

SACRIFICE, STEWIE AND MARSHALL

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A year ago in June, concluding 50 years in educational administration, I tiptoed into a political campaign for the first time in my life. Before then, I had never worked for a candidate, preferring to keep secret from my several school constituencies, for obvious reasons, the nature of my political leanings. When I helped to raise a little money for Ted Strickland and Victoria Wulsin, it was a new experience.

Having spent the first half of my life in Boston, I was heavily influenced as a boy to be a moderate Massachusetts Republican, and I have subsequently learned that such an East Coast orientation is quite different from that of many Republicans in Southwest Ohio. Leaders such as Leverett Saltonstall, Christian Herter, Ralph Lowell, Francis Sargent and Henry Cabot Lodge were our role models, mostly staunch Episcopalians and Harvard College graduates, while we were taught to be suspicious of charming, cunning, Irish Catholic tricksters such as Honey Fitz, Joe Kennedy, Cardinal Cushing and James Michael Curley. We believed that Harvard, MIT, the Symphony, the Arnold Arboretum, the Museum of Fine Arts, the Red Sox, and most other organizations that mattered flourished because of the stewardship and vision of our Brahmin aristocrats, and that it was best not to inquire where their vast fortunes had come from.

When I traveled the ten miles home from college for Thanksgiving as a freshman, and shared with my father at dinner the many good things I had learned there about Franklin D. Roosevelt, my more liberal mother asked me to help her clear the dishes. "If you are enjoying Harvard, Peter," she told me in the kitchen, "go easy on praising President Roosevelt with your father."

Shortly before his death, my father reminded me what he thought the Republican party stood for, including balanced budgets, fiscal responsibility, checks and balances, limited intrusions into the private lives of citizens, close ties with international partners (especially in Western Europe), the separation of church and state, dignified discourse, and sensitivity to conflicts of interest (especially on the part of the most privileged members of the community). He was outraged at many of the things Franklin D. Roosevelt wanted to do. "I believe in a strong executive, Peter," he said, "but to preserve a democracy, every leader as powerful as President Roosevelt needs the restraints of judicial independence, media freedom and legislative oversight. It isn't tidy, but it is necessary." That was the first time I heard the familiar expression that, "power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely."

This explains why I always voted more often for Republicans than Democrats when I lived in Boston, and why I have continued that pattern since moving to Ohio, although this has been changing since 2004. I voted here for Ronald Reagan and George H. W. Bush, Mike DeWine and George Voinovich, Bob and Seth Taft, six times for Rob Portman, and in 2000 for our current President after he assured us that Colin Powell would be his Secretary of State, and common sense convinced me that he would be influenced in international affairs by the

experienced judgment of fellow Texans such as his father, James Baker, Robert Gates, and Brent Scowcroft.

This summer in Maine, while I was reading Evan Thomas' new book called "Sea of Thunder," about the biggest naval battle ever fought, in the Leyte Gulf in WWII, I had an epiphany that made clear to me the single thing that most troubles me about our current administration.

In his first chapter, Evan Thomas recalls America's response to Pearl Harbor, including the fascinating fact that several of the senior Japanese Admirals who planned the attack believed it was a mistake, but were unable to persuade their superiors, especially their reclusive Emperor who was always protected from gunshots fired in anger. These admirals believed that Japan already had more than enough military initiatives throughout Southeast Asia, without taking on America. Two of them had even studied for a year in the United States after completing their naval training, and they strongly feared, as one of them expressed it, that Pearl Harbor's unintended consequence would be "to awaken an American sleeping giant." It turned out, of course, that they were right.

