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AMBASSADOR JONATHAN ADDLETON

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INTERVIEW

Q: Jonathan, where and when were you born?

ADDLETON: I was born on June 27, 1957 in Murree, Pakistan, in the mountains of northern Pakistan overlooking Kashmir.

Q: And what brought your family there?

ADDLETON: When I look back over the years it seems that my connection with Pakistan was very improbable. My parents were missionaries. They arrived in Karachi by ocean freighter in 1956. They had both been born and raised in rural middle Georgia during the Great Depression. They ended up in Pakistan and their decision to become missionaries radically changed my own life.

Q: Wow! So how long do you stay there with them from birth?

ADDLETON: I lived in Pakistan from 1957 until 1975. I left in July 1975, shortly after my 18th birthday. It is different now but during those years missionary families typically would have four years overseas and then one year reporting to their constituency back in the United States. My first trip to the US was during 1960-1961. I have almost no memory of that year other than being in a green Plymouth dating from the mid-1950s, I would guess, and travelling somewhere at night. We did a lot of traveling, mostly to churches that supported my parents. There are other fleeting memories. I also accompanied my parents back to the US during 1965-1966 when I was in 3rd grade and again during 1970-1971 when I was in 8th grade. Otherwise for all practical purposes, 15 of the first 18 years of my life were spent in Pakistan

Q: Now describe the area you lived in in Pakistan. A lot of people don't realize the variety of the topography and geography in Pakistan.

ADDLETON: I really lived in two worlds. My parents worked in a small town in upper Sindh province called Ratodero. Later they lived in a larger town nearby called Shikarpur. Both towns were near areas where the Bhutto family historically owned land and had influence. So that part of my childhood had a lot of Sindhi connections.

Sindh is a unique part of Pakistan that not many people know about. The Sindhi language has a well-developed literary tradition that is much older than that of Urdu. As it happens, Ratodero and Shikarpur are not that far from an archeological site called Mohenjo-Daro which was the center of the Indus Valley Civilization, dating back to hundreds of years B.C.

Shikarpur was where my parents lived for most of the year. It was part of my world because my siblings and I spent our vacations there. My parents worked in the Sindhi language. My father became something of a Sindhi scholar, being one of the few foreigners to speak the Sindhi language.

My other world was 800 miles to north for nine months of the year, centered around a "hill station" called Murree. The town of Murree has changed radically over the years but at the time of Pakistan's independence had been a classic British hill station, along the lines of more familiar hill stations in India such as Shimla, Mussoorie and Darjeeling. Most of the colonial era hill stations were in India but a few such as Murree became part of Pakistan.

I attended a tiny boarding school near Murree called Murree Christian School (MCS). I say "tiny" because I had 15 students in my graduating class in 1975, the biggest graduating class that MCS up to that point had ever had. The high school during my time numbered around 32 students.

I look back and think, "Wow, what an endeavor it must have been to set up this school." It was founded during the mid-1950s in an old Church of Scotland garrison chapel which had been deconsecrated and turned into classrooms with a central gym in what had been the middle of the church.

Another British era building called Sandes Homes was located a mile away. If you read the history books from the British period, Sandes Home was the name given to a series of "soldier's homes" built across India, endowed by a Lady Sandes as part of a charitable effort to provide a place for rest and recuperation for British soldiers who labored on behalf of the British Empire. Convalescent soldiers from the British Indian Army who were ailing because of tropical diseases, soldiers who had been injured in battle -- they would be given the opportunity to stay for a time in one these homes, beautifully situated in the mountains. And the old Sandes Home at Jhika Gali near Murree became the MCS boarding hostel. Both Sandes Home and the Gharial garrison church were in a spectacular setting,

In recent years Murree has become much more commercialized and is known as the "honeymoon capital" of Pakistan. However, in those days MCS was on a quiet side of the hillside, a place where you could look one way and see Kashmir; looking the other way, on a clear day you could see Nanga Parbat, "Naked Peak," and the whole expanse of the Karakorum and Himalayas.

I've often thought that it is important to gift your children with a strong sense of physical beauty early on and I very much had that during the first 18 years of my life in Pakistan. Also, unlike my own children who had a Foreign Service childhood involving two years here and three years there, my childhood had a much stronger sense of stability and place. For me, school was always in one place in the mountains and that one place was my world. For nine months of the year, I was in boarding school in Murree and for three

months of the year I was "down in the plains", as we called it, living in Upper Sindh where my parents worked.

Q: What was the school like? Was it just other missionary kids or were there Pakistanis?

ADDLETON: At that time it was predominantly missionary kids; in fact, it was predominantly missionary kids from the United States, though some of the staff came from Australia, New Zealand, England, Scotland or various European countries. Some classmates came from those countries as well.

Remarkably, MCS is still around. In this day and time, I sometimes wonder how much longer it can continue to operate. After 9/11 the school was the target of a terrorist attack. Fortunately, no kids were killed; unfortunately, several staff members were killed.

After the attack MCS briefly moved to Chiang Mai in Thailand. Later it reopened back in Murree. Now Koreans are numbered among the students and staff, along with some Pakistani students. To some extent a Korean missionary endeavor replaced some of the Americans, who are much smaller in numbers than when I was growing up in Pakistan.

During my time at MCS during the 1960s and early 1970s, MCS was small, very ecumenical in a missionary sense and at the more conservative end of the theological spectrum. Despite our small size, we played in sports competitions with international schools in Kabul, Islamabad, Lahore and Karachi where many students were the children of diplomats and business people. So that gave us a window on a different world, one that I would later join.

MCS did have a few students from a non-missionary background. Given a high school population of around 30 students, when three such students came from a different background, this was 10 percent of the high school population and they left their mark. One such student from a non-missionary background was Andrew Chelchowski whose father was from Poland and was part of the UN peacekeeping force that monitored the ceasefire line between Indian and Pakistani forces in Kashmir. Later Andrew became a policeman in Alexandria, VA. His sister also attended MCS.

Before the international school in Islamabad was established, a few children of diplomats also attended MCS. For example, for a time the US military attaché's son who worked at the US Embassy in Islamabad attended MCS. The Canadian High Commissioner's daughter – he later served as the Canadian Ambassador to China where he himself had grown up as the child of missionaries – also attended. Another family who sent their children to MCS worked for one of the UN organizations. They liked the school so much that when they transferred to Egypt they continued to send their children to boarding school at MCS.

Although most students came from families who lived in what was then called West Pakistan, some came from further afield. Before the birth of Bangladesh, some students came all the way from East Pakistan where their parents were missionaries. Other

children had parents who were missionary doctors in the Middle East, in the United Arab Emirates at a time when the UAE was a very different place.

Our small numbers also fostered a sense of closeness. I grew up with people who had older or younger brothers and sisters who were friends with my older brother and younger sister. As I mentioned, we had 15 students in my graduating class, the class of "75. Our class slogan was "Let these describe the indescribable". At our graduation we sang a song written by The Carpenters of all things, "We've Only Just Begun".

After graduating from MCS, we took many different paths. But we became quite close during those years at school and we continue to meet every five years in various places – our most recent reunion was in the south of France where one of our English classmates who married a woman from France spends his summers; our next reunion will be in Northern Ireland where another member of our class has lived for many years. And so the years roll on. But we still have this shared experience in common. At the time it didn't seem unique. Now we look back and think, "Really? Is that really how we lived and is that really what we experienced?"

Looking back, while growing up I also had one foot in the United States because of my parents and because of those couple years that I lived in the US and attended public schools during what proved to be quite memorable years.

But the biggest influence obviously was that boarding school in Murree, first and foremost, and to some extent that Sindhi world in which my parents lived and where we spent our vacations. Later, as a Foreign Service Officer, I really felt privileged to go back to upper Sindh as the USAID country director for Pakistan and even give public remarks in Sindhi – I have to think, I must be the only FSO to ever deliver an entire speech in Sindhi!

My Urdu is much better and I have often given public remarks in Urdu. I don't claim to speak Sindhi at all. But if you have heard a language repeatedly, especially as a child, you can pronounce the words and you know the cadence and flow of the language. So speaking to a Sindhi audience in Sindhi was very special for me but perhaps also for the audience who appreciate the recognition given to their language and their province which often feels neglected and ignored by the rest of the world. Having this background in Sindh was personally gratifying and I think of it as one of the real plusses of my Foreign Service career, no question about it.

One other thing about growing up in Pakistan is that in a unique and privileged way I had opportunities to cross class and ethnic lines, sometimes in surprising ways. We were oddities for sure. My birth certificate filed in a government office in Murree that has since burned down asked what "caste" I belonged to. But as foreigners we didn't really belong to any caste and could therefore interact with multiple ones.

For example, we would be invited to weddings and other events by the elites of upper Sindh who might be curious or interested in our American background. On the other

hand, we also participated in the life of the marginalized and largely poor Christian community; a community that outsiders often don't realize actually exists in Pakistan.

In fact, if you know the dynamics of the Christian community in Pakistan, you will realize that Christians live in virtually every city and most towns, going back to the nineteenth century when so-called "untouchables" converted to Christianity and became yet another part of the social and religious mosaic of the Indian subcontinent. To this day, most cities in Pakistan have a small "ghetto," the so-called Christian "*busti*". Much of the missionary work then and now has been centered in these communities, involving not only pastoral work but also work related to health and education.

Again reflecting on my childhood, one of my father's roles was to go to into these *bustis* which might be viewed as a sort of Christian ghetto. The ancestors of most of the nominally Christian families living there had come from Punjab and were Punjabi speaking, not Sindhi speaking. Their occupation was to keep the streets of the city clean and they were often despised by the majority community around them. Yet my parent's work was centered on this disadvantaged community, often literally the poorest of the poor.

I experienced at first hand something of my father's ministry to this population and saw the challenges faced by this community as well as the tremendous hospitality that they offered to us. I also witnessed as a child some of the big challenges faced by the wider developing world, for example smallpox which at that time was still rampant. My father – he is now in his late 80s – remembers the multiple funerals he officiated at for kids who died because of smallpox. Not surprisingly, he also made every effort to support the inoculation campaigns aimed at eliminating smallpox.

So, from a sociological standpoint, we had meaningful interactions with a wide range of Pakistani society, from the elites in our town to the so-called lowest of the low living in the *bustis*.

Regarding interactions with the elites, my mother includes in her diary a reference to a birthday party with Benazir Bhutto that we attended in Larkana, not far from Ratodero, when Benazir was about six years old. Even at that time Benazir Bhutto was known as "Pinky"! In fact, a missionary colleague of my parents rented a house from the Bhutto family in Larkana. As it happens, growing up we had an Alsatian dog that we bought from one of Zulfikar Ali Bhutto's cousins.

So, again, it is interesting to look back and reflect on the different levels of Pakistan society with which we interacted, even as outsiders. Those visits to Christian *bustis* remain as a very vivid memory, including the poverty which we saw around us. But we experienced hospitality even from very poor families, who typically put salt into their tea rather than sugar, because it added flavor but was a lot cheaper than sugar which at that time was still rationed.

You don't fully understand or appreciate what you are witnessing and experiencing at the time. But afterwards you look back and think, "Amazing, what an opportunity to cross these different bounds of ethnic and class and religion and everything else and be part of multiple communities or at least be an observer to them!"

The world is now transformed and Pakistan has also been transformed with it. But, looking back, the 1960s were an interesting and unique period in the history of Pakistan, one in which Pakistan still included both West Pakistan and East Pakistan (now Bangladesh). Beyond that, growing up in a provincial town rather than a capital city meant that I was perhaps given an opportunity to understand Pakistan in a way that my diplomat colleagues or even my own kids could never experience, given that their life more typically involves staying in a place, usually a capital city, for a while, perhaps two or three years, and then moving on.

Q: So even though Pakistan is majority Muslim, it observed some of the old Hindu caste traditions and so on.

ADDLETON: That's absolutely the case, and of course reflects in significant part the fact that India has had a huge historical and cultural impact on the territory that is now Pakistan. As it happens, we lived in a house that had once belonged to a Hindu family that had left Shikarpur for India at partition, when India and Pakistan both became independent countries.

Actually, it was a "wedding house," a place for special functions that my parents bought and turned into our home. At that time, it was located toward the edge of town. Now it is in the middle of what has become both a city and a district center. My parents built a couple of bedrooms on the side of the house, one of which became my bedroom when I returned home on vacation.

There was a Hindu temple down the street from our Shikarpur home. The dynamics of Pakistan -- broadly speaking West Pakistan, which is what was left of Pakistan following the 1971 war with India and the birth of Bangladesh – is that Pakistan is 96 or 97 percent Muslim and the rest of the population is divided among two distinct religious minorities: a Hindu minority, which mostly lives in Sindh province and includes a large tribal population in Tharparkar, one of the districts bordering India; and a Christian minority which mostly lives in Punjab province as well as in Pakistan's largest city, Karachi.

At partition and independence in 1947, most of Pakistan's urban Hindu population left for India. Indeed, one little known fact is that Sindhi is one of the national languages of India – the only one of India's national languages that doesn't have a physical region associated with it, given that all of Sindh is situated in Pakistan (unlike Punjab and Bengal, partition did not "split" Sindh province in half; all of Sindh was assigned to Pakistan).

At the time of independence, Sindh's urban Sindhi-speaking Hindu population was actually quite influential. They weren't a majority community and that explains why they

left Sindh for India. Afterwards, more than a few Hindu Sindhis subsequently migrated to Hong Kong, Australia and other places. The Sindhi Hindu community has by now spread around the world.

We saw some of this dynamic in Shikarpur which historically was the last town en route to Quetta, Kandahar and from there to Central Asia. In fact, some scholars credit Shikarpur with financing some of the major trade routes and camel caravans to Central Asia.

My final Foreign Service assignment was in India and during my time there I came across several interesting books that documented the role of the merchants of Shikarpur as part of a fascinating history that is connected to Central Asia. In fact, Shikarpuri communities lived as far away as Bokhara. Even as a child, I remember seeing an old world map in a church that dated to before the independence of Pakistan in 1947. That global map featured only two places in the area that is now Pakistan – Lahore and Shikarpur. Karachi at the time wasn't much more than a fishing village.

Again, this reflected the fact that 19th century Shikarpur was a part of the Central Asia trade routes. Decaying aspects of that history were still apparent when I was a child, some of them quite stunning. It meant that as a kid I would ride my bicycle around old Shikarpur and through its historic covered bazaar and I would look up at these old merchant houses, multi-story mansions, even, formerly owned by Hindu merchants. These magnificent if decaying homes were also part of Shikarpur's 19th century Victorian legacy. If upper Sindh had a historical preservation movement, there would definitely be an interest in preserving this part of Sindh's history.

As I mentioned, we lived in close proximity to one of the few surviving Hindu temples in Shikarpur. Twenty miles down the road, in Sukkur, situated on the Indus River, there was another Hindu temple, located on the historic island known as "Bukkur". On occasion, we would go there for a picnic. It was still a functioning Hindu temple and once a place that attracted pilgrims in large numbers. A Hindu priest would come out and welcome us. In a way, it was a reminder of so much of Sindh's history and its Hindu legacy, so much of which has now been lost.

Pakistan's second relatively large minority is its Christian population, living mostly in Punjab province and in Karachi as well as in various other cities and towns elsewhere in the country. As with the Hindu population, it represents around 1.3 percent of Pakistan's population of more than 200 million; it numbers around 2-3 million, nearly as many people as the entire population of Mongolia. While much of Pakistan's Christian population is poor and lives at the margins of society, it has also made a disproportionate and largely positive impact in two important areas – health and education, in part because of the hospitals and schools established by various missionary societies during the 1800s and 1900s. Often, Pakistani Christians continue to play an important role in some of these institutions.

There are also other religious minorities in Pakistan including a small Parsi community. My parents had a number of Parsi friends whose roots were often in Mumbai (Bombay) where they had fled following persecution in Persia; later, their ancestors moved to Sindh. For a time, there was even a synagogue and a small Jewish population in Karachi. Like the Parsis, their ancestors had followed the coastal trading routes from Persia and points further west. So, again, early on, I experienced something of what it was like to live as a minority in an overwhelmingly Islamic society. And even that majority Muslim society around us embraced a huge variety of forms in terms of languages and ethnic origins, of which Sindhi is but one example. Experiencing such diversity from early childhood undoubtedly helped shape my adult view of the world around me.

Q: And Sindhi as a language is it Indo-European; what language family is it from?

ADDLETON: Sindhi is part of the Indo European language family. It is much older than Urdu, which is the language that I speak. It is also much harder to learn than Urdu, having more cases, a more complicated grammar and a larger alphabet. Sindhi also has a very unique linguistic feature, referred to by linguists as an "implosive" because it originates from the back of the throat, almost like a backward gulp. It is a sound that is very difficult for most Westerners to master.

As I mentioned, my father became something of a Sindhi scholar. He helped translate a modern Sindhi language version of the Gospels. Along with a fellow missionary he prepared a textbook for those wanting to learn Sindhi. It is titled *Sindhi: An Introductory Course for English Speakers*. He consulted with Professor Zide, a linguist at the University of Chicago, while he was preparing this textbook.

Later Dan Brown, the youngest child of my Dad's co-author Polly Brown, earned a doctorate at the University of Chicago and later taught at both Smith College and Mt. Holyoke College in Massachusetts, founded a small publishing company called Doorlight Publications that turned their mimeographed manuscript into book form. The book is available on amazon.com and occasionally orders are received from the children of expatriate Sindhis living in places like Australia and elsewhere who want to learn or at least become familiar with their ancestral language.

For my father, that seems to be a wonderful legacy – to be one of the few foreigners to speak Sindhi, to have translated the Gospels into another language and to have left behind a textbook on one of the world's intriguing and historic languages, a language that is firmly rooted in the soil of Sindh as well as with the Sufi saints who are so much a part of that Sindhi spiritual landscape.

Q: Now wait, did he translate it from English or from the ancient Greek?

ADDLETON: The way it works is, it's a committee system. He worked with a Sindhi scholar and they together prepared the first draft of the Modern Sindhi translation of the New Testament. My father had the Greek text in front of him; they also had an older Sindhi translation that tended to use a Hindu religious vocabulary as well as multiple

English translations in front of them. Translation is always challenging, difficult, tedious and potentially controversial, perhaps especially when Biblical texts are involved. My father worked closely with a Muslim Sindhi scholar. Again, though, their work was vetted with a larger group of Sindhi speakers and also with experts from the United Bible Society in New York, providing additional quality control.

That said, the initial translation was done by my father and this Sindhi scholar working together around a desk, first in Shikarpur and later in Hyderabad. The two of them would present their work monthly or quarterly to the broader Sindhi language committee, which included Sindhi speakers as well as Greek experts. It is a laborious process but they would collectively go through it, line by line.

You probably know that Hindi and Urdu are similar in many respects but when you work on the more classical aspects of both languages, Urdu relies more on the Persian Farsi script and vocabulary and Hindi is based more on classical Sanskrit. Sindhi is somewhat similar, at least in the sense that spoken Sindhi in contemporary Sindh would entail a more broadly Muslim religious vocabulary while classical Sindhi would reflect its Hindu roots, especially with respect to theological terminology. The intent of the translation that my father worked on was to make it more accessible to a contemporary Muslim Sindhi audience.

Q: You mentioned siblings; I think a brother and a sister.

ADDLETON: Right. My brother David was born in December 1954 before my parents left on that ship for Pakistan. I was born, as I mentioned, in Murree at a house on Kashmir Point known as "Rock Edge" in June 1957. It was a home delivery, on the dining room table as my mother recalls. My sister Nancy was born two years later in July 1959, so then there were three of us, all under the age of six. David became a lawyer. Nancy entered the health field, served on the Macon, GA City Council and is now Executive Director of an international service organization, Pilot International. Remarkably, all three of us now live in Macon, GA, along with my parents who retired many years ago and are now in their late eighties.

The classic missionary family in that generation had five kids and included some truly remarkable families. I mentioned the Brown family. Their youngest son Dan is an Islamic scholar who has published several books including one by Cambridge University Press titled *The Modernity of Tradition in Islam*. His brother Tom who was in my class at MCS is a physics professor at the University of Rochester in upstate New York and has focused his research on fiber optics. The oldest son Ed is involved in faith-based environmental programs based out of Wisconsin and Stan is involved in faith-based agricultural projects in Central Asia. He is gifted in languages and speaks Russian, Uighur, Kazakh and Turkish. Marilyn, the only sister, is involved in health issues and has written extensively on the third culture kid (TCK) experience, involving as it does the children of both missionaries and diplomats.

There is a story about the Brown family which perhaps partly explains why we have remained connected for life. They also lived for a time in Ratodero in upper Sindh and during the late 1950s we were having a picnic by one of the nearby canals. Ed was about six years old and he was floating a small wooden boat that he had made along the canal. A jeep drove by and my father and the two ladies – Polly Brown's husband Ralph was away at the time -- looked up. The jeep went past and they looked back and there was Ed's little boat floating in the canal, with no Ed to be seen anywhere.

My father jumped into the muddy canal. It was about 8 feet deep, well over his head. Somehow he felt Ed's body at the bottom with his feet. He came up for air and then he dove into the bottom of the canal for a second time and pulled Ed up and of course Ed was all purple, unable to breath and seemingly unconscious. Polly had just read a *Readers' Digest* article on artificial resuscitation -- this was in the late 1950s and it was a new technique -- and by some miracle Ed survived.

As you can imagine, that brought our families even closer together, along with the fact that we both lived in this remote Sindhi town at the edge of the desert called Ratodero. So that too is part of my childhood, one that involved remarkable families like the Brown family as well as many other families, both local and foreign.

As an adult, I came to realize that missionary families were also part of the Foreign Service story as well as the broader US international engagement story. Books have been written about this topic including Kaplan's *The Arabists* which describes the impact that missionaries and their progeny have had on American foreign policy in the Middle East.

But as I also observed, there is actually a big difference between the post-World War II generation of missionaries and pre-World War II missionary endeavors. As part of the pre-World War II missionary endeavor, you had missionary kids such as Henry Luce who co-founded *Time* magazine and you had the "China Hands" such as Robert Service who had grown up in missionary households and later entered the Foreign Service. They grew up in China or the Middle East where an earlier generation of missionaries established institutions such as the American University of Beirut.

That earlier generation of missionary kids grew up a time when the missionary endeavor was a central part of American culture, often serving as a "link" or an "interpreter" of foreign places to churchgoing American communities, at least in small town America. More than a few missionary kids were sent back to the US to boarding schools and some gravitated to the more prominent colleagues and universities in the US. Like their parents, they helped "interpret" foreign countries to Americans at a time when people in the US did not travel as much. Also, the post-war migration streams into the United States expanded and broadened to include migrants from Asia, Africa and Latin America. In a sense, the "third world" or at least a portion of it moved to America and no longer needed an "interpreter," rather they became an additional part of an increasingly complex and diverse American social and religious landscape.

As I came to see it, the dynamics of the post-World War II American missionary movement were very different than the earlier one that founded magazines like *Time* and *Fortune*, advised presidents or assumed prominent roles in the Foreign Service. The Foreign Service reaction to the missionary impulse as it moved from the center to the margins of American society was different as well. Rather, the post-World War II missionary ranks increasingly came from a different class background and a different denominational background.

My family history reflects some of that change. My father was number 10 of 14 children. He was the first to finish high school and go to college, in his case Columbia Bible College in Columbia, SC. The older children received perhaps a fifth grade education and then went to work in the Willingham cotton mills, living in the mill village and attending the mill church. One of my Dad's sisters in particular was very smart but at the end of 5th grade she more or less became one of the child laborers in a cotton mill.

Looking back, it is remarkable that my father, growing up in a large family in rural Georgia, had this overwhelming missionary call to come to Asia, as he did at the time. In some sense, this was a legacy and a reflection of earlier kinds of missionary movements that had an impact on American culture. But in the case of my parents, as with more than a few other missionaries in this post-World War II generation, they came from the other side of the tracks, if you will.

It was a huge deal for my father to get a higher education and go to Bible school. Recently, I took my Dad to what I guess would be his 67th class reunion of what was then called Columbia Bible College and is now known as Columbia International University. At age 88, he was actually the only one from his class there. For him, Columbia Bible College opened up a whole new world, one that allowed him to leave his rural Southern roots and one that made my own very different life possible.

