside USAID Counselor Janet Ballantyne. The ceremony included a wreath lay-

ing and a presentation of the colors by a United States Armed Forces Color Guard.

Family members of those who were honored were invited to attend the ceremony at the department. Over 100 family members attended. They were able to view the marble plaque in the C Street lobby and photographers were on hand to take their pictures at the plaque. They spent some time in the historic Treaty Room, and were greeted by Secretary Powell after the plaque unveiling.

Family members expressed their gratitude for the chance to honor their loved ones who died serving their country. In a note to AFSA, Livingston Lord Satterthwaite's son, George Satterthwaite, wrote:

"The secretary was superb in his address, making us all feel so much a part of the overall family. My son was very impressed with the depth of sincerity shown to all who had given their lives. He learned the meaning of service and how it is recognized in such simple but sobering ways. My sister Janet was so touched when the secretary came back to pat the head of her five-month-old boy. I was touched seeing Mr. Cheney's name just a few above my dad and being thankful for Margaret Cheney's insight to write the article ("Coming Home," Dec. 2001 *Washingtonian*,

Continued on page 7

2002 AFSA DISSENT AWARD WINNERS

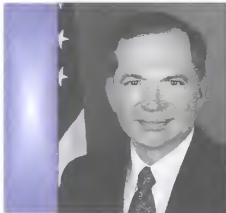
These are the stories of each of AFSA's 2002 Dissent Award winners. These awards publicly recognize individuals who have demonstrated the courage to challenge the system from within. Stories by Shawn Dorman

Christian A. Herter Award

FOR A SENIOR-LEVEL FOREIGN SERVICE OFFICER

Theodore "Ted" Strickler

Ted Strickler is the man who looked at the declining state of affairs at the State Department in the fall of 2000, and decided to try to do something about it. Armed with only determination and e-mail, Strickler initiated a grassroots campaign to challenge the status quo and bring about change. He started the "SOS for DOS" reform movement. Over 1,600 State employees at the department and at over 100 U.S. missions overseas signed the "Call for Action" initiated by the SOS steering committee and circulated by e-mail. The Call for Action stated that



"The Department of State is ill-equipped and ill-prepared to meet the foreign policy challenges of the 21st century. The organizational structure is dysfunctional, its staff is overextended and many of its embassy buildings are crumbling." It asked for "the support, involvement and leadership needed to undertake a long-term bipartisan effort to modernize and strengthen the Department of State."

Strickler risked his professional reputation by speaking out, declaring that the department was in crisis, and offering recommendations for change. The timing of his campaign was fortuitous, because the movement peaked when a new secretary of State took the helm determined to not only manage the policy but manage the department as well. The SOS movement was cited in press articles and Hill briefings as evidence that State needed reform. Secretary Powell told Strickler that he followed the SOS effort with interest. After they presented their "Call for Action" petition to Secretary Powell, Strickler and the other leaders of the SOS movement stepped aside, as they had promised to do, satisfied that department management was ready to take the need for reform seriously.

As of this writing, more money is coming to the department and morale has improved since the fall of 2000. Ted Strickler is deputy assistant secretary for the Office of Foreign Missions. In Washington, he has also served as a senior watch officer in the Operations Center, executive director for the Bureau of Consular Affairs, and executive assistant to the under secretary for management. He has served overseas in Mogadishu, Asmara, Munich, Bonn, Khartoum, Cairo, Geneva and Rome. He is married to the former Valerie Graham and the couple has two children, Matthew and Jason.



William R. Rivkin Award

FOR A MID-LEVEL FOREIGN SERVICE OFFICER

Peter E. Cozzens

Acting consul general at Embassy Panama, Peter Cozzens risked his career by openly speaking out against a new administration policy on the processing of visas that was initiated in response to the Sept. 11 terrorist attacks on the U.S. He questioned the use of a new supplemental visa application form that every male visa applicant between the ages of 16 and 45 is required to complete. Cozzens thought that the new process would not aid anti-terrorism efforts as it was created to do. Informal expressions of concern from the field to the State Department had been circulating by e-mail, but Cozzens believed that basic questions of policy and procedure should be discussed openly.

Cozzens sent out an open-channel cable to the department — the legendary 01 Panama 206 — with the embassy's approval. In his cable, he raised many thoughtful and critical questions about the use of the new form. His rationale for opposing the use of the form was based on his confidence in the judgment of consular officers on the front lines. He believed officers should be armed with the tools they needed to properly evaluate applicants rather than encumbered with more forms to fill out that take up valuable time that could be more effectively used to conduct targeted interviews.

Colleagues from other posts responded positively to the cable. One noted that it said "what every consular officer always wanted to know about (the form) but was afraid to ask."

By questioning policy on a sensitive topic, Cozzens displayed the qualities of independent thought and intellectual courage that the Rivkin Award was established to recognize. The award, and Cozzens' actions, support the principle that U.S. policy is best served by open and vigorous debate on the issues.

Cozzens is acting consul general at Embassy Panama. Previous assignments overseas include Tijuana and Lima. In Washington, he worked as a line officer in the Executive Secretariat and as a watch officer in the Operations Center. Cozzens is a military historian who has published 10 books on the Civil War and the Indian Wars of the American West. He is a summa cum laude graduate of Knox College in Galesburg, Ill. Before joining the Foreign Service, he was a captain in the U.S. Army.



Paul Cozzens and his wife Issa.

The W. Averell Harriman Award

FOR A FOREIGN SERVICE JUNIOR OFFICER

Carol J. Volk

Unlike some dissent that criticizes a specific U.S. policy and does not result in any significant changes, Carol Volk's had a practical and tangible impact. Her efforts resulted in a positive change in the way in which all Foreign Service personnel who study Hebrew at the Foreign Service Institute are trained.

As a Hebrew-language student at FSI, Volk identified problems in the language program. She was not the first to identify these problems, which had long been seen as adversely affecting the language readiness of employees assigned to one of our most high-profile posts. Volk was well qualified to evaluate the language program. Before joining the Foreign Service in 1999,



Carol Volk with her husband Jules Leichter.

Volk had considerable experience working as a linguist and translator.

Before Volk had tackled the problems within the Hebrew-language program, the insti-

tutional response to the concerns raised by language students had been that any problems with the program were due to the complex nature of the language and to differences in opinion as to teaching techniques. Volk did not accept this approach, and in the true spirit of constructive dissent, she did not give up in her efforts to push for change in the program.

During language training, Volk voiced her concerns through appropriate channels, working her way up the FSI leadership chain. She proposed specific solutions to the problems she identified. Once at post, she continued her efforts to improve the program for future students. As a result of her efforts, the ambassador asked her to draft a cable that was sent out in his name requesting urgent reforms in the language program.

Based largely on Volk's initiatives, FSI reported back to the ambassador that a series of measures were being undertaken to improve the program. By the summer of 2001, both the course coordinator and new graduates of the program reported significant improvements in the training.

Volk's tenacity and professionalism, and her determination to find constructive ways to ensure that officers are given the language training they need to do their jobs effectively, epitomize the highest qualities of constructive dissent that the Harriman Award seeks to honor.

Prior to joining the Foreign Service, Volk worked as a French literary translator and a United Nations verbatim reporter, a magazine writer and a book publicist. As a translator, she published over 20 works of fiction and non-fiction originally in French. Her first Foreign Service post was Tel Aviv, and her next assignment is as a staff assistant for the Near Eastern Affairs Bureau. Volk has an M.S. from Georgetown's School of Foreign Service, an M.A. in French literature from New York University, and a B.A. in economics from SUNY at Albany. She spent two years at the Sorbonne studying modern French literature. She is married to Jules Leichter. The couple has two young sons, Alexander and Nouriel.

The Tex Harris Award

FOR A FOREIGN SERVICE SPECIALIST

Andre de Nesnera



De Nesnera in his office in 2002.

Andre de Nesnera is the news director for the Voice of America. He has been with the VOA for 22 years, serving as a correspondent and news bureau chief in Washington, Geneva, Moscow and London.

VOA correspondents work under a congressional charter that requires them to be "accurate, objective and comprehensive" in their news reporting.

Those principles were challenged last fall when the Department of State and the Board of Broadcasting Governors put intense pressure on VOA not to authorize the release of a news report that included excerpts from a post-Sept. 11 interview with Taliban leader Mullah Mohammed Omar. Despite the pressure, de Nesnera authorized the release of the news report. The final report was a comprehensive and accurate report that quoted Omar as saying Osama bin Laden would not be surrendered, and that the Taliban were preparing for war. The report also contained comments from President Bush accusing the Taliban of murder, and comments from others — including an Islamic scholar and a Northern Alliance spokesman — criticizing the Taliban's support for terrorism.

De Nesnera's efforts to defend VOA's charter and preserve the integrity of its news broadcasts demonstrate the qualities of intellectual courage and constructive dissent that exemplify the spirit of the Tex Harris Award.

As one of de Nesnera's colleagues pointed out, "VOA correspondents straddle an often uneasy path between their journalistic responsibilities and their positions as government employees." There was an outpouring of support from journalists around the world for de Nesnera's efforts to maintain VOA's journalistic integrity. The Society of Professional Journalists issued a resolution of support and the International Press Institute in Vienna issued a statement of support as well, praising "the courageous stand taken by the staff of the VOA."

About the award, de Nesnera said that it is "an honor that transcends personalities: it recognizes the work of each and every journalist here at the Voice of America."

De Nesnera has a B.A. in journalism from Fordham University and an M.A. from the Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies. He is married to novelist Ellen Crosby. The couple has three teen-age sons: Peter, Matthew and Timothy.



De Nesnera at a September 1990 round-table discussion on "Perestroika in the USSR" before an audience of communist party workers from the Moscow region.

These are the stories of AFSA's 2002 Exemplary Performance Award winners. These awards honor exemplary performance and extraordinary contributions to effectiveness, professionalism and morale. Stories by Shawn Dorman



Myers at the fabric market in Guangzhou.

Delavan Award

FOR A FOREIGN SERVICE
OFFICE MANAGEMENT SPECIALIST

Honora L. Myers



Honora Myers has just completed her first tour as a Foreign Service office management specialist, but from the start she knew just what her post needed. The consul general called Myers the "post nerve center" for Consulate General Guangzhou, and said she worked tirelessly and successfully to promote high morale within the mission.

Myers was chosen for the Delavan Award in recognition of her superb organizational skills, her high motivation, and her deep commitment to her post and its people. A consummate "team player," Myers always went out of her way to help colleagues. She wrote an operations book that has been helpful to newly arriving OMS employees. She helped raise the professional standards of the Chinese local staff by giving a mini-workshop on setting priorities. And she has assisted junior officers as they take on their first assignment as control officers for official visits.

Outside her official OMS duties, Myers helped bring the consulate community together. During most of her first year at post, Guangzhou was without a community liaison officer, and Myers stepped in to organize a series of highly successful community events, including hail and farewell parties for staff members and orientation trips around town for newcomers. When the new CLO started, Myers helped her make the connections she would need to do the best possible job.

Myers told *AFSA News* that her focus in Guangzhou was "to help others accomplish their jobs; improve conditions in the front office following a period with no OMS; make people feel welcome in the front office; and to share what I've learned about getting around Guangzhou."

Myers said that she was "deeply honored" to be chosen for the Delavan Award. She said she does not do what she does at post to get any credit, and prefers "to accept the award on behalf of the wonderful people serving in Guangzhou — direct hires, PTTs, family members, and FSNs — who work as a team to make it a great place."

Myers joined the Foreign Service in 1999 following six years of active duty with the U.S. Army in Germany, New York and Hawaii. In the Army, she worked as a military pay Sergeant and as an executive administrative assistant. Myers has a B.S. in business administration from Eastern Connecticut State University.

Avis Bohlen Award

FOR A FOREIGN SERVICE FAMILY MEMBER

Sharon Miles

Sharon Miles, the wife of Ambassador Richard Miles, is the kind of American representative that every U.S. mission needs: someone who knows how to use the position of Foreign Service family member to do good. Miles has been working on issues and projects relating to women and minorities for over 40 years. She was deeply involved in a number of causes in Sofia, where she served until May. Her outreach efforts in Bulgaria were focused both outside the mission and inside the mission as well, and her efforts made a tangible difference in the lives of hundreds of Bulgarians and Americans.

Miles became known in Bulgaria as a leading spokesperson for fair treatment for the disabled: she organized seminars, hosted fund-raising events, and appeared on national television. She helped the Star of Hope Foundation move a home for disabled women from a remote mountain site to a more accessible site.

Also known as a "one-woman clearing house," Miles successfully collected badly needed donations of food, clothing, furniture, and equipment, and distributed them to appropriate local groups. In one of Europe's poorest countries, she understood that even discarded

items could be of service to those in need. Miles traveled to the far corners of Bulgaria, taking advantage of the ambassador's official travel to personally deliver many of the needed items to intended recipients. The donations she collected and distributed have improved the lives of count-



less Roma, veterans, disabled, pensioners and battered women, and have brightened schools, orphanages and hospitals.

Known for her inclusiveness, Miles changed a long-standing embassy



tradition in a way that made the whole community feel more connected. The embassy holiday parties at the official residence had always been restricted to children of American employees, but Miles opened the parties up to the children of the Bulgarian employees as well. Every spring Miles hosted a lunch for all embassy spouses, which helped them make connections and foster a sense of community. As a colleague at post put it, "no single individual at post makes a greater contribution, both materially and in terms of moral support, to the embassy community's well-being, than Sharon Miles."

During her 35 years with the Foreign Service, Sharon and Dick Miles have served in Belgrade three times, in Moscow twice, and in Oslo, St. Petersburg, Berlin, Baku and Washington. Sharon is now enjoying Tbilisi, Georgia, where her husband is the ambassador. Sharon Miles is a graduate of the University of California at Berkeley. She and her husband have two children, Richard and Elizabeth.

M. Juanita Guess Award

FOR A COMMUNITY LIAISON OFFICER

Jennifer Watson and Lynne Murphy

Embassy Tokyo's deputy chief of mission calls Murphy and Watson the most dedicated and creative community liaison officers he's ever worked with in 29



Jennifer Watson (left) and Lynne Murphy.

years in the Foreign Service. Together, they took effective action in many areas of vital importance to the embassy, the six constituent posts, and the American community in Japan as a whole. Their accomplishments as co-CLOs in Tokyo — especially in the areas of spousal employment, education and community interaction — are nothing short of extraordinary, and AFSA is proud to bestow the Guess Award on them both.

Employment opportunities for spouses are a major concern throughout the Foreign Service, and nowhere more so than in expensive locales such as Japan. Murphy and Watson were instrumental in the embassy's successful negotiation of an agreement with the Japanese government to extend employment privileges to family



Embassy Tokyo's 2001 newcomers welcome celebration.

members at constituent posts, a heretofore-unobtainable "Holy Grail." The DCM in Tokyo noted that "as a result, we will be able to attract many more qualified bidders for consulate positions.

That, in turn, will help ensure that we maintain a first-rate cadre of Japan specialists for higher-level positions in the future."

