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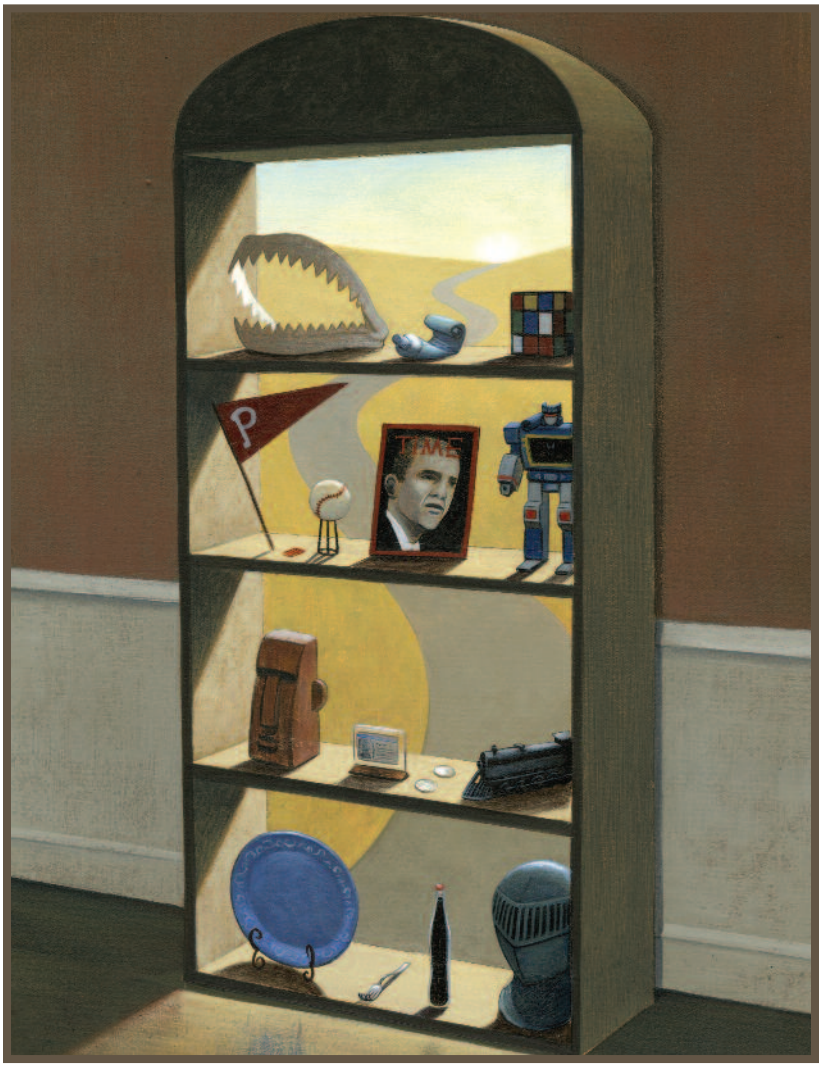

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FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL

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FOCUS ON
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President's Views
Marine Corps Culture and Institutional Success: Lessons for the FS?

By Susan R. Johnson

A recent article titled "Masks of War," by Frank Hoffman, a former Marine who is now a senior fellow at the Institute for National Strategic Studies at the National Defense University and director of the NDU Press, strikes me as relevant to the Foreign Service.

Hoffman uses as his point of departure *The Masks of War: American Military Styles in Strategy and Analysis* by the late Carl Builder, an acclaimed defense intellectual who analyzed the organizational structure of the institutions that make up America's armed services. Builder excluded the Marine Corps from the study because, in his view, it lacked a significant voice in strategy or force planning.

Hoffman notes that in the two decades since Builder's book was published, the Marines have achieved a significant voice in national security affairs. Despite their small size and modest budget (7 percent of the Pentagon budget), they "bat well above their weight" and "deliver combat capability well out of proportion to their cost." He goes on to rectify the omission of the Marine Corps from Builder's analysis of the "distinctive personality or institutional DNA of each of our armed services" and to tie its position as the world's premier crisis response force to today's principal security challenges.

The five elements of Builder's analytical framework for understanding the organizational cultures of the branches of our armed services are: the altars for worship (guiding principles of each service); self-measurement (how each measures itself and its institutional health); toys vs. the human dimension (technology and science vs. art); intraservice distinctions (among branches of each service); and degree of insecurity about legitimacy and relevancy ("paranoia").

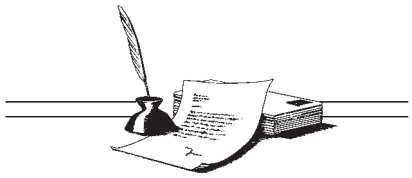
Hoffman applies this framework to the Marine Corps, but AFSA members might find it illuminating and useful to use it to explore the personality or institutional DNA of our own institution. After all, the Foreign Service is also a small but cost-effective institution made up of several "branches" (State, USAID, FCS, FAS, and IBB) more or less permanently deployed around the world.

Applying these categories to the Marines, Hoffman says "the altars are teamwork, the subordination of the individual to the common good of the unit, shunning of first-person pronouns, combat readiness — physically, mentally and morally." "Once a Marine, always a Marine" is a form of pride in the service and recognition of the arduous process of becoming a member of the Corps. Another altar, he says, is "an expeditionary ethos" and preparedness for immediate employment in every "clime and place."

He suggests that the Marines measure themselves by "results in the field, not inputs like funding levels or force size." Of all the services, he says, Marines most emphasize the human dimension and art of war over science (e.g., technology). The Marine Corps invests the largest portion of its budget in personnel and invests more per capita on selection, initial training and development than any other branch. It makes less distinction between its internal branches than the others and considers every member part of the team.

He finds the Marines to be the military branch most concerned with defending their legitimacy because they do not "own" a distinctive domain of the operating battlespace. But they need not worry, Hoffman concludes, because their "expeditionary ethos and devotion to readiness are highly relevant for today's uncertain age and resource-constrained situation."

Inspired by Hoffman's article, I would like to hear from anyone interested in studying and describing the organizational culture or institutional personality of the Foreign Service, for the purpose of strengthening its voice in national security affairs and helping us better explain who we are and what we do. Please contact me at Johnson@afsa.org. ■



Letters

"Male, Pale & Yale"

The references in Jon Dorschner's Speaking Out column (November) to the Ivy League "male, pale and Yale" stereotype of the old Foreign Service remind me of the following gratifying experience. In early 1963, several members of the 54th A-100 orientation class, including myself, were invited to visit Assistant Secretary of State for Congressional Relations Frederick Dutton.

He reminded us of the State Department's diversity efforts to go "beyond the Ivy": that is, Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Columbia and the University of Pennsylvania. We were aware of those efforts. He then inquired as to our universities.

We didn't disappoint the assistant secretary. One of our colleagues, Ann Campbell (RIP), had gone to Smith College.

Louis V. Riggio
Former FSO
Hollywood, Fla.

Which Foreign Service?

I read with dismay Jon P. Dorschner's "Why the Foreign Service Should Be More Like the Army" Speaking Out column in the November *Journal*. Mr. Dorschner claims he has "never heard esprit de corps mentioned in the Foreign Service," says "the Foreign Service spends little or no time explaining to its members why they are doing what they are doing," and contends that "concern for subordinates is not part of the State Department evaluation process, nor is there much emphasis on families."

I have to ask: In which Foreign Service did Mr. Dorschner serve? Certainly not in the U.S. Foreign Service, and certainly not during the past 25 years! Of course, Foreign Service careers vary greatly and, perhaps, Mr. Dorschner had some unfortunate experiences — although he gives no specific examples to back up his claims. But as presented here, his column amounts to little more than a three-page expression of disgruntlement.

Perhaps the *Journal* should consider establishing a "Crank's Corner" where such submissions could be more appropriately published in the future.

Carol Urban
FSO, retired
Rhinebeck, N.Y.

A Welcome Reception

Please allow me to share my heartfelt gratitude to everyone at AFSA — but particularly President Susan Johnson, Executive Director Ian Houston, Retiree Coordinator Bonnie Brown and Awards and Outreach Coordinator Perri Green — for organizing the fabulous reception at your wonderful facility on Nov. 3. It was an event my family and I will never forget.

I was extremely honored and humbled by AFSA's celebration of my receipt of the Congressional Gold Medal. As we entered AFSA headquarters and saw my photo "big as life" at the entrance, we felt true elation. What a wonderful welcome! And throughout the evening, members of the AFSA Governing Board and staff who attended were so kind to us. As my granddaughter exclaimed at the time, "AFSA is a picture of class!"

I was absolutely flabbergasted when I saw fellow Foreign Service colleagues, some of whom I had not seen for 25 years. Those of us in the Foreign Agricultural Service were a close-knit group, and our common international mission helped us maintain contact. Though retirement caused some of us to lose contact, this reception brought several of us together again. Remembering names took a little while, but soon we were all reminiscing happily.

In our eyes, the fellowship of your celebration exceeded our experience at the congressional reception earlier that day. Please pass on our very best wishes to all at AFSA.

James Iso
FSO, retired
Roseville, Calif.

Doing What We Could

I read Donald Roberts' "Human Rights Report for the Hun Empire, A.D. 451" in your November issue with surprise and amusement. In 1984 I

was head of the office in the Bureau of Human Rights and Humanitarian Affairs charged with production of the reports. Mr. Roberts' essay circulated somewhat surreptitiously at the time, as he notes in his introduction, and I must confess that I did not know then who had written it.

He is absolutely correct that far too many drafts coming to us reflected efforts to soften criticism of host governments, sometimes to a ludicrous extent. I sympathized with the ambassadors and reporting officers who had to deal with unhappy, even resentful, official and unofficial contacts after publication of critical human rights reports.

But I also recognized that the weaseling and squirming spoke poorly of too many of our Foreign Service colleagues. One memory that stays with me was a report declaring that the local tyrant "quite correctly" placed economic development ahead of civil rights for his people.

We did what we could with those reports, fighting to negotiate wording that would at least not spark congressional and media ridicule. It was an interesting but not particularly proud time in my career and, I expect, in the careers of others involved in the process.

Robert S. Steven
FSO, retired
Springfield, Va.

Don't Endorse Smuggling!

I am both delighted and aghast at the *Journal*'s publication of Keith Mines' October feature, "Leave No Pet Behind." As a pet owner who uses import/quarantine regulations as criteria for bidding on positions and has paid thousands of dollars to ship her two dogs around the world, I applaud the writer for his family's commitment to take their pets with them wherever they go, and salute the *Journal* for publishing an article on this issue.

However, when I reached the end of the article I became alarmed. Mr. Mines admits to "smuggling" his son's pet snake into and through multiple countries, and uses this exact word in describing an episode at a German airport. At best, these actions are an extreme lapse in judgment and lack of integrity; at worst, they constitute a violation of international laws.

In a time when the phrase "How would this look in the *Washington Post*?" is commonplace, this article is a lapse of judgment on the part of the writer and the *Journal*.

As diplomats, we are not above laws and regulations. In fact, as representatives of the United States worldwide, we have a duty to behave with the utmost integrity and represent our country in the best light possible. Publicly flaunting the smuggling of an animal across international lines is not behaving with the utmost integrity.

I hope that in the future the *Journal* will more closely review its submissions.

Nicole Mock
FSO
Consulate General Ciudad Juarez

Change from Within

Nearly a decade after its original publication in the February 2002 issue of the *FSJ*, the late Ambassador Hume Horan's article, "The U.S. and Islam in the Modern World" (November), still exposes the essential flaw of Islamic culture: giving all the uncertainties of religious faith and its all-too-human agents an excessive role in governance and society.

This is a fatal flaw, for it inevitably brings about that "tyranny over the mind of man" (and of woman!) that Thomas Jefferson so rightly deemed the greatest danger to human progress. And as Winston Churchill observed, in the case of Islam's all-pervasive and exclusively Islamic God it also breeds both "fatalism and fanaticism" — not a happy combination.

It took our own Western tradition more than 300 years of struggle to break the dominance of the Catholic Church, to shift religion to a matter of personal choice and faith, and to bring science and reason into the forefront of human endeavor. (Yes, there are still too many among us who haven't gotten the message, but never mind.) It can only be hoped that contemporary Islam will quickly find equivalents to the Renaissance, Reformation and Enlightenment to direct its own still-problematic evolution. (The irony of the Islamic world's great contribution to the Renaissance is not to be missed here.)

Such change can indeed come only from within. But given the growth of academic and other exchanges, and the explosion in communications technology, it should certainly be possible for the world's democracies to sensitively aid those indigenous forces seeking a new direction.

Gunther K. Rosinus
Senior FSO, retired
Potomac, Md.

Civilian-Military Cooperation in Afghanistan

I worked in Kapisa province, Afghanistan, as a member of a U.S. Army Special Forces unit, Operational Detachment Alpha, during the period (2009-2010) discussed in your January 2011 cover story, "Microdiplomacy in Afghanistan." I only recently learned about that article and was disappointed to find that co-authors Dana D. Deree, an FSO, and Matthew B. Arnold, both

of whom served with the U.S. Provincial Reconstruction Team in Kapisa, fail to acknowledge that the ODA worked hand in hand with the Kapisa PRT to conduct what they term "microdiplomacy." Accordingly, I write to set the record straight.

The ODA not only recognized the local population's willingness and desire to handle their own security against the Taliban, but took the lead in organizing a village-based program to safeguard critical lines of communication in the province, primarily the north-south highway. Working with the Tagab District Afghan National Police and PRT Kapisa, we helped establish a Road Security Team program. The ANP issued clear guidance to team members on what they could and could not do, and provided an immediate security response, while the Kapisa PRT paid the program's participants.

The first Road Security Team, consisting of 20 members operating in the northern Tagab Valley, quickly reduced the threat along major roadways for the local population, Afghan National Police and coalition forces. This success instilled a sense of security, allowing the population to take back their neighborhoods from the Taliban, and has been widely touted by the Afghan Interior Ministry as a model for use elsewhere.

This was by no means solely an ODA effort, for we worked side by side with the PRT and a French unit, Task Force Lafayatte, to build strong coalition support for this initiative. But all of us, including Operational Detachment Alpha, pitched in to make it happen.

The article also fails to make clear that it was the ODA that originated the idea of creating the first farmers' cooperative in the Tagab Valley, which brokered multiple deals with domestic and foreign firms. This initiative, which State and USAID greatly supported and helped facilitate, was a model for economic and agricultural development elsewhere in the region.

It came about because the ODA met a local farmer who sought agricultural training to better cultivate his crops using modern techniques. We immediately met with personnel from PRT Kapisa, the province's agricultural development team, USAID and State to identify suitable projects and pursue them.

We then organized and provided security for a shura (assembly) of more than 200 people at the Tagab District Center in June 2009. And following the shura, it was the ODA that stayed behind to ensure that the district subgovernor worked with the farmers to found the co-op and appoint local leaders.

Let me emphasize that my intent in writing is not to take anything away from the valuable work Mr. Deree, Mr. Arnold and their colleagues performed. But I believe it is important that your readers have the full story of the teamwork involving the Kapisa PRT, State and USAID, and Operational Detachment Alpha, as well as local participants.

Without such cooperation, no single organization could successfully aid the local populace. But because of it, our team made great strides in conducting microdiplomacy in Kapisa province.

Captain Erhan Bedestani
U.S. Army
JCS Internship Program
Georgetown University
Washington, D.C. ■

CYBERNOTES

Burma: A Reinvigorated U.S. Asia Policy

Secretary of State Hillary Rodham Clinton's Dec. 1-2 trip to Burma constituted one of the tip ends of a reinvigorated U.S. foreign policy toward on the Asia-Pacific region. Sec. Clinton previewed the new policy in her November *Foreign Policy* article, "Our Pacific Century."

Both Sec. Clinton and President Barack Obama highlighted the new orientation in separate Asian tours in early November, meeting in Hawaii to host the annual Asia-Pacific Economic Cooperation summit.

The Burma visit was the first by any top American official in a half-century. The country (also known as Myanmar) is considered one of the most corrupt in the world and has a history of oppressive military governments. But last March, the Burmese junta turned over power to a civilian government.

Though its civilian status is nominal (the regime is primarily comprised of former senior military officers from the State Peace and Development Council era, 1988-2011), this past fall the government began to take steps toward change that took expatriate democracy advocates and others by surprise.

In November the regime released Nobel Peace Prize Laureate Aung San Suu Kyi from house arrest, and the longtime adversary of the junta has announced that her party, the National League for Democracy, is ready to reenter politics and will register to compete in the upcoming parliamentary elections. This announcement followed the release of other political prisoners, greater freedom for the media and other signs of gradual political and economic opening.

Accompanying the domestic moves has been a foreign policy shift most strikingly displayed in the regime's late-September suspension of a $3.6 billion Chinese dam project at Myitsone. Environmental concerns, the displacement of some 15,000 ethnic Kachin, and the realization that China would consume 90 percent of the energy the dam generates all sparked public outrage in Burma.

China has historically exercised great influence over the country, and Burma has relied on Beijing for investment in the face of long-term sanctions; so a readjustment of relations is clearly under way.

The November decision of the 10 heads of state of the Association of South East Asian Nations to choose Burma to chair the organization's 2014 meeting also testified to the quick pace of developments.

During her visit, Sec. Clinton met with President Thein Sein and other government officials and with Aung San Suu Kyi. "As I told President Thein Sein," she said in a Dec. 1 press conference after meeting with officials, "the United States is prepared to walk the path of reform with you if you choose to keep moving in that direction. And there's no doubt that direction is the right one for the people." She outlined U.S. concerns over human rights, including ongoing violence against ethnic minorities, and also called upon the regime to be more transparent in its relations with North Korea.

The next day, after a meeting with Aung San Suu Kyi at her home, Clinton reiterated: "The United States wants to be a partner with Burma. We want to work with you as you further democratisation, as you release all political prisoners, as you begin the difficult but necessary process of ending the ethnic conflicts that have gone on far too long, as you hold elections that are free, fair and credible."

Significantly, following the high-profile visit Pres. Thein Sein signed a new law permitting peaceful protest for the first time, and official media announced that the government had agreed to a ceasefire with the Shan State Army South, an armed ethnic group.

Not everyone is optimistic about the prospects, however. Elaine Pearson, deputy Asia director at Human Rights Watch, commented: "Burma has long been a millstone around ASEAN's neck that won't be removed by making Burma the chair in 2014. ASEAN needs to set clear benchmarks for reform and closely monitor progress"

(**www.hrw.org**).

Robert Warshaw, a research assistant in the Asian Studies Center at The Heritage Foundation, echoed Pearson: "Burma has not demonstrated that its reforms are sufficiently far-reaching, authentic or irreversible to merit the chairmanship" (**blog.heritage.org**).

No one denies that Burma has a long way to go. Burmese refugees are currently scattered throughout Southeast Asia, primarily in Malaysia and India, and the regime faces the challenge of creating a stable state that can reintegrate them back into society. This includes infrastructure development, economic reform and implementation of the rule of law. Improving the country's business environment will encourage foreign direct investment and increase regional trade.

Further, to integrate itself into the world economy, Burma will also have to address its growing opium problem: it is the second-largest producer of the narcotic in the world. According to a November 2011 United Nations Office on Drugs and Crime report, the past four years have seen a marked increase in poppy cultivation in Burma (**www.unodc.org**). Control over its drug trafficking problem and a focus on cultivating a democratic society will encourage the reinstatement of development assistance and foreign humanitarian aid lost after 1988.

— Editorial Intern Laura Petinelli and Senior Editor Susan Brady Maitra

Leading the Way on Cybersecurity

By virtue of its global presence, the Department of State faces a cyberse-

SITE OF THE MONTH: http://peace.maripo.com

Peace monuments exist all over the world, but tend to be outnumbered and overshadowed by grand (and often grandiose) war memorials. The relative paucity of monuments dedicated to pacifism in our own country both reflects and perpetuates a lack of public awareness of U.S. governmental efforts to promote peace.

Happily, retired Foreign Service officer Edward W. Lollis is doing his part to rectify this disparity with an online database of *Peace Monuments Around the World* (*http://peace.maripo.com*). This compilation features hundreds of such sites, organized geographically, thematically and chronologically. In addition, special pages feature famous peacemakers, peace art and artists, museums for peace, manmade and natural disasters, historic peace conferences, international treaties, the United Nations, the Nobel Peace Prize, the atomic bomb, the Israel-Palestine conflict, genocide, the Holocaust and many others.

One section (*http://peace.maripo.com/p_foreign_service.htm*) is devoted to monuments to the U.S. Foreign Service. In effect, this page is an illustrated history of the Service, apparently the first time such a compilation has ever been attempted online. Among many other features, it includes photos of 36 American embassies and consulates from around the world.

Mr. Lollis welcomes additions to his collection from Foreign Service colleagues, both active-duty and retired. He can be reached through the site or at geovisual@comcast.net.

— Steven Alan Honley, Editor

50 Years Ago…

The first year of a new administration is a time of testing of many new ideas and people. 1961 was no exception to this pattern. Three new agencies have come into being. New forms and methods of foreign assistance will, with congressional blessing, be vigorously pursued by AID. The Peace Corps has been born. The Arms Control and Disarmament Agency has begun its important work.

To ensure the coordination of the activities of these agencies both at home and abroad, the authority of the Secretary of State over them has been made clear. The Foreign Service, on its part, must do all within its power to support their activities. This will require, in particular, a much closer integration of effort, especially in Washington and in the substantive areas of our embassies, than has existed heretofore.

— From "Balance Sheet for 1961" (Editorial), *FSJ*, January 1962.

curity challenge that in many ways mirrors those multinational companies confront. But in a blow to the rhetoric of those who reflexively laud the private sector and disparage government bureaucracies, State's approach to network security is so innovative and effective that many large companies are clamoring to copy it.

As Siobhan Gorman reports in the Sept. 26 issue of the *Wall Street Journal*, State's program scans computers throughout the department every three to four days to detect security vulnerabilities, compiles the data in one place and provides grades to each office. "We know anywhere in the world what our risk is," says John Streufert, State's deputy chief information officer for information assurance and one of the program's four creators.

For example, after the high-profile 2009 cyberattacks on Google, State assigned a high priority to the software fix that would prevent that mode of attack. Within six days, 85 percent of its computers had the fix.

"Almost no private-sector organization can do this,"Streufert points out. "The bulk of American corporations and government [offices] are treating all weaknesses as if they are the same."

State's approach differs from commercially available network-monitoring programs in that it uses a market-based approach to create incentives to fix security gaps. Specifically, it quantifies a range of security risks and "monetizes" them into a "common currency" that assigns the most points to the highest-priority security gaps, Streufert says. Those points are factored into a site's grade each day, so that security officials can always identify the biggest gaps and, thus, attend to priority problems first.

Since launching the system three years ago, State has received a growing number of inquiries from an array of companies, ranging from Microsoft, General Electric and J.P. Morgan Chase to the computer security firm RSA and Heartland Payment Systems, a credit-card payment processor that fell victim to a major cyberattack a few years ago. At least 40 organizations have requested the software code for State's program, which Streufert gives away for free.

Prioritizing security gaps is one of

the most innovative elements of the State Department model, says Susie Adams, chief technology officer for Microsoft's federal practice. "The biggest problem is: You have a finite number of resources, so how do you know what to do first?" she says.

State's program has limitations, to be sure. It concentrates on fixing known security vulnerabilities, which means that previously unknown modes of computer attack won't be detected. But security specialists say 80 percent of cyber infiltrations occur through known security gaps.

In addition, the program only scans computers that run Windows, and does not yet monitor routers or other network equipment that cyberattacks target, according to a July 8, 2011, Government Accountability Office assessment (**www.gao.gov**).

The GAO report, "Information Security: State Has Taken Steps to Implement a Continuous Monitoring Application, but Key Challenges Remain" (GAO-11-149), also found that the program didn't scan all machines every three days, as it is designed to do.

State says it plans to expand its monitoring to include routers and other devices, and is working with the National Security Agency to obtain information about new cyberthreats. But its transformation from a laggard to a leader in cybersecurity is already worth celebrating.

— Steven Alan Honley, Editor

Rolling Up the Welcome Mat?

Writing in the Nov. 11 issue of the *National Post* (**www.nationalpost.com**), a Toronto newspaper, Lee Berthiaume reports that the Canadian Department of Foreign Affairs and International Trade recently instructed overseas staff not to exceed established standards when it comes to treatment of visiting dignitaries and officials.