I thought a lot this summer about the experiences of my family during WWII, and am confident that they were similar to those found elsewhere in Boston's affluent suburbs. My father was a prominent figure in our hometown of Wellesley, a moderately successful stockbroker who had been an Army Cavalry officer in WWI. He was the Senior Warden of the little Episcopal Church we joined in Newton Lower Falls, just across the Charles River from Wellesley, after gas rationing required us to move from the venerable Trinity Church in Copley Square, where his father had been Senior Warden. He was the President of the Wellesley Country Club, an officer of the Appalachian Mountain Club, and a Selectman (which is what city council members are still called in small New England towns). He co-chaired Greater Boston's United Appeal one year, and his five children worked at least one summer each delivering food and medical supplies to isolated Indians along the coast of Labrador for an organization he helped found called the Grenfell Mission. We were all startled when he volunteered in 1943, at age 50, to move to Washington for a couple of years, to serve as what he repeatedly described as "just an expensive messenger" on the staff of Gen. George Catlett Marshall.

My intellectual mother turned Quaker shortly after the war began, and did lots of work for the American Friends Service Committee. She edited the little newsletter, called the 50 Elm St. News, that my kid sister Ellie and I wrote on tissue-like stationery every week for our older siblings and neighbors, encouraged us to farm a tiny victory garden, walked us to the Post Office to buy war bonds, helped us to distribute food and clothing to the needy, and reminded us to pull down our window shades at night. She was at home with Ellie and me when we participated the day after D-day in what the writer, Jon Meacham, has called "one of the largest mass prayers in human history," a six minute fireside chat Franklin Delano Roosevelt composed himself. Cars pulled off the road to listen as our President spoke the words, while manufacturers suspended their operations, churches opened their doors, and schools interrupted their classes.

"Almighty God: Our sons, pride of our nation, this day have set upon a mighty endeavor, a struggle to preserve our Republic, our religion and our civilization, and to set free a suffering humanity. Lead them straight and true, give strength to their arms, stoutness to their hearts,

steadfastness in their faith. They will need thy blessings. Their road will be long and hard. For the enemy is strong. He may hurl back our forces. Success may not come with rushing speed, but we shall return again and again, and we know by thy grace, and by the righteousness of our cause, our sons will triumph. They will be sorely tried, by night and by day, without rest—until the victory is won. The darkness will be rent by noise and flame. Men’s souls will be shaken with the violence of war. For these men are lately drawn from the ways of peace. They fight not for the lust of conquest. They fight to end conquest. They fight to liberate. They fight to let justice arise, and tolerance and good will among all thy people. They yearn but for the end of battle, for their return to the haven of home. Some will never return. Lead us to the saving of our country, and with our sister nations into a world unity that will spell a sure peace—a peace invulnerable to the schemings of unworthy men. And a peace that will let all men live in freedom, reaping the just rewards of their honest toil. Thy will be done, Almighty God, Amen.”

Returning to my family’s activities in WWII. After graduating from Smith, my sister Barbara earned a degree in Social Work from Columbia, and moved to Washington to care for wounded servicemen. That was how she met her husband, a young naval officer who had just graduated from Harvard, and still remembers when a kamikaze pilot crashed a plane into his ship bound for Okinawa. After earning a PhD after the war, Field Haviland chaired the Political Science Department at Haverford College, was an officer of the Brookings Institution, and retired as a senior administrator from the Fletcher School of International Diplomacy. Early on, he co-wrote a popular textbook called “Uniting for Peace,” and a major disappointment of his life has been that the United Nations hasn’t lived up to his high hopes. In 1954, he also co-wrote a book called “American Foreign Policy and the Separation of Powers,” and devoted a chapter there to how Harry Truman and George Catlett Marshall sold the nation the Marshall Plan.

My brother Loring, who is 81, lives in a Veteran’s hospital in New Hampshire. He was wounded twice in WWII in Belgium, and was on a ship approaching Japan when we dropped our bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. In many respects the most talented of us all, Loring’s life has been a tough one. If he were returning now from Iraq, I strongly suspect that he would be receiving medical treatment for traumatic stress disorder.