They also successfully reversed a disturbing trend associated with the influx of American firms into Tokyo, that was eroding the embassy's connection with the international schools.

Watson and Murphy made a significant impact on morale at the mission, in part by initiating semiannual orientations with a new focus on life in Japan rather than just the ins and out of the embassy. Through participation in weekly meetings with post management, Watson and Murphy made sure that management was always aware of the needs of the community. This was especially significant after Sept. 11.

Watson spent her childhood in Malaysia and the rural Philippines, and graduated from the University of Pennsylvania with a major in Oriental studies. She met her husband, Sam Watson, while doing graduate work at the Johns Hopkins School for Advanced International Studies. They were married during his first assignment in Kuwait. Subsequent posts have been London, Washington and Manila. They have two daughters, Caroline and Claire.

Murphy had lived in seven states by the time she was 20. She met her husband, Joe Murphy, during studies at New College in Sarasota, Fla., and they were married during his first FS assignment, to Dubai. Lynne has worked as a photographer, in retail sales and management, modeling, bartending, grooming horses and childcare, but, she tells us, once she heard about the support provided to the embassy community by the CLO, "I knew that I was born to be a CLO."

FOREIGN AFFAIRS DAY

Continued from page 3

reprinted in the May 2002 *FSJ*), which led to my petitioning AFSA for consideration of my father."

David Fisher, the son of William Dale Fisher, wrote:

"Thank you for organizing the May 10 plaque ceremony where my father's name was added to the Memorial Wall.



MARK BURNS AND BERT ESCALANTE

Secretary Powell greets Malcolm and Cynthia Doubleday, family members of Thomas Doubleday, Jr.

It was definitely worth the trip from Hawaii to Washington. I only wish this had happened before my mother died two years ago. The event made a positive impression on my 14-year-old son, and it is something he will remember the rest of his life. I am sure it will help to influence decisions on what roles to take in the world that he is inheriting."

Proclamation from President Bush for Foreign Affairs Day

I send warm greetings to those gathered to celebrate Foreign Affairs Day. Each year our nation sets aside a day to celebrate the dedication and accomplishments of the Foreign Service, Civil Service, and Foreign Service National employees who serve our country every day, at home and abroad, protecting Americans and advancing America's interests. On behalf of all Americans, I thank you for your work and your professionalism.

This day is also dedicated to honoring those foreign affairs colleagues who lost their lives "in the line of duty" or under "heroic or inspirational circumstances." Our men and women in the foreign affairs agencies serve in often demanding and challenging circumstances. The posts that are most critical to implementing our foreign policy are frequently among the most dangerous. By paying tribute to those in foreign affairs who have made the ultimate sacrifice by losing their lives, we also honor those Americans continuing to serve their country in foreign affairs and to further the vital work of United States diplomacy.

The 13 men and women we honor represent what is best about America. They were willing to use their talents and skills in service to our nation, making great sacrifices for our country. All those who pass by these plaques dedicated to their memory will recall their dedication to the ideals and values that have made our country great. Their sacrifices serve as a reminder of the tremendous contributions being made by our foreign affairs personnel and the risks and hardships that many Americans face every day in this service all over the world.

I join Secretary Powell and the entire State Department community in extending my heartfelt gratitude to the families of these courageous Americans. We remain resolute in our fight against terrorism and for peace and freedom around the world.

George W. Bush □

FOREIGN AFFAIRS DAY

AFSA Takes Retirees to the Hill

BY MIKKELA V. THOMPSON

AFSA's second annual Day on the Hill event on May 9, linked to the visit of Foreign Service retirees to Washington for Foreign Affairs Day, was a great success. The goal of Day on the Hill was to build support for the president's Fiscal Year 2003 budget for international affairs and other professional bread-and-butter issues by taking concerned Foreign Service members, both retired and active, to the Hill to make the case. The AFSA group that visited Capitol Hill—including AFSA Governing Board officers, staff and Foreign Service members—found congressional representatives and staff receptive to the message AFSA carried.

The call to make a difference on the Hill got an enthusiastic response. AFSA members were invited by direct mail to come to Washington the day before Foreign Affairs Day to lend their voices to the Foreign Service cause. All 44 retired members and three active members participating were sent the "talking points" ahead of time and were briefed at a luncheon held at AFSA headquarters prior to departure for Capitol Hill. The lunch provided an opportunity for rallying of forces, going over logistics and etiquette, and reviewing the key issues to cover.

Day on the Hill provides a chance to open the door for more active lobbying by AFSA. With constituents from 14 states visiting 36 different congressional offices, the opportunity to communicate AFSA's message was greatly enhanced. The visit of a constituent with the congressional representative or staffer provides an entree into that office for AFSA. This can help pave the way for follow-up visits by Ken Nakamura, AFSA's Legislative Affairs Director. The representatives and staffers are especially impressed when the constituents have traveled from far away to make themselves heard.



Moran (D-Va.), Constance Morella (R-Md.) and Jeff Miller (R-Fla.). Senators Paul Sarbanes (D-Md.), George Allen (R-Va.), Kay Bailey Hutchison (R-Texas) and Patty Murray (D-Wash.) also made time in their busy schedules to shake hands with the AFSA visitors, who then met with their staffers to

present the AFSA message. The AFSA delegates got an inside look at how AFSA's legislative side works and how intimate a process it is. They let AFSA staff know that they felt their visit had made a difference.

Some participants felt that they were "preaching to the choir" visiting members of Congress who are already friendly to the needs of the Foreign Service. Some said they had hoped to be able to talk to the members of Congress who are not terribly supportive of the Foreign Service. This will only be possible if AFSA members from those states participate in Day on the Hill next year. However, Nakamura pointed out that it is also important to show our gratitude and talk to our friends in Congress. He thought Day on the Hill was a success, noting that, "We went to a lot of different offices. We got our main message across. Resources are important and Congress needs to back Secretary Powell's funding request."

This year's participation in Day on the Hill was up considerably from last year, which was the first time AFSA organized a lobbying day on Capitol Hill for retirees. This year's participants came from Arizona, California, D.C., Delaware, Florida, Maryland, New Hampshire, New Mexico, New York, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Texas, Virginia and Washington. AFSA appreciated having participants from all these states, and looks forward to even more participants next year from more states to build on this year's progress. □

On the House of Representatives' side, AFSA constituents were fortunate to meet with congressional representatives Jim

AFSA NEWS BRIEFS

Continued from page 3

Traveling with Pets

BY AAFSW PRESIDENT METTE BEECROFT

Travel with pets is fairly complicated because of U.S. airline embargoes on accepting animals during certain months (and at any time of extreme heat or cold) and because of Fly America restrictions.

However, it is useful to remember that pets are not obliged to travel with the employee and are not bound by Fly America restrictions. The best advice is to start early to make arrangements. The Overseas Briefing Center maintains a Web site offering valuable information and resource links on pet travel. OBC is on Intranet at <http://fswweb.fsi.state.gov/fsi/tc/obc/pets/default.asp>. If you don't have Intranet access, you can call (703) 302-7277.

Pets can travel in four ways: in the cabin with the traveler; on the same plane but in the hold as accompanied baggage, as cargo on any airline; or as cargo arranged by a professional pet shipper. Not all airlines offer all options.

Arranging for a professional pet shipper is the most expensive option. However, the shipping costs are reimbursable under the miscellaneous portions of both the Foreign and the Home Transfer Allowances. Reimbursement of "certain extraordinary costs" is allowed, but can only include shipping costs for pets and not related costs such as handling fees, veterinary fees, boarding or quarantine. The reimbursement is limited. The ALDAC cable 02 State 072825 summarizes current regulations covering this topic.

Note: Most of this information first appeared in the Family Liaison Office's e-mail newsletter, Global Link.

AFSA-PAC off to Good Start

As of mid-June, AFSA had received 428 donations to AFSA-PAC totaling \$25,000. Most donations are coming in from retiree members, and the average donation is about \$60. The PAC was created by the AFSA Governing Board this year in order to enhance AFSA's already significant lobbying efforts on the Hill by helping elect senators and representatives who support adequate resources for a strong, effective Foreign Service. For more information, e-mail afsapac@afsa.org or call (202) 338-4045, ext. 506.



AFSA Helps Change Local Holiday Policy

Human Resources has revised its policy on granting local holidays to employees assigned abroad. Traditionally, the employee had to be in the country of assignment in order to take advantage of the local holiday as "excused absence" rather than annual leave. The new policy allows employees to take the local holiday without charging annual leave regardless of where they are at the time of the holiday, as long as they are not on transfer orders, home leave or rest and recuperation travel.

AFSA's labor negotiator James Yorke championed this issue with the Human Resources Bureau after it was raised by members in the field.

A Welcome Change in Per Diem Regs

State management has extended the length of time employees can claim full per diem while in training status from 30 days to 60 days. Previously, per diem was cut in half after 30 days, and then cut to 25 percent at 120 days. While the increase to 60 days is a welcome change, and is part of what AFSA has been seeking, AFSA has been pushing for two-and-a-half years to convince management not to reduce long-term per diem to 25 percent after 120 days. According to AFSA's Labor Management Specialist James Yorke, "The current 25 percent rate for accommodation for a whole family, \$29 per day, is about enough to rent a spot at a campground in the Shenandoah Valley — and that's what long-term language students are getting for the last six months of training at FSI. We have a long way to go on this."

AFSA Pushing Tax Policy Change

AFSA is still hard at work trying to convince Congress to change the regulations so that all Foreign Service employees can benefit from the capital gains tax exclusion from the sale of a principal residence. But, we are also taking a new approach to this effort. At AFSA's request, Deputy Secretary of State Richard Armitage recently wrote a letter to Treasury Secretary O'Neill encouraging Treasury to change the implementing regulations to redefine the five-year requirement for residency to exclude periods spent by members of the Foreign Service and Uniformed Services on extended official duty away from their principal residence.

Continued on page 14

Transfer Resolutions

Foreign Service employees transferring this summer should make "transfer resolutions." These are like New Year's resolutions, but have nothing to do with losing weight, taking up exercise, or learning to play that Chopin scherzo. They have everything to do with your career and the careers of those you supervise. Both are important to you; they could mean a promotion and more money, a good future assignment, and a notch up in your corridor reputation.

Let's start with your career. First, study the latest version of the core precepts — they apply to everyone. Then print out an EER form and write out your work requirements. Schedule an appointment with your supervisor to chat about your work requirements and her working style. Discuss counseling sessions and let her know that you welcome them and expect them to be held. Get this evaluation cycle off on the right foot!

If your supervisor seems to be avoiding those required counseling sessions, take the lead and set them up. Prepare an agenda. Counseling includes positive points as well as areas for improvement, which are required on the EER form. Whatever the rating officer writes, it should not surprise you!

Supervisors usually ask for your input at EER time, and like to receive a list of accomplishments. Your supervisor is probably a busy person with more than one rating to write. Make it easy for her. Give her well-crafted, simple, declarative sentences with action verbs in the active voice. Key your prose to the EER sections and the core precepts. Remember, the trick here is to describe what you did and say why it was important.

If you are the supervisor, don't wait for your subordinates to come to you to discuss work requirements: be proactive and schedule the meetings yourself. Make suggestions for work requirements. You're in charge and should know what's expected of your employees. Make it clear that counseling sessions will be held. Use this initial meeting to say you welcome initiative and suggestions on how to do the work better.

As the rating year passes, provide feedback. Nothing warms an employee's heart more than accolades. If the front office says something favorable about a subordinate, share it, publicly! If there's a problem, address it, privately. Schedule those counseling sessions. Don't avoid them. Don't postpone them.

All of the above can help you manage your career and that of your employees, but it can also help improve the way the department's talent pool is managed. The recent "Employee Satisfaction and Commitment Survey" revealed that more than one in four employees surveyed had not been counseled by their supervisors. What an abrogation of responsibility! The same survey reveals that almost a third of respondents said the inadequate performance of their managers was due to self-interest at the expense of their staffs. A fifth said it was due to poor leadership skills.

Want more tips? Read Don Jacobson's "Speaking Out" column in the April *Foreign Service Journal*.

Reform has to start somewhere. There's no time like the present transfer season to break the cycle. □



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2002 AFSA/AAFSW Academic and Art Merit Award Winners

The American Foreign Service Association and the Associates of the American Foreign Service Worldwide (AAFSW) are pleased to announce the winners of the 2002 Academic and Art Merit Competition. This program is open to Foreign Service high-school seniors for their academic and artistic accomplishments. The local winners were presented their awards on May 10, 2002, at a reception and ceremony at AFSA. This year awards totaled \$28,000.

The 71 Academic Merit applicants were judged on their grade point averages, Scholastic Assessment Test (SAT) scores, a two-page essay, letters of recommendation, extracurricular activities, and any special circumstances. There are 16 Academic Merit winners and six Academic Honorable Mention winners. The 21 Art Merit applicants submitted an entry in one of the following categories: visual arts, musical arts, drama,

dance or creative writing. Jessica Ruse won the Art Merit award for her creative writing submission.

AFSA's Committee on Education, along with volunteers from the foreign affairs community, determined the winners. Winners receive \$1,500 awards and Honorable Mention winners receive \$500 awards.

The top-scoring students are given their awards in the names of Mr. and Mrs. John and Priscilla Becker and family and Mr. and Mrs. Donald and Maria Giuseppa Spigler for their perpetual scholarship donations. Amanda Eckerson received the Becker Award, and Jessica Stallings received the Spigler Award. For more information on the AFSA/AAFSW Merit Competition or the AFSA Scholarship Program, contact Lori Dec at (202) 944-5504 or dec@afsa.org, or visit www.afsa.org and click on the "Students" tab.



Art Merit Winner

Jessica Ruse: daughter of Kathy and Edward Ruse (Retired Commercial Service); graduate of Ravenscroft School in Raleigh, N.C.; attending the College of William and Mary.

Academic Merit Winners



Vanessa Amess: daughter of Rehka (State) and Craig Amess; graduate of McLean High School in McLean, Va.; attending Washington and Lee University.



Michael Brown: son of Betsy (USAID) and Christopher (USAID) Brown; graduate of McLean High School in McLean, Va.; attending Princeton University; also won AFSA/AAFSW Best Essay award.



Kelly Bruno: daughter of Jane and Richard (State) Bruno; graduate of Pope John Paul II High School in Boca Raton, Fla.; attending Duke University.



Lucy Callard: daughter of Robert (State) and Pamela Callard; graduate of Humberstone Collegiate Institute in Toronto, Ontario; attending Sarah Lawrence College.



Jeremy Dworken: son of Anna and Mort (State) Dworken; graduate of The American School in London, England; attending Cornell University.



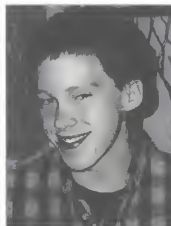
Amanda Eckerson: daughter of Connie and David (USAID) Eckerson; graduate of Wakefield High School in Arlington, Va.; attending Yale University.



John Holgate: son of Felicia (State) and Steve (State) Holgate; graduate of the Overseas School of Colombo, Sri Lanka; attending Stanford University.