Again, I look back at what in some sense is an amazing story, one that included his decision to go to Pakistan and raise a family there. He recently told me, "I couldn't imagine that I had a son who would one day become an Ambassador!" His first journey out of the state of Georgia was to go to college in South Carolina! But it was in Columbia, SC where he met people from other parts of the United States and that became part of the process that brought him to Pakistan.

Looking at this missionary past, I have sometimes also reflected on what it means for the State Department and USAID and our approaches to foreign policy. Of course, there is a strong critique to approaches that are regarded as too "idealistic" or too 'missionary-minded" or too interested in "changing the world" or too "moralistic" or perhaps even too "arrogant". But at another level I think of it as a process in which the world also is become even more complicated, with the missionary-minded legacy of a past generation representing only one strand in a much more complex whole.

If missionary kids once played an important role in the Foreign Service, it is a second generation of immigrants that now have and will continue to have a more significant

impact. As I mentioned, missionary kids now have a lot less to offer as far as their previous "interpretive" role is concerned; now it is children of first and second generation immigrants that can play that role. For example, I notice increasing numbers of Foreign Service Officers whose parents come from India or Pakistan.

Ironically, more than a few have to relearn or even learn properly for the first time Urdu or Hindi. I grew up in Pakistan so it is not surprising that my Urdu might be better than the child of an immigrant from India or Pakistan who grew up in the United States. I find this transition and the breakdown of stereotypes that comes with it especially fascinating and I am sure that there are more than a few surprises that still lie ahead.

From my perspective, one thing that you have to have in the Foreign Service is curiosity. And then you have all these people from the diverse populations that make up the United States and some of them become part of a big institution focused on international affairs such as the State Department and everyone makes use of their background in different ways. My own personal narrative includes important elements from the American South and South Asia, both of which offer both positive and negative examples from history.

Every country has its dark pages, as does ours. But I also recognize that the United States collectively, warts and all, is part of a remarkable story, one involving people from an astonishing variety of backgrounds and experiences. This came home to me in a place like Afghanistan. When you are with soldiers and you look at those names on the uniforms, then you appreciate and understand something more about that diversity of your country, in this case among those who have to be prepared to make the ultimate sacrifice.

Actually, while serving in Kandahar in 2013, someone from the INS (who himself had been born and raised in Haiti) visited for a swearing-in ceremony involving dozens of uniformed soldiers from places like Uzbekistan and Canada, the Caribbean and the South Pacific. It was both amazing and moving to see them raise their right hands as they became American citizens.

Afghanistan is also a diverse country and when talking to Afghans I would sometimes ask about this, realizing that in Afghanistan you can often tell immediately which tribe or ethnic group or part of the country a particular person would come from just by their name. The game of cricket has become a big deal in Afghanistan and the names of the cricket players appear on the back of their uniform. So I would sometimes ask, when you see one of your cricket players, do you think of them as Afghan or as belonging to a particular tribe or ethnic group such as the Pashtuns, Tajiks, Hazaras, Uzbeks, Turkmen or whatever?

In this context, I would also evoke the names on the backs of the uniforms of our own football players or basketball players or Olympians, noting in passing that the variety of those names was one of the strengths of our country, just as the variety of names and backgrounds in Afghanistan could be seen as one of the strengths of Afghanistan. Put another, this is part of our national story – and what an amazing story it is!

Of course, in the Foreign Service we don't wear our names literally on our suits. But I've always taken great pride in the diversity of our country as being one of its great strengths. Or at least we are in big trouble if it is not! And I also think of the journey that our country has taken, some of that journey involving kids that grew up in China or India or Africa or the Middle East or Latin America, realizing that they too are an important part of that national story. Looking at my own part in the post-World War II United States, I'd like to think that I was at least a small part of that story also. The fact that I heard Sindhi from an early age and experienced Pakistan outside the capital of Islamabad hopefully also brought something useful to our engagement with the rest of the world.

At the same time, my own international childhood was enriched by the fact that I lived in the US for 3rd grade and 8th grade, attending public schools and interacting with a variety of Americans. That 8th grade experience was especially memorable because it was during 1970-1971, the year that schools in Macon, GA were finally integrated. As it happens, I attended the old Ballard Hudson, a school that was still predominantly African-American. And it was a memorable and fascinating experience, one that I continue to draw on as I try to understand my own society.

My 3rd grade experience in the United States was also memorable. The school that I attended for the first half of 3rd grade was outside Hartford, Connecticut. My father was in seminary in Hartford, studying Islam. The school that David, Nancy and I attended was overwhelmingly Catholic; our Baptist family from the Deep South was sort of thrown into a Catholic school. It wouldn't be acceptable now – but the public school that we attended then had a catechism class on certain afternoons and a handful of us were Protestants and thus excused from it.

Then we went to Macon, GA for the second half of my 3rd grade, attending Bruce School in Bibb County. The neighborhood at that time was middle class, maybe lower middle class, even working class. Actually, it was already experiencing hard times, starting on a steep downward trajectory that would shock my colleagues if they were to see it now. But, again, going to the Bruce School in a declining south Macon offered a perspective on America, in this case working class America, that has also been important to the perspective I brought with me into the Foreign Service.

Q: Now you're talking about the 3rd grade, right?

ADDLETON: Yes, the first half of 3rd grade during our one-year furlough in the United States was outside Hartford, Connecticut. Then we went to Macon, Georgia, which was really my hometown, so I went to the local public school there. If I am kind of across the map in this discussion, it is because I was a part of so many different worlds and sometimes moved rapidly between them, not only physically but also in terms of class and religion and other aspects of my upbringing.

Reflecting again on that post World War II missionary world that my parents were part of and I was born into, religious faith was a vital element of it. For my parents, their life was

motivated by a truly faith-based spiritual calling, one that was primarily rooted in the Baptist denomination. But their funds were not provided directly through an 'umbrella" denomination or missionary organization. Although they were part of what was called the Conservative Baptist Foreign Missionary Society (CBFMS), they literally had to raise their own financial support from among churches and individuals. Perhaps it might be viewed as an early version of crowd funding.

On the plus side it meant that my parents had personal contact and a personal identification with their supporters; they weren't part of some faceless bureaucracy or anonymous mission board that sent them overseas. On the contrary, they knew personally the people that provided them with the financial means to live abroad.

That also meant that every fifth year our family would return to the United States to maintain these connections and "report back" on the work my parents were doing in Pakistan. This was called "furlough". In 1965, when I was in 3rd grade, we took a long road trip west to California. In fact, support for our family came from churches across the country. Actually, it is kind of touching to think that a church decided to contribute, say, $50 each month to send the Addleton family to a remote part of Pakistan. That was a big deal! And every fifth year we would travel as a family and my father would express our appreciation for these contributions,

Our support network included a church in the hollows of West Virginia, a church in a mining area of Pennsylvania, a church on the edge of Yosemite National Park in California. So when we returned to the US, my father had to report back, as it were, and we were part of that arrangement. As little kids, we were also part of the exhibit, you might say, wearing local dress and perhaps singing a gospel song in Urdu as well.

But for me it was also a way to become familiar with the United States in its many forms. Kids react in different ways to situations like this. In my case, I was fine with it, introducing me as it did to the world of the American South and country music. And in places further north it involved exposure to our more working class kind of support, one in which our supporting churches were part of the fabric of mining America, as in West Virginia or Pennsylvania.

You absorb a lot of what you see around as a child and then you come to realize, this is where my parents come from and in a sense this is where I come from too. My parents worked in Pakistan and I was raised in Pakistan. But this was their constituency and these were the people that made our life in Pakistan possible! Some missionary kids react negatively to this situation, perhaps asking "Why are we part of this, why have my parents moved across the world, what on earth were they thinking?"

As for me, I look at my childhood -- and I think I even felt this at the time -- with a sense of wonder and amazement, awe and astonishment. Later on, gratitude became part of the equation as well. I never felt the call to follow in the same missionary footsteps as my parents and they respected that choice. But I gained a lot from my upbringing.

In a sense, I was lucky. When I returned to the US at the end of high school to attend Northwestern I realized that the expectations placed on the sons of doctors and lawyers and businessmen were a lot higher than the expectations placed on the child of missionary parents; they had a much heavier burden than I ever had to bear.

As I got older, I told my parents, "I can never do anything as irresponsible as you did!" After all, they travelled in an old freighter to the other side of the planet during their mid-twenties to serve as missionaries in a remote part of Pakistan, a choice involving isolation and health risks and at one point a war with India.

It somehow also gave me a sense of freedom! I didn't have to meet the higher expectations set by more demanding parents with a different view of the world. Realistically, all parents have expectations of one kind or another for their children. But my interpretation was more along the lines of, "You went off to Pakistan on a religious mission with a little baby on a freighter back in 1956; there is no way that I can be more irresponsible than that"!

I have a good relationship with my parents and a respectful one. But I look back with gratitude that, first, the window into the world that their decision opened up for me gave me a truly international perspective; and, two, the community in which I was raised didn't involve high expectations, at least in terms of a professional future involving high status or lots of money. So, again, I have for a long time felt this strong sense of appreciation for these and other aspects of my childhood.

Q: That is an interesting point because many people who go into the Foreign Service or USAID have parents who have very strong expectations that their children are going to college, that they're going to graduate from college and then turn to a profession, whatever that might be, and that these are simply baked in the cake as you're growing up. Your parents were perhaps not quite that, they didn't place such expectations on you.

ADDLETON: I think that is true. Again, the missionary community also changed over time. In my generation, there probably was a college expectation, manifested mostly in positive ways, I mean, you do want education for your kids. But the expectation was probably more along the lines of a Christian college or maybe Bible school or maybe a spiritual or service ministry of one kind or another, not a profession involving money or status.

In my case I went to Northwestern University in Evanston, just north of Chicago. This was quite unusual at the time because if there was an expectation at all, it was an expectation that I would end up at an explicitly Christian college, perhaps Wheaton College in Wheaton, IL to which I was urged to apply.

My high school classmates from Murree Christian School have taken a variety of life journeys. Some started out in an explicitly Christian college but the rest of their journey wasn't necessarily in a Christian direction. As for myself, I never had a spiritual calling in the sense that my parents had experienced it or a vocational calling as some of

classmates experienced it, ending up as they did in medicine or education or one of the service occupations, all obvious choices for someone raised in a missionary household.

The path that I took involved an attempt to combine the different strands of my childhood into a coherent adult whole. At any rate, those different strands somehow emerged as an important aspect of my early quest as a university student to define what kind of person I should become.

So I attended Northwestern and majored in journalism with a minor in Asian Studies. And for my classes I might pick an obscure topic to write a paper about such as one of the Sufi saints in Sindh, perhaps Abdul Latif or Lal Shahbaz Qalandar, drawing on the experience of having visited one of those shrines as a child in Sindh.

In fact, I would purposefully make an effort to incorporate aspects of my upbringing into my university studies. It was only later that I realized that these kinds of experiences were an asset, both at university and in the initial application process; and that my very modest application from Murree Christian School, situated at the edge of the Himalayas, to a place like Northwestern, might actually have struck a positive chord within the admissions committee, with perhaps someone on that committee commenting, "This application looks interesting, it is quite different from the other ones we have reviewed so far today"!

Q: Sure!

ADDLETON: So I got a needs-based scholarship to attend Northwestern. I've told other missionary kids I've met over the years, "You don't realize what you bring to a college community with your cross-cultural exposure and experience." I myself didn't necessarily realize it at that time. But for Foreign Service kids, and also for missionary kids, especially if they've lived overseas for most of their lives, they have certain advantages when applying for college but they also face big challenges when they finally return to what is ostensibly their "home country". And that transition can often be quite problematic, both for missionary kids and for the children of diplomats.

Returning to the US for college brought the inevitable questions, about identity but also about what I would do with the rest of my life. Perhaps because of my upbringing I brought a "this too shall pass" mentality to the challenge of both university life and my readjustment back to the United States. Someone who was a fly on the wall during that first year at Northwestern might have thought, "What a lonely guy. He doesn't have any friends; he might even be entering into a sort of free fall; whatever will become of him; what is he going to do with his life; where in the world will he end up?" But in the end I was able to make it through that first year and eventually somehow even thrive.

Q: Before we go to college there's one other thing I wanted to ask which was, as you're going through high school what interests began to present themselves? Do you begin reading histories, or what kinds of areas of interest did you begin developing?

ADDLETON: I'm a huge reader like I suppose a lot of people who join the Foreign Service are. Reading opened me up to still other worlds. I tended to read non-fiction a lot more than fiction. I had a classmate who was much more interested in Hobbits and *Lord of the Rings* and that kind of stuff. For me, it was always much more about historical non-fiction. Perhaps because of my Georgia connection, I did have this thing about the American Civil War. In all honesty that probably revolved much more around the Southern version of the Civil War, which is kind of interesting. I mean, it was more about various accounts related to the honor and heroism of the "Lost Cause." Some of that view filtered to me through the stories of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson.

People might interpret this in different ways. My wife is from Scotland, and they have their history that also includes a narrative of defeat. But you know some causes deserve to be lost causes. At the same time, the reality is that losing wars has an impact on entire populations and defeated countries, no matter how righteous or unrighteous the cause, have an outlook on the world that is different than victorious countries.

And this isn't only because of my family associations with the American South and its deservedly Lost Cause. It probably also stems from connections to my wife's side of the family which our kids have also inherited, in her case involving a narrative that goes back to the Celts. Whatever you may think of them, both Celts and Southerners tend to tell stories and their stories as well as their histories at times place them on the dishonorable side of history, yet still an effort is made to somehow extract a measure of honor from that past, even if they have often been on the losing side of a war and, over the long run, on the losing side of history.

The story of America, the narrative of our country if you will, so far has largely been a triumphant and victorious one – but, increasingly, we may also have to contend with tragedy and perhaps even defeat.

As for my own personal narrative, is has included for as long as I can remember a strong sense of history. And perhaps that also shapes the kind of reading I most enjoy, one that focuses heavily on history and not only history about Scotland or the American South but also about Asia and much of the rest of the world, for that matter. By and large, my reading interests have always focused on history as well as on the biographies of real people, what they did, what they thought and how they lived their lives.

That said, I wasn't a particularly "bookish" person while growing up, despite the fact I read a lot. One advantage of a small school like MCS is that a student can be involved in many things. I was a totally mediocre athlete -- but at MCS I could still play varsity basketball and soccer. I was an even worse actor but I could still occasionally appear on the stage, albeit in minor roles. I was a decent student but in my class of 15 graduates I probably fell in the upper middle academically. I was lousy when it came to math and science but was a reasonably good writer.

Journalism was probably the prospective career field that most interested me early on. I became very familiar with the little Gestetner mimeograph machine in the principal's office at MCS, producing our school newspaper once a month.

As editor of *The Akhbar*, Urdu for "newspaper," I convinced the school staff to allow MCS to join a high school journalism association managed by the Columbia School of Journalism. It cost something like $100 to enter and we paid our fee. And we were awarded the equivalent of a "gold medal" for our particular category! It was only later that I realized that we might have been the only school in our category, perhaps representing as we did a high school with an enrollment of less than 40 and producing a mimeographed newspaper. But I was very proud of that award and loved my career as a high school journalist.

As a high school student, I didn't really push any envelopes in a community that was broadly conservative though on some issues was actually quite tolerant. I didn't attempt to smoke or drink or use drugs though drugs were freely available in Pakistan at the time. I was aware that some classmates tested these boundaries and at times went over them, including in the area of drug use. Though I am somewhat ashamed to admit it, I was more in the "good kid" category.

I thrived in student journalism, was a minor presence on sports teams and was simply terrible at music. I also served as a class representative on our modest Student Council and during my senior year I became Student Council President. I was not particularly good at anything but was involved in a lot of things.

Mostly I have a strong sense of gratitude for my high school experience and that tiny boarding school nestled in the mountains of northern Pakistan that played such a vital role in my early life. I'm amazed that the school is still in operation. Perhaps in surprising ways, it made a major contribution in preparing me for the rest of my life, including a life spent largely in the Foreign Service. I admire many members of my parent's generation who are now passing away. I also admire the remarkable members of staff who devoted their lives to MCS. – the Roubs, Calderwoods, Murrays, Nygrens, Fishers, Eunice Hill, Inger Gardner and many others.

Of course, it is not unusual to be personally invested in one's childhood, to remember fondly those among whom I was raised and nurtured. But I really was privileged to meet people from all walks of life, including some beyond the missionary community in which I was raised.

Having become a Foreign Service Officer and having raised our own three kids in international schools, I also recall a number of personal encounters with diplomats and international schools during my childhood. For example, I recall with great fondness and appreciation someone called Chris Brown who passed away much too early a few years ago.

He was the son of a senior USAID officer named Vince Brown who served in both Pakistan and Afghanistan during the 1970s, when I was in high school. Chris was a wonderful guy! Apart from everything else, as a high school student at the International School of Islamabad, he reached out to our tiny little missionary school in the Himalayas and invited MCS to join something called the Association of International Schools in Afghanistan and Pakistan. So MCS joined and we participated in sports and cultural events, offering us a broader perspective on the world.

Years later, I ran into Chris Brown in graduate school. Everybody seems to think that Chris was their best friend and I was one of them; he made you feel better about yourself just talking to him.

We attended graduate school together at the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy at Tufts University. He was a year ahead of me, just as he had been a year ahead of me in high school. He went on to have a Foreign Service career with USAID, joining USAID a couple of years ahead of me. So we connected first as high school students and then as graduate students and then as fellow Foreign Service officers, though we never served in the same country at the same time.

One way that we at MCS encountered the United States was through sports competitions involving the International School of Islamabad and similar international or American schools in Kabul, Lahore and Karachi. We were awed by the size of Embassy housing and compared notes on the food we were offered, including our first taste of bacon and other commissary items that were otherwise unobtainable in Pakistan. I suppose we were quite mercenary, sometimes having conversations along the lines of, "Oh, that lucky so-and-so, he's in the house of the Economic Counselor or the Deputy Chief of Mission, or whatever; he is living in the lap of luxury".

So this was yet another way that we encountered our home country, through connections like this. Looking back, and having since served on international school boards, I have always felt that it was a privilege to be part of an international community and an Embassy community and that if you have been raised in this community you should also share it with those around you, as it was shared with me when I was growing up.

And I can't help but have a sense of appreciation for the Embassy families that I encountered as a child including those who had welcomed me into their homes at those sports tournaments and cultural events. As missionary kids, we often felt like we were "poor cousins" or that it was a "country mouse meeting city mouse" sort of situation. But it also gave us an inordinate amount of pride if we somehow did well at a sports competition or even managed to win. We regarded such success as something very cool and perhaps as underdogs we had a special motivation to excel.

Later, especially when I met Foreign Service kids in college, even though my early life had been quite different than theirs, I often felt an immediate connection to them. I've mentioned Chris Brown as an example; there are others that I've met across my life and if

they happened to come from a Foreign Service background I could usually easily relate to them and identify with their own experience.

Q: Now you were talking about going to Northwestern. What were the criteria that you used to choose a college, or what was on your mind when you were making your decision?

ADDLETON: I had this strong interest in journalism and that's how Northwestern and its Medill School of Journalism entered into the equation. If I remember correctly, I also applied to the University Georgia where I made the case for enrolling in their School of Forestry, perhaps with the idea of become a park ranger. I guess growing up in the mountain forests surrounding MCS helped feed that desire.

As I've seen in my own kids, small things sometimes lead to big decisions. I also applied to Wheaton College in Wheaton, Illinois, which for that generation of missionaries was the college to go to, a kind of Harvard for Evangelicals. It is where my brother enrolled and it is probably where my parents most wanted me to go. All parents are worried about their children and what path they might take.

Q: And a quick aside, to what extent, if any, was the counterculture experience, you know was that eye opening? What did you make of it for the little time that you had as it was going on?

ADDLETON: Well, we experienced most of the changing cultural trends in the United States somewhat later – it took a while for them to reach MCS. I was class of '75 so by the mid-1970s we were listening to rock music from the late 1960s and early 1970s including Bob Dylan, James Taylor, Pink Floyd, the Beatles and Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young, music that does actually stand the test of time.

In the environment in which I was raised there was no dancing; we would go to these sports events and cultural events involving the international schools in Pakistan and Afghanistan and it was breaking the rules if we joined in any of the dancing. But if you wanted to push the envelope, you did walk out into the dance floor and join in.

Of course, any religiously conservative environment will have views on music as well as pressures against certain cultural trends including certain kinds of music. The MCS administration, probably with encouragement from certain parents, tried briefly to censor some of the music coming to MCS from the US and UK. But in the end they were quite unsuccessful and couldn't really censor anything.

As it happens, my father brought the record album *Jesus Christ Superstar* back with him from the US in the early 1970s. He was asked to teach a Sunday school class on which parts of the record album were Biblical and which were not. And of course it was a very popular class among high school students because many people wanted to join just to listen to the music.

Another way we learned about the counter cultural experience in the West was that Pakistan at that time was on the so called "hippie trail" between Europe and Nepal. We saw people; we met people that were part of this trail. Drugs were certainly available in Murree and some students on occasion used them.

I took the overland trip back to Europe in 1975 when I was 18 and had just graduated from high school. I travelled with two classmates – Steve McCurry and Mark Pegors – in the opposite direction from what was termed the "hippie trail," in our case taking buses and trains from Peshawar to Paris.

We had other encounters with young European and American travelers in Shikarpur which was also for a time on this so-called "hippie trail" (local Pakistanis sometimes called them "happies"!). On occasion my parents would invite them in for the night and sometimes they would get sick or get into trouble with the police. Our neighbors would knock on our door and say, "These are your people, take care of them!"

Q: Oh boy!

ADDLETON: So my parents would take care of them. They were very hospitable. One night they had a long conversation which they relate to this day, with a Dutch guy; the conversation turned into a theological discussion on the use of drugs. When he departed on his way to Kathmandu the next day, he left his little clay pipe broken into pieces. Perhaps it was broken by accident but my parents took it as a signal that they had somehow penetrated into his deepest thoughts and showed him a better way!

So we had these people coming through town and it was at a time when locals perceived them to be exemplars of what the West was all about. From a Pakistani perspective these were indeed "our people". So we offered beds for the night to some of these people and we sometimes met with them and talked with them.

I remember one other guy from Europe. We had this little Sunday church service on our verandah and people from the *busti* would come to sing and pray and listen to a sermon. This guy, I think he was from Germany, had a little concertina, a sort of small accordion, and he was playing it as an accompaniment to these wonderful Punjabi hymns. Outsiders sometimes don't realize just how indigenous some of these seemingly Western European religious practices have become, how in this case it was Gaelic singing from some distant Scottish island that eventually shaped music in a dusty Punjabi village half a world away.

Of course, the congregation in Shikarpur was made up of third, fourth, fifth generation Christians, still at the lowest end of the social order but somehow finding meaning and encouragement in these services. We sat on mats on the floor and the music accompaniment included drums and a harmonium – an interesting instrument, a kind of portable organ, now widely used in music and movies across India and Pakistan. Actually, the claim is sometimes made that the British missionaries invented the harmonium and introduced it to South Asia.

As for the Punjabi church, they sing these songs, *zabur* is what they call it, because they are actually words from the Psalms turned into music. Some of these songs entered Punjabi via Scottish missionaries who spoke Gaelic. The music would almost bring tears to your eyes! And here is this hippie guy with a long beard, maybe looking a bit like Jesus, and here he is sitting down on the floor and joining in the service.

So on one hand you look at your missionary childhood and you think how insular it was, a tiny community played out in small subculture that most people don't even know about and if they do know about it would probably laugh or have a negative view. But if you are living it from inside, you experience it in a very different way and it has an impact that stays with you the rest of your life.

It makes you wonder about, say, orthodox Muslims growing up in various parts of the US, or Orthodox Jewish communities in New York or Amish communities in Pennsylvania or whatever. On the one hand, such communities can be quite insular and conservative and inward-looking. On the other hand, they can also have a big influence on individuals who in turn go on to live productive lives, whether they remain part of that orthodoxy or not.

This seems like part of my life story as well. I think of it as a privilege, to have grown up in such a community. Not everyone realizes that there are certain strengths that come with this kind of upbringing including what it means in how you relate to mainstream American culture. Or perhaps someone would question this and say that there isn't really a mainstream culture in the United States at all, rather there are a growing number of very different sub-cultures and it is the multiplicity of such sub-cultures that make the United States what it is today

Q: One last thing before you go on to college. You lived in a relatively small area of a very large country with its own separate tradition. Of course it was majority Muslim but nevertheless, a separate kind of ethnic and linguistic identity. How much of the rest of Pakistan did you come to know?