According to the DFAIT report, "The use of discretion to exceed service standards has resulted in inconsistent service delivery to stakeholders across missions." This, in turn, purportedly sows confusion and dissatisfaction when those visitors do not receive similar treatment at other embassies and consulates.

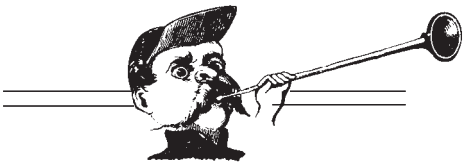
In their defense, Canadian diplomats told evaluators that a degree of flexibility in applying the standards was necessary, given the different contexts and environments in which they operate around the world. They also noted that smaller diplomatic posts generally get fewer visits from senior officials, so picking dignitaries up at the airport gives the envoys an important opportunity to discuss strategic issues.

Former Canadian diplomat Daryl Copeland applauds the reminder to envoys to do the real analytical and intelligence-gathering work for which they are sent overseas, not odd jobs like running to the airport, which others can do. "Anything that didn't fit into somebody else's job description just got dumped on the [diplomats]," he said. For that reason, he called the memo "overdue and necessary."

Canadian diplomats will soon have an additional incentive to be less lavish in greeting official visitors: DFAIT, like all federal government departments, must submit proposals on how to cut 5 to 10 percent from its budget. Experts expect travel and hospitality funds to be one of the first areas to be hit. ■

— Steven Alan Honley, Editor

> The U.S., Britain, Australia and our other allies did not wage war in Iraq and Afghanistan merely to remove a threat to peace but in the confidence that, given a chance, almost everyone would prefer a life in which you "treated others as you would have them treat you." The U.S. has led the first army ever to enter Afghanistan to liberate rather than to conquer. Given the history, it's a monumental task, but it's vital for the welfare of the Afghan people, the stability of a dangerous region and the safety of the wider world.
>
> I know, sir, that the Australian forces serving in Afghanistan are grateful for the American logistical assistance that sustains our commitment. They are proud to be fighting and building alongside their U.S. comrades in the Uruzgan Provincial Reconstruction Team. As well, they hope that their mission is continued until their task is done: the establishment of a stable, effective and humane government, at least by Afghan standards, backed by reliable security forces.
>
> They know that victory in Afghanistan won't resemble the unequivocal resolution of World War II. It will be more like success in Northern Ireland. It will involve a process as much as an outcome. Our soldiers in Afghanistan also understand that giving up prematurely would be a defeat and no less disastrous for not being sustained on the battlefield. …
>
> American world leadership may only truly be appreciated after it's gone. None of us should want to find out the hard way what a shrunken America might be.
>
> — Tony Abbott, Australian opposition leader, addressing Parliament on the occasion of President Barack Obama's Nov. 17, 2011, visit to Canberra *(http://www.tonyabbott.com.au).*



Speaking Out

The Next 50 Years

By George F. Jones

I joined the Foreign Service 55 years ago, and retired from it 16 years ago. While that clearly disqualifies me from speaking about today's Service, perhaps I am no less qualified than anyone else to talk about the next 50 years.

The future, of course, is unknowable. Fifty-five years ago, no one could have foreseen the degree to which instant electronic communication, in the form of computers and cell phones, has changed the environment in which we operate today. Yet there was probably more basis for predicting that, at least among the scientifically and technologically inclined, than there was for predicting the complete and utter disappearance of the Soviet bloc that so dominated world politics in 1956.

That said, there are some trends that may perhaps give us some clue about the world in which newly minted Foreign Service members today will serve their careers.

My first observation, and the most obvious — I promise I will be more provocative later on — is that the United States is no longer one of two superpowers, as it was when I joined the Service, or even the sole superpower that it seemed briefly to be after the collapse of the Soviet Union.

I see that becoming even truer over the next 50 years. We may remain the world's single strongest military and economic power, but we will no longer be *overwhelmingly* the strongest.

> *There will always be work for the Foreign Service. But it will not become an "expeditionary" Service.*

What is more, we can no longer afford to be. Although politicians will continue to blather about the United States being the greatest country on earth, that will be an increasingly qualitative rather than quantitative claim. I believe the United States has reached the limit of its ability to project and exercise power internationally. We have for many years neglected our infrastructure, our environment and the need for cleaner, cheaper energy, and paid for our international adventures by borrowing. My sense is that the willingness of the American people to put up with this inversion of priorities has reached its limits.

Am I suggesting that the Foreign Service will fade into irrelevance as Fortress America turns away from the rest of the world? Not at all. Regardless of which party is in power and what policies the U.S. government adopts, we are inextricably involved with the world, and will become much more so over the next half-century. That's driven both by technology and by the nature of the issues.

A Shrinking World

Technology will continue to shrink the world in ways we can only speculate on today. Conversations via Skype, or its descendants, with friends and business partners and Foreign Service colleagues will certainly become the normal, everyday means of communication. National stock markets are already international in content; it's but a step to being able to invest in any company, anywhere.

This means, as is apparent in any news report today, that the health of every major country's economy is intertwined with the health of our own. Reporting on, negotiating and advancing those economic relationships will be as much a major part of diplomatic work 50 years from now as it is today.

Moreover, the issues facing the world's leaders will require more and more international cooperation. Who builds wind farms and oil wells in whose oceans. Whose greenhouse gases diminish the quality of whose air — and contribute to the loss of whose seacoast. Who regulates, and who protects, the Internet. How to divide a limited bandwidth for a steadily increasing traffic of international communications and entertainment —

unless, of course, technology finds a way to make it infinite.

Another issue I think will be around for a long time to come is human rights. Some colleagues from my generation were not at all comfortable with "interfering in the internal affairs of other countries," and some saw it as a peculiarly Latin American or Soviet bloc issue. But now human rights are a recognized part of the international agenda, and there's no shortage of cases requiring international cooperation and leadership — leadership the United States is uniquely qualified to provide.

The Limits of Power

So there will always be work for the Foreign Service. But one thing I will predict: it will not be an "expeditionary" Service. The United States has done its share of nationbuilding following military conflicts; some of it was very successful (Germany, Japan), some of it much less so. But the idea that provincial civilian-military teams are some sort of new norm for the Service is simply nonsense.

Our country has wielded great influence around the globe, and will continue to do so. But look at Egypt, Libya or Syria, if you want to see the limits of American power in 2011. Look at Burma or Tibet. And in our own hemisphere, consider Venezuela and Cuba.

I'm not saying that we will lose our ability to affect events. But, as David Remnick has written, "A calculated modesty can augment a nation's true influence." I believe the United States can continue to lead throughout the next 50 years, because of our continued significant (but not monopolistic) power and, I hope, because of our continued moral authority.

I happen to think that the United States on the whole did pretty well as the world's policeman — with the painful exceptions of Afghanistan and Iraq — during the 60 years or so that there was no one else around willing or able to fill that role. But staying on in that job would require both a continued acquiescence on the part of other major countries and a continued willingness on the part of the American people to pay the very considerable cost in money and lives. I see both of those as steadily diminishing over the next 50 years.

I believe we will eventually abandon the unfortunate aspiration to have an embassy in every sovereign country.

But there will be no decrease in the number of crises around the world where foreign intervention is needed — whether humanitarian, as in the Horn of Africa, or economic, as in Greece, or even military.

So who, or what, gradually replaces the United States as the Lone Ranger? Multinational cooperation, as in Libya. In 2061 we may — *may* — still be primus inter pares, leading the organization of international efforts, contributing substantially to their funding, negotiating the objectives and terms of the intervention. But multinational agreement will not just be decorative icing on the cake. It will *be* the cake.

What does this mean for the Foreign Service? It means that those who seek international organization experience will have a leg up. The number of alphabet soup international agencies today may be mind-boggling, but it is going to increase exponentially over the next 50 years. Regional organizations such as the African Union, for instance, will grow stronger and more active.

The United States will need to be represented at virtually every single one of these international fora in some way. And all U.S. diplomats will need technical specializations more than ever: financial, economic, scientific and in areas one can't even imagine today.

Specialization Needed

Does that mean the Foreign Service generalist is going the way of the despatch and the airgram? (If those are unfamiliar terms, please consult your nearest doddering retiree.) Yes and no.

In the sense of officers with good judgment, good people skills and the ability to lead and manage, no; they will always be needed. The old adage about not putting a scientist at the head of a scientific institution is still true. But for officers who try to make up with charm alone for their lack of area, language and technical skills: yes, I see little future for them.

One critical area of specialization that will be required in the years ahead is Islamic studies. It doesn't take a crystal ball to see that a largely stagnant part of the world is waking up and changing before our eyes — but into what exactly? What *is* clear is that there are 1.6 billion Muslims who are going to play a much more important part in world politics than they have in the last 50 years, and that we as a country and as a Service know very little about them.

This is partly because, as Americans, we are not very comfortable talking about religion or relating to people as

adherents of a faith. Our Constitution forbids the establishment of any state church, and so we ignore religion in the workplace. Some of the predominantly Muslim countries may in time become secular states — or they may not.

We can continue to focus on the Middle East as an area and Arabic as a language, and we need more specialists in both. But I would like to see the National Foreign Affairs Training Center create a course in Islamic studies that every officer would be required to take — even Latin Americanists like myself. (The population at my last Western Hemisphere Affairs Bureau post was 9-percent Muslim, and my wife and I were the guests of honor at a Muslim wedding.)

Security Threats

The major security threat to the United States, and specifically to our embassies and diplomats abroad, is terrorism that is not state-sponsored, and I think that will remain true as far as I can see into the future. (No, I do not think China is going to attack its best customer and largest debtor, although there are certainly some challenging times ahead as it becomes a democracy and our major economic competitor.)

Although last summer's slaughter in Norway proved that Muslim-haters can also be terrorists, for the time being most terrorist threats are related to the U.S. military presence in Muslim countries, to the Israeli-Palestinian conflict, and to the number and influence of extreme fundamentalists in Islam.

All of these factors may diminish over time. The first certainly will; the others I make no predictions about. But in the meantime, we will have to deal with terrorism, and not just as a security threat.

If that reality undermines our ability

The United States will continue to wield great influence throughout the next 50 years — just not as a superpower.

to influence events in a major part of the world, just as that area is throwing off old structures and systems and creating new ones, then it constitutes a political threat, as well. Knowing more about the culture and religion that the terrorists are coming from, and perverting, will help us deal with both kinds of threats.

Much as I regret and deplore the concrete bunkers that house our embassies and the security precautions that limit our ability to move around and meet people, I don't see those going away over the next 50 years. It's a dangerous world and getting more so, not least because technology has put us so much more in each other's faces. But that doesn't mean that we have to build enormous fortresses in countries of second- or third-rate importance to the United States and people them with huge support and security staffs.

Who Needs Offices?

In fact, I believe we will finally begin to reverse the unfortunate decision, made decades ago, that the most powerful country in the world must have an embassy almost everywhere, in almost every sovereign country. Once we can bring ourselves psychologically to abandon that idea, there will be fewer bunkers to build. Officers can be more mobile, operating out of hotel rooms and other temporary quarters.

After all, who needs an office anymore? Officers can write their reports on their Googleberries and Podphones and tablets, and one of these days will send "telegrams" (as they are quaintly called) from them too. Reports will include photographs and videos of riots and ceremonies and even interviews. The U.S. government will, of course, continue to lag years behind the private sector, but it's just slow; it will get there eventually.

If I had been thrust into the Foreign Service of 2011 when I was first sworn in, I would have found it wondrous strange. I'm sure that any of today's officers who suddenly found themselves in 2061 would find it just as strange an institution: wondrous in its technological marvels; discouraging, perhaps, in the persistence of unresolved problems and issues; and, I hope, reassuring in the continuity of this country as a beacon of hope and leadership — even from a position of relatively diminished power. ■

George F. Jones, a Foreign Service officer from 1956 to 1995, was deputy chief of mission in Chile and Costa Rica during the 1980s, and was ambassador to Guyana from 1992 to 1995. An Editorial Board member from 2007 to 2011, Ambassador Jones currently chairs the AFSA Elections Committee and has long been active in the association.

Since retiring from the Foreign Service, he has remained heavily involved in foreign affairs, including election monitoring and democracy promotion, and a variety of When Actually Employed assignments with the State Department.

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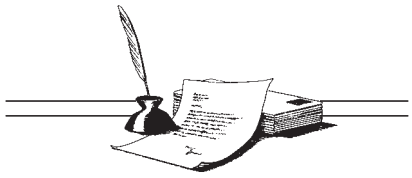
DIPLOMACY AT WORK



Shawn Dorman, EDITOR

AMERICAN FOREIGN SERVICE ASSOCIATION



Letter from the Editor

By Steven Alan Honley

Happy New Year! Once again it's time to issue my periodic invitation to take advantage of the many opportunities to contribute to the *Journal*. Let me begin by calling your attention to the author guidelines on our Web site (www.afsa.org/fsj), which describe the various departments in the magazine and give the basic requirements (length, format, etc.) for each. Note that all submissions must be approved by our Editorial Board and are subject to editing for style, length and format.

Most issues of the *Journal* contain a **focus** section examining various facets of an issue related to the Foreign Service, diplomatic practice or international relations. (You'll find a list of the topics our Editorial Board has identified for the coming year on the facing page.) This list is a guide to what's coming up in 2012, but it isn't set in stone.

Because of our lead time for publication, and the requirement for Editorial Board approval, we need to receive submissions on focus topics at least three months (and preferably longer) prior to the issue's release date. Thus, we have already lined up authors for the January, February and March themes, but there is still time to submit manuscripts for later months. Submissions should generally be about 2,000 words long, though shorter pieces are always welcome.

There are many ways you can share your insights in our pages. Let us hear from you.

If none of the focus choices grab you, or if you feel we have not devoted enough space to a professional concern or functional issue, please consider writing a **feature** article (also generally 2,000 words long, though shorter entries are welcomed) about it for us. Although we will not be holding our annual fiction contest this year, you are always welcome to submit short stories with a Foreign Service theme or setting for publication as feature articles.

We invite those of you who expect to publish a book this year to send us a copy (along with promotional materials) for inclusion in our annual compilation of recently published books by Foreign Service-affiliated authors, **In Their Own Write**. That issue will run in November, so **Sept. 1** is the deadline for inclusion. For more information, contact Senior Editor Susan Maitra at maitra@afsa.org.

We continue to welcome submissions for our **FS Heritage** department, which spotlights past U.S. diplomats (either famous or obscure), as well as issues related to the evolution of the Foreign Service as an institution.

Share Your Insights

We take seriously our mission to give you "news you can use": information about how to advance your career; tips on dealing effectively with the bureaucracy at State and the other foreign affairs agencies, especially when you are trying to resolve a problem; discussion of professional concerns and other issues unique to the Foreign Service lifestyle; and updates on how AFSA is working to improve working and living conditions for Foreign Service employees and their families.

Much of that coverage is found, of course, within the pages of ***AFSA News***. That section offers many different ways for members to share their experiences, thoughts and concerns regarding professional issues. *AFSA News* Editor Donna Ayerst is interested in hearing from members about lessons they've learned at post, retire-

We take seriously our mission to give you "news you can use."

ment issues, family member matters and other topics, including any bureaucratic mysteries you'd like to see unraveled in our pages. For more information about any aspect of *AFSA News*, please contact Donna at ayerst@afsa.org.

Another place to look for such items is our periodic **FS Know-How** department. We welcome contributions on topics ranging from managing one's career and cutting red tape to parlaying one's professional skills in retirement, as well as financial information and guidance for Foreign Service personnel.

There are many other ways you can contribute to our pages, of course. Please share your reactions, positive and negative, to any of our content by sending us a comment for our **Letters** section. Just bear in mind that, as with all periodicals, the briefer and more focused your letter is, the more likely we'll be able to print it in full. (In general, 200 to 400 words is a good target.)

The **Speaking Out** department is your forum to advocate policy, regulatory or statutory changes to the Foreign Service. These columns (approximately 1,500 to 2,000 words long) can be based on personal experience with a professional injustice or present your insights into a foreign affairs-related issue.

Our **Reflections** department normally features short commentaries (approximately 600 words long) based on personal experiences while living or traveling overseas. These submissions should center on insights gained as a result of interactions with other cultures, rather than being descriptive "travel pieces." However, this month we're trying something new in that spot: a crossword puzzle! We are also pleased to consider poetry and photographs for publication, either in that section or as freestanding features.

If you have any questions about the submission process, need to change your mailing address, or want to give a subscription to a friend or family member, please contact us at journal@afsa.org. We will be delighted to respond. ■

2012 EDITORIAL CALENDAR for the FOREIGN SERVICE JOURNAL

JANUARY 2012	Foreign Service Reflections (article-length, 3-4 pages each)
FEBRUARY 2012	The Euro Turns 10 (and related issues) (+ AFSA Tax Guide)
MARCH 2012	Hunger as a Foreign Policy Issue (+ AFSA Annual Report)
APRIL 2012	FS Family Employment: Best Practices/Success Stories
MAY 2012	Has the Arab Spring Turned to Fall?
JUNE 2012	Foreign Service Nationals/Locally Employed Staff (+ semiannual SCHOOLS SUPPLEMENT)
JULY-AUGUST 2012	FSI/Professional Education & Training (PLUS AFSA Awards coverage)
SEPTEMBER 2012	China
OCTOBER 2012	The 3 Ds: Diplomacy, Development, Defense
NOVEMBER 2012	In Their Own Write (roundup of books by FS-affiliated authors)
DECEMBER 2012	Security vs. Openness (fortress embassies, role of DS, etc.) (+ semiannual SCHOOLS SUPPLEMENT)

Born in Kansas, Made in Africa

It is the many "unsung heroes" working day after day to make Africa a better place who hold the continent's future in their hands.

By Mark G. Wentling

Forty years later, I realize that I learned a lot on my second day in Africa, though in September 1970 I was too new to the continent to know it. I had been told that a good way to learn the local language was to read the daily newspaper, so I bought a copy of the *Togo-Presse* from a passing street vendor. I found the paper boring, as most of the articles were about Togo's president-for-life, Etienne Eyadema, and his political party.

The obituaries, by contrast, were interesting. One, in particular, reported that two men had died in prison at the same time from the same natural cause. Finding that to be quite a coincidence, I excitedly told my Togolese Peace Corps trainer what I had read.

At first, Clément Hiheatro laughed loudly. Then, with a worried look, he stared straight into my eyes and said: "Young white man, you have a lot to learn about Africa." It took years before I came to grips with what he meant, because I could not accept that Africans could be so cruel to each other. The two men had, of course, been put to death on the order of the president.

The tragedy is that the same, and much worse, is still possible in Africa, and presidents who commit such heinous crimes can stay in power for decades. The case of Togo, where Eyadema ruled for 38 years until his death and was replaced by one of his many sons, epitomizes the kinds of practices that hold Africa back.

Indeed, the terrors of King Leopold's Congo as related in Joseph Conrad's *The Heart of Darkness* are neither as fictional nor as distant as many believe. Most African countries got off to a bad start, as was noted as early as 1962 by Rene Dumont in his classic work, *Faux Depart en Afrique* (False Start in Africa). Sadly, however, this "false start" has in many cases yet to be overcome.

Still, in the midst of the unspeakable acts of violence and failed civic and economic development schemes, all over the continent many unsung heroes and heroines are sacrificing their lives to do the right thing to make Africa a better place. In reflecting on my long involvement with Africa, I realize more clearly than ever that it is these individuals — and not donor nations and foreign aid workers — who hold the future of the African nations in their hands.

Mark G. Wentling spent nine years with the Peace Corps before joining USAID in 1977. He served in Niamey, Conakry, Lome, Mogadishu, Dar es Salaam and Washington, D.C., before retiring from the Senior Foreign Service in 1996. He is currently the country director for Plan International in Burkina Faso, based in Ouagadougou. A previous reflection, "30 Years in Africa: Still Searching for Answers," was published in the February 2002 FSJ.

Lasting Impressions

When I first arrived in the Agu District of Togo, I did not plan to stay long. I had already spent two years as a Peace Corps Volunteer in Honduras and, while I was delighted to have a second opportunity to serve, I told myself that if I did not enjoy the experience, I would quit and return to graduate studies in the States.

We all thought our mission would unfold like the Marshall Plan and, within a few years, Africa would be able to move ahead on its own.

As it happened, I surprised myself by serving as a Volunteer for three more years and then joining the local Peace Corps staff. Every time I was ready to return to the States, something would come up. Like the unforgettable African sunsets, the sights, sounds and smells of the continent captivate you. And as the years wear on, you feel something deeply that makes it harder and harder to leave.

I completed my Peace Corps service in 1976 in Niger and then embarked on a Foreign Service career with USAID that took me to every subregion of Africa. Though I was involved in a wide variety of complex projects over the next two decades, I think I did not learn much new after leaving my first Peace Corps village in 1973. In all of my subsequent work, I regularly asked myself how this or that project would work in my Togo village. That remained my indispensable compass throughout my long development career.

I spent time with several African presidents (Eyadema, Bongo, Kountché, Sékou Touré, Kérékou, Nyerere, Buyoya and Chissano), as well as top Somali warlords Mohamed Farrah Aideed and Ali Mahdi Muhammad. I also met a number of other heads of state at Sékou Touré's funeral in Conakry in March 1984 (see "The Grand Syli's Funeral" in the February 2011 *Journal*). But my most interesting meetings have been with local authorities, traditional chiefs, sorcerers, witch doctors and religious leaders.

Of course, hundreds of other people have played parts in my long African saga, as well: journalists, authors, tourists, donor representatives and missionaries who lived all their lives in Africa. They, along with the 17 U.S. ambassadors I served and dozens of Foreign Service colleagues, helped shape my views about Africa.

In my mind's eye, I can still see the faces that made the most lasting impression. Most of them are ordinary Africans going about their daily business of surviving. I see clearly the faces of shop owners, women preparing food at the roadside, people struggling with heavy loads on their heads, beggars, street children, the hordes of people riding bicycles and motorbikes. The list is as endless as the impressions are indelible. Of course, my firsthand exposure to Africans each day added to my huge reservoir of experience.

Sadly, many of my African friends have now passed away — a fact that brings home harshly the realization that life expectancy in Africa is low. As I often point out, I have been in Africa longer than most Africans: today a majority of the population is less than 16 years old. One result is that the knowledge of many traditional customs has been lost. The passing of respected elders has also left youth adrift. Far too often, today's role models are wealthy but corrupt officials and leaders of criminal gangs.

Post-Independence Euphoria

During my first decade in Africa, a post-independence euphoria prevailed. The atmosphere was happy, colorful and full of hope. We all thought our mission would unfold like the Marshall Plan and, within a few years, Africa would be able to move ahead on its own. The idea was to work ourselves out of a job by building local capacity, enabling countries to become economically, as well as politically, independent. Forty years later I am very far from being out of work, and most African countries are more dependent on external aid than ever before.

In the earlier years we had much more fun than today, especially as you could go anywhere — day or night — without any security concerns. We went to remote places to hear the drums play all night under a full moon and drink our fill of fresh palm wine. The language of talking drums was interpreted for us by the few old men who understood it. People sang and danced and laughed until the sun came up. Ceremonies of all sorts took place, and we were all careful to pour a drink on the ground for the ancestors before we drank anything ourselves.

At that time, there were popular local songs, and "high life" and rumba music were in vogue. Some of those old tunes and the sliding sound made by the dance steps are still in my head. (Now when I am down, I listen to rumba music from the Congo to pick up my spirits; a Congolese once told me that rumba music was invented to fight mis-

ery, and I find that to be true.)

But by 1983, when I was posted in Guinea, farmers in their fields asked me when "independence" would be over. They recounted how they had suffered during the colonial period, and said that since becoming a nation in 1958 they had suffered even more. Their only hope was for independence to end, they insisted, and wanted to know what comes after it. I did not have the heart to tell them that "independence" is a permanent condition.

But by 1983, when I was posted in Guinea, farmers in their fields asked me when "independence" would be over.

Today I find it difficult to gain a clear vision of Africa's future. Where should Africa be in 40 years, and how do Africans get from here to there? I do not have the answer. I have observed Ghana's progress firsthand, and it seems to represent a future to which many African countries should aspire. If Ghana can move ahead, why can't other countries?