Jesse Hurdus: son of Luzviminda and Alan (USAID) Hurdus; graduate of Thomas Jefferson High School for Science and Technology in Alexandria, Va.; attending Virginia Tech.



Derek Kilner: son of Jan and Scott (State) Kilner; graduate of Walt Whitman High School in Bethesda, Md.; attending Stanford University.



John McNamara: son of Anne Cary and John (State) McNamara; graduate of American International School of Johannesburg, South Africa; attending New York University.

Academic Merit Winners



Dan Munter: son of Manlynn Wyatt (State-retired) and Cameron Munter (State); graduate of St. Andrew's Episcopal School in Potomac, Md.; attending University of Pennsylvania.



Alexander Phillips: son of Louise Holly Wise (USAID) and Robin Phillips (USAID); graduate of H.B. Woodlawn Program in Arlington, Va.; attending Harvard College.



Jessica Stallings: daughter of Margaret and Alden (State) Stallings; graduate of Stone Ridge School in Bethesda, Md.; attending University of Virginia.



Laura Wagner: daughter of Ruth and Jim (State) Wagner; graduate of St. John's International High School in Waterloo, Belgium; attending University of Virginia.



Eric Wehrli: son of Rose and Ed (State) Wehrli; graduate of the International School in Manila, Philippines; attending Rice University.

Art Merit Honorable Mention Winner

Eirene Busa: daughter of Ceres (State) and Cantiago (State) Busa; graduate of the International School in Manila, Philippines; attending New York University.

Academic Merit Honorable Mention Winners

Eleanore Curry: daughter of Christine and Dennis (State) Curry; graduate of Thomas Jefferson Science and Technology High School in Alexandria, Va.; attending Mary Washington College.

Sarah Duddy: daughter of Mary and Patrick (State) Duddy; graduate of American Cooperative School in La Paz, Bolivia; attending University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

Amelia Hill: daughter of Patricia Whitelaw-Hill and Christopher (State) Hill; graduate of the American School of Warsaw, Poland; attending Wellesley College.

William Lucas: son of Jill and William (State) Lucas; graduate of St. Albans School in Washington, D.C.; attending Duke University.

Victor Moyers: son of Julie and Reese (USAID) Moyers; graduate of R.L. Paschal High School in Fort Worth, Texas; attending University of Texas at Austin; AFSA/AAFSW Community Service Award.

Margaret Tueller: daughter of DeNecce (State) and Matthew (State) Tueller; graduate of Belmont High School in Belmont, Mass.; attending Bingham Young University.



2002 award winners able to attend the May 10 AFSA/AAFSW Merit Award ceremony were, from left to right, back row: Daniel Munter, Chairman of AFSA's Committee on Education Ambassador Edward Dillery, Jesse Hurdus. Front row: Jessica Stallings, Amanda Eckerson, Michael Brown, Derek Kilner and Vanessa Amess.

AFSA/AAFSW Best Essay Award

The 2002 award for the best scholarship essay went to Michael Brown. To read his essay, entitled "A Haitian Sunday," go to the AFSA Web site at www.afsa.org/scholar/essay.html. Brown will begin his university studies at Princeton University this fall.

Jessica Ruse won the Art Merit Scholarship for her story "The Glass-Blower," which can be found at www.afsa.org/scholar/theglassblower.html, and her poem, "Static," found at www.afsa.org/scholar/static.html. She will be attending the College of William and Mary this fall.



Amanda Eckerson (center) with Mrs. Priscilla Becker and Mr. John Becker. Eckerson is the recipient of the academic merit scholarship established by the Beckers in 2001.

PMA Donation to AFSA Scholarship Fund

PMA Scholarship
Chairman Nick
Frankhouser, AFSA
Committee on



Education Chairman Amb. Ed Dillery and PMA member Joyce Robinson share a moment at PMA's Annual Meeting on May 2. Joyce Robinson is the widow of Hamilton Robinson.

On May 2, at their annual meeting in the State Department, the Public Members Association of the Foreign Service — comprised of public members of selection boards, promotional panels, inspection teams, and/or advisory committees — presented the AFSA Scholarship Program with a \$3,000 check to be bestowed upon a college junior or senior majoring in foreign affairs under the AFSA Financial Aid Scholarship Program. The PMA scholarship was given in honor of Hamilton Robinson, who passed away in January 2002.

That Used to Be Me

Back before my husband joined the Foreign Service, I used to be an Advertising Executive. A friend of mine was a Nurse. Another was in Marketing. I can count former lawyers and doctors among my friends. We all have a lot in common, these friends and I. We all used to be Someone.

That's the hardest part about being a Foreign Service spouse. How do you define yourself? In a world teeming with First Secretaries, RSOs and DCMs, what's a Spouse?

We arrive at each new post, eager to make friends, to find people with whom we have something in common. But first we have to define ourselves to them, and all too often we define ourselves through our spouses: "I'm the RSO's wife," "I'm the DCM's wife," "My husband's the new political officer." Heaven forbid you're a male spouse — that's even harder to explain!

My "normal" friends in the U.S. have no problem coming up with a sound bite for the dinner party crowd. "I'm a Political Consultant." "I'm a Realtor." "I'm a VP at Warner Brothers." Even "Stay-at-Home Mom" works as a definition when there's actually a home in which you can stay. But my Foreign Service friends and I babble for awhile about our husbands, our kids, our last posts ... and then we fall back to "but I used to be a Teacher."

It's hard for us spouses. We've "joined" the Foreign Service, but we're on the fringes. Sometimes it seems as though everyone I meet at those ubiquitous dinner parties is solving world hunger, while I spend my days trying to scrape together enough vegetables to make a dinner salad.

And yet... it seems to me we're diplomats too. While our husbands are busy with the official work of the government, we're in the shops, the schools, the soup kitchens. The diplomats meet with the ministers and the deputy-somebodies, while the spouses interact with the ordinary folks. Every time we try to say "thank you" in a foreign language, every time we ladle food for a pensioner in a soup kitchen, every time we make change at a newsstand, we're showing the world what it means to be an American. For better or for worse, our every move affects the people in these countries into which we've been transplanted.

That's an enormous responsibility. My spouse may represent America's interests abroad; I represent America. Every time I walk out my front door, I'm an American. I might be the only American my neighbors see today. If I do something to them, or for them, it isn't just me doing it. It's America.

Kind of puts it all in perspective, doesn't it? I'm not a Stockbroker anymore. I'm not an Accountant. Maybe that used to be me. But now I'm a Spouse, a Citizen Diplomat, doing important work on America's behalf.

Now if you'll excuse me, I'm out of time. That salad won't make itself. □

Donna Gorman is heading to Almaty this summer with her RSO husband, Bart, and son Shay. Her previous posts include Yerevan and Moscow. Before "joining" the Foreign Service, Donna was an advertising executive in Los Angeles.

FOCUS ON REFORM

AFSA Forwards Assignments Reform Package

On June 7, AFSA submitted a fourth set of reform proposals to Director General Ruth A. Davis for consideration. These eight proposals focus on the assignment cycle, and AFSA hopes they will be incorporated into the 2003 Open Assignments cycle.

AFSA sent eight draft proposals out to membership in May with a request for feedback by early June. Nearly 200 employees worldwide provided detailed suggestions. Based on employee input, AFSA revised several proposals, added a new one and dropped one.

The proposals focused on the fair share assignment system, transparency in assignments, flexibility in stretch assignment bidding, conditions at hardship posts, and reforming rules on assignment extensions. All of the proposals seek ways to make the system more equitable and functional.

AFSA has been pleased with the responsiveness from management to our reform proposals. Management responded to AFSA's last package of reform proposals, which dealt with issues of concern to Foreign Service specialists, by adopting nine out of the 15 proposals. For the details, go to www.afa.org/news/specprop.html. □

Donate to the BOOKFAIR

The Associates of the American Foreign Service Worldwide needs your

donations for the October Bookfair. Bookfair proceeds are used for Foreign Service scholarships and for advocacy work on behalf of the Foreign Service community. AAFSW seeks donations for the Art Corner (artwork, collectibles), for the Collectors' Corner (rare books), as well as regular books, stamps and coins. Donations may be dropped off at the Book Room at #B816 in Main State Monday through Friday from 10 a.m. to noon, or can be dropped anytime into the book bins located around the department. To arrange a home pick-up of donated items, call Virginia Jones at (202) 223-5796. Overseas employees may pouch donated items to AAFSW-Room B816, Main State. □



2002 Absentee Voting Guide

The November 2000 elections and October 2001 anthrax attacks highlighted the limitations of the postal system for absentee balloting by overseas citizens. While some states and local jurisdictions revised their procedures in the past year, many did not. Therefore, AFSA and the State Department's chief voting action officer in the Bureau of Consular Affairs urge overseas employees and their voting-age dependents to be proactive in obtaining and casting their absentee ballots for the general election on Nov. 5, 2002.

Contact Your Voting Assistance Officer

For many employees, the first step — requesting absentee ballots — can be taken now. Virtually every embassy and consulate has a voting assistance officer in the consular section who can provide a Federal Post Card Application for registering and requesting an absentee ballot, as well as state-by-state absentee registration instructions and voting procedures. Forms and information are also available on the consular affairs home page of the department's Intranet site at <http://caweb/fvap/Index.htm>, or on the Internet at www.fvap.gov.

Send in Your Federal Post Card Application

Americans overseas can send the completed FPCA to their local election officials via pouch, APO/FPO, host country international mail, or express courier service. Some states allow submission of the FPCA by fax. The hard copy of the FPCA available from your voting assistance officer is postage-paid and may be sent via pouch or APO/FPO without additional postage. Sending the FPCA via the host-country postal service will require local postage. Check with express mail services for special services and rates available to U.S. voters overseas. The FPCA available online is not postage-paid, and requires postage for all of the above-listed mail delivery options.

Absentee voters should send in their FPCAs as early as possible. Some states make ballots available as early as 60 days

before the election. To allow time for receipt and timely return of voted ballots, and to qualify for an emergency ballot, if necessary, overseas voters should make every effort to get the FPCA to local election officials at least 30 days prior to the general election.

Avoid the 20521 Zip Code Pouch Address

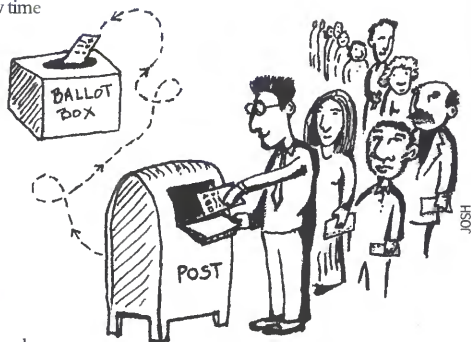
Mail sent to the 20521 zip code continues to be irradiated; delivery of mail to this zip code is delayed by weeks and will almost certainly prevent you from receiving a ballot in time to have your vote counted. Instead, give local election officials one of the following addresses for delivery of the blank ballot: an APO/FPO address, the new department overseas pouch mail address and 20189 zip code, or a local street address.

Return Your Completed Ballot

Ballot-return deadlines vary from state to state. For example, to be counted, Washington, D.C. ballots must be received no later than 10 days after the election; Maryland ballots must be post-marked before the day of the election and received by the second Friday after the election; and Virginia ballots must be received by 7:00 p.m. on election day. Check with your voting assistance officer or review online information for your state's deadline.

Please follow carefully the instructions when filling out and submitting your absentee ballot. For example, some states require that the ballot be notarized or witnessed; others require you to include your passport number or other identifying information.

Voters who choose to return completed ballots via pouch or APO/FPO should allow at least three weeks to ensure delivery by your state's ballot delivery deadline. Before using a different method to return your completed ballot (for



example, sending it by express mail) check to make sure that method will provide a postmark if your state requires one on voted absentee ballots. This is especially important in those states and territories that accept absentee ballots after close of polls on election day.

What If You Don't Receive a Ballot?

The Federal Write-In Absentee Ballot is an emergency or back-up ballot available through your voting assistance officer. It is generally used to vote for federal offices; a few states now allow its use for state or local offices. Check with your voting assistance officer for eligibility requirements. Voters who receive their blank state ballot after submitting an FWAB should complete and return the state ballot as quickly as possible and in accordance with state requirements.

Unfortunately, while many jurisdictions allow overseas voters to request absentee ballots far in advance, few make guarantees about when those absentee ballots will be mailed to voters. Indeed, it is not unknown for ballot printing to be delayed by legal challenges by state and local candidates alleging that their opponents did not meet the qualifying requirements. However, it obviously would be self-defeating for overseas voters to simply assume that the worst-case scenario will apply to them and thus not even attempt to cast an absentee ballot. □

GLIFAA Turns Ten

Gays and Lesbians in Foreign Affairs Agencies (GLIFAA) held a Tenth Anniversary Celebration and Diplomatic Reception on the evening of Foreign Affairs Day at the historic DACOR (Diplomatic and Consular Officers, Retired) Bacon House. Over 250 guests attended, including several high-ranking State Department officials, several past GLIFAA presidents, and a number of foreign diplomats.

James Hormel, former U.S. Ambassador to Luxembourg (1999-2001), was the featured speaker and received a plaque in recognition of his groundbreaking service as the first openly gay U.S. ambassador. The event also marked the publication of a folio celebrating GLIFAA's first decade as an orga-



GLIFAA at Gay Pride Day Parade.

nization, including reminiscences by members, the group's history and accomplishments, a timeline of key events, and profiles of Ambassador Hormel and other notables in the foreign affairs agencies.

GLIFAA was founded in 1992 to secure equal rights for gays and lesbians working in the foreign affairs agencies of the United States. Since that time, GLIFAA has grown to include more than 300 Foreign Service, Civil Service and associated members who serve in Washington, D.C. and at numerous U.S. diplomatic and consular posts worldwide. □



Former U.S. Ambassador to Luxembourg James Hormel is presented with a plaque by James Theis, president of GLIFAA.

Continued from page 9

Seeking AFSA Post Reps

AFSA at many posts will be moving on to new assignments this summer. AFSA urges all outgoing reps to ensure that local AFSA members elect the next representative. Although employees increasingly contact AFSA Washington directly when they need assistance, it is still vital that AFSA have a representative at each post. For details on what AFSA reps do and how they are elected, go to www.afsa.org/postreps/index.html or contact the membership office at member@afsa.org or (202) 338-4045, ext. 525.

Do You Get AFSANET?

AFSANET is a free service of the American Foreign Service Association designed to provide updates on items of interest to the foreign affairs community. To become a member of AFSA, visit www.afsa.org/members/. To subscribe or unsubscribe from this newsletter go to www.afsa.org/forms/maillist.html □

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F O C U S

Continued from page 31

duty, Jarvis started to work a crossword puzzle, one of his favorite pastimes. But questions about Jasmine kept intruding into his thoughts and turning his stomach cold.

Jarvis felt both foolish and apprehensive, but he had to write an incident report about his encounter with the mysterious Jasmine. He did not get home until noon as a complete security sweep of the consulate was ordered following his report. The security check did not find any breach, and normal operations resumed by late morning.