I spent two years in the field artillery between 1954-56 at Fort Sill and in Germany, and it was for the most part very soft duty. The only disconcerting moment occurred when I was stationed for a few months in a town called Grafenwoehr, just across from the Czechoslovakia border, and a General came to tell us about a rumor that the Russians might attack us there, and that our mission would be to slow down their momentum for 24 hours. When a colleague asked the General what we might expect after that, his deliberate response was: “Son, I doubt that you would have to worry very much about that.”

Finally, there was Stewie, who would be 83 if he were alive today, who was killed soon after his 20th birthday on Thanksgiving Day, 1944, in a German village near Aachen, during the Battle of the Bulge, and is magnificently cared for 60 years later in a military cemetery in Maargraten, Holland.

You need to know a little something about Stewie. Some of you know Paul Flory, and he introduced me last year to a man who had served in Stewie’s unit in Germany, and who had

visited our home after the war to tell my parents about Stewie's last moments. I subsequently got a letter from this Charlie Erdman, now retired to Martha's Vineyard and California, enclosing a picture of him and his three sons. "The one in the middle is named Stewart," he wrote, "and here are the names of the two other men in our unit who named their sons after your brother, too."

I suspect that my passion for sports comes from Stewie. He took me to my first Harvard football game when I was 9 or 10, and the Crimson were terrible. We went with our father to Fenway Park to watch Ted Williams hit .406 in 1941, and it boggles the mind to think about all the records the Splendid Splinter would have set if he hadn't spent seven seasons in his prime in both WW II and Korea serving his country as a Marine Corps pilot. There were only six teams in the NHL, and only eight in the NBA, when Stewie took his kid brother to the hallowed Boston Garden on a couple of Thanksgiving and Christmas nights to watch the Bruins and the Celtics play the hated Rangers and Knicks.

Aging minds play curious tricks, so I remember to this day Stewie's returning from the celebrated World's Fair of 1938 at Flushing Meadow, when I was six, to bring me a present of one of Walt Disney's Seven Dwarfs. It could have been Grumpy or Dopey or Sleepy or Sneezy, but, instead, it was Happy. I still have a picture of Stewie and Happy and me together, and I will not soon forgive UPS for losing the packing box that contained Happy following a school gig in Fort Worth five years ago.

When I was nine, a local bully tore Happy out of my arms one day on a playground, and literally ripped the arms and legs and button eyes off his soft body. I was shocked and distraught, and expected my parents to go to a store and buy a replacement. Instead, after Stewie got home from school that afternoon, as it was beginning to get dark and rain outside, I looked out my bedroom window to see him searching for Happy's abandoned parts, on his knees, aided by a flashlight, retrieving the torn limbs and button eyes, and bringing the soggy mess to my mother. And what she did was to sew up his parts as best she could, his eyes henceforth fastened loosely to his face, his arms and legs different lengths and pointing in different directions, a couple of fingers missing. "We love Happy too much to have left him out there in the cold and the dark and the rain," she said when they brought him back to me. "We don't just throw away people we love when they get hurt."

After Stewie graduated from the Noble and Greenough School in June, 1942, he enrolled immediately in Harvard College, and spent several months there before joining an elite new unit that was a brainchild of Gen. George Catlett Marshall, called the Army Specialized Training Program. This hastily assembled ASTP Unit enrolled about 200,000 young men from backgrounds quite like Stewie's, and it would not surprise me to learn that a few of you in this room may even have been part of it. ASTP enrollment was based on test scores and previous educational background, so most of its members came from elite colleges.

I had never heard of the ASTP, or Stewie's affiliation with it, until I worked in Baton Rouge two years ago, and visited Stephen Ambrose's fascinating World War II museum in New Orleans. Every time I was in that museum, and in General Marshall's own wonderful museum in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, I marveled at the enormous amount of time that he spent from Pearl Harbor on thinking about what we would need to do as a nation after we won the war.