New hopes for development arise every few years, and new initiatives that promise not to repeat the errors of previous strategies are rolled out. Optimism for the success of the newest initiative is hard to rein in, and maybe this is all right, for the continent continues to need all the help it can get. But, as you often hear there, enough with the words and promises — what's needed is action. Certainly, if words could be eaten, there would be no hunger in Africa!

Searching for a New Way Forward

To remind myself of how much the fundamental development challenges in Africa have not changed, I keep near my desk a copy of Al Mosher's 1962 book, *Getting Agriculture Moving in Africa*, and Carl Eicher's article, "Facing Up to Africa's Food Crisis," that appeared in the fall 1982 edition of *Foreign Affairs*. I also find it useful to keep handy the 1982 World Bank publication, *Accelerated Development in Africa*, that Elliot Berg and his very capable team produced.

When I served in Somalia in 1993 and 1994, I also kept a copy of a 1981 issue of *National Geographic* with its feature article, "Somalia in Its Hour of Hope," on my desk. Almost 30 years later, Somalia, as well as a number of other African countries, is still in search of hope. I am also still waiting for the promises of the Lagos Plan of Action of 1980 to be fulfilled.

It's not clear to me how the wealth needed to sustain progressive growth in Africa can be created and managed competently. The reality may be that some countries, or parts of countries, are not predisposed to develop in the way Western donors prescribe. Perhaps new measures need to be devised to record progress in such areas.

This implies that for transformational development to work, Africans need to take control of their own destinies and develop homegrown models that best respond to their circumstances. A way must be found to reshape values and transcend current mindsets. Of course, nothing will work well without honest and competent leaders who have the best interests of their people at heart. Tragically, there is a shortage of such leaders in Africa.

Africans have also learned over the years not to count too much on donor promises. Many development assistance failures occurred because donors were not reliable partners, especially because they seldom held the course for the time needed to achieve lasting results. And much development assistance failed because it was overly politicized and too tied to foreign policy considerations, particularly during the Cold War era. A major disappointment was that the expected post-Cold War peace dividend never materialized.

Today Is More Complicated

Today's Africa is more complicated, more crowded and less peaceful, and I do not hear people laugh as much as before. You have to keep looking over your shoulder all the time, ready in many places to deal with bandits. Urban crime has risen steeply, and fear among Africans about being robbed, or worse, is greater. A study of the heights of walls around houses and all the security measures taken these days would make for an interesting, if alarming, read. Surely if crime and corruption could be reduced substantially, the continent would enjoy a huge development boost.

Of course, a big difference today is communications technology. Thanks to the cell phone you can make a call from almost anywhere in Africa, and Internet cafés abound. These advances make life in the village very different than it was years ago. Yet the age-old problems of satisfying basic needs for food, water, health services, shelter and energy still remain to be solved. For me, techno-

logical advances are only really good when they help satisfy these basic needs and create jobs. Nothing works if you are unemployed and constantly hungry.

One factor that has always existed on the continent and continues to grow is spirituality. Harnessing that deep reservoir and directing it toward achieving good works would be a great boon to development. Unfortunately, much of this spiritual activity is misdirected. There are still places where more money is paid to witch doctors than on the education of children. The same can also be said of the amount of money spent on ostentatious funerals and on alcoholic beverages. In some areas, excessive alcohol consumption and the use of traditional narcotic plants (e.g., qat in Somalia) have created dysfunctional societies.

To remind myself of just how complex and fragile human societies are, I also keep in my office a 1958 novel, *Things Fall Apart*, by the Nigerian author Chinua Achebe. And next to my computer, I've posted the 1919 poem, "The Second Coming," by W.B. Yeats, from which Achebe drew his title phrase.

Development is, after all, about much more than money. If a country needs loads of external aid to develop, it probably can never do so. A closer examination is needed of those key things that keep people poor, but do not require outside funding to be fixed. In the meantime, it is likely that the poor will always be with us and, thus, the aid worker will always have work to do. We often overlook that culture, values and work ethic matter a great deal, and that you cannot re-engineer entire societies overnight.

Born in Kansas, "Made" in Africa

Still, I long for the "old" Africa, where a good harvest filled the family granary and lasted until the next harvest (that is rarely the case today). HIV/AIDS was unknown, aquatic weeds had not clogged all of Africa's waterways and plastic bags had not yet littered the landscape. Climate change was not a consideration, and human trafficking, the drug trade and terrorist acts were also unknown.

I am glad that I got to know the continent when I was able to see many things that no longer exist — like the now-

nearly-extinct oryx of Niger, a full Lake Chad, Mount Kilimanjaro's peak fully covered by snow, and so much more. In the Africa I first knew, facial scarification and permanent ceremonial marks could tell you much about a person. Now that, too, is mostly all gone.

In almost every country I worked, I was christened with a nickname. In Tanzania I was called "mwasawali mingi" — Kiswahili for "too many questions." In Niger, I was called "rigide et sec" (rigid and dry), as sometimes I could not bear the long African palaver and simply said things as I saw them. My favorite appellation was "rainmaker" — a nickname I wasn't even aware of until 2004, when someone I hardly knew introduced me that way at a meeting in Kinshasa. Later I asked why, and was told that many people across Africa call me this because everywhere I go, assistance funding flows.

Recently, the minister of education in Burkina Faso referred to me as "Baobab," an African tree that symbolizes wisdom and knowledge. I think that is the one I will have engraved on my tombstone.

For better or worse, my marriage to Africa is until death do us part. Though born and raised in Kansas, I was "made" in Africa. Yet after four decades of working for the betterment of the continent, I am more confused than ever over what the United States' interests are there. I think our main interest is humanitarian, but the way U.S. country missions are structured belies this priority.

Often the approach the United States has taken in Africa reminds me of my first plane ride to the continent in 1970. We left New York on a Pan American flight to Dakar. During a brief stopover there, a team of people climbed onto the plane and pasted huge Air Afrique decals over all the Pan Am markings. For the rest of our trip to Lome, we were officially on an Air Afrique flight.

It will take more than development decals manufactured by outsiders to achieve sustainable development in Africa, however. True developmental transformation comes from within; it is not something external actors can impose. Africans need to do all they can to help themselves first before calling for external assistance. ■

Remembering Another Unforgettable Day

A Foreign Service spouse reflects on a world-shattering day that defined a generation: Dec. 7, 1941.

By Margaret Sullivan

In mid-September, Americans focused on the tenth anniversary of the 9/11 attacks. We honored the memories of those who died that Tuesday in 2001 — in New York City, at the Pentagon and in a Pennsylvania field — as well as the soldiers and civilians who have served in Iraq and Afghanistan in the decade since then.

We are still analyzing the knotty impact of that morning that "changed history" and its aftermath. But I find myself also remembering — as I always will — another world-shattering day: Dec. 7, 1941, when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. Last month marked the 70th anniversary of that "day that will live in infamy."

I was 7½ years old that boring afternoon, sitting on the floor at my grandmother's feet in the Methodist parsonage in Magnolia, Miss. Sunday dinner was over, the dishes washed. The New York Philharmonic played softly on the round-topped, wooden radio.

Suddenly, an announcer interrupted the broadcast. In an early morning sneak attack, Japanese planes had bombed ships in Pearl Harbor and strafed civilians in Honolulu. Later we learned that a substantial portion of the U.S. Pacific fleet had been sunk or damaged and more than 3,000 people killed or wounded.

But in that moment, we could only listen in stunned, uncertain silence, straining to learn more.

Growing Up Overseas

Unlike most American children of that time and place, I actually knew something about Japanese soldiers. During my first six years, "home" was a university campus in Tsinan (now Jinan), the capital of Shantung province in China. Our life there was "normal." Daddy, a teaching missionary, taught public health and parasitology. Mummy started a playgroup and sang in a wavering voice.

My younger sister and I were "just kids," who ran around, listened to stories, watched Daddy play softball and chew gum, grew, explored our immediate world and learned things (snails leave a slime trail if they move up your arm; worms wiggle and can make you sick if they get inside you; shots hurt, but sting less if you watch them being given — stuff like that).

Although I was oblivious to it, the Japanese had overrun our part of China in 1937. Then, on Sept. 1, 1939, Germany invaded Poland. That year we were caught in a

Margaret Sullivan, the wife of a retired FSO, has been involved in international affairs her whole life, for the past five decades mainly working on issues related to Indonesia and the Malay world.

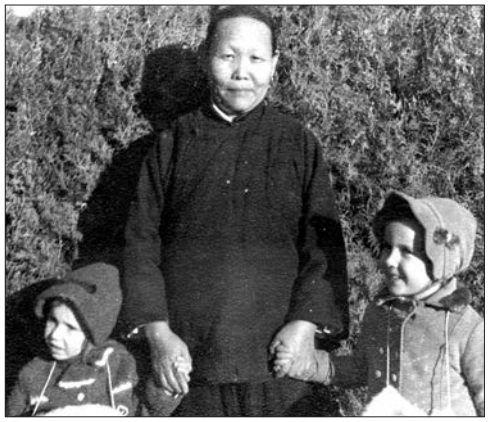
beach town where we sometimes summered, and my mother, sister and I did not return inland to the university when we usually did.

My child's understanding of this decision was murky; but I now believe that we were advised to stay put until the United States' response to the outbreak of hostilities was clear. (It may also have had something to do with devastating floods.) But in a few weeks we went back home, and life returned to normal.

On that December Sunday in 1941, along with my mother and my two younger sisters, I was a refugee.

Because the medical school where my father taught was inside the ancient city wall, we sometimes went into town in a rickshaw with our mother. To enter the gate, we were required to go through a Japanese checkpoint. One of the soldiers always smiled at us and often had a small gift for my younger sister and me. In retrospect, I realize he must have missed his own small daughters. But at the time, he was just another friendly adult at the edges of our lives.

By December 1940, war was clearly looming. For me, though, life was routine: starting first grade, climbing trees, helping Mummy rake leaves, roaming the campus, playing with friends. But the State Department had commandeered three cruise ships to evacuate as many American women, children and "unnecessary" men around Asia as would leave.



The author (right), her younger sister, Harriet, and their amah, Wong Neinei, in 1940 in Tsinan, China.

Refugees at "Home"

I didn't know the details of all that until later. All I knew was that suddenly, in a flurry of packing trunks and organizing documents, our pregnant mother, my sister and I were going back "home" to America, wherever that was, whatever home meant. And Daddy was staying behind to continue teaching.

We took the train to Tsingtao, a port city, hugged hard, blew kisses and waved good-bye as the tender went further into the harbor, and climbed aboard the S.S. *Mariposa* to cross the Pacific.

So on that December Sunday in 1941, along with my mother and my two younger sisters, I was a refugee. We lived with my paternal grandparents in Mississippi, feeling like outsiders and waiting. Pearl Harbor determined for what.

On Dec. 8, the United States declared war. Daddy had already flown to Hong Kong and then to the interior of Free China as the faculty and students moved the university. With hostilities declared, he joined the U.S. Office of War Information in Chungking, putting his expertise at the service of the war effort. He would not be coming back to us anytime soon.

Letters arrived rarely, after long delays. Daddy flew out over the Hump — the name for the eastern end of the Himalayas over which Allied pilots flew transport missions in and out of China from India during World War II — to come to the States for consultation and to be with us, though for only one summer. By the time he returned for good, I was nearly a teenager and my youngest sister, born after we got back to the States, was no longer a baby.

A New Vocabulary

Everyone was part of the war effort. To do our bit, we smashed tin cans and collected newspapers for reuse. Gas, sugar, shoes and other things were rationed. (To this day, I am fussy about shoes because I had wide feet and only fit into ugly brown boys' shoes, one pair a year.)

Victory gardens were commonplace. We canned what we grew, churned butter (if we could get whole milk) and learned to slice bread and squeeze the yellow back into lardy-looking margarine. Each week, we carried our dimes and quarters to school to buy stamps toward war bonds.

Everyone knew boys who went off to war, or had fathers who had been called up, or passed houses with a small flag with a gold star in the window. New places came into our vocabularies and onto school maps: Normandy, the Bulge, Guadalcanal, Iwo Jima, Hiroshima.

News arrived via the radio or the newspaper (which published "extra" editions for major events like President

Franklin Delano Roosevelt's death and V-E Day). We "saw" reports only in the black-and-white newsreels before the Saturday afternoon movies. Bells rang out for V-J Day.

Because of that friendly Japanese soldier who liked children, I had trouble accepting the ubiquitous propaganda caricatures of "buck-teethed, slant-eyed Japs" shown in the "support our troops to defeat the enemy" posters.

But later, as I grew up, I got to know friends and colleagues, or their parents, who had witnessed the Rape of Nanjing, suffered internment in camps in the Philippines and China, endured the awfulness of the Bataan Death March — or hid out in the jungle for the duration. For a long time after that, I made real friends with Japanese people slowly and with difficulty because I had to overcome that dark shadow.

Later, back in Northern Virginia, we had a dear, California-born, Japanese-American neighbor who had spent much of the war in a camp, interned by our own government, which further complicated my deep sense of uncertainty about who did what to whom during that period.

World War II was the most widespread conflict in history.

Reconciling Contradictions

The life lesson of balancing uncomfortable contradictions that began for me with Pearl Harbor is ongoing. As an adult, I have lived and worked in very different countries and cultures around the Muslim world. Foreign Service friends were hostages in Tehran from 1979 to 1981. Our reaction to the 1998 bombing of the embassies in Nairobi and Dar es Salaam was visceral. Most recently, I was actively involved in post-tsunami rehabilitation in Aceh, Indonesia, witnessing the resilience of the human spirit and tenacity grounded in deep Islamic faith.

My early childhood experience with a friendly "enemy" and the horrible actions that come with war, and then living closely among and making deep friendships with many Muslims, led me to appreciate the complexities of judging individuals, and groups, and the impossibility of valid generalizations.

I still grapple with the critical distinction between abhorring evil acts and casually lumping together all of a particular group of people as embodying that evil. And I am profoundly troubled for my own country when some among us incite hatred against the spectrum of other individuals, and their widely differing communities and beliefs, as a single "bad guy" entity.

For those of us who recall it, Pearl Harbor — like 9/11 — remains pivotal, defining who we are and framing our lives. Collectively and individually, we experienced fear and vulnerability as well as resolve and shared sacrifice. We knew bravery and loss.

World War II was the most widespread conflict in history. More than 100 million military personnel — about 13 million of them American — mobilized around the world as fighting engulfed Europe and the Pacific. The United States was on high alert (although we didn't call it that). Entire economic, industrial and scientific capabilities served the war effort, erasing the distinction between civilian and military resources. The war altered the political alignment and social structure of the world, laying the groundwork for greater racial and social equality. We emerged stronger because of all that.

Margaret Sullivan, standing, talks with students in a classroom in Banda Aceh in 2005.

As I write, I recall — as I always will — that sparkling September morning 10 years ago: The smell of my cup of fresh-brewed coffee. The clear view of Washington from our Virginia 16th-floor balcony. The concussion that shook the building even before the blast reached us. The black smoke suddenly billowing skyward from what turned out to be the Pentagon a few miles north. Then, when we turned on the TV, the fearful images from Ground Zero. The hollow feeling that filled me during the surreally glorious blue days that followed.

I grieve and ponder. And I am carried back to that unforgettable, sepia-toned Sunday afternoon in my grandmother's living room. ■

Getting to Know You

A missing cat forges closer bonds between a Foreign Service family and their Kyiv neighbors.

By Marsha Philipak-Chambers

My husband and I recently completed a four-year tour in Ukraine, a country whose culture was dauntingly difficult to break into. Having grown up abroad in a variety of countries, I've always considered myself a veritable chameleon, able to blend in and adapt wherever I landed. But it didn't take long for me to realize that some cultures, like the post-Soviet one I was now in, are more difficult to penetrate than others.

History has taught Ukrainians to be cautious with everyone, but particularly with foreigners. The years of a merciless, free-booting brand of capitalism that followed independence only deepened the wound. The average person on the street is unsmiling, taciturn and inordinately preoccupied with the ground as they walk — which, I painfully discovered, has more to do with broken and uneven sidewalks than history.

Once I had been there for a few months, I asked an older lady, who had the unfortunate duty of teaching me Russian, why my neighbors looked at me like I had three heads when I smiled and greeted them.

"Because they know you're American," she responded.

Not quite getting the connection, I pressed the point. "What do you mean, they know I'm American?"

"Because you Americans are always walking around smiling at everything."

"What's wrong with that?"

"What's there to smile about? It makes you look stupid!" This was not an insult, but just jarring, Eastern European directness.

Winning the Neighbors Over

So perhaps I should not have been surprised that it took three years just to get a wave from a neighbor I dubbed "Bicycle Man," let alone a greeting. Every morning during my pre-dawn jog, I passed this septuagenarian riding his equally old "velociped" up the square, then down the square, in slow circles, for exercise. And each morning, smiling stupidly, I waved and said "good morning" in Russian without eliciting any response whatsoever.

Then one morning during my final year in Kyiv, he waved back! I was so startled I stopped and stared, thinking that he was perhaps swatting at a bug. He waved again. I was so excited, I cut my run short and hurried home to my apartment to tell my husband.

Marsha Philipak-Chambers, an Office Management Specialist, entered the Foreign Service in 2005. She recently completed a four-year tour as OMS to the deputy chief of mission in Kyiv, and is now serving in Tallinn.

Exactly three years and 11 months into my tour, Bicycle Man added sound. "Dobre utra!" he yelled across the square — a month before my departure, but better late than never. It was as if he knew I was leaving, and this was his hearty farewell.

By our fourth year in Kyiv, my vocabulary had increased and our long-term presence had apparently made me less threatening. The wife of a local vegetable vendor, whom I dubbed "Mama," began greeting me with a warm smile, letting me in on all the neighborhood gossip and relentlessly complaining about her husband ("Papa") and adult children. I only caught about every fifth word, but it was wonderful to be let into the conversation. And as a woman, I understood exactly what she meant even without knowing most of the words she used.

Perhaps I should not have been surprised that it took three years just to get a wave from a neighbor, let alone a greeting.

There were many other folks in our neighborhood, from all walks of life, who also gave us 'the look' for years before determining that we were 'okay' and finally acknowledging us when we said hello. It felt like a real accomplishment!

The value of our hard-won acceptance became apparent one cold wintry night in our fourth year, when our cat turned up missing yet again. We guessed that she had fallen off the balcony, as she was prone to do, and immediately headed down to street level to look for her. It was already inky dark at six in the evening, and the temperature was hovering at around 10 below zero.

My first stop was the flower shop. The two ladies who worked there and I had bonded during the many occasions they had helped me locate my ever-falling cat. "Bozhe moi!" the older one said, shaking her head, and they both followed me out into the cold night.

While they headed off toward the back of the building, I started in the other direction. After a moment of hesitation, I decided to check with the goombahs and prostitutes in the casino next to the flower shop. None of the regulars were outside, so I had no choice but to enter this forbidding place for the first time.

Film Noir, Ukrainian-Style

The casino was exactly as I had imagined it would be: dark, choked with acrid cigarette smoke and filled with zombies hunched over video poker consoles. As the door shut behind me, everyone stopped playing, turned and stared at me with large, hollow eyes. The only thing missing from this movie set was Ray Liotta — and then he showed up.

Emerging from behind some sort of curtain, and clad in a black-leather jacket, cigarette dangling precariously from his mouth, "Ray" squinted at me as he shrugged an unspoken "What do you want?"

"Uhhh … my little cat," I fumbled in Russian, making a small rectangle in the air with my hands, "I don't know where she is. Have you seen her?" It was all I could say without using one of a plethora of nasty Russian case endings. I had never felt so silly.

The zombies still weren't moving. Ray stood there expressionless and said, "No."

Okay! Good enough for me! I quickly turned to leave, but before I could put my hand on the door, he added through his cigarette-gripping lips, "You're the American from upstairs."

It wasn't exactly a question — more like an accusation.

"Uh, yes." I turned back to him and smiled, then thought: "Geesus — why am I smiling? What's there to smile about?"

"No," he said, again, still squinting, "I haven't seen your stupid cat." With that he disappeared back into the darkness and the patrons returned to their grimy terminals.

While someone who has never lived in Eastern Europe might not see this short exchange as a major breakthrough, it spoke volumes to me. It meant that he knew who I was and thought enough of me to engage me in what was a lengthy conversation for the leather-jacket crowd — who, I assumed, didn't usually say much, even when they were about to kill somebody. I was touched by his concern.

It's Just a Cat!

I then made my way to my most valuable contacts, Mama and Papa, who saw everything that went on in the "hood." As I approached their kiosk, Mama, bundled up and stepping in place to keep warm, saw my distress and asked what was wrong. I told her the cat had fallen off the balcony and was missing again.

"Poor kitty," she tsk-tsked, grabbing my hand and pet-

ting it. Papa emerged from the back room where they had a small heater, his curiosity overcoming the frigid temperature.

"What's happened?" he asked eagerly.

"The American has lost her cat again," Mama sadly explained.

"Acchh…" he rolled his eyes. "It's not important … just let it go."

Mama grunted at him.

"It's just a cat!" he said, looking from his wife to me. Mama slapped him on the arm and told him "shame on you" in words I didn't fully understand. They bickered back and forth for a second before he decided — or was told — to help me look for her.

He sighed and said, "When did she go missing?"

I explained that it must have happened during the day while we were at work.

Grabbing his gloves, he said, "Let's go talk to Igor. He sees everything." We set off back down the street past our building to the construction lot on the other side.

Igor was the gold-toothed guard of the construction lot who, when we had first arrived, spent an inordinate amount of time drinking and sleeping. We always waved from our back balcony whenever he walked around the lot; he saw us, but never waved back. Then a budding romance developed between Igor and the janitress of the building behind us. Love made him effusively friendly — smiling and shouting hello and raising a glass to us up on the balcony as the two sat at a small table in the parking lot below. We would raise our glasses and say hello back, glad to share in his happiness.

Papa banged on Igor's green metal gate that blocked the entrance to the lot. After a few moments, I heard a groggy "Who's there?" from inside the little trailer where he lived, just on the other side.

"Igor, it's Mete. The American has lost her cat again."

The light from Igor's trailer pierced the darkness as he emerged, slightly tipsy. He opened the gate and pulled his thin uniform coat tighter around him. He looked baffled as Papa explained why we had roused him from his warmth and asked if he had seen anything.

Yes, as a matter of fact, he had seen the cat. He knew our cat because he'd often seen her on our back balcony and had seen her today on the sidewalk in front, before a young woman picked her up and carried her away. Papa listened intently, then turned to me with a satisfied grin.

"See there? Now you don't have to worry about the cat anymore. She's someone else's cat now. No more problem!" I smiled feebly and thanked him for his help.

Some neighbors were so sympathetic that they implicated others in cat-nabbing.

The Quest Continues

When I got to work, I had one of my local colleagues translate a "Have you seen this cat?" poster, complete with a photo, and that evening my husband and I put them up all over the neighborhood. I thought there might be a chance that the "young girl" who had taken her lived in the neighborhood and would return her if she saw the posters.

Every place we stopped to hang a poster, a neighbor would recognize us and, seized with uncontrollable curiosity, would come up behind me and read over my shoulder. Without exception, their comments were akin to the hushed conversations one has at a funeral. So sad. So young. A life cut so short.

Some of them were so sympathetic that they implicated their neighbors in an attempt to be helpful.

"There's that woman — you know her — the cat lady who lives across the street," one babushka huffed.

I didn't know her, but I went along. "Yes?"

"Well, I was just noticing the other day that she had a new black cat in her window. If you go back through the alley — right through there — to the back of her apartment, you'll see your little cat and you can get her back.

I wasn't quite sure what to make of this, and before I could formulate an appropriate response, she exclaimed, "She shouldn't be taking other people's cats."

The "Poodle Lady" in the park across the street also offered friendly advice, telling me that she would be sure to watch for her before adding a disclaimer: "She's probably dead."

Vodka and Sympathy

As I tried to digest this blunt but well-meant comment, one of the neighborhood drunks staggered slowly toward me. I recognized him by sight and smell, for we had given him money or a light for his cigarette on occasion. He had never spoken to us before except to ask for these things, but did wave whenever he saw us.

"What's this?" he asked, pointing to the poster. His

slurring made it nearly impossible to understand him, but I appreciated his interest.

"It's my cat. I lost her," I replied.

He didn't react for a moment, then said a few words, of which I understood "wait" and "moment" and "others," before approaching his drinking buddies on a nearby bench. Within a few moments he came back and said another few lines, of which I caught "haven't seen," "we live on the street," "look" and "terrible." He reached up and patted my arm soothingly. I watched as he staggered back to his buddies on the park bench. They raised their hands to me to indicate their support of me in my plight. It was one of the most touching gestures I've ever received.