ADDLETON: A lot. Partly because we had the school experience in the north at the edge of the mountains and then the Sindhi experience in the south. And we would have our annual trip to Karachi where we would spend a week on the beach.

That was our annual vacation and we would spend it in a small beach hut on Hawkes Bay where we saw sea turtles and swam in the Arabian Sea. Probably the region of Pakistan that we were less familiar with was the broad middle part of the country, which is Punjab, the largest of Pakistan's four provinces in terms of population.

Shikarpur was on the road to Balochistan toward the west and I remember one vacation where we took the train to Quetta and climbed the highest mountain in Balochistan, not far from Quetta. A particular Pakistani family that we knew well -- the Fazal Din family –- also lived in Quetta. He was the head of nursing at a mission hospital in Quetta and

they would come down for an eye camp for cataract surgery held in Shikarpur during the winter months.

Their several children also came and we spent a lot of time together. We became close to that family and when the eye camp season was finished we would go back to Quetta with them on the train. We would stay in their house and that was a very precious thing, to have this kind of relationship where we knew each other well, travelled with them and stayed with them, sometimes for days at a time.

In addition to becoming familiar with southern Pakistan – the provinces of Sindh and Balochistan – we also traveled extensively in the Northern Areas, beyond Murree. We visited Gilgit, Swat, Kaghan and other places, providing an opportunity to see some of the most beautiful high mountain landscapes in the world.

It was different for a girl such as my sister Nancy growing up in Pakistan. It couldn't happen even for a guy growing up in Pakistan now. But in those days we hitchhiked, we camped in remote areas without adult supervision. We went to Peshawar and we traveled by bus through the Khyber Pass to the smuggling town of Landi Kotal and the frontier town of Torkam. So we really were able to have an unusual sense for the size and variety of Pakistan.

Even back in the day, before the Karakorum Highway connecting Pakistan with China was built, my Dad, brother and I flew to Gilgit in a PIA Fokker Friendship, on what is now the road to China. It was very inaccessible at that time. But opportunities to travel to Gilgit and elsewhere gave us a very good perspective on Pakistan.

I give my parents credit for giving us such opportunities to travel within the country. Now, because of security concerns, it probably wouldn't be possible for a foreigner to replicate all these trips. But back in the day it was wonderful to have those travel opportunities and as a kid I think that I was privileged to see Pakistan in a remarkable kind of way.

Q: Okay. So now you're interested in journalism and of course Northwestern is one of the schools very well known for journalism, a major journalism school. When did you get there?

ADDLETON: 1975. But before returning to the US there is one other thing I want to say about Pakistan – that we also experienced something of conflict including something of the 1971 war with India that led to the birth of Bangladesh.

As it happens, my father went to see Zulfikar Ali Bhutto during the early part of his political career, when he was still the rabble-rousing politician speaking at local colleges and universities.

One interesting thing about my father is that on occasion he watches the political process from a distance. Actually more than a year ago, when then-candidate Donald Trump was

giving speeches in Macon, GA, he wondered "Well, who is this guy" – and then he went to hear him speak! He can't stand the guy but he still was interested in hearing him speak.

Perhaps in a similar way my father was curious about the young Zulfikar Ali Bhutto and when he showed up at a local college in Shikarpur, my father showed up also because he wanted to hear what Bhutto had to say. And eventually Zulfikar Ali Bhutto became Foreign Minister and then Prime Minister of Pakistan.

Later, he was overthrown by General Zia and some years after that he was executed by hanging. His daughter Benazir – whose sixth birthday party in Larkana I had attended as a child – also later became Prime Minister of Pakistan but was killed in a terrorist attack. Most of her brothers also died violently.

In terms of what we experienced, one of the most important events that we saw up close and personal was the 1971 war with India. Our immediate neighbor in Shikarpur was the Sub Divisional Magistrate (SDM), a member of Pakistan's elite civil service. It was usually their first appointment after graduating from the Civil Service Academy, at a time when graduates from that academy were considered the elite of the elite. And we often met and became friends with the newly appointed SDMs when they were posted to Shikarpur.

We had some remarkable friendships with several of these young SDMs over the years, were invited to their weddings, and even visited them at some of their follow-on assignments. Once we traveled to Punjab to attend the wedding of a former SDM whom my parents knew well. When I think of the ways in which we came to know Pakistan, partly it was on account of the various times we met socially with these local government officials.

During the war with India in 1971 – the war that led to the breakup of Pakistan and the birth of Bangladesh – it happened that our SDM neighbor and his wife were both Bengalis from what was then East Pakistan. His name was Pasha and her name was Rita. They were both very concerned with what was happening in their homeland.

The wife was from Dhaka and her father was a professor at Rajshahi University in Dhaka. Toward the end of the war, a number of these professors were slaughtered and Rita lived in fear of what might happen to her father. As the war continued, Pasha advised us to not drive our Land Rover because the military might requisition it. He also advised us to put black paper on all of our window, in case the Indian Air Force decided to bomb Shikarpur.

This was December 1971 and we had just returned from boarding school in Murree to our winter vacation on the plains. Actually, MCS had closed early because by now war with India seemed imminent. We had just travelled by train from Rawalpindi to Rohri Junction where my parents met us and drove us to Shikarpur. The war started shortly afterwards.

When this short but violent war ended a couple of weeks later Rita and Pasha were very unsure about their status, given that Bangladesh was now an independent country and the sworn enemy of Pakistan, at least at that time. Fearing the worst, Rita took all her wedding jewelry and gave it to my mother and said, "If you think it might be taken by the Pakistan Army, just throw it away, throw it into a canal".

Over the years, piece by piece, my mother was able to return all this wedding jewelry to Rita. Actually, many years later my parents visited Bangladesh and connected with Pasha and Rita and their families. So in those years we lived next door to some remarkable people.

Another SDM neighbor was named Qudrat. He was also Bengali, leaning toward Bengali nationalism at a time when Bangladesh did not yet exist. My parents knew Qudrat especially well, at a time when West Pakistan was new to him and he was taking on his first civil service assignment in this unfamiliar place called upper Sindh.

He was more attuned to popular Western culture than my parents, introducing them to Joan Baez and *Lord of the Rings*. At the end of his Shikarpur assignment he had a long talk with my parents, a deep discussion that went in spiritual directions. They presented him with a Bengali Bible. He also talked about his motivations and his hopes for his beloved Bengal.

As I mentioned, Qudrat was a Bengali nationalist and was already voicing those feelings that would divide East and West Pakistan and turn them into separate countries. In his words, "No matter what happens, I'm a Bengali nationalist first and last and will be a Bengali nationalist until I die". Several years later he was killed in East Pakistan, in the lead-up to the war with India. Ironically, he was not killed by the Pakistani military during the civil war but rather was killed by the Bengali resistance.

During a civil war, civil servants like Qudrat are placed in an intolerable position. The pro-Pakistani militia in East Pakistan was known as the *razaakers* and the nationalist opposition was known as the *Mukti Bahini*. The *Mukti Bahini* had captured some members of this pro-Pakistan militia and was bent on killing them. When Qudrat intervened to prevent this, he himself was killed.

It is one of those huge ironies that a staunchly nationalist Bengali such as Qudrat should be killed in this way. Had he lived, he might have played an important part in the Bangladeshi government. Of course, Bangladeshi politics has its own problems and this is one example of that. Years later my parents got in touch with Qudrat's brother who by this time had emigrated to Australia. As a younger brother, he said he always admired his older brother Qudrat. He was very touched by my parent's account of their friendship with him.

Yet another former SDM neighbor also had connections to East Pakistan, albeit in a different way. In this case, it was a former SDM who was later posted in East Pakistan.

When the civil war started, he was asked by authorities to provide the names of troublemakers that he assumed would then be arrested or even killed.

His parents had come from Kashmir and had given up everything to move to Pakistan. His dream and their dream was all about Pakistan and now this dream was turning into a nightmare. He returned to what was left of Pakistan a broken man. But he was fortunate to return at all, leaving East Pakistan in one of the last flights before the war with India started, otherwise he would have been taken prisoner and imprisoned in an Indian internment camp.

So we saw the human cost of war, up close and personal. I would have been 13 or 14 years old at the time. Even at that age, there are things that I remember from sitting on the sidelines of those conversations. I would hear what the adults were saying and I heard some very interesting stories.

Now let me fast forward again to high school, to my application to those several college and universities: Northwestern, University of Georgia, Wheaton College. I suppose someone might say now days that Northwestern was my "reach" school, a hoped-for but unlikely possibility. But I was accepted, at Northwestern as well as by Georgia and Wheaton.

Shortly afterwards we drove to Karachi for our annual week-long vacation at Hawkes Bay. In the community in which I was raised, decisions about college required prayer, were affirmed by a sense of "calling" and were typically accompanied by the comment that "God will show you the way". For me, that week at the beach was all about "Where should I go next and what should I do with the rest of my life"?

This would have been in February or March of 1975 and I would be graduating from MCS and leaving Pakistan forever in June. When asked what my decision would be, I told my parents that I had walked along the beach and my call was to go to Northwestern. I think they greeted this news with some trepidation but that was it – I would go to Evanston, IL rather than Wheaton, IL or Athens, GA. And the other thing -- and maybe it was partly that long walk on the beach -- is the realization that my childhood was coming to an end, that this has been a precious time of my life but now that part of my life was almost over.

For some people it may be that high school ends too abruptly and suddenly that part of life is finished. But in my case that week on the Arabian Sea gave me time to process what was happening and what would come next, to realize that one chapter of my life was about to finish but another one was about to begin.

So I returned to Murree for my final semester in March and I graduated from MCS in June. But I also had time to stop and smell the proverbial roses, see the snow-covered mountains in the distance and experience that last sports tournament. And realize, "Wow, how lucky am I? But never again. This is the last time that I will ever be experiencing something like this."

As I mentioned, there were 15 students in my graduating class. That number included two friends, Mark Pegors and Steve McCurry. We determined that we would return to the US the long way, by going overland. My parent's mission had allotted $800 for me to buy a plane ticket to return to the US. But I would use that money to go by road, ending up in Paris and taking a charter flight from there to New York. Our route would be as follows: Peshawar, Kabul, Ghazni, Kandahar, Herat, Iran, Turkey, on into Europe.

We were much more interested in seeing Europe than the Middle East. We already knew Pakistan and wanted to see something completely different. But we did stop off and see something of Afghanistan, Iran and Turkey along the way. We slept in tea shops and we took buses and later trains from this place to that place. It wasn't some kind of consolidated travel arrangement with a single tourist company and it wasn't joining a "hippie bus" undertaking the entire trip in a single vehicle, rather we improvised our own itinerary, one day at a time.

As I later mentioned to our own kids, this was my coming-of-age journey. And we were lucky to be able to take that journey. It only took three weeks and I wish we had had longer. But we just went from place to place, looking for the next cheap way forward. We spent our final night in Europe sleeping on park benches under the Eiffel Tower and then we caught our cheap chartered flight to New York.

Along the way we met a German guy and we kept on running into him. We jokingly called him "Hans" and he was traveling by himself from Kathmandu to Europe. We crossed the border from Afghanistan into Iran and all of us saw the display cases on the Iranian side of the border, showing ripped backpacks in which drugs were found, along with the sentences imposed – decades in jail, even execution. And we kept on running into Hans at various points along the way, at border crossings and elsewhere. Finally, we made it to Istanbul and Hans came up to us looking agitated and said that he had a stash of hashish that he had been carrying with him the entire way. Someone had now gotten into his hotel room and rifled through his bags and knows he has it. Could we please hold it for him? I don't know, have you ever seen the movie *Midnight Express?*

Q: Oh my God, yes!

ADDLETON: I'm not sure what would have happened to us if Steve McCurry hadn't said, very forcefully, "Get lost!" Even now, I can't help but think about it – we were 18 years old and most probably would not have gotten any mercy from the court. You know what they would have done to us, what would have happened to us! Fortunately, Steve – he was the oldest of us, a wonderfully talented music guy who later became head of the Pasadena Conservatory of Music -- had the presence of mind to say, "No way!"

We continued on our way and took that final flight to New York. We stayed with Andrew Chelchowski who had graduated from MCS a year earlier and whose father was from Poland and worked at the United Nations. And then we went our separate ways, Steve to California and Mark to Minnesota and me to Georgia. I travelled to Macon and then up to

Chicago, in both cases by Greyhound bus. I arrived at Northwestern for the start of the fall semester with nothing but a pack on my back and found my way to the cheapest dormitory on campus, Asbury Hall.

Q: In 1975.

ADDLETON: Yes, this would have been in August 1975.

Q: A last quick aside, sort of a small thing. You'd mentioned the Sufi saints. What was Sufism like in Pakistan? A lot of people don't know this aspect of Islam.

ADDLETON: It was very important in Sindh in particular, the province where my parents worked and where we spent our winter vacations. Sindh has been home to Sufi saints and Sufi shrines for centuries. Hindus also have a tradition of making pilgrimages to these shrines and venerating these saints. Two of the most famous saints in Sindh were Lal Shahbaz Qalandar, perhaps going back to the 1200s and Shah Abdul Latif, going back to the 1700s and emerging as the most prominent poet in Sindhi literature on account of his *Risalo*.

The shrine of Lal Shahbaz Qalandar was on the western side of the Indus River in Sehwan and the shrine of Shah Abdul Latif was on the eastern side of the Indus River at Bhit Shah and not too far from Hyderabad, the second largest city in Sindh after Karachi. Growing up, we would occasionally visit these shrines, talk to people and observe what happened there. This reflected the more popular side of Islam in Sindh, what might be called the religion of the shrine rather than the religion of the mosque. People would come with a prayer request, write it on a piece of paper or tie a strip of cloth related to their prayer to a nearby tree or perhaps the lattice work on the shrine itself.

A famous Sufi song called *Dam Dam Mast Qalandar* is associated with Sehwan, a fantastic song which has been performed by many of the great musicians of the Subcontinent and is now part of the popular culture in parts of both India and Pakistan. These were the kinds of real life experiences that I could draw on when writing a paper about Sufism in Sindh as a student at Northwestern.

Another dimension of this was that certain cultured Pakistani families were also part of the Sufi culture in Sindh – they too were Sufis, through and through. I talk about my parents and what people may not always realize is that a conservative missionary couple like my parents could have serious, friendly, and heart-to-heart conversations with Muslims equally committed to their faith. They didn't beat each other on the head. On the contrary, it becomes a genuine spiritual conversation.

One such family was the Agha family, close friends in Shikarpur before they moved away. One of their sons, closest to me in age, later emigrated to the US and became a professor of computer science at a Midwestern university. He also remained a patriotic Sindhi – and a Sufi, proud of Sindh's Sufi traditions.

Another Muslim family that became friends of family was that of Dr. Sheikh. He was not so much a Sufi as a devout moderate Muslim, someone who made a genuine effort to convert my own parents to Islam. After he passed away his family moved to the US. I once met his grandson Asif Sheikh, now the very successful CEO of a development consulting company. We were both surprised when we figured out the connection.

Undoubtedly, Sufism in Sindh has historic connections with Hinduism and remains influenced by Hinduism to this day. Of course, every tradition eventually has limits when it comes to tolerance. But Sufism in Sindh is viewed as very tolerant, attracting both well educated professionals and illiterate villagers.

Some kinds of Sufism have a syncretic and even pantheistic aspect to them. Of course, this is what orthodox Muslims abhor. It also reflects a world view that would be anathema to most forms of Islam practiced in, say, Saudi Arabia. It is anathema to Al-Qaeda and ISIS and the Taliban as well and Sufi shrines in Lahore, Sehwan and elsewhere in Pakistan have at times been subjected to horrific terrorist attacks. And yet Sufism is also a strand of Islam that permeates parts of Pakistan and continues to play a role in Pakistan to this day.

We were privileged to become familiar with some of these less well known corners of Pakistan and less well known aspects of Pakistani culture and society. Of course, time passes on and the world that I grew up could not be recreated now. But in that place and time, as an observant and curious adolescent, I had the opportunity to witness such things. All this comes together to make us who we are. You look back and listen and recall some of these conversations, not necessarily all of them, but even bits and pieces of them. And some of these things became the platform and foundation for your own life story. Even now, it is interesting to look back and remember.

So once again, it was my privilege to have those years in Pakistan and to experience that last night in Murree, after my graduation from high school, when it would all end, turning into little more than a dream. As I departed from the place where I was born and nurtured as a child, I had a very conscious sense of gratitude, a feeling that “it’s over”, that I’ll never have a chance to see these people again; that now it is finally time to move on.

The next morning, we got up early and took a Government Transport Service (GTS) bus to Peshawar. From there we continued our journey to Afghanistan, Iran, Turkey and Europe. And then I arrived at Northwestern, embarking on a ten-year journey as first an undergraduate and then a graduate student in the US, setting the stage for when I eventually joined the Foreign Service.

Years later University of Georgia Press published my second book, an extended reflection on what it was like to grow up as the child of missionaries from rural Georgia who spent much of their own living and working in Pakistan. It is called *Some Far and Distant Place* and covers many of the themes covered in these recollections.

Q: We will pick up with that at the next session.

ADDLETON: Okay.

Q: Today is December 12. We are resuming our interview with Jonathan Addleton. So Jonathan, before we go on to our college with you, are there any other anecdotes from your growing up period, your adolescence in Pakistan you'd like to talk about?

ADDLETON: Right. The one thing I thought of, given that this is a Foreign Service reflection, are those early encounters with Foreign Service officers in Pakistan, which did make a difference to my outlook and attitude toward an eventual career as a Foreign Service Officer myself. Of course one aspect was simply the move of the capital of Pakistan from Karachi to Islamabad, making the Embassy a lot closer to where I went to school.

Occasionally we would go there to renew our passports. I was registered as a foreign birth overseas so my parents had to take care of that as well, getting me registered as an American citizen. We would touch base at the Embassy from time to time on visas and other issues. I will say, even all these years later, that we appreciated that the Embassy Fourth of July party was opened to us as missionary kids and as American citizens. It was one part of America that we gladly celebrated. We were given real hotdogs and real coke. That was nice and we appreciated it a lot.

Two other interesting things I would say very quickly. One was simply that my parents lived in Shikarpur, 300 miles north of Karachi, and accessible only via some God-awful roads, at least in those years. At the time a road trip from Karachi to Shikarpur might be regarded as a major expedition. As it happens, Shikarpur was also located in the Karachi consular district. On occasion a consular officer from Karachi would pay a visit to the American citizens living in the countryside, driving on those terrible roads and experiencing something very different from life in Karachi.

I didn't realize it at the time, but they probably also appreciated hearing a perspective from the countryside. I wouldn't have any notion for it at the time but I suspect that when they returned to Karachi they would write a reporting cable about their trip north and what the perspective was from upper Sindh. Of course, for us the highlight of the visit was what they might they might bring to us as a house gift. Usually it was something from the Commissary, which for kids at least was the highlight of any visit.

Q: Let me just ask, did they bring peanut butter?

ADDLETON: That would be one of the hugely sought-after gifts, for sure. It sounds funny but it was a very American thing and we loved it on our *chapatis*.

The other things I'll mention are issues related to conflict and war, those kinds of concerns. I've already mentioned the disastrous 1971 war with India which generated a lot of anxiety and concern. In the end, the Embassy evacuated almost all the Americans living in Lahore and Karachi. Lahore was near the border with India and would face

threats under any scenario. And in 1971 the Indian Air Force bombed Karachi and set fire to nearby oil facilities. Many of the evacuees were flown to Cyprus.

We maintained contact with the Embassy and the Consulate on these occasions. The 1971 war went especially badly for Pakistan. What was so deflating for the public at the time was the message throughout the war that Pakistan was doing well, that Pakistan was winning. And then the announcement was suddenly made that the Pakistan army in East Pakistan under General "Tiger" Niazi had surrendered. Naturally, people wondered what might happen next – including to foreigners still living in what was left of Pakistan.

As I mentioned, we had a Land Rover and of course it was a useful vehicle, perhaps even for military purposes. The government official who lived next door to us and knew my parents well basically said, "Look, for the duration of the war just put that Land Rover in your garage and don't drive it around." It was good advice and we appreciated it. We left it in the garage with a full tank of gas.

At the time my father was what was called "Field Chairman," responsible for the dozen or so Baptist missionary families then living in our part of the country. And he had to make a tough decision: what would trigger our evacuation, especially as the business and diplomatic families living in larger cities such as Lahore and Karachi began to depart. Just as embassies develop a "trigger mechanism" to help make these kinds of decisions; my father had to devise a plan that might be evoked for those of us living in upper Sindh.

I should also mention that further north from us was a town in southern Punjab called Rahim Yar Khan which was closer to the Indian border. During the war when the Indians bombed Rahim Yar Khan and the Indian army began advancing toward it, some of these missionaries drove south to Shikarpur and stayed with us for a couple of days before continuing to Quetta, near Afghanistan. That was the main alternative to an air evacuation – to drive a car to Quetta and then cross the border into Afghanistan.

Some foreigners became quite concerned and even panicked as the 1971 war unfolded. One such person was an elderly gentleman, perhaps in his seventies, from a Mennonite background then living in Shikarpur. His family had emigrated to North America from Russia. He had come to Pakistan in retirement and was helping to build a mission hospital in Shikarpur. He and his wife were terrified by the prospect of war. They feared that all foreigners might be rounded up and taken to internment camps.

Gordon Tiger was the CG at the American Consulate in Karachi during that dramatic year, if I remember correctly. He was a long-time Foreign Service officer, a wonderful guy, and it was on one of those trips from the Karachi Consulate prior to the war that he was accompanied by an FSO colleague, a Mr. Pinch. They knew that the American missionaries in Shikarpur faced a difficult situation and I suppose they wanted to demonstrate their support, driving those 300 miles on those terrible roads just to see us.

My father had everybody over and the adults talked about contingencies and what would happen if war broke out or if the situation took a turn for the worse. And this retired

missionary from a Mennonite background -- I wish I could remember his name, he led a remarkable life; but, thinking of the chronology, if he was in his seventies in 1971 he must have been a teenager during the Russian Revolution and his fears about what we could experience might well have been rooted in the reality that while Mennonites were pacifists, war could affect them, just as it would affect everyone else.

One other thing that I remember about our encounter with the Karachi Consulate was that this very gregarious retired guy who spent his childhood in Russia was also very pleased to meet these senior American officials. And when he introduced himself, he said "Oh, Mr. Tiger, I am pleased to meet you – I hope that you don't bite". Then he introduced himself to the other FSO present, in this case saying, "Oh, Mr. Pinch, glad to meet you, I hope that you don't . . ."

He meant to say "pinch" but he was just too embarrassed to complete the sentence! I have carried this story around with me for the rest of my life. And I have often wondered, what did Mr. Tiger and Mr. Pinch think of their brief encounter with those Baptist missionaries – and one Mennonite retiree – in upper Sindh?

Looking back, I think I appreciated, even as a child, what the American Consulate was doing to help fellow Americans, including those of us living in Shikarpur. This visit from the Karachi Consulate took place in the lead-up to the war, which started in December.

Once it was clear that Dhaka had fallen and that General "Tiger" Niazi had surrendered to the Indians and that Bangladesh would become an independent country, my father had to make the momentous decision as to whether we would stay in Shikarpur or evacuate to Afghanistan via Quetta. After the Dhaka debacle, President Yahya Khan announced that he would address the country that evening. And, facing a decision of his own, my father said, "Okay, if President Yahya announces that the war is going to continue, that means we should organize a convoy and head to Quetta and Afghanistan.

Sure enough, Yahya spoke to the country that night in the midst of total disaster. I mean, this was a completely down moment in Pakistan's history. The generals had lost a civil war and the country had fallen apart, aided and abetted by India, Pakistan's great enemy. And 90,000 Pakistani soldiers had surrendered, by some accounts the largest such surrender in the history of Islam. All these soldiers were now prisoners of war. And Yahya gave a very bellicose speech that night, basically saying "We will fight; and if it takes 1,000 years we will continue to fight; what is left of Pakistan will never give up." It was a very warlike speech. But the funny thing is no one actually believed any of it.

It was broadcast on BBC radio. As a child it almost seemed like a scene out of World War II, huddled beside our shortwave radio, windows blacked out, awaiting the Indian bombers overhead. We heard the crackle of the radio, the chimes from Big Ben announcing the time – and we heard that the conditions that had been set by my father for us to stay in Shikarpur had not been met. According to those conditions, now that the war would continue, it was time for us to load up the Land Rover and depart. But, again, no

one believed that Yahya was capable of continuing the war. So my father said, “It is still too soon for us to leave”.