The 200,000 young men who were chosen to join the ASTP were sent to 227 colleges to take sped-up courses in various branches of engineering, science, foreign languages and other liberal arts, and Stewie was sent to Ball State University in Muncie, Indiana. The massive arrivals of these ASTPers effectively changed these campuses into quasi-army reservations, and literally made the difference that enabled some of them to stay open. It was Gen. Marshall's fear, so soon after Pearl Harbor, that the war would last a lot longer than it did, and would exhaust the available numbers of officers we would need to help win it. He was also a firm believer in the liberal arts, and believed the ASTP would be a useful complement to our Service Academies, Officer Candidate Schools and Naval V12 programs. Himself a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute, not West Point, as he often pointed out, General Marshall had appreciated the opportunities offered students at Bob Hilton's beloved Washington and Lee College, just down the road from VMI, and had once even inquired, as an undergraduate, without success, whether he might be allowed to cross-register in a liberal arts course or two there. Robert E. Lee was always Marshall's hero, just as much for his accomplishments at Washington and Lee College after the Civil War, as for his military career.

A highly respected Professor of History from West Point named Beukema, with the rank of Colonel, was brought to Washington to run the ASTP program. These young men are "soldiers first and students second," he told a Congressional Committee in 1943. "They are under strict military discipline at all times, wear regulation uniforms, stand all normal formations such as reveille, are subject to Saturday morning inspections, march to classes and meals, have lights out at 10:30 P.M., and generally behave and misbehave like all soldiers. The standard workweek is at least 70 hours of what we call 'supervised activity,' including 24 hours of class and lab work, 24 hours of required study, 15 hours of military instruction, and 6 hours of physical training." Colonel Beukema flat out told the Congressional Committee that "this ASTP program is more rigorous than those at Annapolis and West Point." It was his and Gen. Marshall's expectation that these men would excel as officers during this anticipated long war, and, afterward, in business, law, medicine, teaching, the military, and other professions. They expected these men to become community leaders and exemplary citizens after the war, and to know what it would take in the future for the United States to participate wisely in international affairs. It is amazing to see how many ASTPers have been listed in Who's Who in America.

In spite of Gen. Marshall's personal involvement, however, there was from the outset of the ASTP considerable public opposition to the program, an opposition that included much of the congress, and, even, quietly, President Roosevelt, who was running for his 4th term as President. These vocal ASTP critics wanted to know why 200,000 young men from privileged backgrounds were going to college while so many of their peers were facing death overseas. The fact that these young men would see combat soon enough in a war that was likely to last a long time wasn't a sufficiently persuasive one, and no one knew yet that we were having success building an atomic bomb.

When the Germans launched a last-ditch counter-attack, called the Battle of the Bulge, even Marshall felt obliged to succumb to the Army's sudden personnel needs, and to public opinion.

So, without warning, in early 1944, 140,000 of the 200,000 ASTPers, all of them still privates, were immediately assigned to line duty by the War Department, sent home for one week's leave, and delivered to Ft. Dix, N.J., to prepare immediately for European battle. I am convinced that my mother, an extraordinarily prescient person, knew when Stewie left our home in Wellesley for Ft. Dix and Germany that she would not see him again.

If these green-as-grass ASTPers expected to get favored treatment at Ft. Dix, they were sadly mistaken. It was made abundantly clear right away, for instance, that there would be no places for them in the Officer Candidate Schools. They were given such a hard time by their drill instructors that officers sometimes had to intervene on their behalf. They were given no instructional slack even though they were being thrown into units that had been training for weeks before they got there. Given their unfriendly receptions, it isn't surprising that they made things harder for themselves by sticking together like glue. A local newspaper even asked in print "what kind of soldier prepares for battle by dealing out bridge hands, opening up chess boards, and reading books during training breaks." Stewie was dead in Germany six months after he arrived at Ft. Dix, which brings me to a chilling email my sister Ellie sent me last month, an email that makes me thankful that WW II was indeed, "A Necessary War."