As it turned out, after all the helpful searching our cat eventually turned up in the construction lot next door, where we had started our search. So I can't honestly say that our relationships with our neighbors helped us find her. But their concern did bring home to me how far we had come since our arrival in breaking through the cultural divide, and how much those simple relationships mean in one's life.

I am now in my third month of a new assignment in Estonia, starting all over again in a new city and neighborhood. I miss that noisy, messy life on Vorovoskogo Street and its cozy familiarity, so I often find myself thinking of that memorable cast of characters.

I miss seeing Papa supervise Mama, Mama supervise the neighborhood, Igor's gold tooth shining in the sun when he smiled, the drunks fighting at night and nodding hello as we pass them the next afternoon; the sweet, sad-faced prostitutes; and the Goodfellas, lovely Flower Ladies, Bicycle Man, Poodle Lady and other characters we came to know and love.

I was warned ahead of time that the people up here in the far north are slow to warm up to strangers, but that doesn't intimidate me a bit. All I have to do is remember to smile, stupidly, and say hello — and eventually, say in two or three years, they'll say hello back. With a little patience and courage, I'm sure someday I'll be reflecting on the characters on Roosikrantsi Street. ■

A Promise to Aisha

It takes a village to help an FSO keep his promise of aid to a Somali refugee.

By Steve Hubler

Through the dust and shimmering heat waves, I could just make out the refugee camp in the distance. Makeshift tents and squat acacia trees strained against a hot wind blowing in from the southeast Ethiopian desert.

It was August 2001, and I was making my first visit to the region as the U.S. refugee coordinator for the Horn of Africa. I was based in our embassy in Addis Ababa, traveling to oversee U.S. government protection and assistance programs for nearly one million refugees in Ethiopia, Eritrea, Djibouti, Kenya, Somalia and Sudan.

As our convoy of Landcruisers pulled into the camp housing several thousand Somali refugees, most of them from Mogadishu, crowds of young boys chased the vehicles and greeted us with energetic whoops and falsetto "war cries." They laughed with a gusto that belied the intense heat and the squalid conditions.

Ibrahim, my United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees escort, who was also responsible for assistance at the camp, stopped our 4x4 jeep. We disembarked to begin our inspection tour. He pointed out a water project we had helped fund for the camp, a small agriculture and forestry project supported by a nongovernmental organization, and a feeding center. We toured the camp's small, makeshift school and visited the clinic.

At the clinic, I spoke with a refugee who was recovering from a gunshot wound he had suffered while guarding the camp's water reservoir. A local camel herder had opened fire on the guard with an AK-47 when the latter prevented him from watering his camels.

I also met a Somali mother carrying her infant son, who was suffering from hydrocephalus. She begged the clinic's lone physician's assistant to save her child. He was sympathetic, but told her softly that the infection was too far advanced.

How, I thought, could I help these people? What could I do to make a difference for them in this

Steve Hubler, a Foreign Service officer since 1992, was the U.S. regional refugee coordinator for the Horn of Africa from 2001 to 2003, among many other assignments. He is currently the deputy principal officer at the U.S. consulate general in St. Petersburg.

windswept, remote outpost? Just then, Ibrahim took off and ducked into a tent.

Meeting Aisha

He emerged with a young Somali woman, dressed in a bright-blue direh (billowing dress) with her head covered in a turquoise-colored scarf. An older Somali male accompanied her. A group of children and women quickly formed around us as we were introduced outside the clinic.

Aisha had proud, dark brown eyes and a delicate beauty that was perfectly framed by her turquoise headscarf.

"I want you to meet Aisha," Ibrahim said, "and her uncle, Abdi." Ibrahim told me that Aisha's family — her father, mother and four brothers — had all been killed during a gun battle in Mogadishu. She and her uncle were the sole survivors.

Abdi had survived unscathed, but Aisha had been shot several times. Four shots had shattered her right arm just below the elbow. Abdi had taken her to a clinic in Mogadishu, and a doctor had immediately amputated the arm below her elbow to save her. She was 15 years old at the time.

Ibrahim recounted how Aisha had managed to scratch out a life for herself in the camp for the past two years, helping other Somali women gather firewood, fetch water and watch the younger children. Now 17, she was hoping someday to marry a young man from her clan and start a family.

"We Will Help You"

Aisha had proud, dark brown eyes and a delicate beauty that was perfectly framed by her turquoise headscarf. Too shy to speak directly to us, she whispered to her uncle who — through an interpreter — told us she had asked whether the American could help her. With only one arm, and a left arm at that, she worried that her chances of attracting a Somali husband were slim.

I conferred with Ibrahim, who said the U.N. High Commissioner for Refugees unfortunately did not have any programs to provide prosthetic devices to victims of violence. And the various agencies and organizations working in the camp were all overburdened with their own caseloads.

"We will help you," I declared, with all the decisiveness I could muster — even though I had no idea how to help her. Just like that. No Inshallah ("God willing") appended to the statement to give me an out if the task proved too daunting. It was a simple, declarative sentence — a commitment!

After all, I represented the United States, the land of possibilities. But did I really understand the responsibility I had taken upon myself? Did I have a right to make such a commitment without knowing for sure that I could deliver on my promise?

Aisha smiled shyly and turned away. Had I given her a false sense of hope? Or was she already so jaded by the traumatic circumstances of her young life that she did not expect much from a newly arrived foreigner who would be gone by nightfall?

Working the System

When I returned to Addis Ababa the next day, I resolved to find out whether my UNHCR colleagues could help me resolve Aisha's dilemma. No one could offer a practical solution, though, and the press of other refugee business and planning for a visit to Somaliland soon conspired to push the issue to the back burner. But my promise kept nagging at me.

An introductory call on the head of the International Committee of the Red Cross in Addis a week later gave me my first lead. During our discussion, the ICRC chief mentioned his organization's center for producing and fitting prostheses for landmine victims. I told him about Aisha and he said that even though she was not a landmine victim, he would consider including her in the program if I could get her to Addis and provide for her welfare during her stay.

Later that afternoon, I called my UNHCR contacts and asked if they could fly Aisha and her uncle (Somali custom would not permit her to travel unaccompanied) to the capital on one of their regular logistics support flights from eastern Ethiopia. Again, I was told that the case was unorthodox, but they would consider it if I could guarantee them that someone would provide shelter and meals for the two during their stay.

In the evening, I called my contact at the International Organization for Migration, which helped provide shelter for refugees in Addis before they were

flown to processing locations elsewhere en route to resettlement in third countries. She looked slightly askance at the request, since it did not involve a resettlement case, but said she would make an exception given the circumstances.

I was satisfied just knowing that, with a lot of help, I had been able to keep my promise.

Keeping My Promise

With all of the pieces coming together, I contacted Ibrahim at his UNHCR outpost in eastern Ethiopia and asked him to arrange for the flight. Coordinating with ICRC, he managed to get Aisha and her uncle to Addis, where the IOM arranged shelter and disbursed a small food allowance during their stay. ICRC fitted her with a prosthesis and provided therapy and training before she returned to the camp on a UNHCR flight.

About a year later, I again traveled to the camp where I had first met Aisha. Ibrahim accompanied me during my tour of the facility. Although conditions there remained Spartan, they had also improved slightly.

Ibrahim was happy to report that Aisha had married another Somali refugee, had enrolled in a microcredit course, and was now running her own small sundries shop in the camp. The first year with the prosthesis had been tough, but Aisha had persisted in overcoming daily obstacles.

Ibrahim asked if I wanted to meet her again, to see and hear how her life had changed. I thought it over for a while before declining.

I was satisfied just knowing that with the weight of the U.S. government behind me, and with the help of my UNHCR, ICRC and IOM partners, I had been able to keep my promise to Aisha. ■

Until We Meet Again

On the eve of Mao's victory in 1949, a Foreign Service wife breaks explicit State Department orders so she can reunite her family.

By Marshall S. Clough

My mother, Mary Lou Sander Clough, had just turned 31 when our family arrived in Shanghai toward the end of the Chinese Civil War in February 1950. She was married to my Foreign Service officer father, Ralph N. Clough, and was the mother of two sons: Fred, 6, and me, 4.

Though young, Mary Lou was a veteran diplomatic wife who had learned Spanish in Honduras and Mandarin in China, and had ventured outside the foreign enclaves in both countries to engage with the local people as a volunteer. In Tegucigalpa, she had taught in a school for deaf children; in Beijing, she had bicycled across the city to teach an adult class in English. And in Nanjing, she had spent long hours raising money for the YWCA and working at a feeding station the organization had set up to care for the thousands of refugees from civil war and famine.

It was a tense time. In 1948 Ralph had volunteered with other young officers to stay behind in China to represent the United States after the Nationalists had lost the north to the Red Army. He was sorely needed as a certified Chinese-language officer; in fact, he was the only fluent Mandarin-speaking American other than Ambassador Stuart left in the embassy, which was located in Nanjing at that time.

Staying in China was not just my father's choice, but my mother's, as well. In November 1948, following embassy directions, she had reported with other Foreign Service women and children for evacuation from Nanjing to a refugee camp near Manila. But in February 1949, she disobeyed explicit State Department orders and flew with my brother and me back to China to be with her husband.

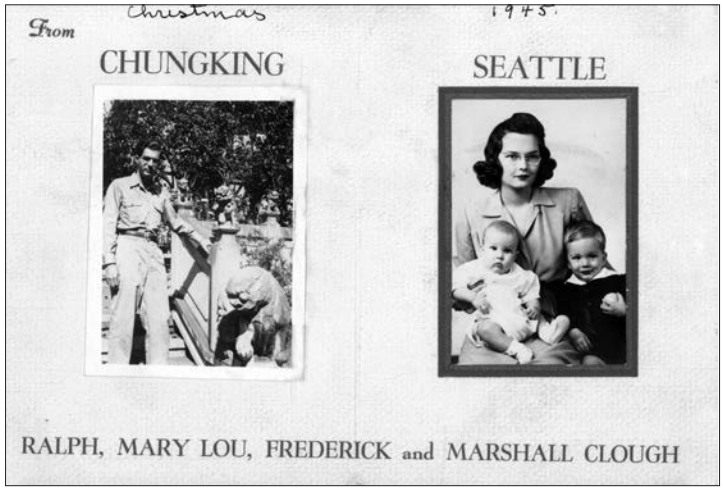
One Separation Is Enough

My parents had been separated once before and hated it. In February 1945, my father was ordered back from Tegucigalpa to Seattle for a draft physical. He failed due to bad eyesight, and the State Department sent him on a temporary assignment to Washington, D.C. Because there was no housing available in the city, my mother, pregnant with her second child (me), stayed behind with her parents.

She could not have foreseen that her family would not

Marshall S. Clough was a Foreign Service child who grew up at posts in China, Hong Kong, Switzerland, Britain and Taiwan. He recently retired after 36 years as a professor at the University of Northern Colorado, and has published three books on the history of 20th-century Kenya. This article is excerpted from his current project, a book about his mother and father.

be reunited for more than a year. When my father's temporary assignment ended, he requested a diplomatic position in China. He had some background for this, as he had spent his junior year abroad at Lingnan University in Guangzhou and had followed up with Chinese-language study at the University of Washington, giving him a working knowledge of Mandarin (which he would later polish up at the Foreign Service language school in Beijing).



In July 1945 he was sent east via Calcutta to serve as vice consul in Kunming. With World War II still on, his family could not join him; as a result, he missed my birth in June of that year and would not see us again until mid-1946. Our family Christmas card for 1945 featured two separate photographs: a snapshot of Dad on the steps of a temple in Chongqing (his second posting in China) and a group portrait of the rest of us taken in a studio in Seattle.

My parents rarely quarreled, but they did (by mail) during this period, and they were determined not to repeat that experience in 1949. So there was resolve, not bravado, in Mary Lou's decision to leave Manila and return to Nanjing. As she wrote to a close friend, Jean Smith, "To be frank, I'm scared, and it's not a pleasant sensation." But both my parents saw it as critical that the three of us get back to Dad before the city fell, because they had no idea when the Communists would allow us to rejoin him once they controlled the capital.

Rushing into a city virtually under siege seemed an ironic choice, but the Nationalist generals' well-known distaste for serious combat gave Mary Lou some comfort. As she wrote to Jean Smith: "There is a very nice air-raid shelter, and anyway, there probably won't be very long fighting for the city. If I can only get back to Ralph. This all sounds weird, doesn't it — it is, too, I guess. Don't you dare tell your mother, because she might tell my mother that I'm worried."

When the three of us rejoined Dad in Nanjing, the lines of civil war lay outside the city to the north, close enough so we could watch the flashes of artillery across the river from our balcony. Yet Fred and I were largely oblivious to any danger. At 5 and 3, respectively, our interests focused on toys, games and birthday parties with our friends.

Nor was ours the typical American childhood, as we might have lived it back in Seattle. We spent most of our time with the Chinese servants; and Amah, who took care of us, was our closest friend. My first language was the Beijing Mandarin I had learned from Amah; when our grandparents visited us in 1948, they could only talk to me through an interpreter, my brother Fred. My favorite comic strip featured a Chinese Sad Sack who had lost his best friend in the civil war and ended up begging on the streets of Shanghai.

We were in China, but not *of* China. The Chinese people we knew were the house servants, employees of the embassy, or middle-class families my parents met through Dad's work and Mother's volunteer service. When we drove out into the streets in the big American car, the crowds that slowly parted before us flowed anonymously past, notable to us only for their numbers.

Ours was a cloistered world in the Nanjing compound; the daily drive to kindergarten, visits to friends' houses and family trips to parks for weekend picnics had not brought us any closer to the lives of ordinary people beyond our gates. Nor had the civil war made much difference to us yet.

The Communists Take Power

On April 23, 1949, the Nationalists suddenly abandoned Nanjing. They blew up their ammunition dumps and marched south, giving up their capital without resistance. As Mary Lou described it, "It is amazing to me how fast everything happened. Friday the Nationalists were in control, Saturday the looters were in control, and Sunday the Communists took over. We were indeed lucky there was no real fight — no fight at all for the city." But it was still a difficult time for the remaining American diplomats and their families.

After the ambassador's residence was surrounded by Communist troops and his bedroom invaded by soldiers, Dad, though only a second secretary, was sent to the new authorities to protest this violation of diplomatic norms. Though they listened, and later reassigned the soldiers involved, the Chinese "alien affairs" officers refused to accept the diplomatic credentials of the American Foreign Service officers because the Communists and the United States had no formal relations.

Both my parents saw it as critical that the three of us get back to Dad before the city fell to Communist troops.

For the rest of that anxious year the Americans in Nanjing were threatened by Communist suspicion and occasional harassment within the city, as well as periodic, indiscriminate Nationalist attacks from the air. Ralph's bland letters to his parents in Seattle deliberately conveyed an impression of normalcy, but when Mary Lou wrote to Jean Smith, she would sometimes strike a different note.

"Don't know when I'll get your letter answered, as a British couple with a little boy has moved in with us. They were bombed out in an air raid last week. She is suffering from shock and is not well. I'm sick of the air raids — don't mention this to anyone as I haven't written home about the bombings."

Once the new government in Nanjing restricted the movement of Americans, Mary Lou was forced to cut back on her charitable work. In spite of all our parents' efforts to shield us, my brother and I began to feel fear, too.

I remember my first glimpse of Communist troops from the window of the car. In their mustard-yellow uniforms and tight, disciplined ranks, they seemed unlike any soldiers we had seen before. As we drove by they looked straight ahead, apparently as indifferent to the large foreign car as they were to the Chinese civilians who moved

cautiously out of their way. My memory has caught them like a photograph; unlike other motion-picture-style memories, there are no other frames to be seen.

I carry another memory of the Communists, one that is just as sharp and more cinematic. Jimmy Li, an embassy chauffeur, was driving Fred, two friends and me to a party. We were all in costume, so it may have been Halloween 1949. As Jimmy backed out of the driveway, a Chinese boy darted behind the car. The little body, dressed in the padded clothes worn in cold weather, lay in the street as a crowd gathered.

Rushing into a city virtually under siege seemed an ironic choice, but the Nationalist generals' well-known distaste for serious combat gave her some comfort.

I did not really understand what had happened to him, but I knew that it was very bad, because he was completely still. Communist police came and took Jimmy away. Then the four of us sat in the car for what seemed like a very long time, as the dead boy lay where he had fallen and curious onlookers peered through the windows at us. Finally, another driver came and took us on to the party. (Jimmy was released weeks later.)

A Terrible Surprise

In February 1950 Dad was transferred south to Shanghai, by then also in Communist hands. The abortive American effort to establish relations with the new regime in China was coming to an end, and the State Department was soon to reassign the few remaining officers in the country.

We were bound for Dad's new post in Hong Kong, once it suited the Communists to let us leave. Mother was very pregnant, but had no idea where the baby would be born — Shanghai, Hong Kong or at sea. As she wrote to our Aunt Phyllis and her friend Emma Rose Martin in Manila, "If only this is a little daughter, I'll be ready to call it quits. Having babies in the Foreign Service is just too hectic."

The civil war was virtually over, but it seemed to follow us south. The Nationalists sent air raids over Shanghai in February, attacking the Bund where Dad worked and the French Concession where our family lived. I remember squeezing with other mothers and kids into a long, narrow underground shelter where we waited, in tense claustrophobia, for the sounds of the bombs to gradually fade away.

To Phyllis and Emma Rose my mother wrote, "It is such a helpless feeling. Most of Shanghai is without water and light the majority of the time." She thought of these as the worst weeks she had spent in China: eight months pregnant, desperate to see her dying mother in Seattle, eager now that things were coming to an end to get her family out safely, fearful that with the bombing something terrible would happen to Dad or to us at the last minute before we could escape.

February was not a typical month for polio, so when I came down with a high fever the doctors first diagnosed tonsillitis and then paratyphoid. I was sick for 11 days and completely unconscious for four of them; Mother nursed me through the days, relieved at night by Dad.

In an unfinished letter to her parents she began on March 2, 1950, she wrote of my recovery: "If you could hear him singing as he plays propped up with pillows you would know how my heart is singing, too." (I have no memory at all of my illness itself, only of the pain in my legs and how I had to crawl up the stairs for weeks afterwards.)

Later that same day, Mother was talking with her good friend Marylois Kiernan outside my room as my friend, Shawn, and I played together on my bed. She complained of a headache from sitting too long in the sun that morning and, after the Kiernans left, she went to bed with a fever. By the time Dad got home, she was very ill.

I know that I must have been up and about the next day, because Fred and I came to see Mother in her bed; pale and very weak, she tried to reassure us but could barely speak at all. Shortly afterward, the ambulance came, and my last memory-picture is of her rolling away from our front door strapped to a gurney and swathed in blankets, weakly calling our names.

Fred and I never saw her in the hospital. Some days later Dad told us she had died. While I remember Fred crying, I don't recall doing so myself. So perhaps I did not yet understand what had happened.

Memories

My mother's sudden death was a terrible surprise. Relatives and friends in Seattle, friends in the Foreign Service in Asia and Central America, and church friends in China sent Dad dozens of telegrams and letters. In Nanjing the congregation of Han Chung Church held a special memo-

rial service attended by 150 people, American and Chinese, even though none of her family could be there. The members of her Nanjing sewing circle had a tribute to her inscribed in Chinese calligraphy on silk and signed by 31 Chinese and five Americans. In Tegucigalpa, *El Diario* printed a long obituary eulogizing her work at the deaf school. Mary Lou's death at 31, at the height of a good and productive life, came as a shock to many people.

But most of all to us. Dad had to take care of Fred and me, continue his work and respond to the condolence letters. He handled all this with his usual calm strength, though mourning took its toll. His grief was eased somehow by all the deaths he had already seen.

As he put it in a letter to his sister, Phyllis, on March 24, 1950: "Sometimes the sense of loss pierces me like a knife, yet being in China has helped me to see my loss in truer perspective. Here, in this dreadful famine year, tens of thousands are dying through no fault of their own. Husbands are losing wives, parents are losing children; whole families are disappearing from the earth. Mary Lou's death looms large to us, and yet the important thing is not her death but her life — and what its influence can mean to us in daily living."

For Fred and me there was just loss, absence, Mother not there. Memory could not fill the void, and still cannot. My memories of her are vivid but fragmentary. The touch of her cheek bending over me in goodnight, the sound of her scolding voice once when I skipped kindergarten, the look of her tenderly holding my sick brother on her lap.

When recollection fails, I turn to other sources. In photographs, home movies and letters, she is always her young, warm, compassionate, enthusiastic self. She is now so much younger than I, and I sometimes smile at her scrawly handwriting and her quirky turns of phrase — amused, like any aging man reading the correspondence of a young woman, and slightly guilty, as a son reading the letters of his dead mother, who cannot shield her privacy from his eyes. ■

Homesick: Supporting the Emotional Life of Expatriates

Foreign affairs agencies need to do more to ensure that overseas employees and their families are offered appropriate care, privately and conveniently.

By Adrienne Benson Scherger

In September 2010, Secretary of State Hillary Rodham Clinton issued a memo to employees of the State Department and U.S. Agency for International Development, encouraging them to seek mental health support when needed. Though long overdue, her declaration was a welcome acknowledgement that State and the other foreign affairs agencies must do more to support their overseas employees.

The daily stresses of an international lifestyle — trying to learn new languages, bumping up against cultural habits and being far from home — are challenging enough. But then add the need for overseas missions to please Washington policymakers, who may have little sympathy for pressures in the field, and the drive Foreign Service personnel feel to ensure that every assignment enhances their career. Such ambition often means taking assignments in places they may not want to go, or where they cannot take their families. Compounding the stress, there may be little demarcation between work life and personal life, particularly (but by no means only) at unaccompanied posts.

Adrienne Benson Scherger, the daughter of a USAID Foreign Service officer, grew up traversing Africa. Since then, she has been a "trailing spouse," a mother to third-culture kids, a Community Liaison Officer and a freelance writer who often reflects on expatriate life. Her publication credits include the Washington Post, Skirt! *magazine and the* Huffington Post.

When Secretary Clinton issued her memo last year, it was warmly received. Unfortunately, though, the bulk of the attention paid to the issue since then has centered on employees sent to posts in war zones like Iraq and Afghanistan.

Certainly such postings have a disproportionate impact on those serving there, and Sec. Clinton was right to draw attention to the special mental health needs of that demographic. But expatriates living and working in danger zones are a minority; most people who choose a life abroad live in relatively calm places and bring their families with them. It is this large group who most lack the mental health support they need.

Keeping a Stiff Upper Lip

"There is a certain demographic attracted to the expatriate life," says Sean Truman, a clinical psychologist in Minneapolis. "People who choose to go overseas are generally brave, autonomous self-starters. On some level, they like the idea of the adventure of testing themselves against the newness of a different place."

But as Dr. Truman notes, "When problems do arise ... it's almost a point of pride for expats to be tough in challenging situations, and that seeps down into a feeling that they have to be tough in more intimate situations, like depression, or spousal abuse, or their daughter's eating disorder. There is less evolution in the way mental health support is viewed overseas, and expats often cling to their 'stiff upper lip' ideal."

The stereotypes of Foreign Service life run particularly

deep. Popular culture still clings to skewed, outdated images of diplomatic wives serving tea to friends while a housekeeper shushes the children and washes the dishes. Movies and TV shows show scenes of cocktail parties where junior FSOs rub elbows with prime ministers.

Such exaggerations notwithstanding, any Foreign Service employee or family member can attest to the prevalence of certain patterns. The employee who copes with the stress of a demanding overseas job through drinking or other destructive behavior. The officer at her first post who battles loneliness and the certainty that she's made a mistake in leaving her boyfriend at home, but feels trapped. Or the diplomatic child who misses his family's previous posting, feels himself unable to keep up at school, and sinks into depression.

"Expatriate life," says Truman, who himself grew up overseas, "amplifies any underlying mental health issues that may have previously been latent." But what happens then? When someone faces depression in Syracuse, N.Y., there are plenty of private counseling options, so unless the depression affects their work, an employer would never know the employee began psychotherapy or medication. But when that same family lives in Tashkent, they often find that support and services are sparse, privacy is almost nonexistent, and options are limited.

Sec. Clinton's memo encouraging employees to seek mental health support as needed is a welcome development.