I’m not sure what the history books say about this debacle. But within 24 hours Yahya had resigned, turning the country over to Zulfikar Ali Bhutto who had travelled to New York to represent Pakistan at the UN. There was a ceasefire and then the war was over. Eventually Pakistan had to accept the fact that East Pakistan was now Bangladesh.

As often happens in Pakistan, when the military is discredited and when the country has hit rock bottom, it is now time for the civilians to once again return to power and give it a try. And so, despite my father’s earlier statement about a “trigger mechanism” that would force a decision to evacuate, we in the end stayed put. I think it sometimes happens at embassies also. “Trigger mechanisms” might be put in place. But then questions arise as to whether those mechanisms were properly calculated and sometimes the earlier decisions are “walked back” and then overturned. At least, that is what happened in the case of the missionary families living in Shikarpur at the time.

Looking back, it is interesting to think that I had these handful of early encounters with the embassy, or rather my parents did and I observed them unfold from a distance Mostly, they were positive. And when I look back it is probably true to say that my decision to become a Foreign Service Officer was at least partly related to those early experiences.

Q: You mentioned that your father was responsible for several families. Was he a formal warden?

ADDLETON: I’m not certain; but, yes, I have to think so; since he was serving as “Field Chairman,” he would also be in touch with the Karachi Consulate about the challenges we faced with Pakistan now at war. The first priority of any US Embassy or Consulate is of course the safety of Americans living in the area. In the whole of Pakistan, there can’t have been more than a few dozen or perhaps a few hundred missionary families. But there was communication with the Embassy throughout the war, bringing even those of us living in remote corners of the country in contact with American diplomats.

Q: And one last question before we leave. The Christian community that had been existing there, given all the changes that had occurred and all of the Islamic fervor and uproar throughout the world now, is it still there in Pakistan?

ADDLETON: Yes, very much so. Of course, some Pakistani Christians have migrated to other countries, just like other Pakistanis. But there is definitely still a Christian community in Pakistan though relatively speaking it is quite small. The breakdown among Protestants and Catholics in Pakistan is probably around 50-50 or perhaps 60-40. As I mentioned earlier, most Christians live in Punjab or Karachi and a few other urban centers. Actually, outsiders are sometimes surprised to learn that perhaps a quarter million Christians live in Karachi alone. It is a very big city and, proportionately

speaking, that may not be a large presence. But it is still a community that numbers in the hundreds of thousands in Karachi alone, not to mention other parts of the country.

It is also a largely ignored community and on occasion a persecuted community – though it does have its own heroes and its own unique and even remarkable history. I mentioned the impact that Christians have had on health and education in Pakistan. There have also been several famous Christian artists such as Colin David or musicians such as the Benjamin Sisters, a popular group that sang some catchy tunes several decades ago. Some Christians have also served in the military, making a particular impact in the Air Force, especially during the 1965 war with India, pilots like Cecil Chaudhry.

When the Pakistan National Day rolls around, some of these figures are mentioned in the Pakistani media as examples of Christians contributing to the Islamic Republic of Pakistan. After all, the white strip on the left side of the Pakistani flag is meant to symbolize Pakistan's various minorities including Christians. And Pakistani Christians are understandably proud of their successes and contributions over the years, despite their low social status in certain parts of the country and the difficulties they have experienced in recent years, including multiple attacks on churches in Islamabad, Lahore, Quetta and elsewhere.

Actually, as a student at Northwestern I returned to Pakistan for an independent study project. At that time, I met former Supreme Court Justice Cornelius, by now retired and living at Faletti's Hotel, one of the old Colonial era hotels in Lahore. He was one of the most respected judges in Pakistan and I had the opportunity to talk to him and interview him and ask questions about the status of Christians in Pakistan

Certain last names in Pakistan are typically associated with particular religious backgrounds. For example, a last name of "Masih" or "Massey" almost always indicates that this person is from the Christian community. Cultural markers like this usually take longer to learn but then they become obvious. Of course, every country has its majority and minority communities and in places like Pakistan those minority Christian and Hindu communities may be a tiny proportion of the total population. But it is important for Embassy officials to be aware of them and where they "fit" in the broader social order.

Linguistic, cultural, ethnic and other minorities are part of the equation as well. This is partly reflected in the comment sometimes made in the Foreign Service, to the effect "the longer I live in a country, the less I know about it". And that is because digging deeper and interacting with a country over an extended period of time almost always reveals added layers of complexity, whether the issue relates to minorities or something else. Stereotyping is easy and doesn't take much effort. Digging deeper takes a lot more time. Having grown up in Pakistan, I hope that I did bring to the Foreign Service some understanding of some of these more hidden corners of Pakistan and some understanding of just what a complex place it is.

Q: Very good. So now you arrive in Northwestern University, it's huge, it's a totally different sort of milieu for you. What were your initial impressions?

ADDLETON: From the start I was strongly interested in journalism. So at the beginning my time at Northwestern was mostly about the Medill School of Journalism, supplemented by those courses in Asian studies. Journalism at Northwestern is also very flexible, especially at an undergraduate level and I appreciated that a lot.

That first year was certainly a challenge. When I look at my own kids -- we have three kids and their college experiences are still relatively recent – I think of how overwhelming and intimidating it can be, especially during that first year. Perhaps now university campuses reflect a stronger appreciation and understanding of the international dimensions of their student populations. But that wasn't necessarily the case during the 1970s, even at a university like Northwestern.

I suppose if I had gone to an explicitly Christian college, there would have had been more missionary kids and I might have identified with them or spent time with them. But this was not the case at Northwestern, where it was unusual for someone like me to even be attending at all. There must have been more than a few Foreign Service kids enrolled at Northwestern at the time but somehow we didn't meet. The international clubs and other efforts to cultivate international connections seemed much more modest in those days. So at that time you more or less had to make your own way if you were somehow "different" than other students around you. And sometimes that was hard.

I did meet several professors who were supportive. Professor Carl Petry in the Middle Eastern studies department was one such person. Also Dean Jon Margolis who was fascinated with India along with Professor Ron Herring who was an expert on land reform in India and Professor "Jock" McLane who focused on historic India.

I think it was one of my adjunct journalism professors—and I wish that I could remember her name after all these years but for some reason I can't—who took a special interest in me and also made a difference. Somehow, she was intrigued by my personal narrative and my personal story about growing up in Pakistan. Looking back, it is remarkable how powerful this simple expression of interest can be – a signal, as it were, that your personal story is valued and that your own experience matters. No matter where you come from, that kind of recognition is somehow very affirming and even life changing.

There were other professors during those first couple of years at Northwestern that also made a difference. For example, I think of Professor Joseph Berland who had done his anthropology fieldwork among the gypsies of Pakistan. I took his class on India and was introduced to the book he had written about his experience titled *No Five Fingers Are Alike*, drawing on a familiar proverb that appears in several South Asian languages including Urdu. His book focused on gypsies who traveled around the country entertaining people with dancing bears. Professor Berland was also very open to and interested in my Pakistan experience.

Having opportunities to use and build on what I learned growing up in Pakistan was therefore beneficial, both at Northwestern and in my later Foreign Service career. It is

interesting to think about that because I have met people who are more likely to hide aspects of their past or try to move beyond their past. But I guess I have had this lifelong compulsion to try and continually draw on that past, integrating the different strands of it into forming who I am and who I wanted to be. And of course, much later, the Foreign Service also became one of those strands, further shaping and defining my own self.

Perhaps this recognition occurs mostly in retrospect. Perhaps it is like Kierkegaard's expression that "Life must be lived forward but understood backwards." But for whatever reason, I have never wanted to divorce myself from my past or separate myself from my past. Rather, I have always wanted to incorporate multiple strands from my past into the fabric of my life, perhaps in ways that become even more complicated as I get older. Perhaps this kind of perspective can also be useful for Foreign Service families whose own life stories become more and more complex, given the places they have lived and the experiences they have had.

In reality, we all have multiple identities that can become even more complicated over time. For example, my wife is from Scotland and I am from the US by way of Pakistan, or Pakistan by way of the United States; however you want to put it. Each individual has their own unique story. If you choose to de-link yourself from your past, you probably end up losing one of your strongest assets as well as the foundation of your own identity. No doubt university is a time when you think a lot about such things! And along with integrating yourself into a new environment, you have the intellectual and emotional challenges that are an essential part of any university community.

In retrospect, Northwestern was a great place to land. Of course, it is a great school. I can't say that there have been lifelong friendships coming out of my Northwestern experience. But I did have a wonderful chance to reconnect with Northwestern about six months ago. Unbeknownst to me, someone had put my name forward for one of those alumni "Hall of Achievement" awards. In fact, it was one of the most improbable yet enjoyable events of my life.

The university flew Fiona and me to Chicago where I joined other Medill School of Journalism alumni awardees including the head of NPR's news division (who is the daughter of a former American ambassador), an editor of the *Chicago Tribune* and an author and journalist named Kai Bird who is a fascinating and very talented guy. His father was a Foreign Service officer, assigned mostly to Middle Eastern countries.

Some years ago Kai Bird won a Pulitzer Prize as co-author of a biography of the nuclear scientist Oppenheimer. He is now working on an authorized biography of Jimmy Carter. He also wrote a wonderful book about growing up as a Foreign Service kid in places like Jordan, Egypt, Lebanon and Saudi Arabia. It is called *Crossing Mandelbaum Gate* and is probably one of the fairest and most dispassionate books on the Arab-Israeli conflict that I have read. His parents were broadly sympathetic to the Palestinian cause.

As an undergraduate in Minnesota he met his future wife whose mother was a Holocaust survivor. In the end, he becomes deeply sympathetic to both narratives though he is

hardly able to reconcile either of them. At some level, I also think of it as one of the best memoirs ever written by a Foreign Service kid, involving as it does crossing many borders and boundaries from an early age.

Anyway, it's a wonderful book. His family lived in one part of Jerusalem and the school he attended was in another part. Each morning he crossed the cease fire line between Israel and Jordan to go to school. He attempts to put the deeply different narratives that he learned from his parents and his wife into a kind of perspective. Like more than a few Foreign Service kids, his paths crossed with those of a number of historic figures – including in his case with the Bin Laden family in Saudi Arabia.

Our oldest son Iain loved the book. This is a bit of an aside. But I do think that Foreign Service families share some similarities with missionary families, even if the kids growing up in those families don't always take advantage of it. Yet our children are able to hear and have access to multiple narratives. They can also experience them through real people that you meet along the way, hearing at first hand their heartaches and their histories, even their conflicting histories and everything that those histories involve. Perhaps making sense of that process starts when Foreign Service kids and missionary kids go to university and start forming their own view of the world and what their ultimate place in that world should be.

My first couple of years at Northwestern probably involved something of this dynamic. As it happens, Northwestern also had a program that seems quite unique – an opportunity to undertake a junior year abroad, not by attending a university in another country but through a personally organized and entirely independent self-study program. It was funded by what was called the Richter Scholarship. At the same time, the Medill School of Journalism offered students an opportunity to intern at a local newspaper somewhere in the United States as part of their "teaching newspaper" program.

I arranged it so that my junior year at Northwestern would involve both. From September until December, I became an intern at the *Macon Telegraph* in my hometown of Macon, GA. And from January until June I lived in Pakistan. That also meant that I really only had three years on the Northwestern campus – the fourth year was spent partly in my hometown of Macon, GA and partly in Pakistan, the country where I was born and raised. But it provided me with a wonderful opportunity to reconnect with both, this time as an adult rather than a child.

The teaching newspaper experience helped confirm my decision to not become a journalist after all, despite my curious nature and my love for writing. Probably I was lucky, given the fate of newspapers and reporters in the years ahead. But as a young intern I definitely got to know the town of Macon, GA really well.

Later I was able to use my admittedly brief journalism career in a number of ways, including those related to Embassy outreach and public affairs. As for the journalist part of my experience at the *Macon Telegraph*, I had a number of interesting encounters including an interview with the musician Ricky Nelson before he was killed in a plane

crash. I also witnessed several interesting crime scenes and wrote a lot of human interest stories.

I did experience one really embarrassing moment which I sometimes later mentioned in talks to journalist students during my Foreign Service career. It involved a late night breaking crime story in which someone's house had been broken into and the man living there had been shot. The deadline was approaching and the editor continued to press me for the address at which the crime occurred. The policeman on duty wouldn't give it to me. So I committed the most elementary of all journalism mistakes – I relied on only one source, in this case the telephone book.

Unfortunately, at least two people in Macon had the same first and last name; only one of them appeared in the telephone book; and the name in the telephone book was matched with the wrong street address! The next day, the competing afternoon newspaper ran a front page story on what it is like to wake up, pick up the newspaper and read that you have been shot. He had received a lot of worried calls from friends and relatives as well. It was embarrassing but I survived. I also got a basic lesson in the most important of all journalism codes, "Be sure of your facts"!

Newspaper work helps you connect with a wide range of people. I represented my country abroad for 32 years as a Foreign Service Officer, even though I had grown up elsewhere, outside my home country. But for brief periods growing up and now as a university student I had many opportunities to explore and strengthen these connections with America. For example, in those years I occasionally hitch-hiked. I also took Greyhound buses almost everywhere including from Chicago to California, Atlanta and New York.

In addition, I took "drive away" cars, usually with my brother David. At the time, this basically meant driving a car for a dealer from one town to another town, sometimes covering several states at a time. I had to pay for gas but use of the car was free. If I planned to spend Christmas or Thanksgiving with an aunt or uncle in Detroit or Atlanta, I would look for a "drive away" arrangement to get there, perhaps taking a Greyhound bus back. It was a nice and not very expensive way to see America.

That said, the second part of my junior year at Northwestern involved another overseas experience. The Medill teaching newspaper program at the *Macon Telegraph* had given me new insights into my hometown during the fall term but the Richter Scholarship took me back to Pakistan, preceded by a fascinating trip through the Middle East not long after the peace treaty involving Egypt and Israel and Anwar Sadat and Menachem Begin had been signed.

I traveled to Egypt, Israel and Jordan and wrote several articles about what I saw for the *Macon Telegraph*. I also saw the Nile and the Pyramids for the first time, visited the desert oasis of Fayoum, walked around Jerusalem, traveled to the Sea of Galilee and shared a cave in Petra with a Bedouin soldier, briefly home from his service in the

Jordanian army, before all the Bedouins living in those caves at Petra were removed. Again, I felt incredibly fortunate.

Q: This would have been 1977-78?

ADDLETON: It was 1978, rather 1977-78, now that I think about it. It was the fall of 1977 when I was involved in the teaching newspaper assignment at the Macon Telegraph and it was in the beginning of 1978 when I headed to Pakistan after first spending a couple of weeks in the Middle East, first visiting Cairo, then Amman and then crossing the Allenby Bridge into Israel. It was a positive moment in terms of a potential peace with Israel and a good time to be travelling in the region.

I pretended to be an international journalist and sent a few articles back to the *Macon Telegraph*, based in some cases on the proverbial conversations in tea shops and with taxi drivers. Later, when I reached Islamabad, I talked to people about what was happening in Kabul. This was 1978 and the Soviets didn't invade Afghanistan until late 1979 but in the lead-up to that invasion the opposition to the government that they supported was getting stronger and stronger.

I talked to people who were coming out of Kabul and I wrote an article about where things seemed to be headed, with the Soviets becoming more and more involved. But this was the only article that I submitted that the *Macon Telegraph* decided *not* to publish.

A couple years later Don Floyd, the editor, was rifling through papers on his desk and came across this article. By now the Soviets actually had invaded Afghanistan and much of what I had written about seemingly had come to pass. He then wrote an op-ed of his own, titling it "Afghanistanisms". It was a kind of "*mea culpa*" moment. Among other things, he mentioned the article that I submitted and acknowledge that the newspaper had decided against publishing it: "Back in the spring of 1978 Jonathan sent this article to me; and in December 1979 the Soviets invaded Afghanistan", etc., etc."

As he stated in his op-ed, in the media world there is this sense that Afghanistan is too remote and too far away; nobody cares about Afghanistan and nobody would be interested in reading anything about it.

Though my article was never published, his reflection almost makes me think that it somehow did see the light of day, eventually. He directly quoted some comments from it, especially the parts about the Soviets increasing their influence. As a kid, I had visited Afghanistan a number of times. Given my later involvement in Afghanistan, I sometimes think about those childhood trips as well as my sense that something serious was taking place there during the late 1970s. Afghanistanisms? No one cares? All these years later, it is fascinating to look back on these kinds of early connections.

So I embarked on six months of independent study in Pakistan. The paper I wrote was on the relationship between Pakistan and the Middle East. Years later, my PhD dissertation at the Fletcher School was about labor migration from Pakistan to the Middle East. But

this undergraduate paper was more an exploration of the religious and political reasons that brought Pakistan and the Middle East closer together.

As early as 1978, it was possible to see something of the gathering storm, that Pakistan was beginning to think of itself as operating in a different orbit. We all have our biases. But when I look back, I think partly in terms of Pakistan beginning to disengage from South Asia, from the Indian subcontinent, from its Moghul past.

Over time it seemed that Pakistan wanted to become less "Indian" and more "Arab". Saudi Arabia and the very conservative outlook of the *Wahhabi* form of Islam practiced there gradually became more important. That reality was even played out in the adoption of new words and new phrases.

For example, as a child growing up in Pakistan the common phrase when saying goodbye was "*Khuda Hafiz*", using the perfectly fine (and religiously neutral) Persian words for "God be with you". Later, when I returned to Pakistan as an adult, I realized that this phrase had been replaced by a new one, *Allah Hafiz*," substituting the traditional Arabic word for God in place of the older Persian one. Now Pakistan was all about "*Allah*" rather than "*Khuda*". Saudi ways of covering women were also introduced, as if to suggest that it was Saudi Arabia that should define the "true" Islam.

And so it was fascinating to have this opportunity to see early on the direction toward which Pakistan was heading. I spent several weeks doing the research in the Islamic Research Center library in Islamabad. Perhaps I spent too much time looking at the issue through books and articles. But I also talked to a number of people and was able to observe at first hand some of the changes that were taking place.

I looked at Pakistan's early international encounters, shaped in part by the angst and anger if you will toward India on account of Kashmir especially. Over time, both the Pakistani elites and ordinary people began to more and more look west toward the Arab world rather than east toward India. Saudi Arabia in particular was perceived as the source of "true" Islam and Pakistan was after all an Islamic Republic. Saudi Arabia was also funding mosques and *madrassas* in Pakistan and was providing jobs for Pakistanis in the Middle East. It was an interesting dynamic and it was already beginning to unfold in ways that would take Pakistan in a different direction.

I really credit Northwestern for making both this study abroad opportunity and my earlier teaching newspaper experience possible. What a wonderful thing, not only to return to Pakistan but also to spend the first quarter of my junior year working as a reporter for a local newspaper in the deep South. The fact that my family was from Macon and that I had attended 8th grade in Macon during the first year of integration added to the experience and gave me an added perspective.

I had experienced the first year of integration in a primarily African American school. I also became aware of Macon's musical heritage. The Allman Brothers Band, which was an "integrated" band introducing Southern Rock to the entire country was just making its

mark through songs such as *Ramblin' Man,*" *Midnight Rider* and *Whipping Post*. Earlier Otis Redding had also put Macon on the music map, in part through songs like *Respect, These Arms of Mine* and *Sittin' at the Dock of the Bay*. In some sense, Macon's music traditions and my own ties to Middle Georgia also gave me a stronger sense for my own American identity, despite the fact that I had been born in Pakistan and spent most of my growing up years and even my adult years in other countries.

So I returned to Northwestern for my senior year after spending one quarter in Macon and two quarters in Pakistan, mostly Islamabad. Finally, I began to move out of my "shell" and begin to engage more with students around me.

Like others who attended Northwestern on a needs-based scholarship I also had a work/study job. When I first arrived in Evanston I was so naive that I thought that since "work/study" was included as part of my scholarship "package," I had to look for a job and earn money throughout the school year. I didn't realize that work/study jobs are in fact subsidized by the US government and that simply stating that I was a work/study student would make employment that much easier for potential employers, because the government would be paying my salary.

During that first year that I arrived in Evanston I had several menial jobs like cleaning out the house of an elderly woman who was a hoarder, that kind of manual work. And then I realized that having access to work/study funds made me more valuable and opened the door to other work opportunities.

For a while I was a late night typesetter at the student newspaper, the *Daily Northwestern*. One of the editors was Elisabeth Bumiller. She later became a prominent journalist, working for the *New York Times* as a correspondent in New Delhi and then Washington, DC. She also wrote a book about the role of women in India.

Working at the *Daily Northwestern* also gave me more exposure to journalism students at Northwestern. My major after all was journalism. When former Prime Minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto was hanged by General Zia, I wrote an article about it for the *Daily Northwestern*. I predicted that there might be violence in the aftermath of this hanging – which did not in fact occur. Too many Pakistanis were already disillusioned with Bhutto and ready to follow Zia along his increasingly Islamic path.

I also took some of the usual summer jobs that students take, at a time when such jobs could make a major contribution to the cost of attending college. One summer I was a manual laborer in Georgia, working in the woods and using a "bush hook" to clear right of ways for power lines. A summer job involving manual labor in the woods is a good experience and so I had that kind of experience though at one point I almost cut off my foot with a chainsaw.

In Evanston I worked in a number of other pick-up jobs, including as a waiter and clean-up man at the Gamma Phi sorority. Once I almost burned down the sorority house, accidentally setting fire to a dry flower arrangement that decorated one of the tables, a

dry flower arrangement that also included a candle that I was trying to light that particular night!

But the big question when you finish university is, what do I do next? Recently all of our three kids have been experiencing that and it is a challenge to find that first post-university "real" job. I interviewed with Voice of American (VOA) with the hopes of becoming a foreign correspondent but they didn't want me. Other opportunities did come through and in the end you take what you can get. Even unsuccessful interviews gave me experience on what it means to embark on a job search.

Q: Let me just ask you, VOA was not interested in your language ability for South Asia?

ADDLETON: Maybe I was too junior and didn't have enough journalism experience. Maybe the VOA network is more for graduate students. I was 21 and probably just wasn't experienced enough. Also, even then I was mainly a print journalism guy and probably would have been really lousy on air. Again, at the worst I did at least get useful interview experience. It was probably a thoroughly miserable interview and I can't fault anybody for that but myself. But I did eventually get a job. I stayed in Chicago and my first job out of Northwestern was as a junior editor at World Book Encyclopedia.

Q: Interesting.

ADDLETON: It was based in downtown Chicago. By now World Book has gone digital. But at that time they were still a traditional encyclopedia. Years earlier my parents had given me a set of World Book encyclopedias in Shikarpur. Perhaps it had come from a departing Embassy family. Like so many in my generation who liked to read, World Book was also one of the sources of my early education. Perhaps it was for you as well?

Q: When I had a question, my parents said, "Look it up in the encyclopedia". We had the World Book.

ADDLETON: My parents thought that it was very appropriate, that my first job was fulfilling this obligation to World Book. A couple of things stand out. First, World Book had a word list and they knew from their research, even back then – we are talking about 1979-1980 – which age group would be most likely to read which articles. So you had a word list to make sure the prose was addressed to the right age of your prospective audience.

Another aspect of working at World Book was that as editors we often rewrote the articles written by experts that didn't actually know how to write very well, at least for adolescents. Basically, World Book provided an honorarium to academics or other experts to submit articles and have their names appear as authors under those articles. Some of the submissions were almost unreadable. So World Book was partly paying for the name of the author who would then add credibility. But it was we editors who turned that turgid academic prose into something that a kid might actually read.

I remember some of the details to this day. I must have worked as an editor at World Book for four or five months. I wrote an article on "Horsehair Worm". I wrote an article on "Travertine". I wrote an article on "Bogota". I wrote an article on "Piano" and that one was interesting, pitched as it was for an older readership. You probably don't know what travertine is but it is a kind of Italian marble. The work at World Book was okay. I might have spent my entire life in that kind of work.

At the same time that I was hired by World Book, I told them that I was also interviewing for a year-long internship at the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace with offices in New York and Washington. At the time I didn't know if I would be selected or not. I didn't want to undermine my chances of working for World Book but I was up-front with them about the Carnegie Endowment possibility and I wanted them to know that I might leave a few months later. I must have started at World Book in July 1979 and I lived with my brother in downtown Chicago. I had a regular 9 to 5 work experience.