Jarvis was relieved that he never saw Jasmine again. However, when he was on night duty, he often heard what he thought was the sound of a woman crying. The other Marine guards never mentioned a crying woman, but they often talked about hearing light footsteps upstairs when they did their nightly rounds. Jarvis attributed the crying and the supposed footsteps to the sounds the wind makes in an old building. He was still baffled by his encounters with Jasmine, but he tried not to think too much about them and went on with his life.

Having grown up in the confines of military bases due to his father's work with the U.S. Navy, Jarvis found Istanbul an exciting and fascinating city. During his free time, he started exploring the cobblestone side streets of the Tepebaşı district where the consulate was located. It was in the old European section of the former Ottoman capital. On one of his walks, Jarvis found himself in a dusty shop that sold old books and Turkish souvenirs. He had just purchased a copper plate and a couple of blue glass charms that were supposed to ward off the "evil eye" when he noticed a stack of old postcards on a side table. The postcards depicted Turkish artworks and old photographs of traditionally-clad Ottoman-era Turks and the city's imperial mosques and palaces.

Jarvis was looking through the cards when he suddenly felt the hair on the back of his neck stand up. In his hand was a photo of the woman he knew as Jasmine. He turned the card and saw "Yasemin Hanım" inscribed on the back.

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F O C U S

"Who is this woman?" Jarvis asked the old man who ran the shop.

"Ah, very sad story," the old merchant replied as he looked at the card in Jarvis's hand. "Her name Yasemin. Palazzo Corpi, now American Consulate, built for her."

"That couldn't be," Jarvis muttered to himself.

"Yasemin was wife of Leonardo Corpi, rich Genoese shipbuilder," the merchant continued. "1873, Signor Corpi built Palazzo Corpi, house for him and wife."

"What happened?" Jarvis asked.

What Jarvis understood from the old man's story was that Yasemin's father had negotiated her marriage to the rich Signor Corpi without her consent. After the wedding, Yasemin was never seen again. Exactly six months after his wedding day, Leonardo Corpi was found dead in one of the lower unfinished bedrooms of the palazzo. One rumor spread by Corpi's fellow Europeans was that Yasemin had eloped with another man and Signor Corpi committed suicide, either for loss of his beloved bride or loss of his honor. Another version of the rumor had

Yasemin already married to a handsome young Turk when the Palazzo wedding occurred. There were also allegations of murder, reports of hidden bodies and unexplained sounds coming from the building after the disappearance of Yasemin. According to the old Turkish merchant, many other tales featured the couple that lived briefly in Palazzo Corpi, but nobody knew which were true and which were pure invention.

Jarvis could not get the story out of his mind. He loved a good mystery. If the Turkish merchant was right, the lower bedroom facing the street would be the consulate's conference room. He remembered that the mysterious Jasmine had refused to enter that room while advising him to "check it very carefully."

Jarvis was off duty the next day, and decided to see how the contractors' work was going in the conference room. The frescoes had been cleaned, and some of the workers were replacing the water-damaged floorboards near the window. Others had started sanding the walls. Jarvis chatted with the workers briefly, then quietly

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inspected the room, more minutely than he ever had before.

The walls needed repainting. The windows could use the new blast-proof coated glass. He noticed that the floorboards were wide and shiny. Except for those damaged by water near the window, they appeared to be in excellent condition. Looking for anything out of the ordinary, he thought he noticed a wet spot near the east wall.

He could not say what made him do the thing he did next. He took out his white handkerchief and rubbed it against the wet spot on the floorboard. The liquid left a red stain on his white handkerchief. "Excuse me," he called out to one of the workers, trying to keep his voice even. "Has anyone noticed this wet floorboard here?"

He could hear the Turkish worker call to his supervisor, who was talking to someone in the hallway.

"Efendim (sir)," the Turkish supervisor said in greeting, followed by Kent Johnson, the admin officer.

"I was just wondering if anyone noticed that this floorboard seems to be wet," Jarvis replied, pocketing his handkerchief furtively.

"Let's see," the Turkish supervisor answered. "Gel, gel (move, move)," he called to two of his workers, gesturing for them to come quickly. After a quick discussion in Turkish, which Jarvis could not follow, the workers hurried out of the room.

"Problem yok (no problem), we check this," the Turkish supervisor declared, smiling confidently at Kent Johnson and Jarvis. "They get tools and we open this up," he explained. The two workers came back with their tools.

Jarvis watched with trepidation as they worked in concert to quickly remove the offending floorboard. When the board was raised one of the workers knelt and peeked beneath it. He abruptly raised his head and rattled off a comment to his companion.

"What is it?" Jarvis asked.

"He's saying that there's something under the floorboard," Kent Johnson replied.

Before either one of them could say anything more, the worker who was on his knees suddenly stood up, an expression of terror on his face. He spoke unintelligibly.

While the Turkish supervisor tried to calm the worker, Jarvis dropped to his knees and looked inside the hole in the floor.

"It looks like a human skeleton," he said to Kent Johnson.

When it was all over, they had excavated skeletal remains with long black hair and a woman's jewelry. Two things struck Jarvis immediately: One piece of jewelry resembled the silver necklace Jasmine wore when he met her. And there was a smaller skull cradled within the hipbone of the remains.

Jarvis sat staring at the remains. He was suddenly 14 years old again. A female Navy officer came for him at school and brought him to the base hospital where he was horrified to find his mother in intensive care. He later learned that she had fallen from the balcony of their apartment. His mother never recovered. She died a day later from head injuries, and so did the four-month-old fetus in her womb. Was she inebriated? Did she leap to her death? Nobody knew. Not even his father had answers. The military ruled her death accidental. Jarvis never quite forgave her for dying.

"Hey, JM, are you all right?" the gunny tapped Jarvis on the shoulder.

"I'm okay," Jarvis sighed. He stood up and, after one last look at the remains, went out the door following the gunny. He finally told the gunny and the admin officer about his other encounters with the mysterious Jasmine. Both decided that it would be best if Jarvis kept those details out of his report.

The RSO opened an investigation to ascertain the body's identity and cause of death. The legal attaché from Ankara arrived a day later. But Jarvis did not have to wait for the results of the investigation to know who was buried under the floorboards.

Several days later, Jarvis was back on night duty. The palazzo was quiet. He did not hear the sounds the wind makes in an old building. And for the first time in quite awhile, he could hear himself think about the recent past. The woman he knew as Jasmine floated in and out of his thoughts like a dark cloud. He still wondered if her death had come at her husband's hand or her own, or if it was an accident. Jarvis realized that he would never know the cause of Jasmine's death, but he took comfort in knowing that she and her child were finally at rest.

"It's much too quiet in here," Jarvis murmured aloud when all he could hear was his own heartbeat as he went through the paces of his routine inspection. And from somewhere in his distant past, Jarvis remembered gleefully shouting "higher!" and heard again the laughter of a lovely brunette as she pushed him on the swing. ■

EL SOLDADO DE CABALLOS (THE HORSE SOLDIER)

He waited each day in the late afternoon until she appeared at the corner of the last stall, and while she kicked one boot and the other against the wood post, he watched her. For one year he had seen caked mud from her

boots fall to the ground, and from one night to the next in his cot in the army barracks, he thought about the American girl. He saw her touching the horse, rubbing her nose against its neck, repeating in her soft Spanish ... Camarico. Looking through the window beside his bed, the window without glass, he had dreamed she might say his name in that way: José Luis, using both names, drawing them out, the way his thoughts of her extended into the night.

Each day he hurried from stall to stall until he reached Camarico, and then like the sun she would appear, holding carrots in her hands for the horse. The moment she rounded the corner, pausing to kick her boots, he would light a cigarette so his hands might hold something while she sank her face in Camarico's mane. He had groomed this horse longer than any other, carefully lifting each hoof to scrape away the mud.

Each hollow of each hoof must be clean for her, so she could fill the hollows again. Later he would currycomb the horse and think of the American girl.

On days when she competed in jumping, he was there. And when the horse refused a jump and officials waved the girl from the ring, he would watch her chin begin to quiver. More than good food or a soft bed or a leather jacket, he wanted in that moment to hold her.

But while removing the saddle from the horse's back he would shrug his shoulders and say, "La próxima vez." There would be another time. Yet on a day when her eyes shone from clean jumps and a good round, he dreamed of lifting her down. But in that moment he would only say, "Sí, bueno." And she, chin quivering or eyes shining, loved the horse.

At night alone in his narrow cot, he thought of being her trough of water. Then he would laugh. He was a man, not a foolish village girl that came to the capital and worked as a maid, watching telenovelas at night, hoping and praying to meet a rich man. He would serve his time in the army and leave the capital and return home. He could have any girl in the village. The silent, handsome one they called him. And in the tradition of his grandfathers, he too would feed a family from the earth beneath his feet.

But during long nights when he tired of the stars and the cool night air, he thought about the day the



Jan Stamm

THE AMERICAN GIRL
KNEW NOTHING OF
CACAO'S BITTERNESS.
SHE KNEW ONLY OF
CHOCOLATE THAT HAD
BEEN REFINED.

BY GAIL ANN KENNA

*The girl tapped her boot against the wood post
and dropped her riding whip.*

American girl had stopped at the corner of the last stall and tapped her boot against the wood post and dropped her riding whip. One hand held a salt lick and carrots. The other held a pink box from a panadería, which she pressed against her so that it would not fall to the ground. He tried not to dwell on this memory. But he could not forget the girl's straight white teeth, her green eyes, and the long dark hair that fell below her shoulders. He saw her hands gathering the hair beneath her riding hat each afternoon.

It had been in that moment of watching the American girl and lighting his cigarette that he had heard, "Una torta de chocolate, para ti, José Luis."

He wondered if a puzzled look had crossed his face that afternoon.

"Te gusta chocolate?" she asked, handing him the pink box before turning to retrieve her riding whip.

He had stood there, crushing the cigarette beneath his boot, looking at the cake in the box. She was telling him that she had made it, not bought it at a bakery as the box suggested. "Te gusta chocolate?" she repeated.

"Claro," he said, feeling a lump in his throat that did not disappear even after she rode away and joined those in the ring who freely used their spurs and whips. The American girl seldom used a whip or spurs, which is why the horse had stubborn moments and refused to jump.

Opening the girl's trunk, he found a knife and began removing the remnants of the old salt lick to carve a place for the new one. He alone had a key to the girl's bál, which held things for the horse. As he scraped away the caked salt, he thought about her creation. Did he like chocolate? She would never know that cacao was the crop of his father and his grandfathers. She knew nothing of cacao's bitterness or that the cás-

cara held two nuts in each shell. The American girl knew only of chocolate that had been refined.

Looking at the pink box on the bál, he wondered what to do. Had she imagined he would share the cake with other soldiers? If they saw it, they would laugh. They would call the box *la cosita*, and they would lick the cake's frosting with their protruding tongues. These were soldiers who climbed onto horses at midnight. They said the army did not pay them enough for a whore. Often they had asked him if he would like to put his stick in the American girl. When he didn't answer, they laughed at him. But their laughter did not matter. His grandfathers and his father had taught him to withstand the solitude of convictions and to uphold honor through silence.

When the American girl returned from riding that day, he removed the horse's saddle and bridle. Beneath his hands, the horse began to tremble. It was the same each afternoon. Once the horse was free of its blanket, the girl began whispering ... *Camaríco*. And filling her hat with carrots, she would place it beneath the horse's open mouth. Just as quickly, she would pull the hat away, while the horse pressed his huge head against her body.

While he folded the blanket and wrapped the reins around the bridle, he watched the girl and the horse moving in a circle near the stall. Yet that afternoon something was different. Before he could open the bál to put the bridle away, he had to set the pink box on the ground. Seeing the cake beside his feet, he felt an odd resentment. *Dulce y amargo a la vez*, he thought. But bitterness was not his way, and when the girl left that afternoon, he quietly said, "Gracias por la torta." Hearing his words, she turned, and tapping her whip against her boots, she waved good-bye.

While he fed and watered his long row of horses, he thought of hiding the box with the cake in one of the burlap sacks that held muck from the stables. Yet burying the girl's gift in that way was worse than inviting crude words from soldiers. He could leave the box in

After postings in Kuala Lumpur, Caracas and Bogota, Gail Kenna currently lives in Lima, where her husband is assigned to the Narcotics Affairs Section. A teacher by trade, she is at work on her fourth book.

F O C U S

While he folded the blanket and wrapped the reins around the bridle, he watched the girl and the horse moving in a circle near the stall. Yet that afternoon something was different.

the girl's bául. But the cake must be gone when she came to ride the next day and they opened the trunk to remove the ointments and special feed. It never occurred to him that Camarico would not receive the medicine and food that cost more than a soldier's yearly pay. He never dwelt on those who stole money instead of buying feed and he gave no thought to those who believed the riches of life were meant for them. Yet in thinking about the privileged ones, he remembered a huge magnolia that stood at the far end of the lake near the officers' club.

The lake was where the sons of officers rowed and

held races, and where the soldiers went several times each year to clean the water of the algae that grew so long and thick. It had been a month since the soldiers had gone to the lake and stripped to their shorts and spent the day piling algae on the banks at water's edge. They had laughed at the sight of themselves, covered with the strange green tendrils. It had been that day, while enduring the slime and a strong smell that he had seen the magnolia with its beckoning white flowers. That is where he would bury the cake, leaving it whole, entrusting to memory an image he could recall when he needed something for solace.

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FOCUS

He would serve his time in the army and leave the capital and return home. And in the tradition of his grandfathers, he too would feed a family from the earth beneath his feet.

When the stables were dark and the soldiers had gone to eat, he found a shovel and put the box inside a burlap sack. At night there would be no boats on the lake or runners circling the path around it.

While walking the mile to the lake, he thought about his return home in a year. He would not talk about his time in the capital except to say that God had granted him the care of a horse. The secret of his love for the American girl would never be known, and soon her *bául* would be empty. She had told him she would return home for university. She had not told him when this would happen, but he hoped it would

be when he left the army. Although he would never know her body or her thoughts, he could bury her casket in moonlight beneath the white flowers of a magnolia tree. This moment belonged to him, and like the silver moon above the silent lake it filled the hollows of his heart.

Later that night in the barracks when he removed his boots, caked moist earth fell to the floor beside his cot. As he brushed the mud away, he lifted one clump and held it in his hand. Tomorrow he would see the American girl when she rounded the corner of the last stall and stopped to shake the mud from her boots. ■

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LAST REQUEST

S ammy and I met about 30 years ago up at the Interstate 95 rest area east of Baxter State Park. I was leaning against a picnic table a few feet from my Harley, drinking a Coke and staring at the view of the low mountains and vast forests spread out around me.

I was thinking about the time my wife Donna suggested we buy a camp up near the park and how I had balked at the idea, telling her it was impractical. As I stood there, thinking that if I could bring Donna back, I would buy her as many camps in whatever places she wanted, I heard the telltale guttural roar of a Harley slowing down. I turned and saw Sammy pull his three-year-old 1971 FX 1200 Super Glide Sportster into the rest area. His wife Janice sat behind him, her arms wrapped around his waist. Decked out in matching black leather from head to toe, they were both helmetless, ours being one of the few states where people remain free to choose whether to wear a helmet or not. It probably goes back to our libertarian traditions and our being so close to New Hampshire. "Live Free or Die," they say.