Dianne Peersman, who lives in Mumbai, explains the situation this way. "Once you acknowledge that there is a problem, you have to find someone to share it with. The first choice would be your husband, but do you want to make him worry? If you tell him that this overseas assignment is driving you crazy, what would that really mean? What are you trying to say? That he should quit his job so you can return home?

"And then, once you do have that conversation, what happens next? You have to decide if it is manageable within your own family, or if you need outside help. And if you need outside help, do you do it in private, and pay all the fees yourself? If you use company insurance to pay for therapy or medication, then the company knows. And if they know … maybe they'll stop your husband from getting a promotion if they see him as having a wife who can't cope."

Rob Giallongo, a State Department medical officer, points out that help cannot be mandated by the employing agency. "If the direct-hire employee is unable to work due to behavior stemming from a mental health issue, the employer can deal with it on that level. [But] if the job is not affected, then the employer is unable to get involved. It's seen as a private issue."

Overcoming the Stigma of Seeking Help

In the case of the employee's family, support is even spottier. Even if a spouse keeps to the fringes of the Foreign Service community, never engages in activities, or is acting in ways that signal distress, not much can be done until the family actively pursues help. Spouses without kids and elder Members of Household are at particular risk of going without help.

In the case of children, it is up to the parent to pursue any recommendations issued by the school, Giallongo notes. And that is where the problem potentially worsens, for within the expatriate community there remain both a solid stigma attached to seeking mental health support and a limited number of options for getting it.

Compounding the issue is the reality that the social rules surrounding appropriate behavior may be drastically different than the rules at home. Expatriates, in what may be seen as both a perk of the lifestyle and a drawback, live outside the cultural norms they may have been used to at home. Nor are they expected to follow the traditions of the host country where, by virtue of their expatriate status, they have the luxury of simply leaving if things go wrong. Being "in but not of" the host-country culture allows expatriates a certain freedom to break their own personal rules.

Dianne Peersman sums it up this way: "What seems like a big issue for me may just be daily life for another expat here. Everyone in the expat community just goes by their own standards of what is OK."

The Complexity of Grief

It's important to remember that the individual response a person has to moving abroad may change over time, or even vary from post to post. This is especially true for anyone coping with a loss.

"Grief, for an expatriate, is often experienced as complex, because many intense losses can occur all at one time," says Josh Sandoz, a Seattle, Washington-based therapist who grew up overseas and who has since developed the *International Therapist Directory.* Dr. Sandoz notes that grief can also edge up on someone unexpectedly, or become compounded by subsequent moves, leaving someone who had

felt great about the adventure of their expatriate life suddenly bereft for no apparent reason.

"Sometimes losses are couched in changes that, on the surface, are worthy of celebration: a promotion, a longed-for opportunity, or a chance to engage in something new and meaningful. Either way, the personal and sometimes hidden toll that can come with such extensive change can be immense, confusing and painful."

If an employee herself is thrilled about a big promotion that entails a move, her spouse and children might feel guilty for being disappointed and even angry that the new opportunity means upheaval for them. Because the move is framed in being a happy occasion, it could mean that reaching out and admitting to feeling depressed or anxious is difficult for family members. These feelings of guilt, sadness and disappointment may not even be recognized by the person feeling them, but rather might be sublimated and slip out later in the guise of anger, resentment or emotional distance.

Rob Giallongo, a State Department medical officer, points out that help cannot be mandated by the employing agency.

Sandoz emphasizes that there are common elements to the mental health issues he sees in expatriates worldwide. "Along with the dynamics surrounding complex grief, other common mental health issues expatriates contend with are centered on dealing with the adjustments that come with intense transition, anxiety, depression, cross-cultural identity and/or relationship issues, and angst around the question of belonging."

Help Is Available

So what can be done? The first step is acknowledging the issue and informing employees that assistance is available, as the State memo does. But that is just the first step.

Dr. Truman, whose practice offers counseling to expatriates worldwide via Skype, suggests that while outgoing expatriates cannot be screened for things that haven't happened, they can be encouraged to talk honestly about pre-existing issues.

Expatriates who work in relatively calm places and have their families with them frequently do not receive the mental health support they need.

"If someone who plans to take an overseas job knows that they have issues with depression, anxiety, or is a recovering alcoholic, he or she is in a much better position to heed the early signs of distress and deal with them appropriately before they get out of control."

In that regard, MED's Rob Giallongo emphasizes that many pre-existing psychiatric conditions do not preclude someone from working abroad with the State Department. "Certain conditions and their treatments used to bar entry to the Foreign Service, but they don't now," he says.

Admitting to having been depressed or to having an anxiety disorder, for example, does not negatively affect a security clearance. In fact, having pursued treatment for mental health conditions can be considered positive.

Giallongo concurs that more preparation for what it's really like to live overseas would be a great addition to the mental health services State and USAID already offer. For example, he notes, "Currently, only those going to war zones get any kind of training in how to deal with intense stress and trauma."

Happily, the Foreign Service Institute now offers classes, in cooperation with MED, geared to helping employ-

ees heading overseas and their spouses to develop resilience. (These include "MQ500: Encouraging Resilience in FS Children" and "MQ803: Realities of Foreign Service Life.") This is a positive step, for making employees and family members aware of emotional factors and stressors a transition abroad may trigger will help them manage issues when they arise.

Instituting pre-departure emotional health checks, and subsequent regular examinations by independent therapists hired by sponsoring agencies, would engage Foreign Service families and other expatriates and encourage them to seek help as needed. But breaking down the entrenched stigma, the "tough it out" mentality expats so often exhibit, has to come first.

"I grew so weary of hearing people say 'we're fine, we're fine', when they aren't fine," laments Robin Pascoe, the author of several books on expatriate life. She points out that in many overseas communities, expatriates silently battle anxiety and depression on their own even when mental health support services are available.

An individual's response to moving abroad may change over time, or vary from post to post.

Expat culture often makes that critical step more difficult than it should be. But, as Pascoe comments, "Sponsoring agencies can make it much easier, either by offsetting the costs of therapy, or making rigid confidentiality agreements so that expats feel safe using a therapist. And the sponsoring agencies need to get lots and lots of information about available services out to their overseas employees and families as often as possible, not just in pre-departure trainings."

You Are Not Alone

Slowly, the barriers around talking about mental health and the emotional issues faced by expats are coming down. But agencies that send people abroad still need to do more to ensure that employees and their families are offered appropriate care, privately and conveniently.

Encouragingly, State recently began tracking mental health medical evacuations, and calculates that about two-thirds of officers who receive mental health treatment return to

Having pursued treatment for mental health conditions can actually be considered positive in terms of a security clearance.

duty, with little or no career fallout. That statistic should go a long way toward breaking down the barriers to mental health support.

In this age of high-speed Internet, treatment for psychological issues doesn't mean having to fly home, at the government's expense, to be seen only once things are at the point of utter despair. MED is working with insurers to confirm coverage of therapy through Skype. In addition, there are now more and more therapists on the ground in foreign posts.

For their part, expatriates — including Foreign Service personnel and family members — must redefine their culture to accept that everyone pursuing that rewarding, if challenging, lifestyle may occasionally need support, whether from each other, trained professionals or both.

"Tell someone," Dianne Peersman urges. "Don't just yell at your kids. Don't hide it. The life we're living can be hard, and those who live it with you can help. They understand what you're going though."

Talking to one another is a start. But when a trained therapist is necessary, sponsoring agencies should ensure that there is no obstacle, real or imagined, to employees and their families getting professional help. ■

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AFSA NEWS

American Foreign Service Association • January 2012

Retired FSO Receives Congressional Gold Medal

BY DONNA AYERST

PHOTOS BY DONNA AYERST

(L to R) John Beshoar, FAS retiree; Jim Higgiston, FAS deputy administrator, Office of FS Operations; Richard Barnes, FAS retiree; James Iso, FAS and DIA retiree; Richard Passig, FAS retiree; Suzanne Heinen, FAS acting administrator; Janet Nuzum, FAS associate administrator for policy; and David Mergen, AFSA VP for FAS.

On Thursday, Nov. 3, AFSA had the privilege of celebrating the conferral of a Congressional Gold Medal, one of the highest civilian honors, on retired Foreign Service officer James Iso. Mr. Iso, 87, served with the Military Intelligence Service during World War II, and is a former employee of the Defense Intelligence Agency and an AFSA member. The reception, held at the association's headquarters, included members of his family, current Foreign Agricultural Service leadership, former FAS colleagues, Governing Board members and AFSA staff.

A little more than two months after the Imperial Japanese Navy conducted a surprise attack on the U.S. naval base at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, President Franklin Delano Roosevelt signed Executive Order 9066 on Feb. 19, 1942, setting in motion the establishment of internment camps for Japanese-Americans and those of Japanese ancestry living on the Pacific coast of the United States. These camps were operated by various government agencies, including the Department of Justice, the U.S. Army and the Federal Bureau of Prisons.

That year, James Iso and his parents were taken from their home in San Jose, Calif., and placed in an internment camp in Heart Mountain, Wyo. They were among more than 110,000 individuals — approximately 62 percent of them American citizens — imprisoned in camps scattered around the country.

After leaving Heart Mountain in 1944, James Iso joined the Military Intelligence Service to "prove, beyond a shadow of a doubt, my patriotism." His brother, Robert Iso, drafted by the U.S. Army before the war, served with the distinguished 442nd Regimental Combat Team, for which he, too, received a Congressional Gold Medal.

James Iso proudly displays his Congressional Gold Medal.

Despite incarceration and prejudice, Nisei (second-generation Japanese-Americans) proved to be not only fierce and heroic fighters, but brilliant cryptographers and translators credited with shortening the war in the Pacific by two years. Their vital work resulted in U.S. military successes in the region, leading President Harry Truman to call the Japanese-Americans in the MIS the "human secret weapon for the U.S. Armed Forces" against the Japanese in the Pacific.

Proudly displaying his medal to the gathering, James Iso remarked, "We had to show our love for this country. We were all young and vigorous and inspired to do the best we could." That they did. ❑

Dissent = Effective Advocacy

BY DIANA B. PUTMAN

Every year, I eagerly await the issue of the *Foreign Service Journal* that announces the winners of the annual dissent awards. And every year, when the call for nominations goes out, I consider which of my colleagues I can nominate. I was gratified back in 2010 when Ambassador Tony Holmes, the deputy political adviser for civil-military affairs at the U.S. Africa Command, told me that he had nominated me for AFSA's William Rivkin Award for Constructive Dissent. And I was thrilled when the letter arrived announcing that I had won.

I am known for my frankness; some might even call it lack of tact. I prefer to consider myself honest and not afraid to speak the truth. But this has gotten me into hot water over the years. Early in my career at the United States Agency for International Development, I was admonished a few times for being too blunt with my local counterparts. I have ruffled the feathers of a few American colleagues along the way, as well, by not enthusiasti-

Continued on page 59

AFSA NEWS BRIEFS

"SERVING ABROAD ... THROUGH THEIR EYES"

In 2012, the Department of Defense and the Department of State will recognize and celebrate the 50th anniversary of the Office of ART in Embassies (art.state.gov) through a collaborative photography exhibition, "Serving Abroad ... Through Their Eyes." The exhibition will serve as a visual record of the experiences of U.S. military and Foreign Service members while abroad. The images — captured from their daily lives showing friendship, places, faces, loss or triumph — will bring their personal perspective and voice to a global audience.

Each photograph submitted may be one of up to a thousand selected for display in numerous venues, including the Smithsonian American Art Museum, the Pentagon and other prominent locations. Submissions will be accepted through Presidents' Day, Feb. 20. For full rules and instructions on how to submit an image, please visit www.ourmilitary.mil. A panel of noted American experts will review the photographs and announce the selections on Armed Forces Day, May 19, 2012. The 10 "best in show" photographers will be invited to Washington, D.C., where they will participate in the exhibition's November VIP opening celebration.

AFSA National High School Essay Contest

AFSA launched the 2012 National High School Essay Contest on Nov. 15, 2011. This marks the 14th year AFSA has administered this outreach program, which attracts entries from all over the United States.

The goal of the contest is to help educate and familiarize high school students with foreign affairs and the Foreign Service, in particular. Students are required to write an essay on how they, as a diplomat, would improve U.S. relations with selected countries and the United Nations. The winner receives $2,500; an all-expenses-paid trip to Washington, D.C., with their parents to meet the Secretary of State; and a fully funded educational voyage on Semester at Sea.

The program is generously sponsored by Booz Allen Hamilton and Semester at Sea.

The AFSA National High School Essay contest is open to all U.S. citizen high school students. Children of employees of AFSA, Booz Allen Hamilton, Semester at Sea or the U.S. Foreign Service are not eligible. Please direct high school students you may know to our Web site at www.afsa.org\essaycontest for this exciting opportunity. Deadline is April 15.

INTERAGENCY WRITING COMPETITION

The Col. Arthur D. Simons Center for the Study of Interagency Cooperation is sponsoring a nationwide Interagency Writing Competition. This contest is open to the public and recognizes papers that provide insight and fresh thinking in advancing the knowledge, understanding and practice of interagency coordination, cooperation and collaboration at the tactical or operational level.

Participants are encouraged to submit papers focused on one of two special topics: The interagency role in preventing conflict when dealing with failing or failed states; or the validity of the "whole of government" approach in dealing with the full range of homeland and national security threats.

First-place winners will receive a certificate, an engraved plaque and a $2,000 cash award, along with inclusion in one of the Simons Center's publications. Second- and third-place winners will receive $1,000 and $500 cash awards, respectively. A panel of judges will evaluate the entries on originality, substance of argument, style and contribution to advancing the understanding and practice of interagency cooperation at the operational and tactical levels.

Manuscripts may be submitted through the Simons Center Web site at www.TheSimonsCenter.org/competition or e-mailed to editor@TheSimonsCenter.org with the subject line "Interagency Writing Competition." The deadline for submitting papers is Friday, March 16.

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STATE VP:	Daniel Hirsch
USAID VP:	Francisco Zamora
FCS VP:	Keith Curtis
FAS VP:	David Mergen
RETIREE VP:	Mary Ellen Gilroy
SECRETARY:	Vacant
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	Grace Choi
	Mary Glantz
	Les Hickman
	Kenneth Kero-Mentz
	Kimberly Krhounek
	Elise Mellinger
	Joyce Namde
	David Zwach
USAID REPS:	Michael Henning
	Iris Young
FCS REP:	Steve Morrison
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IBB REP:	Andre De Nesnera
RETIREE REPS:	Robert Houdek
	Edward Marks
	Hugh Neighbour
	Molly Williamson

Serving Two Masters

Advancement in the Foreign Service depends, to a large degree, on assignments, performance and corridor reputation. For the vast majority of generalists, a good corridor reputation involves pleasing one's boss, one's post and the regional bureau to which one is assigned. That is usually a straightforward matter of doing a good job, advancing our nation's mission in the country of assignment and receiving a good evaluation.

For many specialists (and a small but growing number of generalists), the picture is more complicated. Many functional specialists serve two masters: their post of assignment and a functional bureau. In some cases, they serve more. This situation has benefits, but also creates a number of issues of increasing concern to AFSA.

On the positive side, "membership" in a functional bureau often brings a level of esprit de corps — a more deeply shared sense of mission, a greater sense of being part of a team, and greater support from more experienced members — which has been disappearing from other parts of the Service. Functional bureaus have their own funds for training and conferences, ensuring a better training continuum. They are often in a position to better equip their employees, and to lobby, if necessary, for classwide issues. And they can provide a safety net for the employee who runs afoul of a boss at post — provided that boss is not a part of the same functional bureau.

However, the negative side can be of serious concern. Two of the three largest functional bureaus have a high-level of employee dissatisfaction, and that dissatisfaction appears directly proportional to the bureau's degree of autonomy. At its heart is the fact that larger functional bureaus exert much greater control over assignments and careers, often through parallel or separate assignments structures.

Whatever their size — from hundreds to thousands of FS employees — these bureaus have broad, pyramidal structures that give considerable power to a few individuals. These individuals can make or break careers, in ways that often leave no paper trail and are therefore difficult to document. AFSA has become increasingly concerned about processes in these bureaus that circumvent the checks, balances and internal controls built into the human resources system that protect most employees from abuse.

In bureaus that exercise strong control over assignments, AFSA hears of assignments being used as rewards and punishments, including demotions that do not involve a due-process review of the reasons for such action. Even when a demotion does not occur, dramatic differences can exist between the general impression of an employee held by colleagues at current or past posts, and his or her reputation in the functional bureau.

We have heard credible allegations of supervisors being pressured to write (or rewrite) Employee Evaluation Reports to malign employees who have annoyed higher-ups. In such cases, the supervisor (who is aware of an employee's high-quality work at post) is pressured by bureau management (for reasons that may have nothing whatsoever to do with that post) to ignore good work, document in the EER issues normally protected as personnel-sensitive, and highlight, or invent, mistakes. Such evaluations (and the demotions mentioned above) can easily halt a career, or force the employee to look for a job elsewhere.

Some decisions have financial implications, including loss of Law Enforcement Availability Pay or other standby pay. Others can delay or veto the presentation of awards approved by supervisors and post management.

Less shocking, but equally unfair, are assignments to more, or less, desirable posts, based not on qualifications, but on relations between the employee and someone with greater power in the bureau.

The potential for such abuses exists everywhere in the system. To some degree, personal relationships, corridor reputation and other issues, affect every Foreign Service assignment or career. For most employees, there are mechanisms to help ensure that these decisions are made by objective third parties, that candidates are fairly considered and that the employee has access to due process mechanisms. Centralized HR functions not only reduce redundancies; they promote fairness and due process in assignments, promotions and disciplinary actions.

For those who serve two masters, however, these mechanisms are too often ignored, inflicting unfair damage to careers and reputations.

AFSA intends to focus more deeply on these issues, particularly as other functional bureaus begin to exert greater influence over coordinated assignments. We must ensure that parallel or redundant systems either do not circumvent due process, or include their own controls to ensure fairness. As always, we are interested in hearing from FS members, either by e-mail to me at hirschdm@state.gov or through AFSA's Web site at www.afsa.org/contact_us.aspx. ❑

V.P. VOICE: **USAID** ■ BY FRANCISCO ZAMORA

Dissent: USAID's New Direct Channel

On Nov. 7, 2011, the U. S. Agency for International Development's administrator announced the creation of our very own dissent-type channel, called the "Direct Channel," modeled after the State Department's Dissent Channel. While the Dissent Channel is and always has been available to U.S. direct-hire USAID employees, we now have the to ability address our concerns directly to our administrator. And, unlike State's Dissent Channel, which is open only to U.S. direct hires, the Direct Channel is open to all USAID employees, including Foreign Service nationals, third-country nationals and personal services contractors.

For those who are worried about being labeled malcontents, it is important to note that safeguards have been developed to prevent any reprisals or retaliation against employees.

This event signals an increased willingness and openness to hear opinions, input and, I dare say, constructive criticism, from USAID employees. The extent to which we will benefit from this new development is up to us. But first, let's take a closer look at what this channel is and what it is not.

As with the State Dissent Channel, use of the USAID Direct Channel is limited to dissent of a substantive nature; it is to be used as a last resort. It is an opportunity to comment on our development programs and to have our comments taken seriously. The intent of the Direct Channel is to promote uncensored, open, creative and alternative opinions; ideas that merit high-level attention, but fail to reach our top leadership.

The new Direct Channel is not an avenue for discussing issues for which an alternative mechanism already exists. Personal complaints (including promotions or assignments), crime, unethical behavior, security or management issues can and should be handled by the Office of the Inspector General, the Office of Security, the General Counsel or the Office of Human Resources, as appropriate.

For those who are worried about being labeled malcontents or troublemakers, it is also important to note that (in addition to being assured that all comments will be held in the strictest of confidence) safeguards have been developed to prevent any reprisals or retaliation against employees. All submissions will be handled directly by the deputy administrator's office, where they are forwarded to the administrator. In line with the State Department's Dissent Channel regulations, USAID supervisors are prohibited from mistreating or negatively evaluating an employee for using the Direct Channel.

We at AFSA welcome this development. The Direct Channel will test whether or not the administration is serious about engaging in a discussion of sensitive policy issues with USAID employees.

I can think of several topics that need high-level attention, such as consolidation of administrative services and the difficulties we face in implementing USAID Forward Reforms. I am sure there is no end to the issues, suggestions and improvements USAID employees will raise using this process. I hope this quick summary has you thinking about the substantive items on your list. ❑

AFSA Meets with Affinity Groups

BY ÁSGEIR SIGFÚSSON, MARKETING AND OUTREACH MANAGER

On Friday, Nov. 4, members of the AFSA Governing Board, along with AFSA professional staff, met with representatives of 11 foreign affairs agency affinity groups. This first-of-its-kind meeting was a result of the Governing Board's determination to increase outreach to these groups and engage their members on a more sustained basis. AFSA hopes that regular meetings will follow in the future.

The 11 groups represented at the meeting were: Asian-Americans in Foreign Affairs Agencies, the Hispanic Employees Council of Foreign Affairs Agencies, Veterans at USAID, the Disability Action Group, the Southeast Asian-American Employees Association, the Thursday Luncheon Group, USAID Young Professionals, Executive Women at State, USAID Blacks in Government, the Carl T. Rowan chapter of Blacks in Government and USAID's American Indian and Alaska Natives group. Though invited, the State and USAID chapters of Gays and Lesbians in Foreign Affairs Agencies and USAID's Asian Pacific-American Employees Committee were unable to participate on that date.

AFSA President Susan R. Johnson welcomed the attendees and expressed her desire to make this a regular occurrence. The assembly then divided into smaller discussion groups, each headed by a member of the AFSA Governing Board. The goal was to identify common concerns among the groups and where AFSA could add its voice and advocacy.

A number of common themes emerged. Problems having to do with recruitment, retention, career guidance and mentorship, and reliable diversity statistics were at the top of the list. The need to find ways to strengthen the Office of Civil Rights and its counterpart across the foreign affairs agencies was also highlighted.

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V.P. VOICE: **RETIREE** ■ BY ROBERT G. HOUDEK

An Adieu, with Reflections

Last November, I told AFSA President Susan Johnson that I would like to stand down as VP for Retirees. Between contractual commitments and family obligations, I just don't have the time to provide the service you all deserve. I will remain a retiree member of the Governing Board, while Susan works out a transition.

With this last opportunity to pontificate as the Retiree VP, let me share views on the state of our career and the nation, and what we as retirees can do to bolster the Foreign Service and our nation's security.

Today's FSO does not experience the career we enjoyed. For me, one of the greatest attractions of Foreign Service life was that my family was an integral part of the experience. We all lived in the local culture, and representational events at our home introduced my family to personalities I dealt with on a daily basis. Contrast today's FS officer, often bottled up in a Diplomatic Security Bureau-designed "Fort Apache," who can't move about without an SUV full of gunslingers.

The absence of foreign affairs in our current political process/presidential campaign is depressing. And this is where we need you — not to take partisan positions, but to highlight the need for robust, well-funded and staffed foreign affairs agencies.

I believe our foreign policy is being "militarized," but not because there are evil or acquisitive folks in the Department of Defense. Rather, it is a result of budgetary distortion: they have the resources, and we are deprived. In many of our posts in Africa, we find close to half of all spaces in the chancery filled by military personnel.

What can you do? Express your views in letters to the editor of your local paper, and offer to speak at local institutions (schools, Lions, Kiwanis, Chamber of Commerce, etc.) on the vital role of the Foreign Service. Writing your representatives and senators to point out the importance of adequate funding for the FS, and foreign policy in general, is also essential. The growing ignorance and lack of interest in foreign affairs on Capitol Hill, apart from posturing for domestic constituencies, are appalling.

Retirees are uniquely qualified to fulfill an advocacy role. Today, more than ever, our country needs you to speak out and help provide direction. There is still a life to lead and a role to play once an active career has ended. ❑

Diplomacy and Diversity: Notes for All

BY MATTHEW ASADA, AFSA GOVERNING BOARD MEMBER

Conceptually, diplomacy and diversity are very similar. They both concern relationships within and between entities, the resolution of conflict and maximizing opportunities to engage. Success in both is predicated on the ability to recognize commonalities, identify differences and — on the margins — create space for interactions that most everyone else has overlooked. Furthermore, neither diplomacy nor diversity efforts can succeed without the support and understanding of the major powers or groups.