The Carnegie Endowment opportunity was unexpected. They advertised it at colleges and universities all over the country. Unusually, it was an internship that was actually paid, offering a small living stipend. One of our kids did an unpaid internship and we welcomed the opportunity for him to get real work experience. But the US system of unpaid internships is inherently unfair because some people can work for free and others can't.

So to this day I appreciate the fact that Carnegie provided opportunities for paid internships. The stipend was very modest but it was enough for someone in my circumstances to live in New York or Washington and not have to rely on a parental contribution which in my case would not have been forthcoming. I might have been selected in the first year that Carnegie offered this paid internship. And, nearly four decades later, Carnegie is still running this internship program.

Daniel Flaherty, one of their senior staff members, went around the country and interviewed and selected potential interns. We were given several topics to choose from and, as I had in classes as an undergraduate at Northwestern, I drew on personal experience. I wrote my little essay on the impact of multinational corporations. I think my essay was titled "When Coca Cola Comes to Town".

Q: Now this would have been 1979?

ADDLETON: That's right, 1979.

Q: A time in which U.S. multinationals were going out more and more to try to sell goods and at the same time, you began to get the economic theories that they were simply exploitative.

ADDLETON: Yes, absolutely.

Q: They were simply present in foreign countries to scrape money out and take it away.

ADDLETON: Yes. The view that multinational corporations were inherently exploitative was a common theme on most American campuses. It was against this backdrop that this essay topic was included in the application form. Because you are 100 percent right, many undergraduates at that time would have been seriously skeptical about multinational corporations. Looking back, it was part of a late 1970s university environment where multinational corporations were controversial and even despised and there was a lot of skepticism about them.

I may be going off on a tangent. But that view was in keeping with a lot of what I was taught at the time. For example, one of my professors briefly championed the Khmer Rouge, viewing their policies after they came to power in Cambodia – renamed Kampuchea which he found very funny – as simply an interesting experiment in rural development.

This was part of the US campus environment during the late 1970s. It probably isn't much different today. If anything it is even more disconnected from reality. Think of all the praise heaped on Venezuela under Hugo Chavez – and when the country fails, certainly no one in academia is likely to offer their "*mea culpa*" in terms of what they did to vocally support it. More likely, they will say that circumstances have changed or dream up certain excuses or look for some other cause to support.

The late 1970s was also part of the post-Vietnam War critique of what was happening in the world. All of us are products of our generation and that is certainly the case for me. But at the time I don't think there was a professor anywhere who imagined that post-Vietnam Southeast Asia could become worse after the Americans departed. It was time for the Khmer Rouge to have their turn in power and surely things would quickly improve. Among other things, it meant that a group like the Khmer Rouge would get a "free pass" among academics when they came to power, despite the ominous signs that were already obvious all over the place.

The essay that I wrote probably turned out to be helpful in getting me selected for the Carnegie internship. It didn't overly praise multinational organizations but it didn't completely damn them, either. It simply reflected what I had seen when Coca Cola came to Shikarpur. The indigenous beverage industry didn't collapse, rather it improved its product. To work at Coca Cola didn't necessarily involve exploitation, rather it was viewed as one of the best jobs in town. If you could work in the Shikarpur bottling plant, it was like winning the lottery. Of course, there were potential negative impacts as well. It was a mixed picture and I tried to present this mixed picture in my brief essay.

My time at Carnegie turned out to be a wonderful experience. Again, it seemed as if I was incredibly lucky to be invited to participate in this intern program.

Q: Well, just very quickly about Coca Cola. The other thing about Coca Cola was it had quality controls, and that was something that was relatively new I think in a lot of the developing countries, where you just made products and devil take the consequences. You

polluted, you used bad water, and it didn't matter. People did not fully appreciate that at least initially that when a U.S. corporation came in, generally they had very serious quality controls, which if adopted in the local country, would have made important changes in labor rules and all kinds of things. Anyway, I don't mean to take your story!

ADDLETON: No, no, no. We are contemporaries in many ways, both of us having joined the Foreign Service in 1984. As I've mentioned, I consciously looked for ways to integrate my early childhood experiences into my academic life and then my working life. I was fortunate to have a chance to return to Pakistan under a Richter scholarship and begin to reflect in a more adult way what role Pakistan would play in the rest of my life.

We've already talked about some of these approaches. What helped make this possible was the opportunity to return to Pakistan, this time as a university student. So it wasn't simply that everything was great and wonderful when it came to remembering the place of my birth. Certain childhood illusions were shattered as well. When I first came back to Pakistan it was only three years since I had graduated from high school and completed that overland trip from Peshawar to Paris and started at Northwestern. But at that age three years seems like a lot time. For me, it seemed like a lifetime since I had last visited.

I took a flight to Karachi and then took a train north across the Sindh desert to Hyderabad and then up along the orchards and irrigated rice and wheat fields further north. Getting on that train and hearing Urdu and smelling the *chai* at every train station, all those memories came flooding back.

At the same time, you realize that there are some very dark pages and very dark shadows in Pakistani society, that looking at life through only a childhood lens is a recipe for disaster. Even as I became aware of the flaws in US society, I realized that the United States did not have a monopoly on flaws. And, at the least, Americans were often much more vocal about the flaws in their society than might be the case in certain other countries where the natural tendency would be to hide them.

Riding that train north from Karachi to Rawalpindi, for old times sake, I looked for the most recent issue of *Sputnik* magazine that I had bought from platform bookstalls as a child. *Sputnik* was the Russian propaganda magazine, perhaps playing the same role that Russian Television plays today. It was a bit like a Russian version of *Reader's Digest*. That was another thing about growing up in Pakistan, I had experienced the Cold War in a different way. The United States had its USIS libraries and VOA. But Russia, China and North Korea had their comparable tools, including book stores where one might buy the collected works of Marx, Lenin, Mao and Kim il-Sung at heavily subsidized prices.

So while the Cold War had hardly ten years left to run, I read through *Sputnik* while traveling north by train, reading through the latest positive news about the Soviet Union, a country which had seemingly solved all the problems faced by other countries and was now on a positive trajectory toward paradise.

Working at the Carnegie Endowment provided other opportunities for this kind of reflection. And soon after arriving at the Carnegie Endowment in Manhattan as a new intern I wrote an op-ed and sent it to the *Washington Post*. This would have been in the fall of 1979, after the start of the Iranian Revolution and not long after there had been an attack by radical Muslims in Mecca, after which the American Embassy in Islamabad had been sacked by student protestors who somehow blamed the Mecca attack on the United States.

I was 22 years old and had recently graduated from Northwestern. The Soviet invasion of Afghanistan was still a few weeks away. But one thing I remembered during these momentous times was an overnight camping trip I had taken to "Monkey Hill" near Murree a year earlier with several students from Quaid-i-Azam University in Islamabad. A few months later, it was very possible that some of those same students had stood outside the US Embassy, shouting slogans and throwing firebombs. Pakistan was part of my past and possibly part of my future. And yet an event like this devastated countless lives and was another example of how intractable the problems of the world seemed.

The fact that I had a personal connection with Pakistan in some ways made it harder, not easier. I used this op-ed to reflect that personal connections, while poignant, might not be enough to surmount deep political divisions. Yet perhaps at the end of the day the personal might in fact be more important than the political. Or at least the personal would remain as part of the final equation, even when politics or ideology seemed to trump everything.

Anyway, I must have had that interview with Daniel Flaherty at the Northwestern student center in late spring 1979 and I didn't hear from Carnegie again until many months later. I was working at World Book when I got the call. Perhaps I was an "alternate candidate," after one of the original selections had dropped out. Whatever the case, I was asked to join a young but high flying Irish journalist named Michael McDowell at the Carnegie Endowment offices in New York. He was a Protestant sympathetic to the idea of a united Ireland but also well versed in Protestant concerns at a time when IRA violence was taking its toll. He later moved to Washington and we have kept in loose touch over the years.

But the internship itself didn't work out, or rather the New York part of it was somewhat problematic. There simply wasn't enough for me to do, apart from occasional fact-checking and research on a topic that Michael already knew a lot more about than I ever would. He gave me books by the Irish journalist Conor Cruise O'Brien to read and I found the topic interesting. But there simply wasn't much that I could contribute.

The staff at Carnegie was aware of this and suggested that I might want to undertake my internship in Washington instead, under the supervision of Ambassador Christopher Van Hollen who had just taken up a new assignment as Senior Associate covering South Asia. To make a long story short, I was flown to Washington to interview with Ambassador Van Hollen and then a switch was made in my assignment. I would focus on issues related to South Asia rather than the troubles in Ireland.

Parenthetically, though, those several weeks in New York were very important for me because I also met and worked with two other Carnegie interns, both of whom were heading to Princeton's Woodrow Wilson School in the fall to study international relations.

One was named Jeff Merkley. He is now the junior senator from Oregon. The other was Eric Schwartz. He later became very active in human rights and then served in the Obama administration as the Under Secretary for Refugee and Humanitarian Affairs. Later he was dean of the Hubert Humphrey School of Public Affairs at the University of Minnesota and now he heads a well-known international organization focused on refugees.

All three of us have kept in touch. Again, I think how lucky I was to connect with them all those years ago. Now I tell people to take care of their interns; you never know, they might end up as a Senator or Under Secretary! Even as interns, Jeff and Eric arranged a series of speakers to talk to other interns. One of the speakers that they arranged was Pierre Salinger who had worked as press secretary during the Kennedy administration.

I don't think I've ever abused relationships like this. But I have enjoyed reconnecting with Jeff and Eric from time to time over the years. When I was appointed as Ambassador to Mongolia, Jeff had recently been elected Senator and Eric was taking on his new senior assignment at State. And all three of us met and talked about our time as interns at the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.

No doubt, my time at Carnegie was a formative experience for me and probably for all three of us -- but as fellow interns, not as professionals afterwards. It wasn't a career-enhancing kind of connection, rather simply a friendship that started before we entered our respective professional working lives. Later, when I retired from the Foreign Service, I had dinner with Jeff in his room on Capitol Hill, part of an apartment he shared with Senator Coons from Delaware. I retired from the Foreign Service on January 20, 2017 and we talked about what might be expected from the Trump administration.

Jeff's story is interesting. He was born into a working class family in Oregon and got a scholarship to attend Stanford. If I remember, Eric grew up on the East Coast. We became quite close, even in those few weeks in New York. They kind of took me under their wing, perhaps realizing that at first both New York and the Carnegie Endowment were quite intimidating for me. Despite my four years at Northwestern I was still very much the clueless missionary kid and hapless provincial Southerner, set loose on the streets of first New York and then Washington, DC.

While in New York, I found a place to stay. It was an old German hostel called "Kolping House". I think it was managed by Lutherans or perhaps Catholics. The rooms included a small crucifix above my bed. But it was cheap and centrally located and I was grateful that I did not have to take a long lease, especially because in the end the New York part of my internship ended early and I moved to Washington, DC instead.

I had a couple months in New York living at Kolping House with almost no money. And then I went to work with Chris Van Hollen. As I look back, this is one amazing story. Christopher Van Hollen, Sr., long-time Foreign Service officer, served in Pakistan and was Ambassador to Sri Lanka toward the end of his distinguished career. He had recently retired from State.

This is January 1980, when I moved to Washington. Ambassador Van Hollen was hired by Carnegie to write articles for magazines like *Foreign Affairs* and *Foreign Policy.* Kissinger's memoirs had just come out, providing Kissinger's version of the 1971 war between India and Pakistan. Christopher Van Hollen was serving on the National Security Council at the time, working with Henry Kissinger and developing his own views about the war, where the US "tilted" toward Pakistan while also beginning to lay the groundwork for a diplomatic relationship with China.

Ambassador Van Hollen offered his own "take" on those events as well as his response to Kissinger's memoirs, writing about his perspective as a career Foreign Service officer. In some areas he was quite critical of Henry Kissinger. As a research assistant, I contributed in modest ways to some of these articles, fact-checking and occasionally offering my own views. It was a terrific assignment.

Other subjects were also being covered by Carnegie at the time including Cuba. One intern was working with Francis Fitzgerald who was writing a book about Vietnam and another intern was working with Deborah Shapley who was writing a book about Antarctica and would later write a biography of Robert McNamara. But for me, the South Asia assignment seemed perfect and I was grateful that I had this unexpected opportunity to work with Ambassador Van Hollen.

Q: Was Wayne Smith working on Cuba if you recall?

ADDLETON: I don't think it was him. The name is of course familiar. But I think he came later. One of the other interns working on Cuba almost got a trip to Cuba, which we were all excited about. You have worked on the Caribbean and will know stuff that I don't know about. I think it was at a time when it seemed that diplomatic relations with Cuba seemed possible or event imminent. But the Cuban embargo was in place and then the instruction came down, "No, you are not allowed to visit Cuba after all". We were disappointed for her that the trip was cancelled.

I am happy to say that the Carnegie Endowment internship program continues to flourish. It also continues to pay a living wage. Recently Carnegie reached out to former interns. It wasn't only Jeff Merkley and Eric Schwartz who started out at Carnegie and then met with great career success; there is a much longer list of successful alumni from that program. For people such as myself coming to Washington for the first time, a Carnegie internship is one way to make those first connections. I decided to go to graduate school and Chris Van Hollen wrote the recommendation for me.

There are a couple of other remarkable things related to Ambassador Van Hollen and my Carnegie internship. One of them actually happened many years earlier. My parents were back in the US when I started to work at Carnegie and were going through their papers.

Somehow they came across an old letter that I had written to President Nixon when I was 10 or 12 years old, along the lines of "Dear Mr. President, I hear that you are coming to Pakistan. Can you please visit Murree Christian School and speak to my class". And attached to that letter was a reply, signed amazingly enough by Christopher Van Hollen during the time that he had covered South Asia at the National Security Council.

His reply was along the lines of, "Dear Jonathan, the President has asked me to reply to your letter inviting him to visit your school in Pakistan. He appreciates your reaching out like this and would ordinarily love to visit. Unfortunately, there is not enough time in his schedule to allow it", etc. etc. Signed, Christopher Van Hollen, Special Assistant on South Asian Affairs. I think that the letter was dated 1968. And there it is – after all these years, I am somehow now working as an intern for Ambassador Christopher Van Hollen!

The other thing is that Ambassador Van Hollen became a kind of mentor to me. Even after he had truly retired from both the Foreign Service and the Carnegie Endowment, we would meet whenever I passed through Washington. Even when he became less and less active, I would touch base with him. He passed away shortly after I was sworn in as Ambassador to Mongolia, all those years later.

I also followed with interest the career of his son Christopher Van Hollen, Jr, though our paths have crossed only on a couple of occasions. By the way, Eliza Van Hollen – Ambassador Van Hollen's wife – was a South Asian expert in her own right. Very sadly, she passed away after a struggle with cancer. But she became a leading State expert on Afghanistan and the Taliban, working for INR.

As for their son, also named Christopher, he was born at the Seventh Day Adventist Hospital in Karachi, probably at around the same time I was born on that dining room table in Murree. Somehow, we had in common that we were both born in Pakistan. I must have met him at a couple of parties that his father hosted for the Carnegie interns.

As I also learned in later years, he entered politics, served in the Maryland State House and then served in both the House and Senate. I was aware through Ambassador Van Hollen of his unfolding political career. And of course, both Eliza and Ambassador Van Hollen were intensely proud of their son when he first ran for Congress, walking on the streets, canvassing for him and supporting him in every way possible.

I met Christopher Van Hollen for the last time at the Cosmos Club, where he occasionally took me for lunch when I passed through Washington. I am not sure if I had been nominated to be Ambassador to Mongolia yet or not. But he talked about his granddaughter who was planning to attend "Scholarship Weekend" at Davidson College in Davidson, North Carolina, his granddaughter meaning Christopher Van Hollen Jr.'s daughter who was the same age as my son.

And I replied, “That is amazing! My son is also going to that same Scholarship Weekend!” They had both applied to Davidson College and were both being considered for the same scholarship. In the end, Ambassador Van Hollen’s granddaughter received a full scholarship and our son Iain received a full tuition scholarship – not room and board but who cares at that point, it is the fact that tuition is fully covered that really matters.

So both our son and Ambassador Van Hollen’s granddaughter attended Davidson College, majored in Political Science and graduated as part of the same class. Actually, Iain met his future spouse Andrea Becerra from Chile at Davidson. And both Christopher Van Hollen Jr. and I attended the graduation events for my son and his daughter at the same time. I sought him out and we had a wonderful conversation.

If I remember correctly, Chris’s father had passed away about a year earlier. And I had written a very heartfelt letter to the congressman, noting that our paths hadn’t crossed much but that he might nonetheless be aware of what his father had meant to me, first when I worked as his intern and later when he became a kind of mentor to me. He said that he was aware of this because his father had mentioned me to him. He also said that he would be happy to meet me in his Congressional offices at any time.

A Congressman at the time, he subsequently was voted in as Senator for Maryland. It was a wonderfully warm discussion and it was nice to know that his daughter and my son had both attended Davidson on academic scholarships. And it was especially nice to recall to him and thank him for the influence that his father had had on my life as a Foreign Service officer.

So the Carnegie Endowment was wonderful and important to me, as you can tell from these reflections. And it didn’t only involve Ambassador Van Hollen. For example, I also met I.M. (“Mac”) Destler who was another Senior Associate there at the same time. He taught for years at the University of Maryland and wrote books on government policy including one on the National Security Council. His wife Harriett Destler worked for USAID as a health officer. We have also remained in contact over the years.

These were all interesting encounters, some of which perhaps gave glimpses of things to come, at least as far as international service is concerned. And collectively they somehow seemed like part of a larger pattern of interest and engagement, interest and engagement that started even while I was a student at Northwestern.

For example, it must have been during my first year at Northwestern when then presidential candidate Jimmy Carter came to town, promoting his book *Why Not the Best?* as well as his forthcoming presidential campaign. That would have been in the fall of 1975 and nobody then would have given him even a tiny chance of ever becoming president. Being from the state of Georgia, I went along to listen to him – joining perhaps 15 or 20 other Northwestern students in meeting a then almost completely unknown person who would confound the experts and actually become president.

I spent the better part of ten years in the United States, first as an undergraduate at Northwestern, then as an intern at the Carnegie Endowment and later as a graduate student at the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy at Tufts University where I earned an MALD and a PhD. I also had briefer internships at the World Bank and State Department. Again, I look back on all this with not only amazement but also appreciation and gratitude. At the time life often seems like a struggle. But when you look back, there somehow seems to be a pattern behind it all.

Q: Now, so you do the internship in Carnegie and you're thinking now about graduate school, and you're now aware of Fletcher. What are you thinking of at the end of all this education?

ADDLETON: I still hadn't decided specifically what I wanted to do but I knew that I wanted an international dimension to my life. As a journalism major, the idea of becoming a foreign correspondent seemed very attractive. That is everybody's dream – or at least everybody who is interested in journalism and loves to travel. But I also realized that to be a foreign correspondent you have to be incredibly courageous and strike out on your own, facing a lot of risk and with a lot of uncertainty and probably forget having a family and a normal family life.

Maybe I just didn't have that within me. Either that or you had to work your way up the media food chain, starting off in a small town newspaper and eventually after a few decades working your way up and possibly making the case for an overseas posting at a time when it was already increasingly clear that American media or at least American newspapers were cutting back on their foreign presence.

Not to diminish the achievements of our great journalists but the reality is that some of them at the start of their careers have had the family resources needed to back them up. Sometimes it was a self-sacrificing family but sometimes it was a family that was wealthy and willing to subsidize them during their twenties while they travelled to far flung places and started to write stories, embarking on a successful freelance career.

My bank account had about 100 bucks in it. I lived literally from hand to mouth. I mean, there was no way that I could seriously contemplate a freelance career. Perhaps I could have been courageous and struck out on my own. But there were too many other things that I wanted to do. So I sort of put the journalism dreams aside though I was still interested in writing.

Perhaps the Foreign Service is something that people might gravitate toward after giving up on the idea of ever becoming a foreign correspondent. Of course the USAID part of the Foreign Service was also a possibility. Some people might have thought I was a "natural" for that, given my overseas experience and the service orientation implied by my missionary kid past. In retrospect, for me it was certainly the right thing to do.

I attended Fletcher and that also put me on a potential Foreign Service track. I mentioned that for my undergraduate years I had considered Northwestern, Wheaton and the

University of Georgia. For graduate school my thought was to either focus on South Asian studies and consider Duke or the University of Chicago which have great South Asian Studies programs or focus on international affairs and go to Columbia or the Fletcher School.

I was accepted at all four graduate schools. At this stage funding also became an important consideration. The area studies programs tended to offer more scholarships and that mattered. And I had a real struggle to decide what to do. For South Asian Studies, I thought most seriously about Chicago because they have great resources and a great reputation in this area. For international affairs I leaned toward Fletcher but didn't get anything approaching a free ride so it would require a loan and perhaps a fairly significant one.

In the end, I came to the conclusion that I did not want to be characterized as someone only interested and knowledgeable about South Asia for the rest of my life. In some ways area studies might have been the easiest route, given my background. But I wanted something broader. Maybe my Carnegie Endowment experience helped make the decision easier, made me more curious about a wider world beyond South Asia.

If I had stayed at World Book, I might have pursued area studies in graduate school. But Carnegie opened up other possibilities. I realize now that it would have been very hard for me to become a professor or researcher. Perhaps I could have entered the Foreign Service with an area studies degree anyway. But looking back I have no doubt that Fletcher was the right choice. And so I finished my Carnegie internship and moved to Boston.

Q: I have until half past so you can continue a bit if you want, but you probably want to bring up joining the Foreign Service at the end here, too.

ADDLETON: After the Carnegie Endowment, I departed for Fletcher. As much as I've praised Northwestern, it was really at Fletcher where I became part of a wider academic community and actually participated in it. Northwestern was mostly about adjusting psychologically to the United States. Fletcher was where I had deeper interactions with others, over coffee, at the library or in the community rooms.

I stayed at Fletcher Hall for my first year and later rented a room in a house that included Skye Stephenson and Andy Cooke from Scotland. The first people I met included Mansoor Arifeen from Pakistan, Peter X. Harding who had spent the last year in Antarctica and Deborah Bräutigam who later taught at American and Johns Hopkins and became an expert on China and Africa.

My roommate that first year was Paul Caryotikas from California. Sandra Dunlap was from Oklahoma and had a kind heart. Captain Stavridis was a year ahead of me – he later became an admiral, headed NATO and returned to Fletcher as dean. Many years later our paths actually crossed in Kandahar. Northwestern was an important milestone in my life but Fletcher became an even more important milestone.

One interesting thing is that in graduate school you tend to be less impressed with your professors. As an undergraduate you tend to perhaps be a bit more in awe of them, as I was with certain of my undergraduate instructors such as Professor Kenneth Janda who taught political science, Professor Lerner who taught medieval history or Professor Perry who taught New Testament.

As a graduate student you tend to see your professors in a broader context, warts and all. But I certainly still remember a number of my Fletcher teachers including Professor West, Professor Stryker and Professor Rosemarie Rogers who along with Professor Myron Weiner from MIT became my dissertation advisor.

Amazingly enough our oldest son Iain and his wife Andrea are now graduate students at Fletcher. They are focusing on environmental issues and are finding, as I did, that one of the best parts of the Fletcher community are the people, very much including students. It had a strong international presence then, as it does now. Those teaching and studying there have literally been born, raised and worked across the planet.

I gained a lot from the two plus years that I spent at Fletcher. I've never been academically brilliant and statistics nearly sank me during my first semester. I had received a modest scholarship to attend but feared I might lose it after that first semester, based on my performance in statistics class. The instructor was an adjunct and came from Eastern Europe. His accent was almost impossible to understand. But even if he had spoken wonderful English I still would not have understood statistics. By some miracle, I ended up getting a B minus in that class, just barely passing.

Q: This is a very quick aside. I went to Georgetown School of International Relations, same experience. I had to do statistics the first semester, barely got a B.

ADDLETON: I passed on applying to the Woodrow Wilson School because my math was so bad. I had heard that the Woodrow Wilson School was the most quantitatively inclined of the various school of international affairs. I should have considered Georgetown, that would doubtless have been an excellent place for me to go. I should have had Georgetown in my frame and I'm not sure why I didn't -- but Georgetown would have been an excellent place to go. Yet for some reason I fixated on Fletcher and Columbia. Maybe I didn't include Georgetown on my possible list because I had already lived in Washington as a Carnegie intern and wanted to see another part of the country.

