

attractive short-term funding
they market funds that pur-
ort-term debt issued by busi-
nonprofits and governments.
the many benefits of money
funds are at risk of disappear-
ly? Because one fund at one
Reserve Primary Fund, dur-
worst economic crisis since
at Depression, dipped below
ble \$1 per share price that
market funds strive to main-
timately, that fund's share-
were given 99 cents per

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Remembering the Battle of Ramadi

By Lawrence F. Kaplan

Fort Leavenworth, Kan.

ough this was only the second
in the 40-year history of
market funds in which a fund
below the \$1 per share value,
rices are now suggesting that
comply with draconian mea-
they argue that money market
ould be required to submit to
3 regulations with bank-like
requirements or abandon
table \$1 share price. Either
would seriously undermine
market funds, while creating a
ionopolistic position for banks.
uld have terrible effects on in-
; and our economy.

When death came to Ramadi, it
came, as any unwanted guest,
to stay. It took a bleached,
sand-blown landscape and flooded it
red. It seized one Army brigade after
another, gutting the ranks so deeply
that, between my embeds with the
First Armored Division's First Brigade
Combat Team (1/1) in Iraq, it carved
in granite a quarter of the names in
my email inbox. It claimed so many
lives and mangled so many others
that, even now, on what ought to be
the eve of the team's fifth anniversary
reunion, the brigade's commander,
then-Col. Sean MacFarland, cannot
toe them up.

would we regulate money
funds with rules that were in-
for banks when the banking
ly has experienced unprece-

So, no, Brig. Gen. MacFarland's deci-
sion to call off the reunion celebration
did not astound me. With nearly 100 of
his soldiers killed and 500 wounded in
eight months, I didn't know how many
would (or could) summon the will for a
jamboree to cast a glance backward. In-
stead, from his living room on the bank
of the Missouri River, Brig. Gen. Mac-
Farland and I—soldier and civilian, the

neatly-ordered student of logic and the
disheveled embodiment of what he de-
fends—hold a micro-reunion.

Vacations, kids, work: Brig. Gen.
MacFarland credits his bare list of
RSVPs to the routines that saddle us
all. I pin the blame on what is being
celebrated. That is, we pick up our ar-
gument where we left it five years
ago. Not even the 7000 miles that
separate America and Iraq can near-
sure the distance between us, or be-
tween the officer corps and the coun-
try it serves. In Iraq, the U.S. mission
entailed complex operational schemes
and thorny moral dilemmas. In the
journalist's notebook, the U.S. mission
required easy certainties and narra-
tive simplicity.

Where I saw only mayhem in Ra-
madi, Col. MacFarland saw method
and a path forward. One day, as we
visited a local sheikh, the sheikh's ra-
dio crackled with panicked tribesmen
under siege. "We'll bring in air," Col.
MacFarland assured the sheikh, who
was so busy shouting and being
shouted at that it wasn't clear he actu-
ally heard the lanky, soft-spoken colo-
nel. "So, um, get your men inside."

Antennae relayed a flurry of coor-
dinate: one of the F-18s on station
above Ramadi banked toward the in-
surrgents. Problem solved. Later that
day, Col. MacFarland told me he

viewed the battle in the way of a
mathematical equation: "Within its
chaos there can be order," the histo-
rian Clayton Newell writes of the para-
dox of war. And, indeed, by "flipping"
Ramadi's tribes, erecting small combat
outposts, and otherwise anticipating
the tenets of counterinsurgency that

**'When my son-in-law,
serving in southern
Iraq, tells me
he's bored, that
means something.'**

Gen. David Petraeus would later en-
shrine in official policy, 1/1 trans-
formed a blasted shell into a place
that bustled with the everyday vi-
brancy of a living community.

To assert that the outstanding of-
ficer can mitigate the chaos of war,
however, is not to assert that he can
mitigate its horror. Instead, Ramadi's
horrors multiplied in direct proportion
to the clarity of 1/1's advance.

On my first day back in Iraq, 1/1's
public affairs officer and a young cap-
tain I admired were killed by a fuel-
enhanced IED. Every day supplied a
new variation—a marine shot in the
neck, a soldier burned alive in his

Notable & Quotable

*Film documentary director Bob Bow-
don satirizing union arguments against
teacher accountability in the Daily
Caller, May 12:*

It can hardly be denied that there
are factors outside a student's control
that might affect his grades. How smart
he is, how much his parents support
education, how nutritious the food in
his home is, and how much his older
brother distracts him with PlayStation
II.

Some parents might put on Sports-
Center at 11pm Eastern time. Others
don't. It's hardly a level playing field.
Since a student has no control over

tank, a pilot disemboweled and set
alight. Yet even as he devised tomor-
row's plans on his color-coded tribal
map, Col. MacFarland banished from
brigade headquarters photos of yes-
terday's dead.

Serene in the conviction that Col.
MacFarland cared more about victory
than about its cost, I soon learned that
my biases had things backward. At the
landing zone where he loaded body-
bags onto helicopters, the colonel was
spotted one night behind a stack of
medical kits, sobbing into his shirt
sleeve. Toward the end of the deploy-
ment, one of the brigade's officers told
me, he sensed that Col. MacFarland
wanted to climb into a body bag.

At his promotion ceremony years
later, it became clear what a steep
price had been exacted by the tension
between battlefield gain and human
loss, between his steely command
persona and his genuinely warm per-
sona. Quietly and haltingly, Col. Mac-
Farland confessed to the audience
that "the many shattered bodies and
shattered lives that made victory in
Ramadi possible" had led him to ask
himself if he was worthy of this
honor. "I am not."

Back in Kansas, Brig. Gen. MacFar-
land says that, with the brigade's
achievement now well-chronicled, the
unpleasant images have become
cloudy and flickering. "I have to be-
lieve all of it meant something," he
says. "When my son-in-law, serving in
southern Iraq, tells me he's bored, that
means something."

And the reunion he put so much ef-
fort into assembling? The notion that
the exquisite sensitivities of men who
paint skulls on their tank turrets keep
them home-bound seems far-fetched:
Soldiers regard themselves as agents,
not victims. So, yes, they're busy mak-
ing other plans, mapping the routes to
amusement parks and camp sites. Like
Sean MacFarland, I have to believe
this. And that, on this reunion day,
even the dead have plans.

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