So, despite the conceptual similarities, why did it take so long for the idea of a diverse Foreign Service to be seen as beneficial to U.S. national interests?

Institutional lethargy, individual preferences and the long developmental lead-time required to "develop an ambassador" are all plausible explanations. But rather than focus on how it came to be, I prefer to focus on what it can become.

Now, as a result of the leadership of the current and recent Secretaries of State — none of whom fit the outdated stereotype of the white, Anglo-Saxon Protestant, Ivy League-educated male — diversity is recognized as empowering the State Department to engage with the world's multiplicity of cultures, religions, ethnicities and languages.

Today's A-100 orientation classes are the most diverse ever. The entrants are roughly 50/50 male and female, and include gays and lesbians, Asian-Americans, African-Americans and Hispanics (although, regrettably, very few of the latter).

Minority recruitment has benefited from targeted outreach and mentoring efforts, such as the Rangel and Pickering Fellowship programs. The extension of benefits to same-sex partners has also eliminated most — but not all — institutional barriers to an even more diverse Foreign Service.

Diplomacy benefits from our officers' various backgrounds and diverse perspectives. In my previous office, Christians, Muslims, Hindus and Jews from various ethnic backgrounds, including Afghans, Pakistanis, Indians and Iranians, worked side by side to shape U.S. policy toward South Asia. Gender diversity has also expanded the tools and tactics available for conflict resolution, both in the workplace and abroad.

Yet if one were to look at the composition of the Senior Foreign Service, by all measures one would find less diversity. This can be explained, in part, by the length of time required to enter the SFS — it will take time before the incoming diverse classes rise through the ranks. However, another plausible explanation

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2011-2012 AFSA Financial Aid Scholars

AFSA Scholarship and Merit Awards Programs

BY LORI DEC, AFSA SCHOLARSHIP ADMINISTRATOR

AFSA is pleased to announce it is awarding $179,400 in undergraduate college need-based AFSA Financial Aid Scholarships in the 2011-2012 academic year to 68 children of Foreign Service employees. The AFSA Scholarship Program administers the Diplomatic and Consular Officers Retired-Bacon House Foundation Financial Aid Scholarships and awards scholarships in the name of other organizations, including the Associates of the American Foreign Service Worldwide and Public Members Association of the Foreign Service.

These organizations, along with individual donors who have established annual and perpetual scholarships, provide critical support. Our scholarship program also benefits from the AFSA Scholarship Fund Endowment, as well as donations amassed during our annual appeal and the Combined Federal Campaign. AFSA's Scholarship Committee provides oversight of the programs.

In May 2011, the AFSA Merit Awards Program (sponsored by the AFSA Scholarship Fund) awarded $44,000 in Academic and Art Merit Awards to 28 students. These one-time-only awards honor the academic and art accomplishments of For-

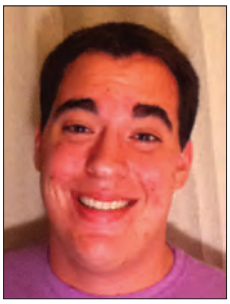
Financial Aid Scholarship Recipients

Sarajin Ali – daughter of Karl and Nahid Fritz. Recipient of the Arthur B. Emmons Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship, the Harry A. Havens Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship and the Robert E. and Florence L. Macaulay Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship. She is currently attending Virginia Tech.

Helene Andang – daughter of Catherine and Guy Andang. Recipient of the Charles B. Hosmer Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship, the Ruth Frost Hoyt Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship and the George and Mattie Newman Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship. She is currently attending John Carroll University.

Leannique Badinga – daughter of Leslie-Ann Burnette-Badinga. Recipient of the Harriet Winsar Isom Financial Aid Scholarship, the Prabhi G. Kavaler Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship and the George and Mattie Newman Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship. She is currently attending Randolph Macon College.

Lovinda Badinga – daughter of Leslie-Ann Burnette-Badinga. Recipient of the Thomas J. Dunnigan Annual Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship, the Marcia Martin Moore Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship and the Dorothy Osborne and Theodore Xanthaky Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship. She is currently attending California State University–East Bay.

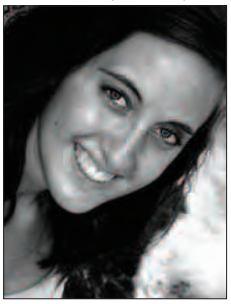


Anthony Charles – son of Rose Beauchesne and Cleveland Charles. Recipient of the Turner C. Cameron Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship, the Gertrude Stewart Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship and the Dorothy Osborne and Theodore Xanthaky Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship. He is currently attending the University of Virginia.

Russell Charles – son of Rose Beauchesne and Cleveland Charles. Recipient of the Ambassador Rozanne L. (Roz) Ridgway Financial Aid Scholarship, the Walter K. Schwinn Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship and the Clarke Winship Slade Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship. He is currently attending the College of the Atlantic.

Zachary Charles – son of Rose Beauchesne and Cleveland Charles. Recipient of the Louis C. Boochever Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship, the Lawsuit over the Movie "Missing" Scholarship, the Naomi Pekmezian Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship and the Lowell C. Pinkerton Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship. He is currently attending the University of Pennsylvania.

Deanna Collins – daughter of David and Donna Collins. Recipient of the George and Mattie Newman Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship. She is currently attending Evangel University.



Erika Cummings – daughter of Constance and David Cummings. Recipient of the Elbert G. and Naomi M. Mathews Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship. She is currently attending the University of Oklahoma.

eign Service high school seniors. The 2011 winners were featured in the July/August issue of *AFSA News* (please see www.afsa.org/FSJ/070811/index.html#/50/).

In summary, the association has provided aid to 96 students totaling $223,400 for the 2011-2012 academic year.

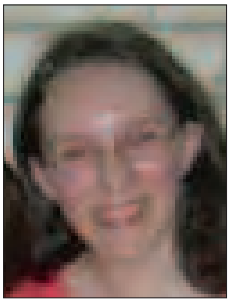
2012-2013 Scholarships and Awards

It's not too late to apply for a 2012-2013 AFSA Financial Aid Scholarship or 2012 Merit Award. Applications are being accepted through Feb. 6. Financial aid scholarships range from $1,500 to $4,000. To be eligible, students must be income tax dependents of Foreign Service employees; take a minimum of 12 credits per semester; maintain a cumulative grade point average of 2.0 or greater; attend an accredited two- or four-year college or university in the U.S. or overseas; and prove need by completing the College Scholarship Service (CSS) PROFILE.

Merit Award applicants must be high school seniors and children of FS employees. These awards range from $1,000 to $2,000. Unfortunately, grandchildren of Foreign Service employees are not eligible for either program.

For details on the scholarship and merit awards programs, please visit www.afsa.org/scholar. If you have any questions or are interested in establishing a scholarship in your name or that of a loved one, please contact Lori Dec, AFSA scholarship administrator, at (202) 944-5504 or dec@afsa.org.

Recipients of the 2011-2012 AFSA Financial Aid Scholarships are listed below, with students who submitted photos listed first. ❑



Anna Leah Berstein-Simpson – daughter of Rose Berstein and Peter Simpson. Recipient of the Barbara Bell Black Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship and the John Campbell White Financial Aid Scholarship. She is currently attending Dartmouth College.

Elise Bliss – daughter of Mark Bliss and Kristin Rummel-Bliss. Recipient of the Heyward G. Hill Memorial/DACOR Bacon House Foundation Financial Aid Scholarship. She is currently attending Old Dominion University.

Natalie Bluhm – daughter of Christina and Nathan Mark Bluhm. Recipient of the Howard Fyfe Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship, the Elbert G. and Naomi M. Mathews Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship and the Sheldon Whitehouse Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship. She is currently attending Pikes Peak Community College.

Taylor Burdan – son of Mark Burdan and Tami Fennewald-Burdan. Recipient of the Gertrude Stewart Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship and the Clare H. Timberlake Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship. He is currently attending Chadron State College.

James Chambers – son of Hyong and Kevin Chambers. Recipient of the Harriet C. ThurgoodMemorial/DACOR Bacon House Foundation Financial Aid Scholarship and the Virginia Thurgood Bingham Memorial/DACOR Bacon House Foundation Aid Scholarship. He is currently attending the University of Tulsa.

Abigail Einhorn – daughter of Joy and Norman Einhorn. Recipient of the Brockman M. Moore Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship. She is currently attending Purdue University.

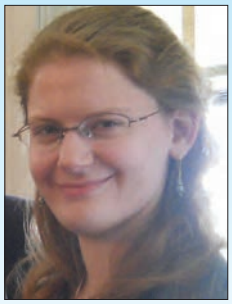
Alexandra Einhorn – daughter of Joy and Norman Einhorn. Recipient of the Brockman M. Moore Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship. She is currently attending Washington University in St. Louis.

Elizabeth Einhorn – daughter of Joy and Norman Einhorn. Recipient of the Elbert G. and Naomi M. Mathews Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship. She is currently attending the University of Notre Dame.

Emma Friedheim – daughter of Julia Findlay and Daniel Friedheim. Recipient of the Virginia Thurgood Bingham Memorial/DACOR Bacon House Foundation Financial Aid Scholarship. She is currently attending the University of Virginia.

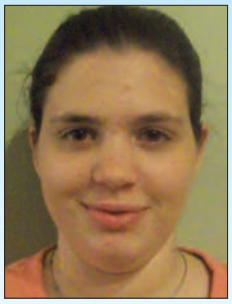
Daniel Fritz – son of Karl Fritz and Jennifer Grise. Recipient of the Elizabeth M. and William E. Cole Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship and the Elizabeh N. Landeau Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship. He is currently attending Bucknell University.

Financial Aid Scholarship Recipients



Elise Guice – daughter of Marie and Stephen Guice. Recipient of the Harriet C. Thurgood Memorial/DACOR Bacon House Foundation Financial Aid Scholarship. She is currently attending Shephard University.

Norman Guice – son of Marie and Stephen Guice. Recipient of the Brockman M. Moore Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship. He is currently attending Shephard University.



Therese Guice – daughter of Marie and Stephen Guice. Recipient of the Harriet C. Thurgood Memorial/DACOR Bacon House Foundation Financial Aid Scholarship. She is currently attending Shephard University.

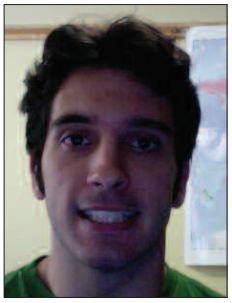
Taylor Harley – daughter of Caroline Harley. Recipient of the Evelyn K. and Horace J. Nickels Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship, the Gertrude Stewart Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship, and the Vietnam Financial Aid Scholarship. She is currently attending Northeastern University.

Peter Harmon – son of William Harmon and Rana Oktay. Recipient of the Norton W. Bell Financial Aid Scholarship. He is currently attending James Madison University.

Alexander Julian – son of Karen and Mark Julian. Recipient of the Wilbur J. Carr Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship. He is currently attending Brigham Young University–Idaho.

James Julian – son of Karen and Mark Julian. Recipient of the George and Mattie Newman Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship. He is currently attending Brigham Young University–Idaho.

Andres Kaypaghian – son of Elda and Gabriel Kaypaghian. Recipient of the Elbert G. and Naomi M. Mathews Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship. He is currently attending Bentley University.



Patrick Keaveny – son of Martha and Michael Keaveny. Recipient of the David K.E. Bruce Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship. He is currently attending Creighton University.

Anthony Jones Kerr – son of Michelle Jones and Douglas Kerr. Recipient of the Public Members Association of the Foreign Service Financial Aid Scholarship. He is currently attending Ohio State University.

Ashley Kula – daughter of Toni Lynn Kula. Recipient of the Landreth M. Harrison Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship, the Julius C. Holmes Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship and the Gertrude Stewart Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship. She is currently attending American University.

Allison LaReau – daughter of Cindy and Jeffrey LaReau. Recipient of the Wilbur J. Carr Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship. She is currently attending Colorado Christian University.

Shuang Li – daughter of Guiping and Patrick Sheard. Recipient of the Elizabeth N. Landeau Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship, the Brockman M. Moore Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship, the Martin G. Patterson Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship and the Naomi Pekmezian Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship. She is currently attending the University of Mary Washington.

Georgia Maynard – daughter of Donald and Monique Maynard. Recipient of the Brockman M. Moore Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship. She is currently attending the College of Charleston.

Stephanie McFeeters – daughter of Brian and Melanie McFeeters. Recipient of the Elbert G. and Naomi M. Mathews Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship. She is currently attending Dartmouth College.

Katherine Holtrop – daughter of Daniel and Julie Holtrop. Recipient of the Heyward G. Hill Memorial/DACOR Bacon House Foundation Financial Aid Scholarship. She is currently attending Calvin College.

Conor Ike – son of Nancy and Stephen Ike. Recipient of the Paris Financial Aid Scholarship. He is currently attending George Fox University.

Chad Johnson – son of Mary and Michael Johnson. Recipient of the William Leonhart Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship, the Jefferson Patterson Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship and the Naomi Pekmezian Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship. He is currently attending Northeastern University.

Yun-A Johnson – daughter of Mary and Michael Johnson. Recipient of the Heyward G. Hill Memorial/DACOR Bacon House Foundation Financial Aid Scholarship. She is currently attending American University.

Janelle Jorgensen – daughter of Mark and Susan Jorgensen. Recipient of the Brockman M. Moore Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship. She is currently attending Boston University.

Robin Jones Kerr – daughter of Michelle Jones and Douglas Kerr. Recipient of the Oliver Bishop Harriman Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship. She is currently attending The George Washington University.

Sarah Keverenge – daughter of Wilson and Winnifred Keverenge. Recipient of the Associates of the American Foreign Service Worldwide (AAFSW) Financial Aid Scholarship, the David D. Newsom Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship and the Ernest V. Siracusa Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship. She is currently attending the University of South Florida-Tampa Bay.

Vanessa Keverenge – daughter of Wilson and Winnifred Keverenge. Recipient of the Associates of the American Foreign Service Worldwide (AAFSW) Financial Aid Scholarship, the Anthony G. Freeman Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship and the Dorothy Osborne and Theodore Xanthaky Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship. She is currently attending Mount Holyoke College.

Natalie Kirkham – daughter of Beth and Edwin Kirkham. Recipient of the Betty Carp Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship and the Harriet P. Culley Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship. She is currently attending Simmons College.

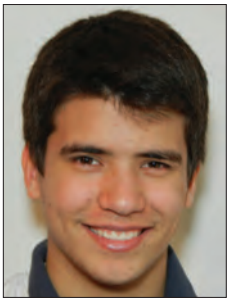
Alexandra Kula – daughter of Toni Lynn Kula. Recipient of the Marc Grossman and Mildred Patterson Financial Aid Scholarship, the Col. Richard R. Hallock Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship and the Gertrude Stewart Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship. She is currently attending American University.

Patrick McGuire – son of John and Suzanne McGuire. Recipient of the John and Hope Rogers Bastek Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship, the Louis C. Boochever Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship, the Elbert G. and Naomi M. Mathews Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship and the Brockman M. Moore Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship. He is currently attending Stanford University.

Jonathan Mines – son of Cecile and Keith Mines. Recipient of the John and Alice Hubler Financial Aid Scholarship and the Elbert G. and Naomi M. Mathews Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship. He is currently attending Brooklyn College.

Joshua Mines – son of Cecile and Keith Mines. Recipient of the Adolph Dubs Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship and the George and Mattie Newman Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship. He is currently attending the State University of New York Maritime College.

Rachel Mines – daughter of Cecile and Keith Mines. Recipient of the Heyward G. Hill Memorial/DACOR Bacon House Foundation Financial Aid Scholarship. She is currently attending City College of New York.



David Murphy – son of Charles and Sara Murphy. Recipient of the Heyward G. Hill Memorial/DACOR Bacon House Foundation Financial Aid Scholarship. He is currently attending John Cabot University in Rome.

Financial Aid Scholarship Recipients

Idra Pavin – daughter of Sherril Pavin. Recipient of the Robert Woods Bliss Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship and the Susan Lowe Modi Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship. She is currently attending Middlebury College.

Noah Pavin – son of Sherril Pavin. Recipient of the Beirut Financial Aid Scholarship and the Janet K. and Charles C. Stelle Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship. He is currently attending Western Washington University.

Dzifa Penty – daughter of Stephanie Arnold and Komla Penty. Recipient of the Heyward G. Hill Memorial/ DACOR Bacon House Foundation Financial Aid Scholarship. She is currently attending Knox College.

Anastasia Rowland – daughter of Pamela Aulton. Recipient of the James Bolard More Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship, the Dalton V. Killion Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship and the Everett K. and Clara C. Melby Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship. She is currently attending John Cabot University in Rome.

Cho Hee Shrader – daughter of Jeffrey and Sung Mi Shrader. Recipient of the Rose Marie Asch Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship and the William Benton Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship. She is currently attending the University of Iowa.

Lillian Stuart – daughter of Steven Stuart and Ellen Wilson. Recipient of the Heyward G. Hill Memorial/ DACOR Bacon House Foundation Financial Aid Scholarship. She is currently attending Wellesley College.

David Sydney – son of Dawn Lewis and Roger Sydney. Recipient of the Associates of the American Foreign Service Worldwide (AAFSW) Financial Aid Scholarship and the Francesca Bufano Lapinski Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship. He is currently attending the University of Texas–Dallas.

Samuel Sydney – son of Dawn Lewis and Roger Sydney. Recipient of the Selden Chapin Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship, the John Foster Dulles Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship, the Philip C. Habib Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship and the Louise Holscher Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship. He is currently attending Texas Tech University.

Marion Tilghman – daughter of Christine and Joseph Tilghman. Recipient of the Albert E. Carter Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship, the Suzanne Marie Collins Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship and the George and Mattie Newman Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship. She is currently attending American University.

Paul VanKoughnett – son of Diane and Hale VanKoughnett. Recipient of the George and Mattie Newman Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship and the Edward T. Wailes Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship. He is currently attending Harvard College.

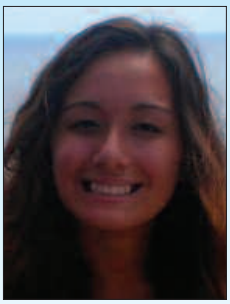
William VanKoughnett – son of Diane and Hale VanKoughnett. Recipient of the Elbert G. and Naomi M. Mathews Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship and the Brockman M. Moore Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship. He is currently attending Harvard College.

Timothy Wolff – son of Eric and Kathleen Wolff. Recipient of the Wilbur J. Carr Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship and the Harriet C. Thurgood Memorial/ DACOR Bacon House Foundation Financial Aid Scholarship. He is currently attending Central Piedmont Community College.

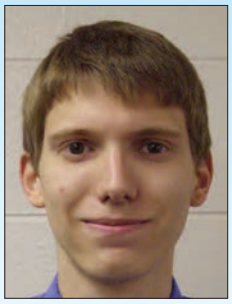
Katherine Zerwas – daughter of Ayse and Mark Zerwas. Recipient of the Heyward G. Hill Memorial/ DACOR Bacon House Foundation Financial Aid Scholarship. She is currently attending The George Washington University.

Bonnie Zix – daughter of Elizabeth and James Zix. Recipient of the John M. and Anna B. Steeves Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship, the Gertrude Stewart Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship and the John C. Whitehead Financial Aid Scholarship. She is currently attending York College of Pennsylvania.

Hannah Zix – daughter of Elizabeth and James Zix. Recipient of the Heyward G. Hill Memorial/DACOR Bacon House Foundation Financial Aid Scholarship. She is currently attending Indiana University–Purdue University Fort Wayne.



Jae Sung Shrader — daughter of Jeffrey and Sung Mi Shrader. Recipient of the Associates of the American Foreign Service Worldwide (AAFSW) Financial Aid Scholarship, the William P. and Adele Langston Rogers Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship and the George Schultz Financial Aid Scholarship. She is currently attending the University of Miami.



David Stuart — son of Steven Stuart and Ellen Wilson. Recipient of the Elbert G. and Naomi M. Mathews Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship. He is currently attending the Illinois Institute of Technology.

Not Pictured: (Alphabetical by Last Name)

Natascha Curbow — daughter of Cecilia and Ethan Curbow. Recipient of the Jacq Bachman Siracusa Financial Aid Scholarship and the Dorothy Osborne and Theodore Xanthaky Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship. She is currently attending Wesleyan College.

Caitlin Sneff-Nuckles — daughter of John Nuckles and Wendy Sneff. Recipient of the Heyward G. Hill Memorial/DACOR Bacon House Foundation Financial Aid Scholarship. She is currently attending George Mason University.

Nathaniel Wilson — son of Bruce and Patricia Wilson. Recipient of the Elbert G. and Naomi M. Mathews Memorial Financial Aid Scholarship. He is currently attending Edmonds Community College.

AFSA NEWS BRIEFS

2012 GEICO FSYF Award

The Foreign Service Youth Foundation is now accepting applications for the 2012 GEICO Foreign Service Youth Foundation Academic Merit Award. The winner will receive a one-time-only prize of $4,000 and will be honored at the youth awards ceremony held in July 2012.

For instructions, checklist, essay question and application form, please go to http://library.constantcomment.com/download/get/file/1102913459738-113/FSYF+Academic+Merit+Scholarship+Final+2012.pdf. To receive the forms as a Word document or if you have questions, please e-mail fsyf@fsyf.org or call (703) 731-2960. Applications must be received by FSYF no later than Feb. 1.

AFSA Scholarship Application Deadline Is Feb. 6

Applications for AFSA's 2012 Academic and Art Merit Awards for high school seniors and AFSA's 2012-2013 Financial Aid Scholarships for undergraduates are due on Feb 6. Please visit www.afsa.org/scholar for complete details.

State Department Clerk Saves the Nation's Papers

BY PERRI GREEN, SPECIAL AWARDS AND OUTREACH COORDINATOR, AND DONNA AYERST

On Nov. 15, with AFSA staff members Perri Green and Donna Ayerst in attendance, Arlington County supervisor Jay Fisette and Fairfax Trails and Streams representative Steve Dryden unveiled a plaque commemorating the heroic deed of State Department clerk Stephen Pleasonton in 1814. Installed at the Virginia foot of Chain Bridge, close to the site of the old grist mill at Pimmit Run, the plaque honors Pleasonton's action to move vital national documents to safety, thus saving them from the British military's torch.

It all began when, from a vantage point at the Patuxent River village of Benedict, Md., Secretary of State James Monroe sent a courier to notify President James Madison that he was convinced the government of the United States did not have the forces to defend Washington, D.C., from the British troops amassing nearby.

Believing British troops would soon storm the nation's capital, Monroe sent a second message to his clerk, Stephen Pleasonton, to remove all of the nation's documents for safekeeping.

As Pleasonton was packing up the Constitution, the secret journals of Congress, Gen. George Washington's correspondence, and the laws, treaties and correspondence of the Department of State, General John Armstrong, Secretary of War, assured him that the papers (and Washington) would be safe. Fortunately, Mr. Pleasonton did not agree.

The linen bags holding most of the documents were to be carted to a grist mill near Chain Bridge. As Pleasonton was loading the last of the documents, he turned to survey the department's office one more time. Only then did he notice the Declaration of Independence hanging on the wall!

After spending a night at the mill, Mr. Pleasonton felt it would be safer to be further from the city and proceeded to move our country's historical treasures to Leesburg, Va. There the documents were stored at Rokeby, an empty house owned by William Binns, a friend of Secretary Monroe.

On Aug. 24, 1814, the British army marched into Washington and burned many public buildings, including the offices of the Department of State. ❑

Affinity Groups • Continued from page 50

Many of the groups aired concerns regarding the budget for recruitment of diversity candidates, the possible elimination of a Diplomat-in-Residence position and the range of inconsistent views on diversity from one bureau to another.

Finally, many in attendance noted that the Quadrennial Diplomacy and Development Review failed to mention diversity. As a result, some feared that facets of the QDDR's implementation might have a negative effect on the precarious progress diversity has made.

Following the meeting, Johnson commented: "This was an excellent beginning to what AFSA sees as a mutually beneficial and constructive dialogue. AFSA and these groups share many common goals, and joining our voices can only make us stronger. We look forward to future conversations and the many good things that will come out of them." ❑

AFSA Book Notes: Father-Daughter Team Discusses the Specter of Vietnam

BY DONNA AYERST

On Thursday, Nov. 3, renowned journalist Marvin Kalb and his daughter, Deborah Kalb, a freelance writer and editor, spoke about their book, *Haunting Legacy: Vietnam and the American Presidency from Ford to Obama* (Brookings Institution Press, 2011), to a large audience at AFSA headquarters.