Closely eyeing me and my bike, Sammy smoothly edged his Sportster into the space beside me. In those days, I was riding a vintage 1966 Electra-Glide Showelhead, and I kept it pristine,

only taking it out for special rides on perfect days of cloudless skies. That Harley was like a child to me and it felt good when another Harley freak noticed it and appreciated it. Sammy killed his engine and let out a brief low whistle.

"Nice bike," Sammy said, as Janice deftly dismounted, swinging her right leg up and over Sammy's head. While Sammy admired my bike, I admired Janice's long blond hair. She caught my eyes on her and smiled, clearly

appreciating my admiration as much as I was enjoying Sammy's. As she walked away toward the rest room, the bright sun glistening off her pants, I looked at her tall, thinly curved body and felt a stab of lonely desire. Sammy got off his bike and came closer to mine.

"Looks brand-new. You maintain it yourself?" he asked.

"Yep."

He crouched down for a closer look.

The sun harshly reflected off the chrome and Sammy kept his sunglasses on. From my angle, I could see the crow's-feet around his eyes, the skin there a touch less tan than his face.

"You got a fine ride as well," I said, gesturing toward his Harley.

"Aah, she's all right for putt-puttin' around. But this here's a real machine. A beauty."

"Thanks," I said, tossing my empty Coke can into a trash barrel next to the picnic table.

We talked a bit more about my bike, Sammy asking and me answer-



Jan Stamm

WHEN SAMMY WAS
DIAGNOSED WITH LUNG
CANCER, NO ONE
THOUGHT IT WOULD BEAT
HIM. HE WAS SO FULL OF
LIFE, ALMOST IMMORTAL.

BY PHILLIP BUCKLEY

*That Harley was like a child to me and it felt good when another
Harley freak noticed it and appreciated it.*

ing. Janice came back with a couple of sodas and handed one to Sammy. He took a long drink from it, then set it down on the curb, pulled out a pack of Camels and offered me one. We lit our cigarettes and smoked, looking out at the view.

"Is that Katahdin there?" Janice asked, pointing to a mountain to our left.

"The rocky one, yep," Sammy said, and then, looking at me, "Y'ever been up there?"

"Before my wife died, we made a few trips to the top. It was more her thing but I went along."

"Twelve hours of hiking, right? Was it worth it?"

I paused, then said, "Absolutely."

With that, we all turned back to the view. In the silence, an occasional car or rig zoomed by, briefly disturbing the tranquility of the middle of nowhere. Finally, we started to talk about where we were heading that day. This was the end of my trip, my turn-around point, but they were going to his cousin Mark's place another 70 miles north. After we finished our cigarettes and prepared to part ways, he asked me if I knew of any older classic Harleys for sale.

"You mean already restored or needin' work?" I asked.

"Needin' work, I guess. That's half the fun."

"Well, then, yeah, I know of a few."

"I've been thinking about gettin' one. How can I get a hold of you?" he asked.

I fished in my jacket pockets and dug out a folded old invoice with my letterhead on it. "Here's my number. Just give me a call," I said, handing Sammy the creased paper.

"Bricklayer, huh?" Sammy said, studying the invoice. "Maybe we've worked on some of the same jobs." He walked over to his Harley and pulled out a baseball cap and tossed it to me. I read the front: Sammy Snyder and Daughters, Carpentry.

It turned out we knew a lot of the same people. Not surprising since we were both in the building business and lived only about 50 miles from each other. As we

talked, Janice started fidgeting and Sammy got on his bike, walking it back out of the parking space. Janice climbed on and we all said our goodbyes. Sammy started his bike and they chugged out of the lot, heading north on the empty highway. I watched as they disappeared from view around a distant curve, the pounding purr of his Harley ricocheting off the rocky gray cliffs.

That evening, I ate some cold leftover sausage pizza at home and sat out on my front porch. The heat bugs were in a frenzy. When darkness came, it was still hot and muggy, a real summer night, and my beer sweated in my hand. I decided to hit the sack on the early side but I had trouble getting to sleep on account of the heat. The night air was heavy with moisture but it wouldn't rain. I had all the windows open, but hardly a breeze was blowing. After a couple of hours of tossing, I heard a Harley coming down the street. As it neared, the bike slowed and became quiet, passed my house, then turned and came back, snarling and pacing in front of my house like a caged panther. I got up and went into the hallway to look outside. By the muddled light of the street lamps, I could see a bike going back and forth but that was all. I threw on my pants and went downstairs.

The bike was just turning around again when I got out onto the porch. It was Sammy and Janice. They slowly passed again, Sammy nodding to me as they went by. Behind him, Janice held a candlestick above her head like the Olympic torch, three flames struggling to flicker over the light breeze of the bike. When they turned and got back to the front of the house, Sammy pulled his bike gently over the curb and onto my front walk. I could see his white smile and when I walked down the steps, I saw a look in his eyes, that devilish look that I would come to know and love so well.

"How about a picnic?" he said.

That night we stayed up until two, picnicking over candlelight at the table on my front porch. We drank wine and beer and ate and ate from the bag of goodies they had stashed in their saddlebags. Turns out, Sammy's dad had been a cook and Sammy's greatest love, after his

*Originally from Maine, Phillip Buckley is serving as a
Department of State English Language Fellow in Kiev.*

*When Sammy lost his hair due to the chemo and radiation,
he took to wearing a bright red bandana.*

wife, kids and Harley, was food. That night, they brought a roasted chicken, cheese, bread, potato salad, and a blueberry pie. We talked, Sammy telling stories about his dad, about how he and Janice had met, and the latest exploits and achievements of their four daughters. After we ate, I took them out back to show them my workshop and some of my woodcarvings. We sat in lawn chairs, gazing up at the sky packed full of dusty summer stars.

That's how a 20-plus-year friendship started. And over that time, Sammy never ceased to surprise and amaze me. Sure, he made some mistakes — he admitted as much. He'd had an affair that nearly cost him Janice. He was too strict with his daughters, once grounding Shelly, his youngest, for the whole summer because she got a B-minus in English. And he made their social lives pretty hard too. One Saturday night, when he found his eldest daughter Samantha (she was 14 at the time) kissing a boy on the couch, he forced the boy to strip and then drove him to the center of town and left him there, naked. But on the day of his funeral, Samantha spoke for the girls when she said that they had been blessed to have had a truly loving father.

When Sammy was diagnosed with lung cancer, no one thought it would actually beat him. He seemed so full of life, almost immortal. When he lost his hair due to the chemo and radiation, he took to wearing a bright red bandana. He kept riding his bike, only stopping when he was too weak to kick-start it. Then I started taking him out on the back of my bike, taking him wherever he wanted, whenever he wanted.

When I got word from Janice that he'd died, I rode over to their place and sat up with her all night. I helped her take care of things at the funeral home, called people to deliver the news, and tried to do what I could. It was then that I learned that Sammy had named me administrator of his estate, wanting to spare Janice the trouble. In his papers, I found a letter to me, a goodbye of sorts and one last request, a request that would have to wait until after his funeral to be carried out.

The funeral was about what I'd expected — a simple service. The funeral home was packed. I spoke after Samantha and told the story about that first summer night on my front porch. A couple of guys Sammy worked with also got up, big men in tears. What struck me most was that Dr. Chason, Sammy's last doctor, a man who had seen countless patients die of cancer, not only showed up but had asked to speak. He told us about how Sammy, even on his deathbed, had always asked him about his life and family. He told us how one day, after he'd happened to tell Sammy about his allergic son's impossible wish to have a dog, Sammy had shown up for treatment carrying a perfectly carved wooden dog, a gift he had made for the doctor's son.

At the cemetery, we gathered around the small tomb that was designed to hold Sammy's ashes. Janice spoke, placing a few of Sammy's loves into the tomb: a picture of Janice and the girls, an antique carpenter's plane, a miniature Harley, and a bottle of wine. Coming to the final item, a pack of Camels, she paused and looked up at the sky.

"These killed you, Sammy," she said, holding the pack tightly above her head. "I wanted you to quit, tried to get you to. But you didn't want to. And I didn't want you to change. I love you just the way you are, Sammy."

A couple of days later, I went over to Sammy's house to carry out his last request. Sammy's house was another of his pride and joys. As a carpenter, Sammy had designed and built the whole thing. But as a finish carpenter, the interior was what he was most proud of. The master bedroom had been an anniversary present for Janice. It was on the second floor, with a huge picture window with a view of the ocean in the distance. Handmade furniture, some of it made by Sammy, some of it antique, filled every corner. The moldings and woodwork were elaborate and the hardwood floor flawless and shining like an ice rink after the Zamboni passes. The focal point of the room was a queen-size

F O C U S

wrought-iron bed piled high with pillows and comforters. The bed was raised like a throne so that you could see the ocean from it. Above the bed were three skylights open to the stars.

On my way to Sammy's, I had stopped at Urban's Hardware to buy a couple gallons of their best interior white paint. Sammy had specified white. When I got to the house, Janice was there, ready to lend a hand. Before the funeral, I had told her about what Sammy had asked me to do and she had laughed and said, "God, I love that crazy man." We went up to the bedroom and covered the furniture with dropcloths. Janice turned on some music and it rang out through the small speakers Sammy had installed in the corners of their room. Sammy loved to play opera on his bike's cassette player and we once rode out to Sturgis and cruised down the main street, Verdi blaring and turning heads.

After the room was ready, I opened the cans of paint and poured them into a five-gallon bucket. I got out some brushes and rollers and roller pans. Janice

brought in the urn with Sammy's remains and she stood next to me, firmly hugging the urn. I looked at her and smiled a little, unsure how we should feel. She smiled back, closing her eyes to keep back the tears, and handed me the urn. I opened it and looked in — just ashes. I tipped the urn over the bucket and some light wispy ashes floated down into the paint. I stirred it, the ashes turning the white slightly gray. I added the rest of the ashes, deepening the color. Then we stood up and went to work, covering the walls, ceiling, and woodwork with two coats of gray paint flecked with black pieces of Sammy Snyder.

When we had finished, we went out onto the small balcony off of the bedroom. It was cold and cloudy. The sky was gray and the ocean the color of slate. We sat there, in wooden chairs Sammy had made, listened to Sammy's cassette and drank some of Sammy's favorite red wine. Janice's fingers touched mine and she took my hand. I felt a few raindrops and I looked down at the dark gray spots they left on my forearm. ■

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EAST TIMOR: A NATION BORN, LESSONS LEARNED

THE ROAD FROM THE VIOLENT AFTERMATH OF THE AUG. 30, 1999,
INDEPENDENCE VOTE TO NATIONHOOD ON MAY 20, 2002, WAS NOT SMOOTH.
NOR WAS THE OPENING OF A NEW U.S. POST.

BY GARY GRAY

On Jan. 28, 1999, President B.J. Habibie stunned Indonesia watchers and most of his own officials when he broke a decades-long diplomatic impasse by offering to permit East Timor's separation from Indonesia. Thus began a three-year-long transition culminating in East Timor's birth as an independent nation of 800,000, the first nation of the new millennium.

The road from the near total destruction of the country in the violent aftermath of the Aug. 30, 1999, independence vote to nationhood on May 20, 2002, was by no means smooth. The East Timorese and the international community faced the enormous (but rewarding) task of rebuilding the devastated territory and establishing the basis for a sustainable and democratic new nation. For Washington it also meant opening a new post — an experience I highlight here because it presents some important lessons learned, and, in particular, points to the State Department's need to develop more flexibility to deal with such "outside-the-box" situations.

There were the inevitable clashing ambitions among

the Timorese political elite, exasperating delays in the reconstruction process, and even the occasional outbreaks of violence. At every critical juncture, however, the key players — Xanana Gusmao, leader of the two-decades-long armed rebellion against Indonesian rule; 1996 Nobel Peace Prize winner Bishop Carlo Belo and the Roman Catholic Church; the leftist Fretilin Party (Revolutionary Front for An Independent East Timor), formed in 1974 and the largest single force in the long independence struggle; the former guerrilla forces of the FALINTIL (Armed Forces of National Liberation of East Timor); and the international community — ultimately acted with the big picture and the interests of the East Timorese people in mind.

The Historic Vote

President Habibie's dramatic move paved the way for the May 5, 1999, Tripartite Agreement among the U.N., Indonesia and Portugal establishing the United Nations Mission in East Timor and providing for a "popular consultation" vote on independence versus continued integration with Indonesia. In response, elements of the Indonesian military and bureaucracy vehemently opposed to Habibie's policy shift organized and armed pro-integration "militias," who targeted pro-independence activists and at times the unarmed UNAMET personnel. Jakarta's repeated diplomatic pledges to maintain order and remain neutral in the process had no impact on the ground, where Indonesian forces allowed the militias free reign to pursue pro-independence activists, burn villages and displace thousands of people in their campaign to intimidate the electorate into voting against independence.

The confrontation was not new, nor were the militia's tactics. From my first trips to East Timor in 1996 as a

William "Gary" Gray joined the Foreign Service in 1985. His tours of duty have taken him to Bucharest, Pretoria, Moscow, Sudan, Maputo and Washington. Assigned to Jakarta in 1996, there he was responsible for regional political affairs and the East Timor issue. In July 2000 he was appointed Principal Officer at the U.S. Representative Office in Dili, East Timor. Since September 2001, he has served in Kuala Lumpur. He is the recipient of several State awards, including the Superior Honor Award (1995 and 2002) and the Superior Honor Award for Heroism (2001). He was also runner-up for the Director General's Award for Political Reporting in 1999.

political officer of Embassy Jakarta, I had witnessed the low-level insurgency under way since Indonesia seized and occupied the former Portuguese colony in 1975, with the Indonesian military, elements of the bureaucracy and those East Timorese who benefited from collaboration with Jakarta pitted against pro-independence guerrillas and activists supported by Portugal. It was all in a day's work to fly into Dili's substandard airport on aging Merpati Airline jets, drive along treacherous mountain roads dodging oncoming military convoys, and pass through checkpoints manned by unidentified uniformed, half-uniformed, or non-uniformed elements ranging from regular troops to scraggly, irregular soldiers armed with everything from semi-automatic weapons to homemade rifles and machetes.

But the dramatic escalation of militia attacks in mid-1999 caused even the most experienced East Timor hands to question the wisdom of holding the consultation vote in such an unstable environment. We could only hope the presence of international VIPs, election observers and foreign media would restrain the Indonesians and their surrogates. Most convincingly, my East Timorese contacts argued that while post-vote violence probably was inevitable, they could not afford to pass up what could turn out to be their only historical window of opportunity to achieve independence.

On voting day, Aug. 30, 1999, pro-Jakarta militia elements quickly undermined our VIP deterrence theory by firing shots and throwing stones to force voters, and our own observer party (including U.S. Ambassador to Indonesia J. Stapleton Roy), to flee from the voting station in Gleno, southwest of Dili. This, however, proved to be an isolated incident. Fully 98.6 percent of registered voters ignored intimidation and threats of reprisals to cast their ballots at the 200 polling stations, the majority of which remained peaceful.

