

## EARLY STEWART

FRED TIPSON\*

I knew David Stewart long before he got so famous;  
We were grading undergrads at Yale.  
We weren't seeking writs of certiorari or mandamus;  
We just judged who got to Pass or Fail.

Working for Brad Westerfield on U.S. for'n affairs,  
T.A.'s for his basic freshmen course.  
Spending our vacations grading bluebooks without cares;  
Dominating kids through use of force.

Students would approach us in distress or even tears,  
Begging us to give a higher grade.  
But, with just a stroke of pen, we'd end their young careers;  
Standing by to let their futures fade.

We destroyed the dreams of these young freshmen with impunity,  
Some who dearly longed for foreign service.  
Even blessed legacies did not receive immunity.  
Nothing made us blush—or even nervous.

Little did we know then how this early role had scarred him—  
Having to decide another's' fate.  
Doing things for which such heinous conduct would have barred him  
From his posts at Georgetown or at State.

Stewart has been making up for all this ever since,  
Writing on such crimes against humanity.  
Hoping that through grade inflation he just might convince  
That he had regained his moral sanity.

Let us all agree now that Dave Stewart is forgiven;  
He has finally earned his dispensation.  
Through practice/teaching/scholarship his whole life has been driven  
In Service to the World and to the Nation.

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