"On April 30, 1975, the U.S. experienced the humiliation of the first war in its history that it ignominiously and unmistakably lost," said Marvin Kalb. "The loss has forced presidents and their administrations to ponder under what circumstances do we send American forces abroad."

While the legacy of Vietnam may not always have been the decisive reason a president reached a certain decision, Kalb pointed out, it was always a factor.

"Will this become another Vietnam?" is the question that has haunted each of the seven administrations that followed the war. To make that case, Kalb chose to discuss three presidencies: Ronald Reagan, George Herbert Walker Bush and Barack Obama.

Deborah Kalb recalls their path to *Haunting Legacy.*

Marvin Kalb asserts that Vietnam remains a factor.

PHOTOS BY DONNA AYERST

Pressure for Action

"As a journalist, I never gave Reagan too much credit for depth or sensitivity," he recalled. But after reading Reagan's letters and diaries during the course of research for *Haunting Legacy*, he admitted that he was wrong. "In his writings, Reagan comes across as a nuanced person."

In October 1983, 241 U.S. Marines were killed in their barracks by Islamic fanatics in Beirut. Despite extraordinary pressure to take action from his advisers — who feared not retaliating would send the wrong message to Islamic terrorists — President Reagan did nothing.

"Why?" asked Kalb. "Because he didn't want a repeat of the Vietnam experience. Reagan didn't want anything that smacked of the idea of loss."

In October 1990, Saddam Hussein's invasion of Kuwait forced the American administration to prepare for war and, once again, face the specter of Vietnam.

"Of the seven presidents we studied, George H.W. Bush ran the most effective foreign policy operation," Kalb stated. "He had an incredible rolodex, which he used to great diplomatic effect. He was constantly on the phone."

Haunting Legacy quotes from Bush's diary, revealing his concern that "We've got to prepare the Congress for any action I might have to take, and the more phone calls we make under the heading of consultation, the better it is."

Despite British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's entreaty to the president, "Don't wobble, George," Bush was undecided about sending troops to the Middle East. Kalb told the audience that Brent Scowcroft, Bush's national security adviser, wrote in his diary that Congress had a "lingering fear of a drawn-out foreign military entanglement — remnants of the 'Vietnam syndrome.'"

The Powell Doctrine

In the end, what came to be known as the Powell Doctrine — advice given by General Colin Powell, chair of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who had served in Vietnam — is what influenced the president to go to war. The doctrine lays out the conditions that must be present for the United States to commit troops: a clear military and political objective; overwhelming use of military force; congressional and popular support; a way out; and the prospect of victory.

"Barack Obama was 13 years old when Vietnam ended," noted Kalb, so there is no logical reason for Obama to carry Vietnam within him. Obviously, Afghanistan is not Vietnam, and Obama was not going to go down that road in any case. By increasing the troops in Afghanistan, he intended to signal that he was not going to be a president to lose another war.

But instead, Kalb stated, "he is just kicking the can down the road." Kalb opined that President Obama is looking at a "good enough" ending for Iraq and Afghanistan — it doesn't have to be a win. But, he suggested, "good enough" may no longer be good enough.

Deborah Kalb told the audience that the father-daughter team had originally planned on writing a book on John Kerry versus the Swift Boat Veterans for Peace, but their publisher wasn't interested. As they continued their research, they turned to a comparison of the optimism of World War II's "greatest generation" with the negativity of the veterans and those who came of age during the Vietnam War.

Ultimately, the research led them to the presidency and an examination of how Vietnam influenced each president's biography, presidential campaign and foreign policy decision-making. *Haunting Legacy* took six years to complete.

The AFSA Book Notes program closed with an engaging Q-and-A session. Please visit www.afsa.org/upcoming_afsa_events.aspx for future AFSA Book Notes programs and other events. ❑

Dissent • Continued from page 47

cally buying into the latest priority of a new administration if I did not believe in it. I may even have delayed a couple of promotions by blurting out my thoughts on a proposed reorganization or expressing my concern over certain management issues. But I have been trying hard to get better at biting my tongue and learning how to couch my opinion in ways acceptable within a hierarchical bureaucracy.

I had learned how to effectively present an alternative point of view and have it accepted.

My colleagues in uniform praised me for being willing to challenge the chain of command at AFRICOM. But it was easy, in this particular case, because I was working on behalf of women in the Democratic Republic of the Congo, who had no voice over decisions that would affect them. Receiving the Rivkin Award meant a lot to me, but not because I had dissented. Rather, it was an affirmation that I had learned how to effectively present an alternative point of view and approach a very senior government official (a four-star general) and have it accepted.

Though AFSA is always telling people that winning a dissent award is not detrimental to your career, I have State colleagues, in particular, who continue to express concerns about speaking out. In my case, however, within six months of winning the award, I was selected to be the mission director for the DRC, one of USAID's most visible posts in Africa, and was promoted into the Senior Foreign Service within a year.

I suspect the visibility that came with the Rivkin Award reassured some of my colleagues that, while I continue to be willing to speak truth to power, I could now be counted on to come up with a viable alternative and use the kind of language that merits a diplomatic passport. ❑

Diana Putman is currently serving as USAID Mission Director in the Democratic Republic of the Congo.

Retirement: Carolina Friends of the Foreign Service

BY HANSON R. MALPASS

During his 27 years with the Foreign Service, Ed Williams, founder of the Carolina Friends of the Foreign Service, always planned to retire to Chapel Hill, the site of the University of North Carolina, from which he graduated in 1950.

Enough retired Foreign Service hands had migrated to the area for Ed to think of forming a luncheon group. In early 1984, Ed started seeking out people from the retired foreign affairs and military communities to start a social group. His first luncheon, on May 21, 1984, was attended by nine people, the founding members of the group: Henry Mattox, Roy Melbourne, Dorothy Eardley, John Lund, Paul Morris, Harrison Lewis, Gilbert Chase, Shepard Jones and Ed.

At the initial meeting, the group agreed to meet every two or three months and invite a speaker for the occasion. Dorothy Eardley volunteered to assist Ed at the gatherings and to pass out name tags and collect money for meals.

PHOTOS BY H.R. MALPASS

(L to R) CFFS members Daniel LeBold, Susin Seow, George Cass and Ambassador Brenda Schoonover.

(L to R) Bill Lucas, Diplomat-in-Residence at UNC Chapel Hill and Duke, with Ed Williams, CFFS founder.

By the next meeting, on Nov. 2, 1984, the word had gotten out and new people joined the group, including Bill Dale and Curt Jones. Ed arranged for Professor Enrique Baloyra from the political science department of UNC Chapel Hill to speak to the group. For the next 20 years, Ed continued to line up speakers and manage the myriad details for the group.

In 1996, the luncheon group brought together the co-founders of *American Diplomacy*, an electronic journal of commentary and analysis on international issues that is published in cooperation with UNC's College of Arts and Science (www.unc.edu/depts/diplomat/). The online publication describes its founders as a group of retired American diplomats residing in the Raleigh-Durham-Chapel Hill triangle area of North Carolina.

In 2004, when the luncheon group had grown to a size that Ed felt was a little too much for him to handle, at his request a steering committee was formed to plan and manage the group's events. Today, the membership has evolved into an educational and professional group with a new name, Carolina Friends of the Foreign Service; a 10-member steering committee; and a membership of 131. CFFS welcomes not only Foreign Service and military retirees, but anyone who has worked or served abroad, is interested in foreign affairs, or is thinking about a career in a foreign affairs agency.

The most recent luncheon was held on Oct. 21. FSO Bill Lucas spoke to the group about his recent assignment in Afghanistan, where he worked with American, international and Afghan partners to establish the rule of law. Members attended from all around the state, in some cases from more than 200 miles away. ❑

Hanson R. Malpass, a retired FSO, is chairman of the CFFS Steering Committee.

A J. Kirby Simon Trust Grant Helps to Rebuild Hope in La Paz

BY ERIN SWEENEY

The Community Service Program Embassy La Paz recently completed a long-term refurbishing of the Family Brigade at the San Pedro, La Paz police station. The facility serves as a safe location for victims of domestic violence in the San Pedro area, home to thousands of households.

In February 2011, the Family Brigade took over a three-room office space in dire condition. There were loose floor boards, rat holes in the floors, doors that did not close, thin window panes that did not allow for privacy or warmth, walls full of holes and old paint, and wires hanging from the ceiling where light fixtures should have been. Furniture amounted to two old desks, a few chairs and two bunk beds.

The unappealing condition of the location prevented women and children in need from seeking refuge there. After visiting the site and seeing firsthand the severe state of dilapidation, the CSP applied for and received a $3,000 grant from the J. Kirby Simon Foundation.

Beginning in July, and working most weekends through September, more than 50 members of the embassy community — including locally engaged staff, interns, direct hires and family members — completely renovated the space. The crews cleaned, patched and painted walls; covered floors with plywood subfloors and new carpeting and installed baseboards; added electrical outlets and light fixtures; and built new doors with privacy window panes to help keep out the cold. Donations of furniture, supplies and support from the embassy's Military Group and the Peace Corps completed the transformation.

On Oct. 5, a team of CSP volunteers and MilGroup representatives attended the Family Brigade's ribbon-cutting ceremony and blessing of the space, hosted by the Bolivian police. After speeches from the police commander and embassy representatives, awards were bestowed on the head of the Family Brigade and several volunteers. The police band played several local songs, while everyone enjoyed celebrating a job well done.

PHOTOS BY ERIN SWEENEY

(Clockwise, top left) Community Service Program volunteers Jeff Spraggins, DAO; Olivia Mozdzierz, family member; Jessica Hartman, FSO; and (l to r) Claudio Castillo, Milgroup; Rebecca Graham, FSO; Kate Flachsbart, FSO; Jeff Spraggins; Erin Sweeney, FSO; and Keith Akins, family member, refurbishing police station in La Paz.

Now the women and children of San Pedro have a safe space to go for support and a place to stay in emergencies. The policewomen staffing the facility have a safe, warm space in which to work; and much stronger bonds have been created among our embassy, the Bolivian police and the people of San Pedro. ❑

FSO Erin Sweeney is a member of the Community Service Program at Embassy La Paz. For more on the J. Kirby Simon Trust see www.kirbysimontrust.org/.

2012 AFSA Dues Rates

In accordance with AFSA bylaws, AFSA has increased dues for 2012 by 2 percent for all individual membership categories to allow the association to meet the costs of our deepened services and expanded advocacy efforts. AFSA continues to keep rates as low as possible, and has not adjusted dues since January 2009. The increase is 1.6 percent less than the 3rd quarter Consumer Price Index published by the Department of Labor and used by the Social Security Administration to calculate the 2012 Cost of Living Adjustment increases.

This modest adjustment, which translates on average into 3 cents per week per member, better positions AFSA to serve our members and advance member priorities. This is a critical time for AFSA to strengthen our legislative and advocacy capacity so that we continue to make our views heard in Congress on such vital matters as OCP and federal benefits. We will also invest in new technologies that will allow us to better serve and understand the unique needs of our members.

Active-duty and retired members paying dues via payroll and annuity deduction will see an automatic increase in the amount deducted from their paychecks and annuities. Those paying annually will be billed the new rate on their regularly scheduled renewal date.

To view the new dues rates please visit our website at www.afsa.org/benefits_of_membership.aspx and click on your membership category: active-duty, retired or associate. Thank you for your membership in AFSA. ❑

Diversity • Continued from page 51

is that the lack of diversity at the senior levels translates into fewer mentors who can advise and support those trying to join their ranks.

So what can be done to fulfill our commitment to a more diverse Service? How do we create an institution that goes beyond a compliance focus on "diversity by numbers," and celebrates the benefits of a diverse work force?

Incorporation of diversity precepts into work requirements statements and promotion panel decisions offers incentives for individuals to ensure that their actions enhance diversity. Institutional support for affinity groups based on gender, ethnicity or sexual orientation ensures that all-important mentoring networks flourish and, in turn, help to recruit and develop the next generation of diverse leadership.

Presidential appointments at the ambassador or assistant secretary level address the temporal under-representation that is found in our meritocratic system, as the results of other efforts begin to take hold. However, throughout this process, we must remember that our conversation on diversity must be inclusive so that all employees — regardless of minority or majority status — feel comfortable participating in it.

America requires a more diverse Foreign Service in order to engage with a more diverse world. Our challenge, as colleagues and stakeholders at the Department of State, is to live "diversity" in our everyday lives. We must promote diversity-friendly workplaces, where no one would question the appointment of a non-minority person as director of civil rights, and where *State* magazine's monthly "Diversity Notes" column is read by all employees — not just by some. ❑

America requires a more diverse Foreign Service in order to engage with a more diverse world.

Matthew Asada is a fourth-generation Japanese-American and third-generation public servant originally from Michigan. He is a member of the 2011-2013 AFSA Governing Board and a political officer currently serving as a 2011-2012 American Political Science Association congressional fellow. The genesis of this article was the author's participation in a panel discussion on "Diversity in Politics and Governance," held at the University of Pennsylvania on Oct. 2, 2010, as part of that university's inaugural alumni diversity celebration weekend.

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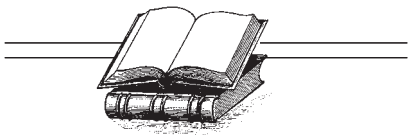

BOOKS

How Well *Did* We Mean?

We Meant Well: How I Helped Lose the Battle for the Hearts and Minds of the Iraqi People
Peter Van Buren, Metropolitan Books, 2011, $25, hardcover, 269 pages.

Don't Shoot the Messenger

REVIEWED BY STEVEN ALAN HONLEY

Peter Van Buren's account of his year in Iraq (2009-2010) is both poetic and prosaic (and frequently profane), often in close juxtaposition. That is apt for conveying the futility and frustration he experienced in trying to lead an embedded Provincial Reconstruction Team stuck in the middle of nowhere, near the end of a war that had long ago lost whatever purpose it originally had.

Nearly everything he says about U.S. policy in Iraq, and how it was implemented, rings true, thanks to the kind of colorful details that prove truth is stranger than fiction. And while most reviews of the book I've seen justly praise its mordant humor, Van Buren is equally effective in the more reflective passages.

Yet, regrettably, *We Meant Well* is also chock-full of cringe-inducing passages that show just how far out of his depth Van Buren, a Foreign Service officer since 1988, was in his Iraq assignment.

Van Buren wants to be seen as a "Mr. Smith Goes to Iraq" hero. But he doesn't quite pull off that feat.

Take his first day on the job. During a staff meeting dissecting a conference for local nongovernmental organizations held the week before his arrival, Van Buren refused to authorize a supplemental payment to the Iraqi conference organizer because, as he starchily declares, the request was a shakedown. Predictably, that sparked what he terms "an animated discussion," during which his colleagues rightly pointed out that accusing a key local contact of dishonesty, even if true, was likely to damage working relations across the board.

On the merits, Van Buren was right to question the bill. Indeed, I might well have reacted the same way in that situation. (Which is probably one of the many reasons I am a *former* FSO!) Yet nearly two years later, he still seems utterly clueless as to how ineffectual, and arrogant, his approach was.

At a minimum, he could have played the "newbie" card and said he needed to consult Embassy Baghdad for guidance before making a decision. Instead, he dug in his heels and refused to temporize or haggle — even though, as he melodramatically declares at the end of the chapter, that night he "went to bed fully expecting to be killed in my sleep" in retaliation.

That episode sets the tone for the rest of *We Meant Well*. Van Buren wants to be seen as a rueful hero, a sort of "Mr. Smith Goes to Iraq" figure who dares to speak truth to power, the consequences be damned. But even by his own account, he fell well short of the mark. Halfway through the book, he confesses: "I became inured to doing little and expecting less, and it was gallows humor fun (sic) to mock art shows and make jokes about widows trying to eke out a living. I was agreeing to coast along, possessing sight but no vision."

The author expresses genuine sympathy for the plight of the Iraqi people, but deep contempt for virtually everyone else he met there. In particular, he dismisses his State Department colleagues as mediocre, clueless functionaries who spend as little time in the field, and do as little work back in the embassy, as possible. (Speaking of the embassy, for sheer entertainment value it would be hard to beat the chapter detailing Van Buren's own brief excursion to the Green Zone for consultations and "re-education.")

Van Buren also takes it as a given that the U.S. Army is full of "crackers" and killers — though every so often, almost in spite of himself, he concedes

that most soldiers are good at what they do and useful to have around. And in his view, nearly all contractors in Iraq, from the 3161s working for State and other government agencies to the hundreds of thousands in the private sector, are greedy opportunists who don't deliver the services they were paid to provide.

It is unfortunate that the author resorts to such one-size-fits-all assessments, instead of letting the facts — which are quite damning — speak for themselves. Yet it would be an even greater shame if the flaws in the messenger's delivery were to obscure the important truth of his message.

For even if one agrees that "we meant well" in overthrowing Saddam Hussein, the massive collateral damage we inflicted — and suffered — in the process should give future administrations real pause before committing a similar folly.

Steven Alan Honley was a Foreign Service officer from 1985 to 1997, serving in Mexico City, Wellington and Washington, D.C. He has been editor of the Foreign Service Journal *since 2001.*

Unconstructive Dissent

REVIEWED BY MARCUS HUNTER

Regardless of whether you have experienced the war in Iraq (or Afghanistan) in all of its ugliness, Peter Van Buren's account of his year there will give you some laughs. (Watch particularly for his parenthetical asides, where he wields much of his biting sarcasm.) The stories are absurd to the point of hilarity, especially when you consider these are real events.

To take just one example, the em-

bedded Provincial Reconstruction Team that Van Buren led built a factory that produced chicken at more than twice the current market value in the area. It doesn't take a degree in economics to predict that the project would fail, no matter how delicious the chicken and how hard the ePRT tried to keep it going. And by the end of the book, it seems clear that a good chunk of the $63 billion U.S. investment in Iraq has been squandered on a series of tremendous screw-ups.

And there's the rub: How did things get so ridiculously out of whack?

Van Buren lays out his 41 episodic chapters in an almost self-therapeutic style, as a way of explaining how he became an accomplice in wasting billions of dollars in Iraq. True to its subtitle (*How I Helped Lose the Battle…*), the book demands the reader's admiration because the author is willing to admit he had a hand in the mess. But the truly brave thing would have been to choose the hard right over the easy wrong in the beginning and not have a need to tell this story in the first place.

Perhaps mindful of this on some level, he casts his tale as part of the long, venerable Foreign Service tradition of constructive dissent spotlighted in the *FSJ*'s July-August 2011 issue. Unfortunately, this claim rings hollow because his dissent comes after the fact, and lacks sincerity. He is also making money from the venture, which (not coincidentally) is a primary motivation he cites for his and many others deploying to Iraq.

Rather than frivolously passing the time of his yearlong deployment (or, as he describes it, forced service) and then writing a memoir about the situation, Van Buren should have been doing the hard work of putting things right in his corner of the world, at least to the extent he and his six-person team could. But he does at least provide some 60 citations for anyone wanting to go back and look up the reports on some of these silly projects.

Study* We Meant Well *as a manual of "what not to do" at every level.

To be fair, he rightly notes that examples of professional incompetence were systemic. Military and civilian personnel, contractors and lifelong civil servants, and politicians and policymakers all got their hands dirty. Perhaps Van Buren finds solace by pointing the finger at Colin Powell and Condoleezza Rice — but when there's one finger pointing out, three others are pointing in.

Yet failure was not inevitable. Many of the U.S. failings in Iraq were a result of poor planning, strategic misdirection, inadequate staffing and, yes, ineptitude. And some did, indeed, come from the top.

But many started at the micro level, because individuals in the field blindly agreed to carry out a mission without thinking through its practical aspects. Simply put, there was not enough constructive dissent *before* the fact.

It once was rare for the State Department and the military to interact outside of the embassy. But in the post-9/11 era, the two entities must work together in a much more efficient and productive manner.

For example, whenever the military has deployed civil affairs teams, as it did in Iraq, PRTs should not merely replicate that function. Rather, the two institutions' approaches should be complementary, but remain distinct. While it appears Van Buren had a good relationship with the civil affairs team in his part of the country, whether he made any distinction between the work of the two entities is not clear.

Regardless of these shortcomings, however, everyone should read this book for the lessons it offers. Study it as a manual of "what not to do" at every level, then use those examples to police your own ranks. Fix what you can fix, and do your due diligence as part of the oath you swore to uphold.

And above all, don't anybody pull another Van Buren!

Marcus Hunter is a U.S. Army major and Special Forces officer who has deployed to countries in the Middle East, South America and the Caribbean. He is currently studying defense analysis at the Naval Postgraduate School in Monterey, Calif.

The Lessons of Vietnam

Haunting Legacy: Vietnam and the American Presidency from Ford to Obama
Marvin Kalb and Deborah Kalb, Brookings Institution Press, 2011, $29.95, hardback, 355 pages; $9.88, Kindle Edition.

REVIEWED BY AURELIUS FERNANDEZ

Journalist-scholar Marvin Kalb and his daughter, freelance journalist Deborah Kalb, have collaborated on this

compelling, eminently readable assessment of the long shadow cast over the American presidency by the Vietnam War. Appropriately titled *Haunting Legacy*, their well-documented book draws on recent interviews with top policymakers from the Vietnam War era through today.

The Kalbs' provocative thesis is that "Vietnam has infiltrated the presidential DNA, even though presidents have struggled with this DNA in different ways." To make that case, they present insightful, succinct accounts of what they call the "lessons of Vietnam" — some learned, some forgotten, some misunderstood — as presidents from Gerald Ford through Barack Obama have applied them.

As the authors point out, President Obama was only 13 years old when U.S. involvement in the Vietnam War ended with helicopters taking off from the rooftop of Embassy Saigon, creating unforgettable images. But like his predecessors, he, too, continues to deal with the pervasive legacy of that war — even though the battlefields, the technology used and the purpose of U.S. military intervention have all evolved a great deal since.

In successive chapters the authors trace the major military events of each presidency, beginning with the 1975 S.S. *Mayaguez* incident, to which President Ford ordered a muscular response. Their narrative ends in the spring of 2011 during Obama's struggle with the decision about troop levels in Afghanistan, on which he was outmaneuvered by the Pentagon. (As for the other military commitment that has dominated his time in office, by the time you read this review virtually all American troops in Iraq — "boots on the ground," in the parlance of Vietnam War draftees — will have come home, just as Pres. Obama promised.)

That legacy affects not only foreign policy but domestic politics, as well. The military service records of presidential and vice presidential candidates throughout American history, as the Kalbs point out, form a checkered pattern. Traditionally, such credentials led to the election of war heroes, from George Washington through Ulysses S. Grant and Dwight Eisenhower.

In recent years, however, Bill Clinton's defeat of World War II fighter pilot George H.W. Bush, the defeat of Swift Boat veteran John Kerry and the rejection of a Vietnam war hero, Senator John McCain, have run counter to the pattern of military men going from the battlefield to the White House.

The Vietnam War generated many distinctive concepts and terms for the discourse about U.S. military commitments abroad. Some of these remain prominent today: "Afghanistanization," "quagmire," "boots on the ground" and "exit strategy," to mention just a few.

While the role of the Foreign Service is expressly beyond the scope of this book, I hope it will inspire readers to explore the rich oral history collection compiled and maintained by the Association for Diplomatic Studies and Training (www.ADST.org). There they will find instructive background material about this period, both under the rubric of Vietnam and the names of individual Foreign Service personnel who served there, to supplement the contents of this important study. ■

Aurelius (Aury) Fernandez, a retired USIA FSO, did not serve in Vietnam but still recalls the specter of a potential assignment there. He has served as AFSA Governing Board secretary and as a member of the FSJ Editorial Board.

In Memory

Kathleen Marie Bishop, 64, the wife of retired FSO James K. Bishop, died of brain cancer on Sept. 29 at their home in Washington, D.C.

Born and raised in Portland, Ore., Mrs. Bishop was both an engineer and an artist. While attending school in Seattle, she worked on mechanical drawings for the Boeing Corporation's 747 plane. In 1977 she graduated from The George Washington University with a B.S. in mechanical engineering, one of only two women in her class.

Returning to Washington, D.C., after the first time she accompanied her husband abroad, she was privately employed for three years designing light tables for use in photo interpretation.