In the end, I survived statistics and decided to focus on international development. Perhaps already I was beginning to think of USAID as a possibility after Fletcher. I also thought about the World Bank and got a summer internship there, working with a senior staff person from the Netherlands, a Mr. Vandervere who was interested in the impact of remittances, especially as it related to migration from Pakistan to the Middle East.

I also became familiar with some of the "perks" offered at the World Bank. To my way of thinking, the world hunger problem could be solved if only everyone could eat at the

heavily subsidized World Bank cafeteria. I couldn't help but notice the disconnect between the high life of development officials and the realities of the poverty they were ostensibly working to eliminate.

Perhaps it was that part of me that had grown up with an early exposure to the *bustis* of upper Sindh that made me think this way. At any rate, I had seen up close and personal the challenge of life in those communities, the desperation of those whose path would be limited to cleaning drains and sweeping the Shikarpur streets. I appreciated working briefly at the World Bank but was also skeptical about the big bureaucracy and high flying consultants that were part of the package, with professional civil servants earning as much in an hour as the annual per capita income in some of the countries to which they were assigned.

Q: Let me ask you at this point, because you sort of referred to it. As you get to Fletcher and you know now after a solid college education and some internships and some rating, you've obviously developed critical thinking. You've obviously taken on board different theories, different ways of analyzing international affairs in every different level. What approaches were attractive to you at that time, in other words, what were you sort of looking to develop as an approach?

ADDLETON: Now I'm teaching those different theories now at Mercer University. It is particularly interesting to look back because my first course in International Relations was at Northwestern. Actually, I have told my class that the first grade I received in that class was a C plus or maybe it was even a C minus. The class was quite large and the teaching assistant who graded our papers was very theoretical and quite pedantic. After earning his PhD at Northwestern he became a High School teacher somewhere in the Dakotas. Probably it was fortuitous that my heart wasn't set on an academic career.

As Adjunct at Mercer I also tell my undergraduate students that back in the day when I took my first Introduction to International Relations class there were only two main theories to learn – the Realist school and the Liberal school; now they have to also contend with Marxism, neo-Marxism, Feminism, Structuralism, Constructivism, Critical Theory and other approaches.

At the end of the day I still think that two broad approaches continue to define the theoretical terrain. I teach all the theories but urge the students to come to their own conclusions. I also urge them to cast a critical eye toward everything that they hear, including from me. What I want them to realize is that it is important to think critically, all the time; and that the world is perhaps more complex than they ever imagined.

From my perspective, the Realist school provides a useful approach for looking at the world that has been tested over time and continues to be useful in attempting to understand how the world actually works. But I am not ready to give up on my idealistic tendencies, either. And so I don't really know for sure if I am an idealistic pragmatist or a pragmatic idealist with a Liberal sense that at the end of the day somehow manages to retain some faith in humanity, including the hope that on some occasions we actually do

rise to the occasion. But there are some aspects of the Realist way of understanding the world that you neglect at your peril.

I guess this approach places me in the broad middle as far as attempting to understand the world is concerned, preventing me from gravitating toward one extreme or the other. This also has an impact on my leadership and management style, both of which are consensus oriented and reflect the certainty that I don't really know it all, that others also have a lot to contribute.

From their varying perspective, the different schools of thought do try to get to the heart of the matter. But I don't think that any of them are completely successful. I sometimes extract something useful from that Shakespeare line about "other worlds that you know nothing about"; to my way of thinking, our own minds are too feeble to ever encompass all of reality. On the contrary, if you think you know everything or even more than most people and if you have never had any self-doubt, that is the point where you are going to become a danger to the planet.

In any case, Fletcher was good for me and was probably also useful in further developing my critical thinking skills. I am not by nature cynical but I am skeptical toward those who are smug or overly confident about how much they think they know.

I mentioned that Rosemarie Rogers, an expert on migration, was one of my PhD advisors. At is turned out, I ended up assessing the impact of economic migration from Pakistan to the Middle East. She had grown up in an orphanage in Yugoslavia, in Croatia if I remember correctly. She spoke Serbo-Croatian and her work focused on migration from Turkey and the Balkans to Europe and especially Germany. She called her book *Guests Come to Stay*, based on the idea that Europeans thought they were temporarily "importing" workers, even referring to them as "*Gastabeiten*" or "guest workers". No matter what phraseology you use, in the end international migration changes everything -- you are bringing in "real people," after all, with all their hopes, dreams and aspirations. For a time, I was her research assistant and it was very helpful when I later wrote my own dissertation.

Working with Professor Rogers helped prompt my own interest in the economic impact of international migration. I decided that the Fletcher program was flexible enough that I should go on and earn a PhD before joining the working world. With her encouragement, I was awarded a Shell Fellowship to study abroad.

Prior to graduation, I thought of other possibilities that might take me into the international arena. One was international banking. I did a few interviews including with Carnegie Mellon. I wonder what might have happened if I had been offered an actual job. One interviewer told me that I had an interesting perspective but that I would never be a banker. In any case, I continued with my PhD program, passed my oral exams, activated my Shell Fellowship and sought to broaden my perspective by doing part of my fieldwork in India rather than Pakistan.

However, India refused to give me a research visa! Instead, the Indian Consulate in New York placed a big fat stamp in my passport – "Visa Application Rejected"!

I've told this story multiple times during my career because in the Foreign Service you of course you meet many people who complain that they have not been given a US visa. My reply is always, "Look, I know your frustration, I know your disappointment, I know your heartbreak; above all I know what it is like to get a rejection."

So I narrowed my topic to focus on migration from Pakistan to the Middle East, not migration from South Asia to the Middle East. Professor Rogers suggested that I fly to Sri Lanka instead and conduct some comparative research while waiting for my Pakistan visa to be processed. I did go to Sri Lanka and spent a few weeks seeing the country. As I noticed at the time, Sri Lanka was affected because tens of thousands of domestic servants from Sri Lanka were working in the Middle East, sending remittances to their families back home. Unlike in Pakistan, many of the migrant workers from Sri Lanka were female.

Thankfully, India didn't hold that very noticeable "Visa Rejected" stamp in my passport against me. They did give me a tourist visa which meant I could take a plane from Colombo to Trivandrum in south India and then proceed from there to Pakistan by land, rather than having to go by plane directly from Colombo to Karachi. Trivandrum was the capital of Kerala which also had a huge migrant population working in the Middle East and sending remittances back home. Everywhere I went, it was obvious that migration, both internal and external, was having a huge impact.

I had academic contacts in India through Professor Myron Weiner at MIT and connected with some of them, again becoming more aware of the regional context in which labor migration was taking place. In addition to spending time in Trivandrum, I also stopped in Hyderabad, Poona, Mumbai and Delhi. Some of this context from India was similar to Pakistan's situation but some of it was quite different. So I collected an important perspective as well as comparative background information that would be useful, even though my focus was now primarily on Pakistan.

I arrived in Pakistan and started my academic work. I did not intend to do fieldwork. But the Swedish family I stayed with in Islamabad had connections to the anthropology department at Quaid-i-Azam University which was just being established. Already, several dozen Masters student in that department had spent time as observers in villages, writing about what they had observed and turning these observations into their Master's thesis. And here again it was obvious that migration to the Middle East was having a huge impact at the micro, village level. This impact was not only focused on economic issues; it also was changing the social dynamic within villages and beyond, even at the most basic family level where women and children were changed by the fact that their husbands, brothers and sons were working in places like Saudi Arabia, Kuwait and the United Arab Emirates.

So I had this wonderful resource in the form of these several dozen Master's theses providing an anthropological perspective on change that nobody else would ever read other than the student, their academic advisor – and myself. My dissertation, which was later published by Oxford University Press under the title *Undermining the Center: The Gulf Migration and Pakistan*, drew heavily on these Master's theses and the stories, anecdotes and perspectives contained in them.

By this time there was also a growing body of statistical information and other analysis that I could also draw on. But having access to these MA theses meant that my analysis could contain something more useful than simply the raw data. Put another way, this work available at Quaid-i-Azam but which nobody else would access told the story of real people as well as the dramatic dislocation and change that migration almost always sets in motion, no matter where it takes place.

It was a great opportunity, to return to Pakistan as an adult for yet another time. Actually, it was my third time back since graduating from high school at MCS nearly a decade previously. The first time was under the Northwestern Richter Scholarship program. The second time was as a graduate student at Fletcher under the Berkeley Urdu Language Program (BULPIP) managed by the University of California at Berkeley, ensuring that I could fulfill my Fletcher language requirement.

It involved three months in Lahore, during which time I traveled to a number of other places including Gilgit, Hunza, Chitral and Miramshah in one of the tribal areas near Bannu, along the border with Afghanistan. The Soviets were fighting a war in Afghanistan and the *mujahideen* were operating out of the Tribal Areas.

I put on Pakistani clothes and a Chitrali hat and took a bus from Bannu up to the border at Miramshah, drawing a few suspicious glances along the way. Perhaps I was viewed as a potential Soviet spy. For whatever reason, no one informed the authorities and I got one of my first glimpses on what was happening on the other side of the border. Frankly, my participation in the Berkeley Urdu Language Program was mostly an excuse to return to Pakistan again and travel around to places like Bannu and Miramshah..

One of my classmates during BULPIP was Juan Cole, a brilliant linguist whose father had been in the US military. Juan had already learned Arabic and Persian and quickly learned Urdu. He was a Baha'i at the time and has written a number of erudite books while also teaching in the Middle Eastern Studies Department at the University of Michigan. He met his wife in Lahore – she was one of our language teachers.

Another student was John Mock who learned a lot about the languages and cultural aspects of northern Pakistan, a particularly fascinating part of the world. Typically, all the BULPIP students visited Gilgit and Hunza during their time in Pakistan, often taking a bus up the Karakorum Highway to the border of China.

One female student fell in love with a border guard on one of these trips. They married and he accompanied her back to the US. In the end, I don't think this marriage worked

out. Some students were incredibly naïve, especially those who were visiting Pakistan or South Asia for the first time. I remember one of them being simply overcome by his first visit to Anarkali bazaar in Lahore. He thought he was living in a dream, that everything was perfect, that those he was encountering could do no wrong. It was easy for Pakistanis in Lahore and elsewhere to take advantage of people like that.

The person in charge of the BULPIP program that year was David Gilmartin, the son of a World Bank official. His research focused on Pakistan and on Punjab specifically. Students were provided an opportunity to live with Pakistani families in Lahore and see the sights of Lahore and beyond. I stayed with a somewhat older woman who happened to be the sister of Qudrat al-Ain Hyder, a brilliant female Urdu novelist.

So I returned to Pakistan three times in less than a decade, on a Richter Scholarship to Islamabad, on the Berkeley Urdu Language Program in Lahore and on a Shell Fellowship related to my PhD. All three involved academic research of one kind or another. One of those programs, the Richter Scholarship, also provided opportunities to see something of the Middle East including Jordan, Egypt and Israel. The third program, the Shell Fellowship, gave me an opportunity to see something more of South Asia, in this case India and Sri Lanka. All these opportunities broadened my perspective and ultimately made me a better Foreign Service Officer.

While undertaking my PhD research in Pakistan, I received an unexpected telephone call from USAID stating that I had been accepted to join up as an International Development Intern (IDI), at that time the entry path into USAID. I had only completed part of my research and it meant that my PhD would remain unfinished, at least for a time. It was probably October or November but I was asked to join the IDI class starting in March 1984. Basically, I collected my documents, wrapped up my research and prepared to return to the US and join USAID. I hoped that I would complete my dissertation at some point – and in fact I was able to do so and earn a PhD from Fletcher several years later.

There is a reason why I dropped everything and returned to the US when I got that call from USAID. Some years earlier, in fact during my first year at Northwestern, near the end of the second semester of that first year, I had rheumatic fever, a classic case of it. Very probably, I had had more than one bout of rheumatic fever as a kid growing up in Pakistan. But those would have been minor episodes. It was different during the first year at Northwestern and I was hit hard.

As an aside, I have to express gratitude all these years later for the care I received at the time at Evanston Hospital, at the Northwestern infirmary and from a couple of Northwestern professors who helped me “salvage” something from that first year. One of them was Professor Janda, my Introduction to American Politics professor. He visited me in the hospital and he delivered the final exam to me in the hospital. Looking back, you think of those individuals who can make a difference in your life. And Professor Janda was truly one of those people. There were others as well.

Late in the semester – and, I'll be honest, I really was living hand-to-mouth as a first year student at Northwestern; basically I was living on yogurt, peanut butter and pita bread; I was working at various part-time jobs; occasionally, I would take out a short-term $20 loan from the student office available for such emergencies, mostly to make sure I could eat over the weekend; probably, I wasn't taking very good care of myself that first year – I got a strep throat and then I got rheumatic fever. This was in the spring of 1976.

I landed in Evanston Hospital, a teaching hospital, with all the classic symptoms. The doctors and the interns came to me lying on that hospital bed, plugged into a heart monitoring machine where I could see my life passing before my eyes in the green glow indicating my heart beat, and one of them commented to me, "We only see rheumatic fever on Indian reservations and in ghettos".

For an earlier generation of Americans rheumatic fever had of course been a killer disease; but in recent years, thanks to antibiotics, it had become much less common. But this was a teaching hospital and I had all the classic symptoms. And one of the results was that my heart valves were damaged. So I spent weeks in a hospital bed, first at Evanston hospital and then at the Northwestern infirmary. But it happened late in my second semester and I was able to return to classes in the fall.

So fast forward several years later, I've finished grad school and everything else. A medical exam is part of the State Department clearance process and now I have this big heart murmur. The prognosis is that by the time I am in my 50s I will need to have that heart valve replaced. Which, by the way, turned out to be true and in my 50s I did have heart valve replacement surgery. So they were right about that though by the time I needed surgery the medical technology had also changed.

Be that as it may, by the time I finished Northwestern and finished Tufts I definitely wanted to be a Foreign Service Officer. I started the State Department process first and the USAID entry process came later. I don't mind telling people this – that I took the State Department exam first and I passed the written test but failed the oral test my first time around. It is nice to be able to tell students that I got a bad grade in my first Introduction to International Relations test and that I failed the State Department exam the first time around – but I still somehow managed to become an Ambassador.

My examiner for that first State Department oral exam – you will love this-- was Moorhead Kennedy. This must have been 1980 or 1981 and he was a former hostage, held in the American Embassy in Tehran. It seems that his first post hostage State assignment was to serve on the Foreign Service examiner's board. And the body language I saw as he went through the oral exam and as I was doing worse and worse seemed to be, "Why does this guy want to join the Foreign Service anyway?"

I think he retired soon after that and he wrote a book about his Iranian experience. It was titled something like *The Ayatollah and the Cathedral*. But as Foreign Service officers, you think about those connections we have with history as it is made. And it turns out that one of the more prominent Iranian hostages was my State Department examiner!

I stumbled badly on one of his early questions which provides a classic example of the consequences of trying to pretend I knew more than I knew, in this case on the impact of exchange rate policy on export competitiveness. So I fell apart and got deeper and deeper into a swamp that I couldn't get out of. And Moorhead Kennedy quite properly must have given me a terrible score.

But I did pass both the written and oral exam the second time around and started the entire State clearance process including the security clearance and health clearance. In the end, I failed the medical part and State did not give me a medical clearance. And I had to accept that.

At the same time, I had launched the USAID recruitment process which is different – unlike State, it doesn't depend on a written exam; but candidates do require a Master's degree, two years of relevant overseas experience and a series of oral interviews. And the same thing happened at USAID that happened at State – I went through the entire selection process and at the very end I was rejected on medical grounds because of a history of rheumatic fever that left me with a heart murmur and damaged my heart valves.

So what happened was that I was still hanging around the Boston area and Dr. Andrew Bodnar worked at Massachusetts General Hospital, generally ranked as one of the best hospitals in the United States. And my very good friend Dr. Zeba Mohammad – she later married Steve Rasmussen who was a childhood friend and was later the Best Man at my wedding – knew Dr. Bodnar from her own connections at Harvard where she had gotten her MD. Remarkably, Dr. Bodnar had both a JD from Harvard Law School and an MD from Harvard Medical School, which was a great combination for someone looking into my case and advocating for me.

Both State and USAID do have a medical appeal process and with the help of Dr. Andrew Bodnar and Dr. Zeba Mohammad I gathered the material and got my little package together to launch an appeal. Dr. Bodnar supported my case and stated that he saw no one reason why I couldn't serve overseas. Beyond that, I didn't smoke and drank only rarely. And, let's face it, I would most probably make it at least to my 50s and have a normal Foreign Service career. And maybe if I faced medical issues in my 50s that wouldn't necessarily be a bad thing because I would have already made my contribution to the Foreign Service but then the Foreign Service might not have to pay out my pension for that many years afterwards. Of course, he didn't say this last part – but I thought about that when I decided to make the case for not having my prospective Foreign Service career seemingly terminated by a medical issue before I had even started it.

I'm saying some of this facetiously. But Dr. Bodnar did make a very effective case as to why the Foreign Service shouldn't reject me on medical grounds. I'm not sure why I only pushed back on the USAID disqualification but not the State Department disqualification but this is what I did, perhaps because the USAID disqualification was the second

Foreign Service medical disqualification that I had experienced and by now I thought that with Dr. Bodnar's help I might actually be able to do something about it.

My father did his bit also. He wrote to Senator Sam Nunn, our senator from Georgia. He thinks it was his letter that paved the way for my Foreign Service career and allowed me to be accepted after all. Who knows? Be that as it may, when I was doing my migration research in Pakistan and USAID informed me that "we have waived your medical disqualification" and invited me to join the next IDI class, I dropped everything and returned to the US. It was time to go!

Perhaps it was partly this series of events that happened even before I joined the Foreign Service that ensured that, institutionally, I was always a strong proponent of State and USAID cooperation. I also think that for my early years at least USAID was probably a better setting for me than State. I don't want to say that it was less competitive. But I do think that USAID provided a more collegial setting, at least for me. And the remarkable thing is that from that humble start – and from a recruitment history that involved failing the medical exam – I somehow managed to eventually take on the best job in the world, that of US Ambassador to Mongolia.

In a perhaps perverse way I also felt a kind of perverse "vindication" that I was initially rejected by the State Department but later became a Chief of Mission. The reality is that I was unable to join the State Department for medical reasons. But I went to USAID instead and still became a Foreign Service officer and then unexpectedly went on to serve as Ambassador.

Not long after retiring from the Foreign Service, in early 2017, I sent a letter to Dr. Bodnar who now lives in Philadelphia. His wife is a well-known neurosurgeon and he is a senior executive in a medical company, perhaps the CEO. I thanked him for his intervention which saved my career and I told him that I was now retired. He was amazed that I got in touch and phoned me right away. He said it was the best letter he had ever received.

So I joined USAID and started what turned out to be a 32-year Foreign Service career. I'll pick up that thread later. My first USAID assignment was back in Pakistan. My new Foreign Service colleagues were quite amazed and one of them commented, "How completely unexpected; I would have thought you were the perfect candidate for Bolivia; and now they are sending you to a country that you are already familiar with and know something about".

When I joined USAID as a Foreign Service officer I committed myself to serve anywhere in the world and I would gladly have gone to Bolivia. But Islamabad was a terrific way to start my career, to return to a country that I already knew well. So the decision *not* to go to the University of Chicago and *not* to go to Duke and pursue South Asian studies was the correct one and it meant that the rest of my life would not be wrapped up in studying Pakistan or South Asia. Once again, I was very lucky and very fortunate that

circumstances moved in the direction that they did. And for all that, I did start my Foreign Service life in Pakistan, the country of my birth.

We have now talked about the first 18 years of my life, most of which was spent in Pakistan; and we've talked about the next 9 years of my life which mostly involved those undergraduate and graduate years in Chicago and Boston, getting to know my own country. I took a bit longer to get through graduate school because I also had those two Fellowship opportunities back in South Asia and I also had a couple of interesting internships including at the State Department and World Bank.

These experiences strengthened my understanding of the US. They were also broadened by an institutional perspective beyond USAID, to work briefly at State in Washington and also at an international organization such as the World Bank, also in Washington. I mean, I never thought that USAID was only the separate and autonomous "do gooder" branch of the US government. Rather, we were all in this together and could complement our respective strengths in our country's wider engagement with the world.

Clearly, this perspective also affected the way that I looked at embassies. At the time, the shorthand formulation for the way we worked with the rest of the world – through defense, diplomacy and development – wasn't yet in use. But for me a central aspect of the foreign policy discussion was always, "How are we going to balance those different interests, all of which matter?"

As with everything, there has to be a sense of balance. If the focus is on only one aspect, the entire effort becomes one dimensional. If we focus only on defense, where does that take us? Or for that matter, if we don't think defense, what will we be left with? And development is part of this equation also.

So, wherever I served, I always recognized that embassies were meant to reflect and work through this balance and that my role mattered, along with those of everyone else on the country team. The very enjoyable thing about the ambassadorial assignment in Mongolia toward the end of my Foreign Service career was that I was able to be involved in modest ways in all three areas. But, for most of my career, I was focusing on one dimension of the foreign policy equation and that was development. It turned out to be very gratifying.

Q: You enter USAID in March 1984. This is probably a good place to pause and we'll pick up again the next time we talk, about your entry into the life of the Foreign Service.

ADDLETON: Yes, that's great, thank you!

Q: This is January 11. We're resuming our interview with Jonathan Addleton as he's preparing to enter the training class for USAID.

ADDLETON: Yes. Just very quickly, I had been in Pakistan doing my PhD research and got the call that the March International Development Intern (IDI) class was starting and I decided that I wanted to join the Foreign Service more than I wanted to complete my

PhD. So I wrapped up the research and actually did finish the PhD a few years later. But basically I went back to the US early and joined the class.

There were about 25 people in my IDI class and in those years USAID had a very good training program. It was structured. We had a couple months of classroom instruction in Rosslyn and Arlington and I got to know the class pretty well. And then we had different detail assignments for about nine months in various offices in Washington, covering both technical bureaus and geographical bureaus.

I think it was early on that I got the assignment to Asia and later to Pakistan. People were surprised because of my background. They thought I might be the perfect candidate for Bolivia or someplace I had never been to -- but in the end it was Pakistan.

I know at least some of the backstory on that assignment. Things were happening in Pakistan after the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan and basically the USAID program was ramping up there in a big way. There was a guy in the office called John Blackton who put a lot of emphasis on language ability. He saw my resume. He headed the program office at the time and selected me.

As I later came to understood, he had to go through the mission director, Donor Lion, who was also USAID legend at the time. Donor – what a great name for a USAID Director! -- had the responsibility of managing this big program with a small staff and thought Pakistan should not be a training ground for new staff, for new FSOs. From his perspective, he had more important things to do.

I think there was a dialogue between John Blackton and Donor Lion. In the end, John Blackton did bring me out to Pakistan to be a program officer. I had actually been hired as a project development officer but he selected me as a program officer which is more appropriate for my interest and background, especially because it places a lot of emphasis on writing skills as well as analysis and strategy. So that was the right thing and I was lucky that this adjustment was made early in my career.

I was slated to come out to Islamabad in January 1985. I joined USAID in March 1984. I think Alan Woods was USAID Administer at the time. He was a Reagan appointee, very much a private sector guy. Sadly, he got cancer and didn't really fulfill his promise if you will but he was a good AID Administrator who was dynamic and placed a strong emphasis on the private sector.

I would have to go back and look at the details about the other USAID Administrators, I can't remember all of them. Peter McPherson was also there for several years; he followed, if I am not mistaken, Alan Woods. And Peter McPherson is also on my list of good and strong and even exceptional USAID administrators.

Someone called Charlie Greenleaf was the head of the Asia Bureau when I joined USAID as an IDI in March 1984. He was also highly regarded. At the time, the Asia Bureau had a strong reputation of being a good place to go.

So I did my various short-term detail assignments in various Washington offices, received good training and appreciated the depth and breadth of my early familiarization with USAID. It was kind of a like the old USAID, if you will. Some of those guys had served in Vietnam, others during the "glory days" when USAID had huge offices and big budgets and was viewed as an important aspect of foreign policy. So I benefited from an excellent training program, in contrast to more recent years when USAID has kind of tossed people into the bureaucracy, using a sort of "sink or swim" approach. But at the time it was an era where we really did have a structured and effective training program.