A Furious Reaction

During the first week of September, as ballots were counted amid a growing sense of the inevitability of a pro-independence outcome, pro-integration forces renewed their threats against journalists, and all foreign observers. The nation-to-be was plunged into a state of

fear and lawlessness as pro-integrationists proceeded to make good on their threats. Another episode of violence and destruction would be played out before the difficult next phase of nationbuilding could begin.

On Sept. 2 the ambassador and his party departed, and consular officer Victoria Alvarado arrived to join me to ascertain the numbers and locations of American citizens and determine whether an evacuation was in order. By the next day besieged UNAMET staff in outlying districts were compelled to flee to Dili, and the East Timorese themselves, whose many years of experience had given them a sixth sense in these matters, began to take to the hills. Unable to sleep in the early morning hours of Sept. 3, I looked out the window of our leased house on the outskirts of town to see hundreds of ghost-like figures silently moving in the moonlight away from

Dili, carrying as many possessions as they could manage.

UNAMET announced the vote count overwhelmingly favoring independence before the remaining journalists and a handful of fearful East Timorese on Saturday morning, Sept. 4, at the Makhota Hotel. Hours later the hotel was torched. The city was eerily quiet and deserted as Vicky and I, accompanied by Canadian diplomat Scott Gilmore, visited remaining concentrations of American and Canadian electoral observers, urging them to depart as soon as possible. At the local

electric power office we found the last remaining Indonesian personnel packing up to depart — not a reassuring sight. We stopped at Bishop Belo's compound, where a few thousand people had gathered in the belief that this was a safe haven. Just beyond the walls the militia unleashed rounds of automatic weapons fire to intimidate the crowd inside.

We stayed in regular phone contact with the embassy in Jakarta, which sent instructions to seek police protection for ourselves and other Americans. At the chaotic police compound, where thousands of frightened Timorese were being loaded onto vehicles for transport to West Timor, the commanders dropped all remaining pretense that they exercised any real law-enforcement authority. I nevertheless went through the motions of cajoling the provincial police chief, a good contact and occasional tennis partner in more peaceful times, to

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assign at least a few police in a pick-up truck to provide some security around several houses where American observers and journalists were concentrated. As we accompanied these police through the neighborhood to point out the American-occupied houses, passing a surrealistic scene of half-dressed Indonesian troops partying to loud rock music in an abandoned villa, we were unsure whether we were contributing to our security or merely leading the lions to the sheep. In any case, our police friends soon drove off and we never saw them again.

No Longer Safe

In late afternoon, after returning to our house/office from a trip to the airport to see off some departing American citizens, we were startled by a long volley of automatic weapons fire unleashed by militia riding in a truck that had careened off the main road behind us. I decided that it was not advisable to spend the night in our quarters, so close to the main artery where much of the militias' parading and shooting was taking place. As dusk fell we moved to a more isolated house rented by the Carter Center observers, closer to several other residences occupied by other groups of Americans. It seemed reassuring to gather together a number of Americans along with our vehicles and drivers in one place.

But during the seemingly endless, anxious night that followed, the militia marauding continued and we watched as half the sky was lit a bright orange by the torching of an entire adjacent neighborhood. Word that an American member of the U.N. civilian police had been shot and seriously wounded heightened our concern that the situation was spiraling out of control. At

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around 3 a.m. the sound of motorcycles, voices, and then a few shots signaled the arrival of a group of militia. They stayed outside the house for some 30 tense minutes, until an East Timorese staffer of the Carter Center, who also was a relative of one of the militia members, persuaded them to depart.

Early on Sunday morning, Sept. 5, as a typically beautiful Dili sunrise pierced through the still-rising smoke, we cautiously ventured out. All seemed quiet. Based on past experience, I figured that the perpetrators of the previous night's mayhem had retired into a drunken stupor and that we probably could move about safely, at least for a few hours. I gave our driver much of our remaining cash so he could fetch his family and try to flee. This still left us with one car, thanks to the resourceful Scott Gilmore, who the previous day had persuaded guards at the deserted New Zealand observer mission house to hand over keys to an abandoned Kiwi vehicle.

Early in the afternoon, we were again at the airport to assist U.S. citizens departing on charter flights when we were approached by Australian security officers who warned that it was no longer safe to

circulate in Dili and insisted that we accompany them to their relatively protected consulate, the only diplomatic mission then in town. They agreed to give us five minutes to collect essential items from our house. I have a vivid memory of frenetically trying to extract our last few millions of Indonesian rupiah, which I'd hidden behind a drawer. We made it safely to the consulate, where Australian Ambassador to Indonesia John McCarthy told the staff to take care of all our needs. Gunfire resounded just outside. My good friend, former Dili-based Australian diplomat Alan Sweetman, fondly recalls me asking about any consulate contingency plans (e.g., "Do you have any guns?") should the militia and/or the Indonesian troops decide to ignore what appeared increasingly flimsy protection offered by the mission's diplomatic status. Alan assured me with some embarrassment that in that event we all, Americans and Australians alike, were pretty much on our own.

Final Tumultuous Hours

In any case, our respite at the consulate soon proved short-lived. We heard via U.N. civilian police radio that two members of the Carter Center staff, an American and a Canadian, had been apprehended by militia and taken to the police station where they were being detained. It seemed clear that we had to get the remaining Carter Center personnel out of East Timor as soon as possible. Accompanied by an Australian security officer and a couple of Indonesian soldiers thought to be reliable, we first returned to the house to extract the other remaining staffer, under the noses of a truckload of armed militia parked nearby.

At the police headquarters we

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found the two Carter Center staffers surrounded by police and militia, held, according to my increasingly uncooperative police contacts, under charges of "reckless driving and assault." They told us two militia members on a motorcycle had pursued their vehicle, attempting to fire at them, until they alertly turned into the motorcycle, forcing it off the road. With clear evidence to the contrary raging all around us, the police officials insisted that Indonesia observed the strict rule of law and that all legal processes must be completed. After much negotiation, however, it eventually was agreed that we could try to reach a settlement with the militia "victims."

Deciding that we had no choice but to participate in this theatrical exercise, I expressed our sympathy to the militia assailants for their so-called injuries and the damage to their bike. Fortunately the Carter Center staffers had an ample supply of cash, a significant portion of which then changed hands. It still was not clear whether the matter actually was settled, but we cautiously walked out toward the cars,

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and were relieved that no one tried to stop us. By now it was dark and our escorts had long since departed, but mercifully the drive to the airport was a short one.

At the airport we found a tense scene as the remaining Portuguese journalists awaited the arrival of a chartered aircraft. A Lisbon television anchorman, who seemed to be in charge, told us that seats were available for our Carter Center evacuees and for that matter for us as well if we wished to depart. That sharply focused our minds on why we were in East Timor to begin with. Our diplomatic-presence deterrence theory seemed to have long since lost its validity. Our ability to report events or to influence them now was extremely limited, given our pinned-down position at the Australian consulate. We largely had completed our duty to protect and assist American citizens. All but a handful of die-hards had already departed. Weighing the personal risks (including the immediate prospect of attempting to make it back to the consulate with no security escort along a dark militia-infested road) versus the benefits of staying in Dili, we decided it was a good time to leave.

Picking Up the Pieces

During those final tumultuous 36 hours we had experienced only a small taste of what the East Timorese themselves had encountered for many years. The day after we departed, Bishop Belo's compound was attacked and his residence destroyed while the neighboring office of the International Committee of the Red Cross was sprayed with gunfire and burned. The bishop left for Australia and most remaining foreigners soon departed as the Indonesian military and East Timorese militias carried out a wave of violence and destruc-

*With clear evidence to
the contrary raging all
around us, the police
officials insisted that
Indonesia observed the
strict rule of law and that
all legal processes must
be completed.*

tion that reached virtually every corner of East Timor.

A semblance of order was restored only after Indonesia bowed to international pressure and permitted the late-September deployment of the multinational International Force in East Timor peacekeeping detachment.

I returned to East Timor on Oct. 1 to find a scene of utter devastation. I will never forget the drive in from the airport, as our vehicle inched along through hundreds of bedraggled Timorese carrying a few meager possessions. Pillars of smoke still rose over Dili as the remaining Indonesian forces continued to torch their facilities.

On the frontier, the security situation remained uncertain through much of 2000 as militia incursions continued from West Timor, where as many as 200,000 East Timorese remained, many of them forcibly displaced. In early 2000 the United Nations Transitional Administration in East Timor replaced UNAMET and began the work of reconstruction and nationbuilding, in many ways more complex and difficult than the process leading to the con-

sultation vote. The East Timorese understandably grew frustrated as they saw very slow visible progress despite pledges of tens of millions of dollars, assessment missions too numerous to count, and the arrival of hordes of expats.

In the meantime, as I continued to commute every month or so the 2,000-plus kilometers from Jakarta, it was clear we urgently needed a full-time U.S. diplomatic presence in East Timor. Retired Ambassador Jake Jacobsen was contracted to take up temporary residence in Dili, working out of a seedy motel room to begin what proved an absurdly long and difficult process in setting up a U.S. office. The more agile diplomatic establishments of the British, Portuguese, Japanese and others had established fully operational, official missions as early as January 2000. Our U.S. sister agencies also were quick off the mark, with USAID's Office of Transitional Initiatives up and running in December 1999, and the U.S. Military Group in East Timor arriving soon after.

Trying to "Show the Flag"

It took us about six months longer to get our renovated residence/office open, but my wife Lani and I finally moved to Dili in early July. I was accredited to UNTAET as the U.S. representative, and in Dili we were known as the U.S. Representative Office, but within our own State Department system we still did not officially exist. The formal opening of the office continued to be entangled in budget problems, apparent reluctance to submit the required congressional notification (despite strong bipartisan support on the Hill for our involvement in East Timor), and simple bureaucratic paralysis. Since "showing the flag" was a critical element of our very

presence in East Timor, it was embarrassing and tiresome to explain repeatedly why we, alone among Dili's dozen or so diplomatic missions, were unable to display our national standard in front of the office (the U.S. Office in Dili was officially opened only in February 2002).

While lacking an official existence, we nevertheless were swamped with a workload equal to that of at least a mid-sized embassy. A constant stream of visitors, representational events and reporting requirements, not to mention the administrative and security aspects of setting up a new mission, often threatened to totally overwhelm us. In our first months my wife Lani out of necessity functioned as a volunteer admin officer. Intrepid Presidential Management Intern Erik Rye arrived in November 2000, and we eventually were able

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to hire some East Timorese staff (a difficult process in a town where the U.N., other international agencies and other diplomatic missions already had snapped up every conceivable qualified Timorese). In

December we were delighted to find an American in Dili with previous experience as a general services officer at a U.S. consulate, but red tape delayed her hiring until July 2001. In the meantime we were assisted by occasional visits of officers from Jakarta to help out with administrative, consular, economic and public affairs issues. Our lack of official structure was in some ways a blessing, enabling us to achieve a high degree of efficiency. Communications, routed through Embassy Jakarta, were almost entirely via commercial e-mail, and therefore unclassified, but we found that this presented few problems.

As we achieved some semblance of routine operations, we turned more attention to the key issues of U.S. interest. Coordinating our own multi-faceted official activities was a top priority. I quickly learned

INDIA: 21st Century Superpower? 2002 DACOR CONFERENCE

Opening remarks by **Ambassador Alan W. Lukens**, President of DACOR
(Diplomatic and Consular Officers, Retired)

Panel I: The Internal Scene

Ambassador Dennis Kux of DACOR

Author, *India and the US: Estranged Democracies*, Moderator

Walter Andersen, Ph. D., Bureau of Intelligence and Research, Department of State
Ambassador Teresita Schaffer, Center for Strategic and International Studies;

Panel II: The External Scene

Robert Hathaway, Director, Asia Program, Woodrow Wilson Center, Moderator

George Perkovich, Ph. D., Carnegie Endowment; Author, *India's Nuclear Bomb*

Stephen P. Cohen, Ph. D., Brookings Institution; Author, *India: Emerging Power*

Karl (Rick) Inderfurth, George Washington University; Asst. Sec. of State for South Asia '97-'01

8:15 AM to 2 PM Friday, October 11, 2002, World Bank Auditorium
(H Street, NW, Between 18th and 19th Streets).

Fee is \$10.00 per person for the panels (including continental breakfast), or \$32 per person for the panels, continental breakfast and buffet lunch. To register, send a check (note "conference" in the memo portion) for the appropriate amount to DACOR, 1801 F. St., NW, Washington, DC 20006. Note: Please include current address and phone number on the check. Checks should be made payable to DACOR Bacon House Foundation, or DBHF

that managing a bare-bones State Department office in an environment like Dili requires doing everything possible to draw on the assets of our colleagues from other agencies. The excellent administrative apparatus of USAID/OTI was of great help. The small but well-supplied U.S. Military Group in East Timor contingent, which managed our symbolically important monthly U.S. ship visits and carried out humanitarian missions, provided us with classified communications when necessary, and with the ingredients and manpower for our July 4, 2001, reception for over 400 guests. Al Vasquez, coordinator of the Department of Justice's International Criminal Investigative Training Assistance Program, volunteered to be our unofficial mission security advisor and recruited an excellent local guard force for us.

Despite the difficult living conditions, the nationbuilding exercise

*In Dili we were known as
the U.S. Representative
Office, but within our
own State Department
system we still did not
officially exist.*

in East Timor attracted many enthusiastic, talented, results-oriented people. The OTI program, with a more flexible mandate than that of conventional USAID operations, was able to respond swiftly to the country's rapidly changing needs. With many of the other international assistance programs stymied by bureaucratic bottlenecks, our relative quickness gained us much good will. A USAID-funded project that purchased and marketed the bulk of East Timor's coffee production, the country's biggest export earner, had already been under way since the mid-1990s. Reviving this operation injected desperately needed cash into the rural economy. Given the continuing external threat as well as the concern about internal instability in East Timor, the security sector was most critical. Here we have been able to play a low-profile but key role, with our ICITAP police training program and our support for the Office of Defense Force Development. We also targeted assistance to the critical justice sector.

Looking Ahead

East Timor held successful elections for a constitutional assembly

on Aug. 30, 2001, elected Xanana Gusmao as president on April 14, 2002, and achieved independence on May 20. The U.S. immediately established full diplomatic relations with the Democratic Republic of East Timor, and officially opened an embassy in Dili on May 20. U.N. personnel will maintain a significant post-independence presence in the administrative, police and justice sectors and several thousand international troops will stay on while the new defense force develops. Some 50,000 refugees still await resettlement; defiant pro-integration militia and political leaders continue to agitate in West Timor and Jakarta; and accountability for the September 1999 violence and numerous earlier killings remains a thorny issue.