While her engineering degree was her meal ticket, Mrs. Bishop's passion was art. A third-generation quilter and quilt historian, she worked as a board member of the Chevy Chase Needle Chasers on numerous projects, including making quilts for those afflicted with HIV/AIDS in the Washington, D.C., area. On one occasion, at the request of the Bill Clinton administration, she sewed together the quilt blocks received from every state and territory to help decorate the White House at Christmas.

A gifted water colorist, Mrs. Bishop exhibited her paintings at the Washington Art League Gallery and other galleries in Washington, Baltimore and the Maryland counties. She was juried into many shows, won her share of awards, and sold a satisfactory number of her paintings. She was a longtime board member and one-time interim president of the Washington Art League, as well as a juried member of the Potomac Valley Watercolorists Association and the Miniature Painters, Sculptors & Gravers of Washington.

In 2009 she was accepted for docent training by the National Art Gallery and continued her training even after learning she had a fatal illness. With the help of colleagues, she received her docent certificate three months before her death. In the three final years of her life Mrs. Bishop also worked as a glass artist, fusing beautiful household items and jewelry in a kiln at the couple's weekend home in St. Leonard, Md.

It was as an art teacher that Mrs. Bishop found greatest satisfaction. The imagination of her young students at Blessed Sacrament School in Washington, D.C., thrilled her; and, despite her diminutive size, her wit and presence kept rowdy teenagers focused on their classwork.

In retirement she focused much of her energy working with fifth-grade girls at risk because members of their families were involved in Alexandria's courts. At A Space of Her Own weekly meetings, she had excellent rapport with the girls as a mentor and as the little lady who taught them to produce hand-painted silk scarves and other works of art they had imagined were beyond their capabilities.

Accompanying her husband on ambassadorial assignments to Niger (1979-1981), Liberia (1987-1990) and Somalia (1990-91), Mrs. Bishop supported his work. She traveled throughout Niger and Liberia visiting local officials and Peace Corps Volunteers.

She worked with local women's craft and health groups and served as a board member of Operation Smile in Liberia. In Niger, she offered the residence pool to all Americans and on every assignment tried to make the Peace Corps Volunteers and young Marines feel at home.

Soon after her arrival in Mogadishu she narrowly escaped death when a Somali fired a pistol at her head from 10 feet away. But she declined to leave, remaining in the capital until all official American dependents were evacuated several months later. When the extent of violence downtown kept members of the international community from attending church, she offered the official residence for religious services.

At her husband's retirement, Mrs. Bishop was awarded a Certificate of Appreciation by the State Department for her contributions to the American

communities in Liberia and Somalia during the conflicts in those countries. During her husband's tours as deputy assistant secretary for African affairs and, later, for human rights and humanitarian affairs, she helped make the spouses of visiting heads of state more comfortable at small events hosted by the wives of the president and the vice president.

In addition to her spouse, Mrs. Bishop is survived by her children, Anne-Marie Wehrly and Elizabeth Peterson of Kirkland, Ore., and Rebecca Stumpf, of Hewitt, N.J.; her stepchildren, Timothy Bishop of Berkeley, Calif., Lyn Bishop of Arlington, Mass., and Melanie Briggs of Fairfield, Pa.; her parents, Bill and Ione Kirby of Meridan, Idaho; her siblings, Michael Kirby of Kent, Wash., Jim Kirby of Boise, Idaho, and Patricia Kirby of Ottawa, Ont., Canada; and five grandchildren: Elizabeth, Daniel, Hannah Kathleen, Jacob and Erin.

Donations in her memory may be made to: A Space of her Own, 520 King Street, Suite 100, Alexandria VA 22314.

Richard Joseph Bloomfield, 84, a retired FSO and former ambassador, died on Nov. 22 in Belmont, Mass., of complications from Alzheimer's disease.

Mr. Bloomfield was born in 1927 in New Haven, Conn., to Alice and Jack Bloomfield. His father was a pioneer in industrial hygiene, performing some of the leading research on silicosis and Black lung disease.

Mr. Bloomfield grew up in Washington, D.C., graduating from Woodrow Wilson High School in 1945. The end of World War II cut short his service in the United States Coast Guard. Taking advantage of a program for veterans, he was accepted to the Georgetown University School of Foreign Service, graduating in 1950. He passed the Foreign Service exam in 1952 and for the next three decades pursued a diplomatic career he described as "personally fulfilling, almost always challenging, and at times exciting."

Mr. Bloomfield's first overseas post was La Paz, where he served as assistant to the agriculture attaché and was eventually promoted to political officer. Over the next three decades, he ascended the ranks of the Foreign Service with postings in Austria, Brazil, Mexico, Uruguay and Washington, D.C., and was appointed ambassador to Ecuador in 1976. Two years later he was appointed U.S. ambassador to Portugal, where he served until 1982.

As the U.S. envoy to Ecuador, Ambassador Bloomfield helped that country move from military rule to democracy, winning the State Department's Superior Honor Award for his performance. He arrived in Lisbon soon after the nonviolent overthrow of the autocratic Salazar regime during the Carnation Revolution, which ushered Portugal into the nascent European Union.

During a 30-year career, Mr. Bloomfield also served as deputy director of the Office of Regional Economic Policy (1964-1967), desk officer for Ecuador and Peru (1967-1968), economic counselor and USAID associate mission director in Brazil (1968-1971) and director of the Office of Policy Planning and Coordination in the Bureau of Inter-American Affairs (1972-1976).

Between postings, he earned a master's degree in public administration at Harvard University in 1960 and was awarded a fellowship at Harvard's Center for International Affairs (1971-1972). There he wrote what came to be known as one of the most authoritative and most frequently quoted unpublished papers on U.S.-Latin American relations of the 1970s. (The Department of State refused permission to have the paper published.)

Upon retirement from the Foreign Service in 1982, Mr. Bloomfield became executive director of the World Peace Foundation, an international affairs research institute established originally as the International School for Peace in Boston by the late publisher Edwin Ginn.

During his tenure at WPF, Mr. Bloomfield published three books: *Alternative to Intervention: A New U.S.-Latin American Security Relationship* (1990), *Regional Conflict and U.S. Policy: Angola and Mozambique* (1989), and *Puerto Rico: The Search for a National Policy* (1985).

After retiring from the WPF in 1992, he became senior visiting fellow at The Watson Institute for International Affairs at Brown University. Mr. Bloomfield took great delight in teaching his young protégés the nuances of foreign policy and in exhorting them to take the viewpoint of people of foreign lands. At the end of a career that spanned almost five decades, he returned to Harvard University as an affiliate at the Center for International Affairs.

The nattily attired Bloomfield was an oenophile who would often smile at the Catholic prayer, "Fruit of the vine, work of human hands," during the Liturgy of the Eucharist. His love of fishing, food, wine, music, cinema and humor was infectious. His later years were devoted to family and to writing his memoirs at his home in Cambridge, Mass., with summers at Martha's Vine-

yard and in Stockbridge, Mass.

Mr. Bloomfield is survived by his wife Carey Goodson Bloomfield of Cambridge; his five children, Thomas Bloomfield of Westminster, Md., John Bloomfield of Crofton, Md., Ann Duvall of Newton, Mass., Richard Bloomfield of Madison, Wisc., and William Bloomfield of Fairfax, Va.; his five grandchildren, Ryan, Kristen and Joanna Bloomfield, and Ben and Olivia Duvall; his two stepsons, Eric and Christopher Goodson; and his former wife Patricia Koepfle of Chevy Chase, Md. His first wife, Jean Duvall, died in 1965.

In lieu of flowers, donations can be made in Mr. Bloomfield's memory to the Working Boys Center in Quito, Ecuador, online at www.workingboyscenter.org or by mail, payable to Family Unity International, Inc., 12750 Stephen Place, Elm Grove WI 53122.

William A. Buell Jr., 86, a retired Foreign Service officer, died on Nov. 1 in Portsmouth, R.I.

Born in 1925, Mr. Buell spent most of his childhood in Middletown, R.I. Like many of his generation, his education was interrupted by World War II, during which he served in the Marine Corps as a fighter and transport pilot.

He returned to Princeton University, graduating in 1950 and going on to receive his master's degree in international affairs from The George Washington University. That same year, he married Jeanne Baldwin, the mother of his four children.

In 1951, Mr. Buell joined the Foreign Service, where he would work for the next quarter-century, posted to Warsaw, Taipei, Hamburg, Lome, Brussels (twice) and Paris. After a year at the Naval War College, he was made director of the Polish Language Service of the Voice of America in 1965, and subsequently took charge of Polish affairs in the Department of State.

After the death of his first wife, in 1968, he was remarried, to Mary Cutler O'Shaughnessy (a former FSO and the widow of another FSO, Elim O'Shaughnessy), acquiring three stepchildren in the process.

Mr. Buell was director of the Office of Northern European Affairs when he left the State Department in 1975 to work for Senator Adlai E. Stevenson III. In 1977, he was named director of Radio Free Europe in Munich, becoming senior vice president of Radio Free Europe/Radio Liberty two years later. After his retirement and move to Middletown, he served as a consultant to the International Rescue Committee, administering medical assistance programs in Poland and Russia.

In Middletown, Mr. Buell became a vital part of the Aquidneck Island community. He was deeply involved with St. George's School (where his father had been headmaster, and where he was both an alumnus, class of 1942, and, later, a trustee). He was also active in St. Columba's Chapel, the Redwood Library, the Newport Preservation Society and Hospice Care of R.I.

Mr. Buell was an ardent and skilled sailor, navigating two trans-Atlantic passages and captaining his own boat until just a few years prior to his death. A music lover, he also sang in choruses throughout his life, including the Princeton Nassoons, the Washington Cathedral Choir and the St. Columba's church choir.

Predeceased by his daughter, Nancy, Mr. Buell is survived by his wife, Mary of Portsmouth, R.I.; three of his children, Jewell of Shutesbury, Mass., Bill of New York, N.Y., and John of New Haven, Conn.; his brother, Tom of Portland, Ore.; his stepchildren, Elise, Nelson and Sophie O'Shaughnessy; and seven grandchildren.

Donations in lieu of flowers can be made to the International Rescue Committee or Hospice Care of R.I.

Charles (Chuck) Green, 93, a retired Foreign Service officer with USAID, died peacefully on Sept. 8 at his home in Malibu, Calif., surrounded by his family.

Born on Nov. 8, 1917, in Huntington Park, Ohio, he excelled as a student and Eagle Scout. Graduating from high school at 15, he went to Compton College in California and then UCLA to earn a bachelor's and a master's degree in history. While at UCLA during the 1930s, he was a Golden Gloves boxing champion.

As a child of the Great Depression, he was always happy to have a job and, over the years, held many different ones. These included helping out on the family farm, picking crops throughout the Central Valley of California and delivering newspapers. He even had a stint with the Border Patrol.

An early believer in collaborative learning, Mr. Green formed a study group at the U.S. Navy officers' training school at Northwestern University during World War II. All the members of the group passed the test to become officers.

Initially assigned to a submarine, he was asked to stay on as a teacher in the school. There, at a USO dance, he met his wife, Dorothy Hillis, and the couple would go on to a 67-year marriage.

The teaching assignment at North-

western was lucky in another way, too: the sub he had been assigned to was sunk two weeks after departing on its mission. Mr. Green later served on a World War I-era submarine patrolling the Pacific from the Aleutians to the Solomon Islands.

After the war, Mr. Green taught history and psychology at Santa Monica High School. He also helped start the first driver's education program there and was an early pioneer in driving safety, teaching literally thousands of people to drive. In 1952 he joined Santa Monica College, where he taught history, anthropology and life science for the next decade; he also earned a doctorate in education from UCLA.

Having long wanted to travel and live overseas, Mr. Green moved his family to Colombia in 1962, taking a job in community development with the United States Agency for International Development. From 1966 to 1982, he worked with USAID in the Dominican Republic, Peru, Vietnam, Colombia and Indonesia. He then served a three-year stint as an administrator in international education at Florida State before retiring to Malibu.

Mr. Green believed passionately in the importance of service to others and informed participation in democracy. He stayed active and gave back to the community through organizations such as the Malibu Rotary Club, the Malibu United Methodist Church, the Retired Teachers Association, and the Santa Monica YMCA Breakfast Club. He supported the local labor exchange and, during the rainy season, frequently brought home homeless workers who needed shelter.

Studying every proposition and issue on the ballot at each election, he was called on by friends and family to help them decide how to vote, and provided this service on a wider scale by presentations sponsored by the League of Women's Voters.

Active in the Malibu Democratic Club, he worked on City Council, School Board, Assembly, and State Senate campaigns — making phone calls, holding meetings in his home, stuffing envelopes and enjoying spirited political discussion.

First and foremost a teacher for 72 years, he continued to teach very popular current events classes through Santa Monica College's Emeritus program and at the Malibu Senior Center until December 2010. A lifelong learner, he also took classes at the Malibu Senior Center in drama and poetry, hosting his final drama performance at his home last May.

In addition to his wife, Dorothy, Mr. Green is survived by his son, Terry, and daughter-in-law, JoAnn, of Santa Monica; and his daughter, Marilyn, and son-in-law, Larry Jones, of Moorpark, Calif., all four of whom are educators; four grandchildren, Carrie of Kirkland, Wash., Jennie of Santa Monica, Alex of Bellingham, Wash., and Nathaniel of Woodland Hills, Calif., as well as many nieces, nephews, in-laws and family friends around the world.

The family would like to express their profound gratitude for the compassionate care provided to Mr. Green by Vitas Hospice and his caregiver, Ester Tenebro, who made his final year comfortable and his final hours peaceful.

Donations to a scholarship in his name for students committed to a career in the Foreign Service may be made out to the Moorpark Board/Management Scholarship Fund and may be sent to Marilyn Green, 4593 Heather Glen Ct., Moorpark CA 93021.

Daniel Kiang, 67, a retired Foreign Service officer, died on July 22, 2011, at Manor Care in Potomac, Md., after a long battle with lung cancer.

Born in Shanghai, Daniel spent his childhood in Tokyo and Okinawa, where he graduated from a Department of Defense high school.

He obtained his higher education in the United States, graduating from Dartmouth College and receiving advanced degrees in international relations and Chinese history from Columbia University. A veteran, Mr. Kiang spent most of his three-year military service with the Army Security Agency at Fort Meade, Md.

In January 1979 Mr. Kiang joined the Foreign Service as a political officer. He spent most of his career in the East Asia and Pacific Bureau, either in Washington, D.C., or abroad. His overseas assignments included Beijing, Shenyang (where he was a member of the team that opened the consulate general in May 1984), Taipei, London, Hong Kong and Kuala Lumpur.

In Washington, he served as a political-military officer in the Office of Taiwan Coordination and as Malaysia desk officer. In a rare out-of-EAP tour, he worked in the Office of Caribbean Affairs for two years. Mr. Kiang's final tour prior to retirement in September 2004 was as a Taiwan cross-Strait analyst in the Bureau of Intelligence and Research.

A long-time classical music lover, Mr. Kiang took piano lessons when he was in high school. While studying at Columbia, he frequented the Metropolitan Opera as a standee. He reveled in his first tour in London, where he haunted Covent Garden and the West End theater district. After returning to the department, he subscribed to the Washington Opera and also frequently

patronized the ballet. He particularly enjoyed the 19th-century ballet classics.

After his retirement, Mr. Kiang planned to do some traveling, but that was not to be. He was diagnosed with lung cancer in the spring of 2005, although he had never smoked in his life. Later that year, he underwent lung surgery, chemotherapy and radiation treatment. The cancer went into remission, and Mr. Kiang was able to return to EAP/TC and EAP/EP as a When Actually Employed annuitant.

The disease recurred in the fall of 2007, but after several months of treatment he was able to return to EAP/TC on a part-time basis. Eventually, however, the cancer began to overwhelm his defenses.

Throughout his illness, Mr. Kiang was greatly appreciative of the kindness of all of his friends, who went out of their way to make his remaining time more comfortable and fulfilled.

Howard H. Lange, 73, a retired Foreign Service officer, died on Sept. 15 of prostate cancer in Arlington, Va.

Born Nov. 4, 1937, in Nebraska, Mr. Lange received his bachelor's degree from the University of Nebraska in 1959. After serving in the U.S. Air Force for eight years and attaining the rank of captain, Mr. Lange entered graduate school at the University of Washington, where he received his master's degree in Asian studies in 1969.

That same year, he entered the Foreign Service. Mr. Lange's first assignment was with the Civil Operations and Rural Development Support program in Vietnam, where he served for a year in the old imperial capital of Hue, followed by a year in the embassy's political section in Saigon. Other overseas postings followed in the Philippines, Taiwan, China, Poland and Malta.

As deputy chief of mission in Malta, Mr. Lange was closely involved with the 1989 summit between President George H.W. Bush and General Secretary Mikhail Gorbachev. In Washington, Mr. Lange served in the Office of Intellectual Property and the Office of Taiwan Coordination. He concluded his career as director of the Office of Chinese and Mongolian Affairs.

After retiring in 1998, Mr. Lange continued to work part-time in the department's Freedom of Information Office. One of his ancestors, William Dawes, made the famous 1775 ride with Paul Revere, and Mr. Lange was active in the Descendants of the William Dawes Who Rode Association, eventually becoming its president. He also had an interest in antique maps and the history of cartography, serving as president of the Washington Map Society from 2008 to 2010.

Mr. Lange is survived by his wife, Bach Ha, of Arglington, Va.; his son Brian of Chicago, Ill.; and his sister Virginia Mackay of Bainbridge Island, Wash.

Andrew J. Schwartz, 88, a retired FSO with the United States Information Agency, died on Oct. 20 at Inova Fairfax Hospital in Fairfax, Va., of complications from Parkinson's disease.

Born in New Arad, Hungary (now Romania), Mr. Schwartz arrived in the U.S. with his parents when he was about a year old. He received a doctorate in international relations from the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy at Tufts University, and subsequently taught political science at Susquehanna University and Sweet Briar College.

Prior to joining the Foreign Service, he was also a Fulbright Scholar in Finland, where he met his future wife, Ingrid.

In 1961 Mr. Schwartz joined the U.S. Information Agency. During a 27-year career, he served overseas as a cultural affairs officer in Costa Rica, the Philippines, Bolivia, Venezuela and Guatemala, in addition to tours in Washington, D.C.

Dr. Schwartz is survived by his wife of 55 years, Ingrid, of Annandale, Va.; two sons, Eric Schwartz of Richmond, Va., and Michael Schwartz of Alexandria, Va.; two grandchildren; and his sisters, Terry Otero of Florida and Susanne Sienkiewicz of New York. ■

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Foreign Service Crossword

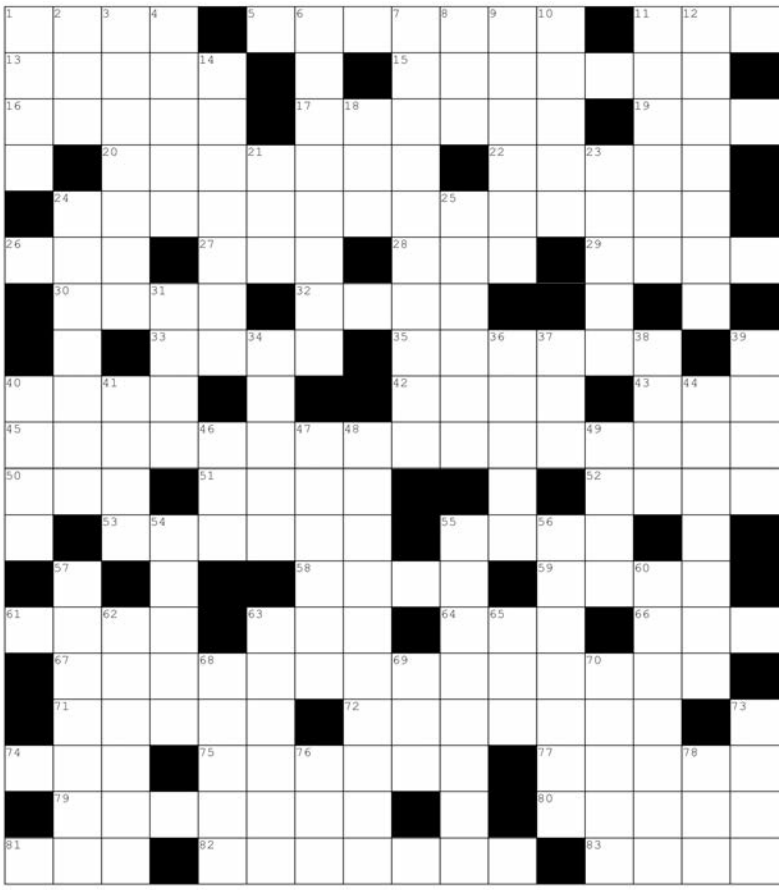
By Jason Vorderstrasse

ACROSS

1. Mason Mitchell served as consul in this city in Samoa, 1908-1919
5. Soviet satellite
11. Holy ____
13. All ____ meeting
15. Consul in Brisbane, 1938-1943, or comedian Rags
16. ___ et Pamphylia
17. Band technician
19. James Armstrong Richardson Int'l Airport
20. Vice consul in Corinto, 1917-1922, or crime novelist Elmore
22. Philippine voc. education agency
24. William Hale served as consular agent at this northeastern French city, 1898-1902
26. FSN, now
27. Inuit knife
28. Mountain in western Serbia, site of first Allied victory in World War I
29. Turkish province and city on the Black Sea
30. Soda known for orange, grape and peach flavors
32. Atmosphere
33. Have ___ in
35. Ambassador to Lesotho, 1985-1987, or *Flatland* author
40. "Dilbert" character
42. Vendetta
43. Bureau under R
45. German Hahn served as consular agent in this city now known as Ciudad del Carmen, 1904-1905
50. Tongan island
51. ___ go Bragh
52. Horseman, in Ankara
53. Connecticut, the __ State
54. Country, in Spanish
58. Ryukyu snake
59. Final dynasty in China
61. Current ambassador to Fiji, or Oregon college
63. Rack and pinion
64. Old French coin
66. GO predecessor
67. J. Brock Havron served as consul in this city now known as Lubumbashi, 1949
71. Stanislavski's designer
72. Yangmingshan primate
74. Rank below Lt. Col.
75. Bolillo-like bread in Mexico
77. Essere ___ di bosco (flown the coop)
79. First consul in Hong Kong, or "Sweet Love, Bitter" soundtrack composer
80. Muse of lyric poetry
81. Powdery residue
82. Lying ____
83. Israeli foreign minister, 1966-1974

DOWN

1. Al ___, Egyptian soccer team
2. Language incentive ____
3. Surround (var.)



4. Goodbye, in France
6. Ambassador James Thessin currently serves in this country bordering Bolivia and Brazil
7. Pol/Econ or Washington
8. Currency in Windhoek (abbrev.)
9. Gaudeamus ____
10. ____ kote
11. Consul general in Buenos Aires, 1906-1909, or Kansas State football coach
12. Consul in Manila, 1832-1838 and 1848-1854, or "Pink Panther" director
14. Wiley T. Clay served as consular agent in this northeastern Brazilian city, 1943
18. 1970 Piers Anthony novel
21. President of the Khmer Republic, 1972-1975
23. ___ -Hawley Tariff
24. E. L. G. Milsom served as consular agent in this northwestern Algerian port, 1902
25. Naval Support Unit employee
31. One of Japan's "Three Holy Mountains"
34. Warning
36. Erwin F. Lange served as vice consul in this northwestern Turkish city, 1916-1917
37. Electric Charlie's org.
38. Temporary shelter
39. Vice and deputy consul in Leghorn, 1904-1905, or Oka of Heroes
40. Large amount
41. State in southwestern Nigeria
44. Emil Sauer served as consul in this northwestern German city, 1919-1925
46. Ensnare
47. Type of press
48. Religious ____ Report
49. Northeastern Romanian city
54. Brighten
55. Barrow
56. Charles S. Winans served as consul in this northern Chilean city, 1900-1907
57. Teeter-totters
60. Florida State University taxi service
62. Mendelssohn oratorio
63. Large underground chamber
65. Eggs
68. Sold, in Tashkent
69. Coat
70. Money
73. Flin ____
76. Murtala Muhammed Int'l Airport
78. Letter after zeta

Jason Vorderstrasse, an FSO since 2004, is currently desk officer for Chile. Overseas, he has served in Hong Kong and Kingston.

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