"Whoever was in charge of our troops in Aachen wanted them to have a richly deserved Thanksgiving dinner together in 1944," Ellie remembers, after watching Ken Burns' celebrated series called "The War," "but one of the lower ranked officers disagreed, saying they would be sitting ducks, and the Germans would surely attack. The superior officer insisted they go ahead with the dinner, and the Germans did attack, and it was awful. The aging soldier Ken Burns interviewed for the program says he has not gone to a Thanksgiving dinner since without feeling physically ill. "Do you remember when I answered the door two Sundays later, Peter, while we were singing Christmas carols, with mother at the piano, and we received the War Department's telegram? You were 12 and I was 8. I think we were both affected in ways we may never understand. We need to talk about it sometime."

Once the ASTPers were tested in combat in Europe, all those Fort Dix prejudices disappeared, in most substantial part because they suffered such exceedingly high casualties. Disproportionately large numbers of the ASTPers were awarded medals, a Lt. Gen. reported after the war to a Congressional Committee, and the numbers of them who were awarded battlefield commissions, with the strong support of their enlisted men, far surpassed the Army's expectations.

It is hard to believe that 60 years have passed since my father told me one June morning to put on my Noble's blazer, mind my manners, and accompany him to my first Harvard commencement. I recall the silly top hat and formal black finery he wore that day as a permanent Marshall of his Class of 1915, a considerable honor. After the festivities, he said we would walk up the steps into the Widener Library for lunch with a hundred or so guests, and he hoped to be able to introduce me to the greatest man he had ever known.

Shortly before his death, some 25 years later, my father asked me if I remembered that occasion, and I responded that I didn't know how I could have ever forgotten it, and that it was hard to find the right words to tell him how proud I was to be his son.

The honorary degree recipients that day included T. S. Eliot, J. Robert Oppenheimer, Gen. Omar Bradley, Hodding Carter (the visionary small town newspaper publisher from Mississippi), and Frank L. Boyden, who had tutored local boys to help pay his way through Bill Friedlander's beloved Amherst College, and then founded a boys' boarding school in a nearby village called Deerfield. Mr. Boyden—I never heard anyone call him Frank—headed that great academy for 66 years, outliving a son he groomed to be his successor.

The Boston Herald reported the day after Commencement that one particular ovation was especially “prolonged, spontaneous and tumultuous,” on what is normally a sedate occasion, and that it honored General of the Army George Catlett Marshall, by now our Secretary of State, several years later to be the recipient of the Nobel Peace Prize.

The luncheon in Widener was a large one, but I was impressed that Gen. Marshall made a point of leaving his head table and crossing the room to greet my father, which always struck me as curious since I had been told so often that my father's place on the General's team had been such an inconsequential one. As Marshall and my father were about to say good-bye, he beckoned me over and said, “General, may I introduce Stewart's and Loring's younger brother.” Somehow, I remembered to look him straight in the eye, shake his hand firmly, and conclude with a “Sir.”

When the luncheon ended, I crossed the Yard to the Square, took the subway to the South Station, and the train back to Wellesley, and walked up the Croton St. hill to my home, while Gen. Marshall went back out and told the world about his vision that came to be called the Marshall Plan. (A few months later, when it was clear that the Marshall Plan was actually going to happen, several of Harry Truman's slicker political handlers told him that he was the President, and thus needed to put his own name on the Plan. Truman's immediate response was that “This is, and always will be, Gen. Marshall's achievement. Don't bring this up again.” I will never forget my father once telling me that it was the Marshall Plan and the GI Bill that made him feel prouder to be an American than anything else that happened in his lifetime.)