Nevertheless, if East Timor can maintain internal stability and external security (good relations with Jakarta are a must) and avoid the pervasive corruption found among some of its neighbors in the region, there is no reason it cannot succeed as an independent state. Making wise use of the potentially lucrative Timor Gap petroleum resources will be critical for the country's economic future. The large oil and gas deposits in the Timor Sea will come on stream in the next few years. Though disputes remain with Australia over certain maritime boundaries, the new East Timor government has already signed a treaty with Canberra under which it will receive 90 percent of the revenues in the Timor Gap zone as a whole, which should provide significant income for the new nation.

With our continuing assistance in key sectors, the U.S. is poised to play a relatively low-profile but critical role in the new nation's development. ■

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BOOKS

Democracy and the Media

Al-Jazeera: How the Free Arab News Network Scooped the World and Changed the Middle East

Mohammed El-Nawawy and Adel Iskander, Westview, 2002, \$24, hardcover, 228 pages.

REVIEWED BY LAURA E. DEKOCK

Al-Jazeera (which means "the peninsula," or "the island," in Arabic) is the first uncensored Arabic-language news network to broadcast from within the Arab world. Based in Qatar, it first became a household word in the United States last autumn as the only TV network broadcasting from Taliban-controlled Afghanistan when the U.S. air strikes began. When CNN and other American television news networks repeatedly rebroadcast Al-Jazeera's footage of videotaped statements made by Osama bin Laden, many Americans voiced questions regarding this television station that had seemingly developed out of a desert mirage.

Mohammed El-Nawawy and Adel Iskander, an Arab-American and Arab-Canadian respectively, seek to answer the English-speaking world's questions about Al-Jazeera in this first book to focus solely and specifically on the network. *Al-Jazeera: How the Free Arab News Network Scooped the World and Changed the Middle East* delves thoughtfully and critically into all of the major queries — and accusations — that have been posed with respect to the station: To what degree is Al-

Jazeera really an independent outlet? How much control does Qatar exercise over the station? Is Al-Jazeera biased? Anti-American? Islamist? Is Al-Jazeera sensationalist? Does it seek to incite violence? Does the network support terrorism and the likes of bin Laden and al-Qaida?

El-Nawawy and Iskander pursue each of these questions in depth but conclude that Al-Jazeera is indeed a bona fide news network and has, over the course of its more than five years of existence, been a democratizing force within the Arab world. Yet while the authors make a solid case for Al-Jazeera's legitimacy and transformative power within the Arab world, they do not shy away from what they consider to be the less-than-positive aspects of the network: its lack of critical reporting on its home country of Qatar, the fact that the views expressed on its talk shows are usually from the extremes rather than those of the vast majority of moderate Arabs, and its practice of referring to Palestinian suicide bombers as "martyrs," among others. El-Nawawy and Iskander also touch on some broader issues. Perhaps most importantly, they raise serious questions as to the role media outlets play as a democratizing force within society. And, more specifically, they examine the role of the free media in a time of war or crisis.

The one area where the book falls short is its failure to fully address the fact that Al-Jazeera is really only available to the upper crust of Arab society. Only those few who can afford a satellite dish, or who are welcome to watch the television of someone else who can, are able to benefit directly from the station's expression of multiple

views. Yet to give the authors their due, they are right to point out that Al-Jazeera has nonetheless forced Arab leaders to explain and justify their behavior to their respective populations, and by offering real competition for other media sources, including state-owned media, has improved press coverage.

Overall, this account is an excellent resource, both for those who had never heard of the network prior to October 2001 and for those of us who have been following its progress over the past half-decade.

Laura E. DeKock is a junior associate with AALC (formerly Armitage Associates), an international consulting company located in Arlington, Va. Prior to that, she was the managing editor of Middle East Insight magazine.

Going It Together

The Paradox of American Power: Why the World's Only Superpower Can't Go It Alone

Joseph S. Nye, Jr., Oxford University Press, 2002, \$26.00, hardcover, 222 pages.

REVIEWED BY HARRY BLANEY

The subtitle of Joseph Nye's new book, *The Paradox of American Power: Why the World's Only Superpower Can't Go It Alone*, says it all. Confronting head-on the unilateralists and hegemonists alike, Nye insightfully exposes the shallowness of both approaches and makes an eloquent case for the middle ground, favoring

cooperation with others whenever possible.

He does so as an expert on both the theory and practice of foreign policy. During the Carter years, he served in the Department of State as deputy to the under secretary for security assistance, science and technology and also chaired the National Security Council Group on Nonproliferation of Nuclear Weapons. During the Clinton administration, he was assistant secretary for international security affairs at DOD and then chairman of the National Intelligence Council before returning to his present post as dean of the JFK School of Government at Harvard University.

Nye begins by analyzing the nature of America's superpower role and the international environment within which we are operating. He then poses the question of how long our current status as a world colossus can last, and most importantly, what we should do in that role. In that regard, he is careful to acknowledge that sometimes the U.S. does have to act unilaterally, using "hard" military power, when our supreme interests are threatened. But even in those cases, he notes the many advantages of gaining the support and understanding of others. It is clear that the post-Sept. 11 war on terrorism, for example, will require the cooperation of a wide range of nations and the support of international organizations to have even the slightest chance of success. And toward that end, Nye urges the use of what he terms "soft power," which he defines as the "ability to set the political agenda in a way that shapes the preferences of others."

That same approach applies to a whole spectrum of other issues which Nye examines in this work. These include maintaining the balance of power in important regions, promot-

ing an open international economy, preserving the international commons, maintaining international rules and institutions, assisting economic development and acting as a convener of coalitions and mediator of disputes.

Looking to the future, Nye argues that U.S. power is unlikely to be challenged unless America acts so arrogantly that it sours other countries on our leadership and our common interests, driving them to work together to complicate American objectives. He also notes, correctly in my opinion, that it will be the European Union that will be the first to balance the United States as a global power. However, he is perhaps a bit too quick in dismissing fears that societal unrest or political folly at home may bring the current era of "Pax Americana" to a premature close. Certainly, if inept leadership induces the U.S. to fear "entanglement" with the rest of the world, or allow ignorance of that larger world to rule in our policies, it is difficult to see how we will be able to stave off external challenges.

That said, this is an important book both for those who seek to make U.S. foreign policy and those who must advise decision-makers. It is also a fine guide for anyone who wants to understand better the parameters of U.S. power and who seeks to find a way through America's current international challenges that is both practical and enlightened.

Harry C. Blaney III, a retired FSO who served at the U.S. Missions to NATO and the European Community and on the Policy Planning Staff and in the White House, is the president of the Coalition for American Leadership Abroad (COLEAD), an alliance of over 40 nonprofit U.S. foreign affairs groups.

Bridging the Atlantic

A Strategy for a Stable Peace: Toward a Euroatlantic Security Community

James Goodby, Petrus Buwalda and Dmitri Trenin, *United States Institute of Peace Press, 2002, \$17.50, paperback, 205 pages.*

REVIEWED BY DAVID T. JONES

Policy books usually have multiple flaws. Some are written by academics with grand policy visions but substantive myopia. Others are written by former insiders with an ax for the grinding (sometimes the ax that moved them to the outside). Still others are dead on arrival because the world has moved faster than the drafting, editing and publishing process.

A Strategy for a Stable Peace: Toward a Euroatlantic Security Community fights hard against all of these flaws. It grew out of a long-term "Future of Europe" working group co-chaired by Steve Hadley and Tony Lake and adjusted for Bush administration policies. The authors — James Goodby, Petrus Buwalda and Dmitri Trenin — are senior-level diplomatic or military professionals with over a century of experience among them. They cover the geographic range of the issue under consideration (improved U.S.-European Union-Russia security) from the American (Goodby), European (Buwalda) and Russian (Trenin) perspectives. For example, Goodby, a retired ambassador and career minister, has 50 years of experience working with NATO, arms control, and politico-military issues.

The authors concur that the end of the Cold War has resulted in a "conditional peace" between Russia and the West wherein war is unlike-

ly but not yet literally unthinkable, as it is between the U.S. and Europe — a circumstance they label “stable” peace. The relations among the three actors remain sufficiently dynamic that strategies must be put in play to assure over the course of decades that such a stable peace will emerge throughout the Euroatlantic security community — a circumstance they acknowledge is far from inevitable.

Trenin and Buwalda, respectively, outline the problems besetting Russia and the European Union. For anyone who has not recently reviewed the field in greater depth than casual media analysis, they provide invaluable “get up to speed” background. Particularly striking are the impressions of Russian weakness and the European Union’s need for structural improvement. For his part, Goodby dismisses the blithe and increasingly popular charge that the U.S. is headed in unilateralist directions and concludes that we need to continue on our current paths of support for European unification and a strong relationship with Russia.

The authors offer chapters on various policies and an agenda for a stable peace. Some of their prescriptions are so obvious as to be anodyne (“a healthy economy open to international trade”). Others are reasonable proposals that will nevertheless be ignored: e.g., delay NATO expansion until candidates are E.U. members, and avoid protectionist actions. And some are interesting enough to qualify for that much-overused accolade, “out-of-the-box thinking:” joint Russia-NATO study, research and development, and deployment of theater missile defenses; U.S.-Russia market-sharing arrangements for arms exports; a trust fund for financing university

Goodby does not endorse the blithe and increasingly popular assertion that the U.S. is becoming more unilateralist.

study outside the student’s geographic area; and innovative methods for restructuring Russian debt.

Whatever the merits of their individual policy prescriptions, Goodby

and his colleagues deserve praise for refocusing attention on a relationship that was all-consuming during 50 years of East-West tension, but which has drifted into a casual taken-for-granted status over the past decade. The NATO-Russia relationship does not have the dynamic of war in Afghanistan, mutual atrocities in the Middle East, or drugs in Colombia, but it is still one of the main areas where miscalculation could destroy Western civilization. For that reason, if no other, this volume deserves thoughtful attention for all committed to integrating Russia into the West and creating a Europe whole and free. ■

David T. Jones, a retired senior FSO, is a frequent contributor to the Journal.

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IN MEMORY

Barbara Jean Green, 39, a personnel specialist in Islamabad, Pakistan, and her daughter, Kristen Marie Wormsley, 17, were killed March 17 in a terrorist grenade attack on the Protestant International Church they were attending adjacent to the embassy compound.

Mrs. Green was the wife, and Kristen the stepdaughter, of Milton Green, a Foreign Service specialist stationed in Islamabad. Mrs. Green accompanied her husband on earlier postings to Bonn, Abidjan and Beijing, working in the administrative section at each post. Prior to the Foreign Service, Mrs. Green served in the U.S. Air Force.

Kristen Wormsley was a senior at the International School of Islamabad, and was looking forward to graduation and entering Florida State University, where she had been accepted, in the fall.

Mrs. Green, her daughter and the couple's 11-year-old son, Zachary, were evacuated from Pakistan along with most nonessential personnel shortly after Sept. 11, 2001. They spent nearly six months living in Ellicott City, Md. — where Kristen is remembered by Howard High School Principal Mary Day as a poised, pleasant and quite mature young lady and an excellent student. They returned to join Mr. Green in Islamabad, and Mrs. Green was reinstated in her job at the embassy, in February.

The deceased are survived by husband and stepfather, Milton Green, and son and stepbrother

Zachary, both of whom were wounded in the attack. To honor the memory of Barbara Green and Kristen Wormsley an education fund has been established for Zachary Green to be administered by the Federal Employees Education and Assistance Fund.

Theodore R. Jaeckel, 86, retired FSO, died on May 22 in Princeton, N.J.

Mr. Jaeckel was born in Stettin, Germany in 1915, the son of Foreign Service officer Theodore Jaeckel of New York City and Violet Ridgway of Philadelphia.

Following graduation from Princeton University in 1938, Mr. Jaeckel served with the Office of Strategic Services during World War II, worked in publishing and spent the remainder of his career as a Foreign Service officer with the U.S. Information Agency. He served in Paris, Athens, New Delhi, Mexico City, Hong Kong and Caracas.

Following retirement from the Foreign Service in 1971, Mr. Jaeckel worked for the Princeton University Press in Princeton and Field Enterprises in Chicago. He then resided in Hunter, N.Y. and Sarasota, Fla. for several years before moving to Cranbury, N.J. in 1998.

Mr. Jaeckel was predeceased by his beloved wife of 60 years, Yolanda Benjamin Jaeckel, in 2000. He is survived by two brothers: John R. Jaeckel of Valley Village, Calif. and

Hugo F. Jaeckel of Lakewood, Colo. He also leaves two sons, Christopher C. Jaeckel of Hunter, N.Y., and Theodore R. Jaeckel, Jr. of Princeton Junction, N.J.; daughter Pamela E. Oppen, also of Hunter; five grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.


A memorial service is planned for later this summer in Hunter, N.Y. Contributions in Mr. Jaeckel's memory may be made to the Alzheimer's Association, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Suite 1100, Chicago, IL, 60611-1676.

Joseph Limprecht, 55, a Foreign Service officer who had served as ambassador to Albania since 1999, died of a heart attack May 19 while touring northern Albania.

A fifth-generation Nebraskan, Mr. Limprecht was a native of Omaha. He was a graduate of the University of Chicago, and received a master's degree from Harvard University and a doctorate in history from the University of California at Berkeley.

Mr. Limprecht began his State Department career in 1975 and was stationed in Washington and Bonn before serving as public safety adviser at the U.S. mission in Berlin from 1985 to 1988. He then served until 1991 in Islamabad, Pakistan, where he directed anti-narcotics operations. He had tours of duty in Washington as deputy director of the Office of Israel and Arab-Israeli


IN MEMORY



Affairs and as a division chief in State's personnel bureau. From 1996 until becoming ambassador to Albania, he was deputy chief of mission at the U.S. Embassy in Tashkent, Uzbekistan. He spoke German and Uzbek.

Mr. Limprecht received two State Department Superior Honor Awards and a State Department Meritorious Honor Award. He was a contributor to the *Journal* and also wrote for such publications as the *Harvard Business Review*. His hobbies included weight lifting.

Mr. Limprecht is survived by his wife, Nancy, and two daughters.



Richard Dale Christiansen, 70, retired career FSO, died of lung cancer April 26 at a hospital in St. Petersburg, Fla. Mr. Christiansen, who had been visiting his sister in Florida, lived in Wolf Creek, Mont.


He was a native of Flint, Mich., and a 1954 graduate of the Georgetown University School of Foreign Service. He was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Army and served on active military duty from 1954 to 1956. During 1963-1964, he attended the U.S. Army's Detachment "R" Soviet area and Russian language training institute at Garmisch. From 1964 to 1966 he was posted in Moscow.

Mr. Christiansen joined the Foreign Service and was posted to Rome from 1969 to 1971 as a political officer, which at the time included being the U.S. representative to the Vatican. He was subsequently posted to Lagos, before returning to Washington for his final assignment as an information specialist.

He retired in 1973 and lived in

Wyoming and Santa Fe, N.M., before settling in Montana, where he worked as a property manager. His marriage to Anne French Christiansen ended in divorce.

Survivors include his wife of 31 years, Eloise S. Christiansen of Wolf Creek; two sons from his first marriage, Daniel Christiansen of Alpharetta, Ga., and John Christiansen of Helena, Mont.; a stepson, Hanfort Rowe of Montreal; a sister; a brother; and two grandchildren.



