

quarters a half-dozen times. Our days (and nights) became a blur of unscheduled meetings.

Dayton. There was also a real Dayton out there, a charming small Ohio city, famous as the birthplace of the Wright Brothers. Its citizens energized us from the outset. Unlike the population of, say, New York, Geneva, or Washington, which would scarcely notice another conference, Daytonians were proud to be part of history. Large signs at the commercial airport hailed Dayton as the "temporary center of international peace." The local newspapers and television stations covered the story from every angle, drawing the people deeper into the proceedings. When we ventured into a restaurant or a shopping center downtown, people crowded around, saying that they were praying for us. Warren Christopher was given at least one standing ovation in a restaurant. Families on the air base placed "candles of peace" in their front windows, and people gathered in peace vigils outside the base. One day they formed a "peace chain," although it was not large enough to surround the sprawling eight-thousand-acre base.

Ohio's famous ethnic diversity was also on display. We did everything possible to emphasize the fact that in the American heartland people from every part of southeastern Europe lived together in peace, their competition restricted to softball games, church rivalries, and the occasional barroom fight. Once, as Milosevic and I were taking a walk, about one hundred Albanian Americans came to the outer fence of Wright-Patterson with megaphones to plead the case for Kosovo. I suggested we walk over to chat with them, but he refused, saying testily that they were obviously being paid by a foreign power, and that Kosovo was an "internal" problem, a position with which I strongly disagreed.

Our team arrived in Dayton on October 31, in time to greet the Balkan delegations. The wind whipped across the airstrip at Wright-Patterson and there was a cold, light drizzle—weather we would soon become used to. Shortly after 6:00 P.M. on October 31, Milosevic arrived, proclaiming his confidence that a peace agreement would emerge from Dayton. Then, on an American military plane, came Izetbegovic, withdrawn and apprehensive, calling for "peace with justice." Finally Tudjman landed, proud and haughty. From the outset, he wanted to show he had finally become more important than his longtime rivals, and that he was in Dayton only to regain eastern Slavonia. We agreed he would stay for two days, go back to Zagreb for the opening of the new parliament, and then return.

I accompanied each President to his quarters, then returned to the airstrip to wait for the next arrival. Tudjman and Izetbegovic went directly to bed, but Milosevic, ever the night owl, was restless as usual, and asked to tour the grounds. I took him, naturally, to Packy's All-Sports Bar.