Winston Churchill wrote, “I have never known anyone who was Gen. Marshall's superior as a soldier and as a man. In war, he was as wise and understanding in counsel as he was resolute in action. In peace, he was the architect who planned the restoration of the world's battered international economy and labored tirelessly to establish a system of western defense. He was clearly the noblest Roman, a figure of such flawless rectitude and self-command that he inspired awe and made description difficult. He was a tower of strength and common sense. The more I have seen and talked with him, the more I am certain that he was the great man of the age.”

In the last magazine article he wrote before the tragic accident that took his life last spring, the two-time Pulitzer Prize winning author, David Halberstam, among other things, wondered why internationally the inexperienced President Bush was paying so little attention to the advice of his father's closest friend and most trusted internationally advisor: “Brent Scowcroft is a man possessing a real sense of history,” he wrote, “a man of intellectual superiority and enormous sense, a man who strikes me as a lineal descendent of George Catlett Marshall, arguably the most extraordinary of the post-war architects of American foreign policy, both men possessing a remarkable ability to shed light on the present by extrapolating from the past.”

George Kennan, who believed that the Marshall Plan was the most indispensable piece of our country's strategy to contain an imperialist Soviet Union with grand designs to dominate Western Europe, wrote, "He was invariably courteous, and was without a trace of pure vanity or self-serving ambition. He displayed the imperturbability of a good conscience."

Many historians believe that the single most important moment that insured the destruction of Sen. Joseph McCarthy was when that out-of-control drunk from Wisconsin finally accused even Marshall of being a Communist sympathizer. His advisors begged Marshall to fight back, but his response was a simple one that he made only once: "If I must explain at this time in my life that I have not been a traitor, then it is hardly worth it."

Marshall believed that the highest honor he ever received, beside the Nobel Peace Prize, came in 1954, when, by an unprecedented and unanimous act of the British Parliament, a Marshall scholarship program was established for American college graduates, a scholarship program equal in importance to the long-coveted Rhodes scholarships for men at Oxford, but less restrictive in its requirements (women could be recipients, and the winners could choose among several British universities). Paul Sittenfeld's son P.G. is currently studying in England on a Marshall scholarship. The British Parliament's language concluded this way: "A close accord between our two countries is essential to the good of mankind in this turbulent world of today, and that is not possible without an intimate understanding of each other."

Marshall knew the place of a soldier in a democracy and he occasionally lost political battles after fighting hard to make his case. He begged President Roosevelt, after the fall of France, to let him mobilize our ground forces for war, for instance, but the President was waging a third election campaign in 1940, and there were strong isolationist impulses in the citizenry. "Even the domineering President could not bend Marshall's backbone," writes Michael Beschloss, in his new book called Presidential Courage, "though not for lack of trying. On one occasion, he tried to pressure Marshall in a big meeting into consenting to a delay in the development of large ground forces until seven airplane factories could be built. As a dozen officials' bobbleheads went up and down, Roosevelt asked Marshall 'Don't you think so, George?' 'I am sorry, Mr. President, but I don't agree with that at all,' was the response. Roosevelt gave Marshall such a startled look that when they later left the room separately, several senior officials in attendance bade Marshall goodbye at the door, sincerely believing that the episode would mark the end of his career. It obviously didn't. Roosevelt wasn't used to such frank disagreement in large meetings, but he admired Marshall's grit and conviction, and soon promoted him again."

(It is incredible to realize that Marshall took an American armed force totaling 174,000 men in 1940, an armed force that had been allowed to stagnate after WWI, and saw to it that it became an awesome combat machine of 16 million men and women by 1943. To accomplish this, he purged 31 of his division and corps commanders, all of them Generals, and 162 Colonels, on the grounds that they were unsuited for battle, and somehow pulled it off.)

Famously, he begged the President not to send American troops to join Montgomery and the British in their campaign against the Germans in North Africa, determined to conserve American resources for the invasions he knew would soon be coming to the "soft underbelly in Italy and to France. Roosevelt overruled him, of course, sensitive to Churchill's profound fear that England's

troops might be repelled again from those historic European beaches, if our invasions were premature. It was in North Africa that Generals Eisenhower and Marshall developed a distaste for England's Montgomery that lasted throughout the war.