Madeleine B. Scott, 98, widow of the late Albert W. Scott, FSO, and 45-year resident of Bethesda, Md., died April 2 at the Mariner Nursing Home in Bethesda.

Mrs. Scott was born in Grenoble, France. She met her husband at the end of World War I when he was a Marine studying French at the University of Grenoble. They were married in 1923.

From 1923 to 1955 she accompanied her husband to U.S. Foreign Service posts including Basel, Belfast, Jerusalem, Cairo, Brazzaville, Milan, Bern, Stockholm and Montreal. She was a great asset to his diplomatic career because of her ease with languages and her charming personality.

She followed the stock market on a daily basis and taught herself to be a successful investor. She maintained her interest in world affairs and French literature until the very end.

She is survived by a son, Pierre B. Scott, M.D. of McLean, Va.; a daughter, retired Foreign Service member Genevieve Scott Bell of Bethesda, Md.; and three grandchildren.

Warren Wolff, 78, retired FSO, died Jan. 2 in his beloved Marin County, Calif. from complications due to cancer surgery.

A 1946 graduate of Stanford University, Warren Wolff joined USAID during the Kennedy administration, after working for the Bank of America in San Francisco through the 1950s. He drove across the country in 1962 with his family in a green two-tone Ford V-8 station wagon. They lived for three eventful years in Alexandria, Va., during which Mr. Wolff traveled on temporary duty to various countries, including the Dominican Republic, Brazil and Uruguay.

Mr. Wolff's first foreign post was Panama City, in 1965. Among his projects there as development loan officer was a rural fishing cooperative, which he visited with his family. Home leave brought passage on a Swedish freighter through the Panama Canal and up the West Coast to the Golden Gate and San Francisco. Kingston was the next two-year post in 1967, where he worked with dairy cooperatives.

Next came Guatemala and the Regional Office for Central America and Panama, in 1969. Mr. Wolff served three tours in that strife-torn nation during the early 1970s. His work took him regularly to Managua and Tegucigalpa. Mr. Wolff made important contributions to the Central American common market. He designed and managed an innovative development project, LAAD, and considered it one of the major USAID success stories. It was an exciting and creative experience for him.

Not long after the devastating 1976 Guatemala earthquake, the adventures of a remarkable Cold

IN MEMORY

War career continued with an assignment to the USAID regional office in Nairobi. Mr. Wolff traveled regularly to Addis Abbaba from Kenya. His son remembers him speaking very highly of his counterparts in ancient Ethiopia. He also traveled to the Sudan several times on official business, later describing his experiences in that vast nation as one who "wondered as he wandered."

During the late 1970s and early 1980s, Mr. Wolff worked in USAID's Washington office and was principally involved with the Entente Fund. His experiences during this period later became the basis for a novel he wrote, *White Lies, Black Ice* (which is expected to be published this year by Lost Coast Press of Fort Bragg, Calif.).

In 1983, after 21 years of service to his country, Mr. Wolff retired and drove back to California in a different station wagon. He built a magnificent house in western Marin County. After retirement he was involved as a consultant on USAID projects in Pakistan, the Philippines and Belize.

Mr. Wolff is survived by his two children, Norman M. Wolff and Jean W. Wolff, both of California.

Marilyn Frances Davis, 68, wife of retired FSO Robert D. Davis, died March 8 in Wooster, Ohio.

Mrs. Davis was born on March 25, 1933 in Muskogee, Okla. There she met and married Robert Davis, also a native of Muskogee, while he was on home leave from his post in Tel Aviv. She accompanied him back to Tel Aviv to finish his tour of duty, and subsequently accompanied him to

posts in Bonn, Tegucigalpa and West Berlin.

Following Mr. Davis' retirement in 1978, the Davises moved back to Muskogee. Mrs. Davis enjoyed reading and quilting, and wrote a book of memoirs of her Foreign Service experiences entitled *Full Circle*.

Mrs. Davis is survived by her husband Robert and three children: Ruth, Jon and Rick.

Charles Elliott Paine, 84, retired FSO, passed away March 5 in Leesburg, Va.

Mr. Paine was a native of Redlands, Calif. He attended the Webb School, Yale University, and completed his degree in music and classical languages at Redlands University in California. He was stationed overseas with the U.S. Army from 1943 to 1946. Following military service, Mr. Paine worked as a county social worker, and then as a professor at the National Conservatory of Music in Panama.

Mr. Paine joined the Foreign Service in 1948, and was posted to Prague. His career took him to postings in Hamburg (1949), La Paz (1950), and Stockholm (1953). In 1956 he was sent as consul to San Pedro Sula (Honduras). His last assignment, in 1958, was to the Bureau of Intelligence and Research in Washington.

After retirement from the State Department, Mr. Paine worked on several ventures and then joined the Loudoun County Department of Social Services, where he worked as a social worker until his retirement in 1991. He continued to volunteer with the United Way

for a number of years after his second retirement.

Mr. Paine is survived by his wife, Leonor, of Leesburg, Va.

Janice Plowman, 92, retired Foreign Service member of Columbia, Mo., died May 18 at Candlelight Lodge.

Ms. Plowman was born July 6, 1909, in Hoxie, Ark. She graduated from the business school of Washington University in Missouri in 1936. Prior to joining the Foreign Service in 1942, Ms. Plowman worked at the Veterans Administration and the Commerce Department.

With the State Department, Ms. Plowman served in Basel and Vatican City during World War II. Following the war, she was posted to Bern, and in 1948 to Seoul. Thereafter her assignments took her to London, Paris and Ankara.

After retirement, she worked in the Music Department at Stephens College. She was a member of Calvary Episcopal Church.

Survivors include a niece, Nancy Nickel of Columbia; and a nephew, Roger William Plowman of Albuquerque, N.M.

Jeannette C. Menter, 82, wife for 56 years of retired FSO Sanford (Sandy) Menter, died at the Halquist Memorial Inpatient Hospice Center in Arlington, Va., on March 20. Mrs. Menter resided at home in McLean, Va. until a week before her death; she had undergone treatment for lung cancer for three years, and suffered a stroke in April 2001.

IN MEMORY



Mrs. Menter (nee Corn) was born in Jackson County, Mo. She graduated with a B.A. degree from Park College in Missouri, and was a candidate for a master's degree in English literature from Syracuse University, which she attended on a fellowship.

After marriage in Dublin, Eire, in 1946, Mrs. Menter adhered with enthusiasm to the adage prevalent in those days of "two for the price of one." She never abandoned that belief and happily supported Mr. Menter's career, which included subsequent postings to Sydney, Belgrade, Accra, Bonn, Moscow and London as well as a number of assignments in Washington.

Shortly after returning from London, Mrs. Menter became active in the American Association of Foreign Service Women's housing office. She was given a "Tribute of Appreciation" plaque for her efforts as AAFSW co-chairman from 1971 to 1978. Upon Mr. Menter's retirement in 1980, the Menters enjoyed traveling, golf and gardening. Mrs. Menter also served in various capacities in their town-house community association.

Mrs. Menter is survived by her husband; a son, Timothy, of Irvine, Calif.; and a sister, Frances Burnley, of Independence, Mo.



Richard Victor Fischer, 82, retired FSO, died on April 2 of congestive heart failure at the home of his granddaughter in Aurora, Colo.

Born in the upstairs bedroom of his family home in Fargo, N.D. in 1919, Mr. Fischer attended Concordia College and the University of Minnesota, where he



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Year-End Roundup of FOREIGN SERVICE AUTHORS

As we have done the past two years, the *Foreign Service Journal* once again will present a list of recently published books by FS authors in an end-of-the-year special section: "In Their Own Words." FS authors who have had a book published either by a commercial or academic publisher in the past two years (2001-2002) that has not previously been featured in the roundup should send a copy of the book, along with a press release or backgrounder with information on the author, to:

Susan Maitra

Associate Editor

Foreign Service Journal

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IN MEMORY

majored in music. Mr. Fischer served overseas with the U.S. Army from 1942 to 1946. He was a military intelligence officer and then a war crimes investigator for the Nuremberg trials. In 1948 he joined the Department of State, and during his career was posted to Munich, Lourenco Marques, Accra, Luanda and Johannesburg.

Richard Fischer's great loves were classical music and exploring. During his diplomatic career in southern Africa, he collected animal specimens, both dead and alive, for the Smithsonian Institution and the British Museum in London. His work earned him a membership in the Explorers Club, the American Polar Society and the Nigerian Field Society. Among Mr. Fischer's most important finds was an undeveloped felis libica, a wild cat he discovered in the Yelibiguo Valley of Ghana — a species never before seen in the area.

"He did love exploring and going places, and supplying and filling specimen requests from people he knew," Mr. Fischer's son Richard, a senior investigator at the Denver city attorney's office, told the *Denver Post*. "I remember once in Angola, we went to a place that seemed like the end of the world, on the Angola border. We were probably the first white people who'd been there. Nobody spoke Portuguese. We sat on top of a cliff overlooking a river and a huge expanse of veldt. Below us, we saw all the campfires — working fires, really, to keep lions away — that marked where people were living, extending in front of us like stars in the sky. Dad told me, 'Always remember this. No one will probably ever see this again.'"

Mr. Fischer is survived by two sons, Richard and Geoffrey; two grandchildren, Monique Ward and Richard; a great-granddaughter, Aliana Ward; and by his estranged wife, Pauline McCorison. He was preceded in death by a son, Jonathan, and a daughter, Melanie.

Marian Lloyd Nash, 77, former FSO and attorney in the Department of State, died June 16, 2001, in Gretna, La.

A native of New Orleans and Phi Beta Kappa graduate of Newcomb College (Tulane University), Marian Nash also received an LLB from Loyola University in New Orleans and an LLM from Georgetown University. Prior to entering the Foreign Service in 1952, she was law clerk for Louisiana State Supreme Court Justice Harold Moise.

Ms. Nash was vice consul in Manchester, England and also held diplomatic posts in Bonn, Berlin, Munich and Vienna. After serving abroad, Ms. Nash became an attorney in the Department of State, Office of the Legal Adviser. She was the editor of the *Cumulative Digest of United States Practice in International Law*.

After her retirement in 1996 Ms. Nash returned to New Orleans and for five years worked as a volunteer attorney at the Louisiana Department of Social Services, Support Enforcement Office.

Ms. Nash was a member of the Bar Associations of Louisiana and Washington, D.C. She was also a past president of the Newcomb Alumnae Association and the

Friends of Newcomb College. Ms. Nash was a Daughter of the American Revolution and a member of the Colonial Dames of the 17th Century.

Ms. Nash was preceded in death by her husband, Harold Herbert Leich; her sister Jean Nash Grafton Abbott; and her nephew, William R. Grafton, Jr. Survivors include two stepsons, Jeffrey and Roland Leich; her brother, Richard M. Nash, and his wife, Carol, and their two daughters, Greta Ann Nash and Carol Ellen Nash Jarecki.

Naomi Duncan Cash, 74, widow of FSO Frank E. Cash, Jr., died in Waynesboro, Va., on April 17.

Mrs. Cash was born on April 22, 1927, in Birmingham, Ala. During her husband's Foreign Service career she accompanied her family on assignments that included tours in Germany, Turkey, and the Army War College in Carlisle, Pennsylvania.

Survivors include two daughters, Hal Duncan Cash of Waban, Mass., and Susan Cash Whitlock of Stuarts Draft, Va.; a granddaughter, Jennifer Gregge Johnson of Stuarts Draft; and a beloved friend and caregiver, Ms. Melinda Brown, and her son, Brandon Brown, of Fairfield, Va. ■

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Clerk / 38
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University of
Louisiana / 39

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Associates / 62
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Stevens Property
Management / 60
Stuart & Maury / 60
WJD Property
Management / 61
Washington Management
Services / 62

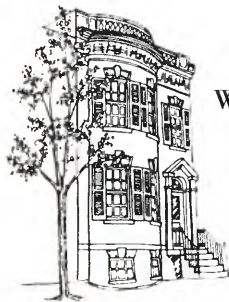
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REFLECTIONS

Toward a "Congenial Progress" with India

BY F. CHAMPION WARD

As the Bush administration undertakes to improve relations between the world's two largest democracies, it may be of some use to look back at the American performance in the first years of India's independence — if only to avoid repeating the initial missteps and misperceptions.

Ignorance was mutual. Few Americans had lived in India, and there were few Indian "been-to's" who had attended an American college. The American arrivistes, having been told that India was "underdeveloped," were not prepared for the urbanity and polished speech of the counterparts they had expected to advise. "Geez," said one agricultural expert, "these guys speak better English than I do."

I remember the visit to New Delhi of an official of the U.S. Information Service. At a gathering of resident Americans, he asked me if I thought that India would "go communist." When I said that I saw little prospect of that, he exploded, "You call yourself an American and you aren't concerned about communism?" And he ostentatiously made a note.

The Cold War led to bizarre episodes. For example: it was the custom for visiting dignitaries to go direct-

After an academic career, F. Champion Ward joined the Ford Foundation as an education consultant in India in the 1950s. The stamp is courtesy of the AAFSW Bookfair "Stamp Corner."

*The American
wreath's diameter
exceeded the Russian
one by several inches.
We had outgrieved
them.*



ly from Palam Airport to the site of Gandhi's cremation. The wreath deposited by Khrushchev and Bulganin held the record for sheer size until the visit of Secretary Dulles. The USIS newsletter was pleased to report that the American wreath's diameter exceeded the Russian's by several inches. We had outgrieved them!

When a subject was sensitive in New Delhi or Washington, or, as in the case of family planning, in both capitals (the Indian Minister of Health was a Gandhian, a Catholic, and a spinster), the Ford Foundation quietly brought specialists to India without the controversy that an official mission would have entailed for both governments. The foundation also supported an orientation-to-India "seminar" for newly-arrived Americans. The lectures sometimes didn't take. After a lecture explaining Islam to the assembled Americans, the cultivated Indian Muslim lecturer was at a loss for words when asked, "That was a good talk, but who's this 'Allah'?"

Setting the pace and tone for all the lesser actors, native and foreign, was the tireless, willful, ubiquitous and strangely winning Prime Minister, Jawaharlal Nehru. Nehru's sense that nothing could be done, or done right, unless he saw to it himself was already legendary. At times he even lectured the parliamentary opposition on how to oppose him properly.

Today, a half-century later, one hears often that poverty persists in India, that too many babies are born there, religious tension continues, and corruption waxes. One hears less often that Indians have repeatedly chosen their leaders in free elections, that Indian farmers now feed their huge population, that there is a large and growing middle class, and that tractors, cars and computer software are now produced in India.

There is a good foundation to build on. When President Clinton visited India two years ago, Indian leaders and commentators noted the absence of arrogance in what he said and sought to learn. Many Americans, among them the grandchildren of those who "discovered" India so awkwardly a half-century ago, now understand that the real world doesn't end at the Suez Canal.

Lord Curzon, Viceroy of India, once proposed that Great Britain and India move forward together "in a congenial progress." Substituting the United States for Britain, it may now be possible to do just that. ■

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