Q: Can you describe the training program a bit? The kinds of things that they did to help you prepare.

ADDLETON: Well, there was a kind of learning on the job aspect to it but in a supportive environment. During those first couple of months in Arlington we got to know each other as a class and later we became colleagues, sometimes working together in various part of the world. Some members of my IDI class have had long and distinguished AID careers and some had a shorter time at USAID; but the IDI program really put us together from the start in a positive way.

The more structured part was simply that we would learn by doing as part of a major technical or geographic bureau. Certainly the technical and geographical bureaus, but also perhaps the legal bureau or another bureau as well. And that got us exposed to the whole range of what USAID does which may not happen so often to entry level officers now.

Basically, it was not formal training, rather it was a kind of mentorship, I suppose. Some people are better in this role than others. But basically we were placed behind a desk and given the responsibility to do certain kinds of things. For example, on my first short rotation I answered congressional queries and got involved in some of the budgetary process. I did all kinds of things.

It was exciting to be part of an organization and a bureaucracy that was new to me. Of course, I had worked in Washington earlier as an intern at the World Bank and State Department so was somewhat familiar with what to expect. But for the most part this was all new territory.

I rented a little studio apartment at River Place in Arlington soon after I arrived. That actually marked the start of my USAID experience in Washington – a room or small apartment in Arlington was also the start for a lot of people in a similar position. Even all these years later, when I cross the Potomac and drive by River Place, I sometimes think -- this is where I started my career!

I also had the good fortune to be part of a TDY team to Pakistan focused on Afghanistan during my first months in Washington. At the time there was a huge famine in Ethiopia and there was this concern that Afghanistan might be facing a similar disaster. Someone

by the name of Fred Fisher, familiar with my background in the region, asked me to accompany him on this trip. Fred later became USAID Mission Director to Ethiopia, dealing with famine issues there.

Again, the origins of our trip in 1984 were to see if Afghanistan was also facing famine. The Soviets had by this time already been there a few years – they had come in 1979, four or five years previously. So Fred Fisher headed this joint AID - State team that was asked to go to Pakistan and assess the situation in neighboring Afghanistan.

That was another interesting aspect of it, that it was headed by Fred Fisher but involved both USAID and State. Another officer on this five-person team was Louis Stamberg from the USAID Food for Peace office. His spouse Susan Stamberg was actually a commentator and familiar voice on National Public Radio for many years. So Louis was an important part of our team. My participation was mostly based on my familiarity with Pakistan.

It had been a few years since I'd been there and now my first TDY as a USAID officer was to go back to Pakistan! A couple of other members of our team had served previously at the USAID Mission in Kabul. One was a USAID agricultural officer there and he was very familiar with agricultural issues in Afghanistan.

We basically conducted interviews with departing Afghan refugees who were living in the tribal areas along the border with Afghanistan. Some of those places have figured in more recent international reporting related to Afghanistan including Bajaur and Waziristan. The USAID officers on our team who had served in Kabul were familiar with the areas where the Afghan refugees came from; they would query them about the food situation in their province and, based on their answers, would provide an assessment of the issues being faced by the people. This TDY would have been in the fall of 1984.

We got back to Washington and Fred did the presentation before multiple audiences at State, USAID and elsewhere. I accompanied him on those presentations along with other members of the team. Even as a very junior officer, knowledge of Urdu and familiarity with the political, economic and cultural terrain of the region ensured that I could make a useful contribution and provided a great start to my USAID career.

We basically concluded that Afghanistan did not face an Ethiopian-style famine situation. However, there were obvious humanitarian issues and the situation for civilians in Afghanistan was quite difficult and quite bleak.

It was also an example of the reality that in the Foreign Service you might play a small role but you are nonetheless part of a much bigger picture. In this case, this mission led to the engagement by USAID with the civilian population in ways that had not previously been considered. Among other things, it led to cross-border programs in health, agriculture and other areas.

Obviously, there were other things happening in terms of the US desire to engage with Afghanistan which was then under Soviet occupation. Presumably by that time our military was already involved in arming the *mujahideen* or at least working through ISI, Pakistan's secret service, to engage in Afghanistan by providing military equipment. But the civilian engagement with Afghanistan's civilian population was something entirely different.

Looking back, I suppose that State was the diplomatic "connector" between military support and development, both comprising different parts of our foreign policy at the time. But the USAID contribution, in which I played a small part, was that while Afghanistan did not face a big Ethiopian style famine, there were nonetheless development contributions that USAID might be able to launch.

As it happened, I was assigned to go to Pakistan in January 1985 as the new program officer in the USAID Mission to Pakistan. At the same time, our report led to the establishment of a second USAID Mission for Afghanistan in Islamabad, this one focused on cross-border assistance to Afghanistan. And it must have been either just before I left Washington or just after I arrived in Islamabad that I got a call from Larry Crandall who had become the first head of the USAID program in Afghanistan based in Islamabad.

Larry was a very interesting, hard driving and one might say profane kind of guy, very energetic and very committed to his new assignment focused on USAID assistance to Afghanistan. Unexpectedly, he asked me -- why don't you switch over to the Afghan program? I thought about it long and hard and in some ways it was an attractive idea, to potentially work in a high profile program that some viewed as our revenge for Vietnam sort of poking a stick in the eye of the Soviets in Afghanistan at a time when the Cold War was still very real. Looking back, it was a hard decision, even at my very junior level – but in the end I decided that I would stay with the Pakistan program.

I felt I had something to bring to bear in Pakistan and of course the Pakistan program was also huge and had a high profile. Zia had dismissed the initial AID program as "peanuts" and the US responded by offering up a much larger assistance program. Donor Lion had a great reputation and was very well thought of as a mission director and he was charged with launching it. John Blackton headed the program office – he later had a highly successful USAID career and was already viewed as having a larger than life personality. And so I arrived in Islamabad in January 1985 to start my first USAID assignment.

During the first few months I actually continued as part of a structured training program and was still viewed as an IDI. So I spent time in the agriculture office, time in the energy office, time in the project development office and even in the legal office and financial office. But the end of my training period I came back to my home office, the Program Office. Again, I was fortunate – despite the pressures on the USAID program in Pakistan to deliver, I was still able to be part of a proper training effort that proved to be very beneficial throughout the rest of my career in so many ways.

If Donor Lion and John Blackton were larger than life figures within USAID, Dean Hinton as the first ambassador with whom I served was larger than life as well. He had already been an Ambassador once and later became Ambassador in several other places. But Pakistan was an important position at the time and he was in the center of it.

Q: Yes. In fact, I worked for Dean Hinton later in Costa Rica.

ADDLETON: That's right, that is one of the several places in which he served as Ambassador. He arrived in Islamabad with a new spouse and I think he had a child while he was assigned to Pakistan. He gave his son about 12 names, the middle of which was Akhbar – Akhbar was the name of the greatest of the Moghul emperors and this endeared himself to the locals in Pakistan, I guess.

He was an old style ambassador, as you will know from your experience in Costa Rica. He passed away in the past few months. He also published a memoir that I read with great interest, especially the parts on Pakistan which was a part of the world that was mostly new to him. One little known fact about him is that he started his career as a USAID officer in Latin America, perhaps accounting for his strong interest in economics.

I realize that he had a long and distinguished career in all kinds of places. But he was an ambassador who sought to introduce junior officers to the work of the Embassy, in part by attendance at the country team. I had been warned ahead of time to be careful. Because he might ask the junior officer seated at the country team table on that particular day – "What was your contribution to US foreign policy this week"?

It wouldn't be very pleasant if you happened to be the hapless USAID officer on duty who said something like, well I wrote up a PIO/T this week or I prepared an RFA or whatever, in which case he would say something like "Well, I assume you didn't do much, then". He didn't much like acronyms! I had been warned beforehand, at least.

One other anecdote about the legendary Dean Hinton, if I may. It may have happened when Donor Lion was the USAID Mission Director or perhaps it was under Rocky Staples who followed him. In any case, USAID staff were invited to an outside party hosted by the USAID Mission Director and attended by the Ambassador.

I was a junior officer and we were playing croquet of all things and the Ambassador was also playing! I had an opportunity to send the ball of one of his opponents flying off into who knows where but I elected – because I had an easy shot and didn't want to be distracted – to do a short shot through the wicket instead and continue on my way without blasting someone else's ball elsewhere. And Ambassador Hinton sort of huffed and puffed and finally said, "Addleton, that's why you'll never amount to anything! You don't have the killer instinct!" I suppose that you, having served with Ambassador Hinton in Costa Rica, can appreciate this aspect of his personality!

Looking back, I have to say I was really lucky because I served with some terrific ambassadors. The ambassador who followed Dean Hinton in Pakistan was Arnie Raphel. Arnie Raphel is of course one of the huge "what ifs" of the Foreign Service. He was a high flyer. He was accompanied by his second wife, Nancy Ely-Raphel, who worked in the USAID Program Office. And it was partly through her that that I got to know Arnie.

Ambassador Raphel was subsequently killed in a C-130 plane crash in southern Punjab along with President Zia. General Wassom, the US military attaché, was also on the flight. It was a horrific thing to go through, especially because we knew Nancy quite well and also knew General Wassom and his wife.

After Ambassador Raphel was killed, you heard all the stories about how much he meant to people, how he reached out to people, how he encouraged young diplomats. Looking back, he was probably in some sense like Ambassador Bill Burns, someone who a lot of officers will look back and think "I knew him," because he related to people including junior officers so well.

Certainly, Ambassador Raphel was nice to me, he was friendly to me and he reached out to me in ways that as a junior officer I hadn't expected. In that sense he was also a larger than life ambassador – and just a very nice guy.

Perhaps it might have been different if we had been colleagues at the same level or if I had been responsible for an office in his embassy. But as a junior officer he reached out in a kind way and maybe it was also because his wife Nancy was working in the Program Officer. For whatever reason, I was invited to some of the events at the embassy and even at his residence – and this was a huge embassy. He nonetheless reached out in all kinds of ways.

Ambassador Raphel wasn't in Islamabad all that long. He followed Dean Hinton. We were taking our R&R and were preparing to fly out from Karachi on August 17, 1988. A couple of memorable things happened in connection with that R&R.

One is that we were supposed to go to Burma and I was supposed to be interviewed as a possible deputy program officer as my follow-on assignment. But there was violence in Burma and that meant the USAID mission faced closure. Actually, we were supposed to take the flight from Karachi to Bangkok and then Rangoon as a short TDY to meet the Mission Director prior to our R&R.

But the Mission contacted me in Karachi, just before we were about to depart, and said that I should not come after all, the Embassy was cancelling all visits because of the street riots in Rangoon. So that is another of the "what if's" of my Foreign Service career – Burma might well have been my second USAID assignment but in the end that prospective visit was cancelled and the assignment never materialized.

We continued on our R&R, flying directly to London rather than taking a detour to Rangoon to meet the USAID staff there. By this time, I had met and married my wife in

Pakistan. Her name was Fiona and she was from Scotland. She taught at the British School in Islamabad.

August 17 was our third anniversary. We were sitting around a table at a restaurant in Karachi, celebrating our anniversary and preparing to board the Pan Am flight to the UK. There was a TV in the restaurant and you could sense that something strange was happening in Pakistan. Regular programming was cut off and somber music was being played. You could also sense that the waiters were tense, as if they knew about something or feared something.

And then the television announcer came on to say that there had been a plane crash, that President Zia was dead and Ambassador Raphel was dead and General Wassom whom we knew quite well was dead. They had travelled to Bahawalpur to see a demonstration of American tanks in the desert. The Ambassador flew down on his Embassy plane – but flew back with President Zia when he offered up a place on his own aircraft. Southern Punjab is famous for its mangos and according to some reports a box of mangos had been placed on board the flight at the last minute, hiding an explosive device.

There was a huge sadness about the whole thing, especially because we knew Ambassador Raphel and General Wassom and their spouses. We continued on our R&R, first to London and then to Scotland. That meant we were not at the embassy in Islamabad in the immediate aftermath of the plane crash and did not witness reactions at the embassy or among the people of Pakistan to what had happened. Ambassador Oakley followed Ambassador Raphel as the new US Ambassador to Pakistan.

Q: Now before we go on too far, can you take a moment and describe what your duties were in the program office as program officer?

ADDLETON: Looking back, I can say again that it a great way to start my career in a country in which I knew people and which I was already very familiar with. I had some amazing experiences including, as I mentioned, a structured training program that placed me in various USAID offices in Islamabad and also in some of our field offices including Peshawar.

I could probably write a book about the Peshawar Consulate and especially the Peshawar Club that USAID actually established and was frequented by many people involved in various cross border programs that also involved Afghanistan. One Afghan hand wrote a song called “Nathan the Pathan” that I remember to this day!

I also took a trip to the USAID office in Balochistan, in Quetta. We had an office there too. The person in charge was Bob Traister. He also had an amazing career and was a link to the USAID past, having served in Vietnam. I think he had first served in the US military and later came back as a civilian wearing a USAID hat. He was assigned to an area in the Mekong when Vietnam fell.

One of his war stories involved dumping all his furniture into the Mekong River to make sure the Viet Cong didn't get it. He also left quickly in a boat loaded with refugees – he said when he turned the key, he wasn't certain the engine would even start. Possibly he was joking – but as a soldier he also claimed to have opened up a latrine door at some base in South Vietnam, only to find a surprised General Westmoreland, commander of US forces in Vietnam, sitting there. "What did you do?" I asked. "What do you think?" he replied. "I saluted and then closed the door.

At the time USAID had about eight staff houses spread across Pakistan. In fact, it is indicative of the depth and breadth of our program that we had a staff house in southern Punjab. We also had a staff in Hyderabad, in Sindh. As part of my training program, I spent time in some of these field offices, both as a trainee and as an observer. I also had a reputation for being able to write, turning technical language into readable prose understandable to non-specialists. In this way, I could learn but also leave something useful behind.

My Peshawar assignment included three weeks in a place called Gadoon-Amazai. On this occasion I stayed at a USAID staff house situated near Tarbela Dam. Gadoon-Amazai is part of what was then called the Northwest Frontier Province (NWFP) and was well known as one of Pakistan's big poppy growing regions. USAID supported development programs while other parts of the embassy supported poppy eradication programs. I was assigned to work with Mike McGovern, the USAID officer assigned to oversee construction of several dozen schools in Gadoon-Amazai. He helped select sites and he also approved construction before the contractors received their final payments.

I have a particularly vivid memory of Mike McGovern inspecting new schools and in at least one case saying, "Tear it down, it doesn't meet specifications." He went on to say, "Imagine if there is an earthquake and this school falls down because you didn't meet specifications and there are 30 kids in a classroom and they are all killed. What do you want me to tell the parents?"

I remembered his scathing comments many years later when I returned to Pakistan as USAID Mission Director and was charged with managing the USAID post-earthquake reconstruction effort. Realistically, Gadoon-Amazai wasn't at the center of the deadly earthquake which took place in Pakistan's northern areas in October 2005, leaving more than 70,000 people dead and several million homeless. But I don't think any of the schools in Gadoon-Amazai ever fell down.

I've thought often about Mike's seemingly harsh judgments over the years, wondering if he might have been too harsh. But it was indeed all about the specifications. And if the contractors had taken shortcuts in mixing too much sand with not enough cement, the impact in later years might have been deadly. And, in fact, when dozens of schools in the northern areas, well away from Gadoon-Amazai, did collapse, the commentary in the Pakistan press was that perhaps too many schools had been shoddily constructed and that too many shortcuts had been take along the way.

So this too was part of my USAID education and my trainee status involved assignments and experiences that might not be possible today.

Another trip that I took during my first tour in Pakistan was to Gwadar, along the Balochistan coast and not too far from Iran. Gwadar is more in the news these days because the Chinese are building a deep water port and according to some accounts may want to eventually have a naval base there. At the time, Gwadar wasn't much more than a large fishing village with aspirations to be something much greater.

Gwadar was also the entry point for our own Balochistan Area Development Project (BALAD), which mostly focused on activities further inland, not on the coast. I was the USAID representative on an evaluation team hired to assess the BALAD program and make recommendations for the future. We flew to Turbat first and then drove to Gwadar.

Again, I think about these things: this was my first USAID assignment and here I am at the beach in Gwadar, staying at the guesthouse used by the Governor of Balochistan, padding about the beach in his sandals. I'm thinking, what is this? Whatever. You tend to remember the highlights of any assignment and certainly field trips to places like Quetta, Turbat, Gwadar, Hyderabad and Gadoon-Amazai were among the highlights of my early years with USAID. Those trips plus the TDY that involved meeting with refugees in the tribal areas along the border with Afghanistan were all important parts of my early USAID education, part of it focused on evaluation.

The bread and butter of a program officer is planning and budgeting and I was actively involved in those aspects of the program. We also did public outreach. I helped produce brochures on the different provinces where we worked, describing the USAID programs in each of them. One of my contributions was that I made sure that our brochures didn't only appear in English and Urdu, rather we also used local languages such as Sindhi and Pashto, something that locals outside of Islamabad appreciated. I also took many of the photos used in these brochures, another source of satisfaction.

Of course, there is a self-serving aspect to this kind of looking back, this kind of retrospection. But I do think that being the low guy on the totem pole also carries with it some sense of freedom, some sense of contributing to programs without necessarily being responsible for them or having to take the hard decisions. That part comes later.

Again, the fact that I had spent my childhood in Pakistan gave me a high comfort level in terms of travelling in Pakistan, going to places that might have intimidated some junior officers experiencing the complications and challenges of Pakistan for the first time. But at some level it was for me like coming home.

I mean, I was born in the mountains fifty kilometers from Islamabad and could go up to those mountains as something other than a complete stranger. I could also go to other parts of Pakistan including to some of the more remote areas of Punjab and Sind that are not included on most tourist maps yet get a kind of psychic satisfaction from these trips,

bringing back as they did the sights and sounds and smells of my childhood. So it was a very invigorating, very positive experience.

That first assignment to Islamabad also took place at a time when Pakistan mattered and had the attention of senior US policymakers, mostly because of what was happening in neighboring Afghanistan. That said, it was hard to imagine at the time that Pakistan and Afghanistan would continue to play such an important role in American foreign policy in the years to come.

Looking back you also realize that there were perhaps things staring us in the face that we simply didn't recognize or take as much notice of as we should have. Zia was perceived as "our kind of guy", if you will. In retrospect, much of what he did proved to be a disaster. Certainly, he moved the center of gravity of Pakistani politics and the Pakistan political system in a much more Islamist direction.

As a junior program officer, I wrote a couple papers on ethnic issues in Pakistan, highlighting the fact that the provinces of Balochistan and Sindh in particular did not necessarily buy into the Pakistan project, as least as led by Punjab. Yet in reality I probably missed some of the "big picture" aspects of what was taking place in Pakistan, especially this gravitation of Pakistan toward an Islamic bent, as the British past receded and as its identification with the West also receded, replaced by a more serious identification with the Middle East and with Saudi Arabia in particular, the Saudis applauding and supporting Zia from the sidelines. Perhaps not surprisingly, Zia is buried in King Faisal Mosque in Islamabad, built and funded by the Saudis.

Yet I don't want to be too hard on myself, either. I finally finished my dissertation for the Fletcher School during my Pakistan assignment. Part of it was completed during R&R in Scotland and on Home Leave in the US. And, as it happens, my dissertation looked at this shift in the center of gravity of Pakistan from South Asia to the Middle East.

The dissertation focused on the political economy of migration from Pakistan to the Middle East, perhaps missing some of the societal changes that were also underway. Most notably, by turning toward Saudi Arabia, Pakistan also in some sense cut itself off from some of its Moghul roots, centered as they were in northern India. It also meant loosening ties with Europe and the United States, supposedly Pakistan's ally but in reality a highly problematic relationship in which the expectations of both sides have never been met. It is also a relationship that has gotten worse over time.

By the time Zia was killed in August 1988 I was already on the downward slope of my assignment. Yet it remained good preparation for my subsequent USAID assignments including assignments that eventually involved India, Afghanistan and Pakistan for a second time.

Looking back, the Zia years proved to be more critical than we perhaps realized at the time. Obviously, we looked at him largely through a military lens and through the lens of what was happening in Afghanistan. He also fits as part of the continuing Pakistan

pattern of military dictatorships, usually following ineffectual civilian role in which the civilians in power have disgraced themselves and been perceived as becoming too corrupt.

That is what sometimes surprises people in places like Pakistan – when civilian rule gets really bad, people actually want to see the military step in, regarding it as a less corrupt institution and also more competent than the politicians. Often, that gives military rule some initial traction. But of course that also eventually wears away – it really is true that power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely. That eventually happened to the Zia regime, as it happens to all regimes, both military and civilian.

It was certainly an interesting time to be in Pakistan. The USAID program was big and truly mattered. In terms of the size of a growing Pakistan economy, it was still not huge – but USAID was at least part of the discussion. We had programs in irrigation, we had programs in energy, big programs. We also had other activities such as the development projects in the Gadoon-Amazai and elsewhere that I've mentioned.

Also, Larry Crandall's shop was located in the embassy, a short way from the USAID building; they were doing their cross border stuff. And from time to time we would hear about what was happening. There was the famous story about the mules that were sent from Tennessee and USAID was involved in that because the mules were supposed to carry medical supplies and other development-related items. But who knows what else they might have carried? The Pakistan military still had its own mule corps. But we procured mules from Tennessee, possibly the unluckiest mules in the world.

There was also the time that I fielded a phone call from Charlie Wilson of *Charlie Wilson's War* fame. As I remember, he was in Switzerland, making his way to Pakistan. He had somehow heard a rumor that a coup was taking place in Pakistan, a rumor that proved to be false. Somehow I was serving as acting head of the Program Office at the time, even though I was fourth on the Program Office totem pole. But he managed to reach the embassy and his call was patched on to me and he asked, "Tell me Jonathan, is there a coup going on?" And I said what I could say – which is that as far as I knew things were stable and there were no signs of a coup at that particular time.

But it was all good; it was great to interact with Pakistan and with Pakistanis in so many different ways. When I returned to Pakistan many years later, this time as USAID Mission Director in the aftermath of a deadly earthquake, it was helpful to recall some of these experiences and meet again with USAID "alumni" who had worked as FSNs at the USAID Mission back in the late 1980s.

I do think that this continued engagement with Pakistan has made a difference, that at the very least it made me empathetic to Pakistan and its people and the huge challenges they face; even though I have never bought into the Pakistan narrative and its various conspiracy theories, I was at least familiar with its history and could to a certain extent be sympathetic to its fears and concerns. It was also obvious that I had a real affection and

even understanding for at least some aspects of the people, places, history, cultures and literatures of Pakistan.

Mostly we've talked about my professional life in Pakistan. But it was also very early on during my time in Islamabad that I met Fiona. In fact, it was probably during that first week after I arrived in January 1985. There was this little British School and she was from Scotland, a young teacher in her twenties. Now that I think about it, she taught one of John Blackton's kids

I was being given a tour of the Embassy and one of the office secretaries told me about this little square dancing group. I'm not a dancer of any kind. But she said "There used to be eight of us but Father Lee from Ireland is leaving and now we are only seven and Fiona needs a partner." Father Lee had been her square dancing partner, I guess.

We met early on and we clicked from the very beginning. She planned to leave Islamabad in the summertime, having arrived three years earlier. But we got engaged about six weeks after we met. We got married later that summer and she stayed in Pakistan for another four years.

We had to go through a security process. John Blackton or perhaps it was Donor Lion had to "counsel" me for marrying a foreign citizen. The State Security office had to contact Fiona's family and friends in Scotland – they sent letters to the small town where she had been teaching. The head of the village school and the local minister received letters from the RSO in London. Apparently, they said something like "the fiancée of our Foreign Service Officer Jonathan Addleton is engaged to be married and his wife-to-be alleges this and alleges that and is this all true".

So the minister in this small town and her old headmaster got together and said "We don't want to scupper Fiona's chance of marrying this American Foreign Service Officer. But this is kind of outrageous that we are being asking these kinds of questions." So they replied politely but at the end of their letter they commented that "If you don't trust your Foreign Service Officers enough to choose their own spouses, they probably don't belong in the Foreign Service".

I don't think we had received the Security Clearance by the time we got married in Scotland on August 17, 1985. That was only seven or eight months after I had arrived in Pakistan. And it has turned into an enduring partnership, one that has lasted more than three decades. We have three kids and all these years later I have retired in Macon, GA and Scotland has become a part of my life as well.