Marshall wanted badly, too, to lead the invasion of Normandy that Gen. Eisenhower ultimately headed. A dying President Roosevelt finally told him, in the presence of witnesses: "No, General, I couldn't sleep nights worrying how we will conduct the conclusion of this war if you aren't by my side."

Most controversially, Marshall expressed grave reservations after the war to President Truman about the wisdom of our recognizing the new state of Israel until other members of the international community, especially the English, could somehow be persuaded to support the move. I agree with Michael Beschloss that Truman did the right and inevitable thing by approving America's unilateral decision to recognize the new state of Israel, but I disagree with his claim that Marshall had petulantly threatened to resign his position if he didn't get his way. That simply wasn't Marshall's style. Indeed, it was only hours after the decision was announced that Marshall was successfully lobbying behind the scenes to get the new state of Israel admitted to the new United Nations. What is still scary tonight, 60 years after the fact, is how much of what Marshall feared would happen in Palestine and the Middle East is still happening. He predicted that the United States would have to provide enormous financial and military support to Israel for generations, and that we would receive little or no support there from our allies. "The Arabs throughout the Middle East will have strong armies and be highly motivated and well trained," he predicted, and "you will not want to fight them. Whenever we think we have a truce arranged, one or the other side will score a victory, and convince itself that it has more to gain on the battlefield than in negotiations. The Middle East is likely to be a very inhospitable place that the United States doesn't know nearly enough about. "

As you know, Cincinnati's 45243 zip code in Indian Hill is a prime source of political contributions for both parties, and the same holds true of my hometown zip code of 02181 in Wellesley, Massachusetts. Barack Obama, Hilary Clinton, Mitt Romney and Rudy Giuliani will spend a lot of time raising money in these zip codes in months to come.

I have talked in confidence with 8 or 10 very well-fixed friends who attended fund-raisers with President Bush in both these communities last year, and whose life-long loyalty to the Republican Party I genuinely respect. As one of them told me: "Even if some things aren't currently going the way we may have hoped they would, Peter, we will stick with our party the same way you stick with the institutions that matter the most to you, because we think this is the best way we will be able to influence the party's future."

"Here's what we remember most clearly about these Presidential fund-raisers:

1. Permanent tax cuts remain a vital part of the President's agenda, as essential components of the maintenance of a robust economy and strong stock market.
2. Both Afghanistan and Iraq are integral and indispensable parts of America's Global War on Terror, and it is clear that they will last a long time. (We had been gently forewarned that these

fund-raisers were not the right place to ask hard questions or make critical comments about how we are doing in the Middle East.)

3. Given our unhappy national experience with a draft in Vietnam, we were assured that no one is contemplating the introduction of a draft now. We will continue to rely on our volunteer armed forces to fight these battles, we were told, and it was clear to us that the war would continue to be overwhelmingly fought by other people's children and grandchildren, not ours.

This summer, during a week's vacation in Maine, I found myself examining each day in the Portland newspaper where the hometowns were of the 30 or 40 American soldiers who were killed the previous week in Afghanistan and Iraq. This was part of the week's list: Yuma, Arizona; Barstow and Gold River, California; Duluth, Ringgold and Tipton, Georgia; New Castle, Indiana; Davenport, Iowa; Chicopee, Massachusetts; Lake City, Minnesota; Sidney, Nebraska; Las Limas, New Mexico; Hickory, N.C.; Beach City, Newport and Riverside, Ohio; Veneta, Oregon; Huron, South Dakota; Round Rock and Slaton, Texas; Blanding, Utah; and Mechanicsburg and Woodbridge, Va.. The paper estimated that about 20% of all our soldiers' deaths in Afghanistan and Iraq have been Hispanics, some of them undocumented aliens.

Two anecdotes further illustrate, I believe, how far removed most Americans like us feel we are from these wars we are fighting in Iraq and Afghanistan, and I would guess that they partly explain, too, why our citizens' opposition to our conduct of the war hasn't been more impassioned.

In an interview in February on PBS, Jim Lehrer asked President Bush why he wasn't calling on more Americans to sacrifice something for such a noble cause, and I was startled that the word "sacrifice" seemed to startle the President. "Well, you know, Jim," was the response, "I think a lot of people are in this fight. I mean, they sacrifice peace of mind every night when they see the terrible images of violence on TV."

A few weeks later, Mitt Romney was asked by a newscaster why, since he is such a strong proponent of the war, not one of his five sons is serving in the military. "My sons are doing something important for their country," was his response: "by dropping everything to help their father get elected President of the United States."

I recently ran across a book called "The Price of Liberty," by a man named Robert Hormats, who is Vice-Chairman of the Board of the international investment firm called Goldman Sachs. Mr. Hormats explains there how America has paid for all its foreign wars.

In every major war we have fought in the 19th and 20th centuries," he writes, "Americans have been asked to pay higher taxes—and nonessential programs have been cut—to support the military effort. Yet during this Iraq war, taxes have been lowered and domestic spending has climbed. In contrast to World War I, World War II, the Korean War and Vietnam, for most Americans this war has entailed no economic or other sacrifice. The only people really sacrificing for this war are the troops and their families." He concludes with a statement from George Washington's farewell address as President: "I would warn against ungenerously throwing upon posterity the burdens we ourselves ought to bear."

When veteran independent school heads get together to swap stories, a few of which are true, they talk about how dramatically the job has changed over the length of their tenures. One of the happiest changes on most of our watches, I believe, has been the integration of creative community service programs into the heart of our curricula, and the fact that so many knowledgeable parents seek such programs for their children when they choose these expensive schools. These programs are rooted in a simple conviction, which is that we feel a strong commitment to teach that meaningful contributions of their talent, time and treasure, for the common good, will be expected of these privileged children and young adults to whom so much is being given. We have learned from experience that community service isn't an instinctive impulse in kids, but is a life-long habit that needs to be constantly nurtured.

This is what John F. Kennedy was talking about, of course, when he urged Americans "to ask not what your country can do for you, but to ask what you can do for your country," and went on to create the Peace Corps and dozens of similar projects.

In his State of the Union message shortly after 9/11, before we invaded Iraq, President Bush called on all Americans to serve their country for the equivalent of two years over their lifetimes in what he called a Freedom Corps., but I have found no evidence that he ever appointed anyone to pursue the idea. Four years later, in another televised State of the Union address, before a packed Congress and millions of Americans, the President suggested the creation of something he called a Civilian Reserve Corps that would train its members to serve in a broad array of community activities in ways similar to what National Guards and Military Reserves do. Again, I can find no evidence that he appointed anyone to pursue that idea, either.

Speaking this summer in New Hampshire in the same place where John F. Kennedy kicked off his Presidential campaign in 1960, Senator Christopher Dodd proposed a sweeping national service program, starting in high school and extending past retirement, but the press barely found the idea worth reporting, and I'm not aware that any other candidate has so far recommended anything similar. In introducing his proposal, Senator Dodd said something to which I would offer a fervent "Amen." "There is an overriding issue today in America of who we are, where we are going as a people, and whether there is any kind of shared experience we can have."

On the morning he received his honorary degree, and launched the Marshall Plan, George Catlett Marshall worshipped in the Memorial Chapel in the Harvard Yard. He perhaps noticed there the many plaques that line its walls honoring alumni who have lost their lives in foreign wars, among them 50 members of the Class of 1946, including Private Frank Stewart Briggs. There is an ancient inscription not far from those plaques: "They shall not grow old as we that are left grow old. Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn. At the going down of the sun, and in the morning, we will remember them."