Of course, Fiona already had a pre-existing life in Islamabad that pre-dated my arrival. She had already lived there for three years. You may remember that in 1979 the US Embassy in Islamabad had been burned down. The Soviet invasion of Afghanistan occurred in 1979 as well. That same year, there was an attack on the mosque in Mecca and US diplomats were being held hostage in Iran. I mentioned earlier that Moorhead Kennedy, one of the American hostages in Iran, was one of my examiners when I took

the Foreign Service test for the first time. So a lot had happened across the Middle East and beyond, including in Pakistan.

When the US Embassy in Islamabad was burned down by a mob in late 1979, a number of European embassies helped out, the British Embassy being one of them. In appreciation, the US Embassy gave British diplomats in Islamabad certain privileges including access to the American Club and access to the Embassy commissary.

That lasted for three or four years. Even the teachers at the British School were given these access privileges including Fiona when she arrived in Islamabad in the fall of 1982. Not long afterward, this special access privilege was withdrawn – but those given access cards, including Fiona, were authorized to keep them until they finished their assignments. In effect, there was a "grandfather" clause in place.

So when Fiona showed up in the commissary or at the American Club, people wondered – what is she doing there, who let her in, is she abusing her friendship with Jonathan? In fact, she was not at the commissary as the result of our association, rather she had her own right of access because of the support provided by the British Embassy to the American Embassy during its time of distress.

There was a good feeling between the two embassies, even as the two of us together in some sense represented a kind of alliance between the two countries. I was a junior Foreign Service officer and Fiona taught at the British school and her students included students from various other embassies including the American embassy. While we were in Pakistan, our invitations to evening social events and various embassy receptions came more often through her school connection than through my USAID connections.

We didn't have kids during the nearly four years we lived together in Pakistan and it was a nice way to start our married life and for me to start my diplomatic career. I would be at an Egyptian or Japanese embassy reception and a more senior Embassy officer would ask, "Jonathan, what are you doing here"? Fiona also travelled with me on some of the field trips that I've mentioned including to Tarbela, Quetta and the northern areas where USAID had work involving the Aga Khan Foundation. We also went to Skardu together. And we were engaged below the Batura glacier, not far from Passu Peaks north of Hunza.

Clearly, this initial four-year assignment in Pakistan was formative for both of us. Probably you remember your first assignment more intensely than your later ones. And ours was just great. Pakistan was a country that mattered, the USAID program was significant and complex and covered a lot of issues and I was serving under renowned USAID Mission Directors such as Donor Lion and Rocky Staples.

I've already mentioned something of Donor's background. As for Rocky, he was unusual in that he had come on as a Political appointee. He started his development career with the Ford Foundation. As a young Marine pilot in the closing weeks of World War II, he had first seen Japan – and indeed Asia – from the cockpit of his fighter airplane. Stories like that made you feel that you had this link to history and that was terrific.

And again it was a privilege to serve with certain ambassadors at the time – Dean Hinton and Arnie Raphel in particular. When the C-130 plane crash killed Arnie Raphel, another senior officer, Ambassador Oakley, was brought in. It is difficult for an Embassy to go through the death of an Ambassador. It is not a common experience but psychologically it can be very difficult and that was something that the Pakistan embassy experienced as well.

The next question for any junior Foreign Service officer is, what comes next? In my case, I could hardly have gone to a place more different than where I ended up. Burma almost happened but in the end didn't, because of the internal conflict that resulted in the eventual closure of the USAID program there. We ended up in Yemen instead. That meant going from South Asia to the Middle East. It also meant going from a very large USAID program where I was an Assistant Program Officer, fourth and last on the Program Office totem pole, to a much smaller USAID Program Office where I would serve first as Deputy Program Officer and then as Program Officer.

As an aside, when we left Pakistan we caused some consternation in the Travel Office because we elected to take the 24-hour train journey south from Rawalpindi to Karachi rather than take the airplane. My parents at that time were still living in Karachi and we wanted to spend a couple of days in Karachi to say farewell to them. And we also wanted to see the length of Pakistan as we departed, the rich agricultural areas of Punjab and Sindh, from the window of our railway car. It was a terrific trip and took me past some of the scenes of my childhood including Rohri and Hyderabad, both situated on the Indus River. I thought I might be saying goodbye to Pakistan forever.

Q: At that time when you left Pakistan, in what 1989?

ADDLETON: Yes, 1989.

Q: Had Yemen united north and south Yemen by that time? Were they now one country?

ADDLETON: No, that still lay ahead. And that's why, when I think about my assignments, I realize how lucky I was. Because I arrived in what was then North Yemen on what proved to be the eve of unification. Our tour there proved somewhat shorter than expected. We enjoyed our time in Yemen and had actually opted to extend for a third year. But then Saddam Hussein invaded Kuwait and the First Gulf War started.

Yemen is a very interesting place, one of the few countries – others might include Thailand and Ethiopia – that had never been colonized by a European power. Well, the Ottoman Empire might be said to have controlled parts of Yemen and in that sense Yemen might have been seen as an occupied country. And South Yemen had of course been a British colony. But the Yemenis in the mountains of North Yemen in particular were a fiercely independent people and proud of their distinctive qualities as well as their ability to resist outside invasions.

Yemen was also the poorest of the Arab countries. Oil was just beginning to be a factor and the Hunt Oil Company out of Texas was partly involved. It also had a long-standing USAID Mission, not large but not that small either. I think we had about seventeen American staff working in the USAID Mission. Fiona and I arrived in 1989 and I stayed through the Gulf War.

My boss in Yemen was Ben Hawley, then serving as the USAID Program Officer. Talk about the thing people do after their USAID careers – Ben was about to depart to become a Jesuit priest. He was a very nice guy would have had a great career had he stayed longer. But he did not feel spiritually satisfied at USAID and therefore decided to do something else. When he departed, I was slated to become Program Officer in his place.

Ken Sherper was the USAID Mission Director. He had an identical twin brother Keith who was a Mission Director in Africa. He had also been a Peace Corps volunteer in India. Also, Mike Lukomski was the Deputy USAID Mission Director. Mike was a type A personality and very actively involved in every aspect of the program. We had a number of good activities going on including programs in education and agriculture. I also had this continuing desire to travel and see as much of Yemen as possible.

Yemen was an intriguing country and at the time not yet a hugely dangerous country. That said, there was a threat of kidnapping though not for ideological reasons – rather, a local tribe might kidnap a foreign tourist in a bid to get more from the government, perhaps a new school or new health clinic. Also, a former USAID Deputy Mission Director had his official vehicle stolen. Around the same time, a former USAID Mission Director had been accidentally shot in the foot as a result of random tribal gunfire. At one level, it was kind of like the Wild West. But it was not a radical kind of violence, as has happened later. In fact, some people almost wanted to be taken hostage, regarding it as part of the adventure. The brutality associated with a kidnapping in the Middle East came later.

We were able to travel the length and breadth of Yemen, from Taiz to Ma'rib to Sa'dah. These are trips that an American diplomat couldn't take today. To briefly go into the personal, by this time we had been married for four years and were interested in starting a family. But it wasn't happening. We were by now moving into our thirties and people commented that if starting a family was becoming a concern, we might want to consider returning to the US.

As it happened, the Saudi government was supporting a hospital in the north of the country, in Sa'dah. Not to go into all the details, but we met a doctor from the Netherlands who worked there and was married to someone from Lebanon. He was a fertility specialist but apparently they were having challenges of their own in starting a family.

I worked it out with the USAID Mission Director for Fiona and me to drive up to Sa'dah each month. Sa'dah is an ancient and very conservative city, representing the tribal heartland of Yemen. The country's small remaining Jewish population still lived mostly

in Sa'dah though large numbers had emigrated to Israel in the preceding years. It was almost medieval. We would spend a couple of days every month for consultations in Sa'dah, sitting in a crowded hospital waiting room with members of that minority Jewish population as well as with local Yemeni tribesmen. I mean, it was amazing! To make a long story short, all this resulted in our first child – the Dutch doctor spared us from consultations that probably would have cost thousands of dollars back in the US.

We were happy in Yemen, we were now expecting our first child and we had extended for a third year. We liked Yemen and we liked traveling to the various parts of Yemen. It was a huge adventure and we became familiar with an amazing culture that was also new to us. That included chewing *qat* for the first time, the mildly narcotic leaf that is at the center of Yemeni social life.

It was in August 1990 and we were attending an evening Embassy reception. Somehow news filters around at those kinds of events. This was a diplomatic reception and the news that evening was that Saddam Hussein had invaded Kuwait. And then things happened quickly. Fiona was due to leave in about a month, returning to Scotland to have our first child. I would be joining her for a few weeks later.

The Yemeni people strongly supported Iraq. At some level, you might say that Iraq did to Kuwait what Yemen wanted to do to Saudi Arabia. Hundreds of thousands of Yemenis worked in Saudi Arabia, mostly as manual laborers. They were at the bottom of the Saudi social order. And perhaps understandably after Saddam Hussein invaded the wealthy oil state of Kuwait, Yemen had street demonstrations as a show of support for Iraq. Some of the Yemeni staff at USAID and the Embassy even joined in.

By this time Yemen had been unified, North and South Yemen joining together to form a single country. This was an optimistic period. Of course, this was against a backdrop of other changes marking the start of the eventual collapse of the Soviet Union. The Berlin Wall was torn down. East Germany and West Germany had unified and the argument was that North and South Yemen should unify as well.

Saleh was the Yemeni president at the time. When he came to power, he was something like Yemen's third president in six months. No one thought he would last long. But in the end he became one of the most long-lasting rulers in the Arab world. At the time he was a very young and dashing, even charismatic guy.

Larger events in the Arab world inevitably affected Yemen and the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait definitely fell in this category. Not surprisingly, the Embassy ordered that families be evacuated. This happened after a demonstration that took a specifically anti-American turn. Apparently, threats had been made that the Haddah compound where many families -- and not only American families -- lived would be burned down.

After Fiona departed for Scotland I took a road trip to Aden on the southern coast, a fascinating trip where I noticed a few surviving elements of Aden's British colonial past. When my parents first traveled to Karachi by freighter back in 1956, their ship had

briefly stopped in Aden. So visiting Aden as part of a unified Yemen was yet another of the memorable work trips that I have been privileged to take.

The fact that hundreds of thousands of Yemen migrant workers were returning from Saudi Arabia was also a matter of interest. By this time, I had completed my dissertation on the economic impact of migration of workers from Pakistan to the Middle East, primarily the Gulf. That same dynamic had taken place in Yemen.

I contributed to the Embassy reporting on what was happening. I remember especially the crowded roads, filled with returning migrants. One lingering image is of 4x4 with an old-fashioned barber's chair on top. It must have been driven by a Yemeni who had been a barber in Saudi Arabia and would now set up a less lucrative barber shop somewhere in Yemen.

All this was really bad news for Yemen. Because unification had happened and very briefly there was a lot of enthusiasm surrounding it. And then all those Yemenis started leaving Saudi Arabia for an uncertain future in an economically problematic Yemen with very high unemployment. Actually, they were more or less forced out by a Saudi Arabia that no longer trusted them.

This also had implications for the USAID program. Yemen at that time was sitting on the UN Security Council, a coveted position. Usually the position rotated among the various Arab countries. And now it was Yemen's turn. Here was Yemen in this high profile position – and, suddenly, they had to make important choice when it came to votes on Iraq!

If I am not mistaken, on the critical vote authorizing the use of force to remove the Iraqis from Kuwait, Yemen abstained. Reportedly, Secretary of State Baker approached the head of the Yemeni delegation after that vote and said, "This is the most expensive vote you've ever cast". And basically the USAID program immediately dropped from twenty or thirty million dollars to almost nothing. It was suddenly a tiny program, more or less enough to keep the lights on but not much more.

Fiona left for Scotland in late August or early September. The baby was due in November or December. And during that time the USAID program and staff kept getting smaller. If I remember, we went from seventeen FSOs to twelve to eight to five to three. And even when it went to three, I was considered among the "essential staff" and was asked to stay. It was only when it went down to one person – Mike Lukomski, the Deputy Director – that I finally left, literally on the eve of the Gulf War.

As Fiona remembers it, I was on the last commercial flight out of Sana'a before the Gulf War began. It was a Yemenia flight to Cairo. I stayed there overnight and then took a Garuda flight to somewhere in Europe before continuing the long journey back to Washington, DC.

The sharp drawdown that we experienced wasn't only on account of the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait. You may remember that at the same time there was civil war in Somalia and the US Embassy in Mogadishu was totally trashed. Houses assigned to Embassy staff were also trashed and some of the possessions later ended up in the marketplaces of Mogadishu. The Marines helped in the evacuation.

In the aftermath of that event, there was a concern that something similar might happen in Yemen. Sana'a is very much inland, deep in the mountains, far from the coast. A Marine rescue operation would have been much more difficult in Yemen, especially with war in Iraq looming. Probably by this time the decision had already been made to go to war.

Yemen was trying at some level to stay on neutral ground but in reality was walking a tightrope. It annoyed Saudi Arabia as well as the United States that the Yemenis clearly sided with Iraq. So Yemen was seen as a kind of dicey situation. So Mike Lukomski came to me and said, "Okay Jonathan, go to Scotland and be there when the baby is born. And then when you come back you'll be one of the three USAID officers still keeping the lights on for the USAID program in Yemen".

And that is more or less what happened. I continued to work in Yemen throughout the fall. By this time, I was head of the Program Office and that must be why I was deemed "essential" staff. Program officers take the lead on strategy, budgeting, negotiations with host governments over agreements and so forth. So at some level it probably did make sense. I was a second tour officer and in most circumstances I probably would not have been asked to stay. But the Deputy Director – who by this time had been promoted to Director – asked me to stay.

Q: Let me just ask you here, did you speak Arabic as one of the three FSOs asked to stay? Did you have locals who were doing the interpretation and some of the other program backup things?

ADDLETON: The only working languages that I can freely use in connection with my work are Hindi and Urdu. At different times I've also studied Arabic, Mongolian, French and Russian. But I have never been able to function effectively in those languages in the way that I can function in Hindi and Urdu. When it comes to languages, Fiona has always been better than me. I mean, in every country where we've served she's learned the local languages enough to be effective in the local bazaars and marketplaces.

A couple of other interesting things happened during our time in Yemen. We did take Arabic when we first arrived – and, if I may say so, it turned out to be in the same language school that Johnny Walker Lindh attended. Have you heard of Johnny Walker Lindh? He was described as the "American Taliban". As we discovered later, a couple of Yemenis who had previously worked for the Peace Corps started the language school.

The Embassy sent staff to the school to at least pick up some rudimentary Arabic. In addition, one of the early outside students who enrolled privately in this language school was John Walker Lindh. If you read his biography, you'll see that he eventually ended up

travelling to Afghanistan via Yemen where he first learned by what all accounts is his excellent Arabic. It is intriguing when you think about it – I attended the same language school as Johnny Walker Lindh though my Arabic is much, much worse.

The Peace Corps in Yemen was another casualty of Saddam Hussein's invasion of Kuwait. Ambassador Dunbar had to take the decision that under the circumstance it was too dangerous for Peace Corps volunteers to remain scattered around Yemen.

We had visited several of the Peace Corps volunteers in our own travels around Yemen. One was in Hodeidah on the coast, a gentleman of around seventy years old. He was a lab technician and he went to work every day wearing a clip-on tie. It was his first time out of the United States, other than a trip to the Canadian side of Niagara Falls on his honeymoon. His wife had recently passed away and now he was a Peace Corps volunteer in Yemen, of all places. It was disappointing to almost all the Peace Corps volunteers when it was announced that they would have to leave.

Looking back, all these experiences strike us as amazing. Other things happened as well. Junior officers had the opportunity to do pouch runs. In the case of the Embassy in Sana'a, that included the possibility of making a pouch run to Saudi Arabia or Djibouti. And we therefore took advantage of the opportunity to spend a long weekend in Riyadh and also visit Dammam on the coast.

Saudi Arabia had benefited materially from oil dollars. But we returned to Sana'a thinking, "Thank goodness, we are back in Yemen". Somehow, Saudi Arabia seemed like a more oppressive society. In contrast, while Yemen had one foot in medieval times it also demonstrated an interesting ability to adapt wholeheartedly to new technology including AK-47s and pick-up trucks. At some level, they were coming to grips with the 20th century on their own terms.

For all these reasons we had hoped to be in Yemen for three years but it turned out to be for only 18 months. I did return to Scotland for Iain's birth and was in Inverness when he was born. We had a sort of sad parting in late December, just after Christmas when the Cairngorms were covered in deep snow. Because by then we knew war was coming. We had Christmas together in the Highlands with our long sought after first child and I would be returning to Yemen for what we thought would be the long haul, as one of the three remaining American officers on the USAID staff in Yemen.

By the way, by this time we had been assigned to a traditional house in the Old City. It had previously been occupied by the Shell country representative who shared our interest in traditional Yemeni life. It was called Bayt al-Jarafi and a picture of it appears in one of the UNESCO books on the Old City as a UNESCO heritage site.

Fiona and I very much wanted to live together in the Old City. At the time almost the entire Embassy staff lived in what was called the Haddah complex on the edge of town, a housing development based on Western-style townhouses that included people from many nationalities, not just the United States. As I mentioned, the Shell guy was leaving

Yemen – this was before the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait – and the house was suddenly available.

We successfully made the case for living in this historic building with stained glass windows in the Old City, three stories high and built at the lower levels out of thick stone and in the upper levels out of mud. In the end I lived there only briefly while Fiona was in Scotland. Looking back, it is amazing that the RSO approved.

Q: Well let me ask here quickly. What is distinguishing about living in an old Yemeni house as opposed to a modern house? What were the major adaptations you had to make to live in that kind of house?

ADDLETON: Well, it was a very cool place. As I mentioned, it was called Bayt al-Jarafi. Of course *bayt* is the Arabic for house and Jarafi was the owner who had lived there for a long time. In an old traditional house, the bottom floor would probably have served as a barn for the animals and then the living quarters would be upstairs. And on the top floor was what was called the *mufraaj*, the men's living room where the men would gather to chew *qat* in the evening, looking out over the city below.

As I mentioned, Yemen is a very unique country, different even than most of the rest of the Arabian Peninsula. Historically it has been a largely urban society, not a nomadic society like Saudi Arabia. It is very mountainous in places and gets more rain than other parts of Arabia. Its legends go back to the Queen of Sheba. It had a stable and fairly large Jewish population for centuries. During the time of the prophet Muhammad, it had a large Christian population as well.

Like Oman, coastal Yemen also had a trading relationship with Zanzibar and East Africa. On the one hand, there was a part of Yemen that lived in its mountain fastness, growing crops in terraced fields; on the other hand, there was a coastal Yemen that was more outward-looking. Algebra was reportedly first taught in a Yemeni university and the first coffee supposedly came from the port of Mocha, also on the Yemeni coast.

At least at the time we lived in Yemen, the country had a larger population than the rest of the Arabian Peninsula combined. It might have mountains and rainfall but it didn't have much oil. Historically, it had looked down at nomadic culture and considered itself far more urbane and cultured – but this meant it wasn't able to participate in the oil boom that transformed the rest of the Arabian Peninsula, fueling resentment on the part of the Yemenis.

It was a privilege to live in old Sana'a, even if briefly. Under normal circumstances, it would have been terrific, to walk the narrow streets and see the view of the Old City from my own *mufraaj*. And again, talk about medieval – frankincense was sold on the streets below; the call to prayer rang out from multiple nearby mosques; the architecture of the entire Old City was unique, traditional and well preserved; light was filtered through beautiful stained glass windows; all that stuff.

Perhaps now this element of the Foreign Service has become much harder to realize. After all, we join because we wanted to have these kinds of experiences. Yet they have become harder as the world changes.

Somehow we were able to experience something of the old Yemen prior to the first Gulf War. Obviously, issues in the Middle East go back many years. But the level of violence, the targeting of diplomats and Embassies, has by now gone way beyond any concerns we might have felt at the time. Of course, diplomats were attacked and killed during earlier times in the Middle East and this reality needs to be remembered and honored. But during our early months in Yemen it was still possible to travel widely around the country and go beyond compound living, experiencing something of the old Yemen as it once was.

So I returned to Yemen after Iain's birth in Inverness in November 1990 and sadly had to leave our house in the Old City. I got the word that I too would be evacuated and have to leave the country. Again, I have no doubt that this decision was partly informed by what happened in Somalia, across the Red Sea.

Yemen at the time had a consumables allowance and we still had a lot of consumables left over. We knew a couple of missionary families that were going to stick it out. I asked them to come to Bayt al-Jarafi and take their pick – stock up! And so we found a good home for most of our consumables before departing.

As I mentioned, it was actually on the eve of the First Gulf War when the decision was made to reduce the number of three "essential" USAID staff to one. And so I flew to Cairo on a commercial Yemenia flight and from there I took a flight on to Europe and then to Washington, DC. At the same time, Fiona was making her own trip back to the US with Iain who by now was a few weeks old. We were going to meet up there.

We often talk about how to say goodbye to a country that we have appreciated and enjoyed living in. And it is sort of especially sad to say goodbye while on evacuation status. I have never been back. We kept up with a few of the Yemenis we met. But it really was a final goodbye.

So we both returned to Washington. I was on evacuation status with hundreds of other Foreign Service Officers from across the Middle East, all evacuated in the aftermath of the First Gulf War. Yemen was only a small portion of what was probably the biggest State Department evacuation ever. Countries such as Pakistan were also involved, all affected by concerns over the war and what might happen in its aftermath.

We rented a small townhouse in Arlington for our new adventure, this time accompanied by our first child. We watched events in the Middle East from a distance, on television. Saddam Hussein was defeated and Kuwait was given back its sovereignty. Even Syria was an ally as part of the international effort. Looking back, it was a remarkable coalition that was formed to stop Iraq from permanently annexing Kuwait.

Can you still hear me? For some reason I can't see you!

(*Note: this conversation was taking place via Skype from Macon, GA to Washington, DC*)

Q: Yes I can hear you.

ADDLETON: I can actually see you now. So the evacuation occurred and of course we saw that coalition in action on television which was quite amazing and a credit to the people who put it together. Because it really was the principle that mattered. Concern over alleged weapons of mass destruction were not the motivating factor this time around, rather it was the invasion of Kuwait and the desire to reverse it that was most important. It turned out to be a 100-hour ground war. After the war there was the thought that the international coalition should perhaps have gone further. But the objective of this war was clear at the outset, to restore the independence of Kuwait.

So once again, I left Sana'a on the eve of the war. Fiona also left with Iain on the eve of the war, in her case from the UK via London. Not to go into all the details but basically she went to Heathrow and her plane was turned back twice. First she was in the air for about two hours and then the plane had to return to London because of a bomb scare. There were tanks and armed soldiers on the ground, something was clearly happening. Then they attempted to depart for a second time and got only as far as the tarmac before having to come back, this time on account of engine trouble. By this time I was in Washington, wondering what was going on when her flights kept getting cancelled. It was a nightmare scenario and for Fiona it turned into a 42-hour journey. But eventually we were reunited in Washington, DC.

Time goes by more slowly when you are young. It was probably only a few weeks but it seemed like a lot longer. I considered this my first Washington assignment, as brief as it might have been. I worked briefly on the Yemen Desk. Then I met Lewis Lucke who later was my Mission Director in Jordan and still later was the US Ambassador to Swaziland. At that time, he was the USAID Mission Director to Tunisia and he wanted me to accompany him there.

But by this time I had gotten the call to go to South Africa as my third country assignment, after Pakistan and Yemen. I would head the Program Office in Pretoria. It would be a complete change of pace. Now that I think about it, I had conversations about a South Africa assignment even while I was still in Yemen. And, if you want, we can now move on to South Africa.

Q: Okay, can you still hear me?

ADDLETON: I can. Can you hear me?

Q: Yes. Everything's fine. It depends on your time. If you would like to continue now to South Africa, we could, or we could pause here.

ADDLETON: I've got on my calendar until 4 PM so perhaps we should continue through South Africa, that would then be a good break. Because after that we go to Central Asia and that sort of starts a new phase of my career. It would probably take a half hour or so.

Q: Sure. Yes.

ADDLETON: South Africa was definitely a different place. I don't want to say it was out of our comfort level because Fiona would probably say that South Africa was in some ways the best assignment we ever had. But it was out of my area of background and experience. I forget how it even came up that I might serve there. But again I was fortunate. Some big event has always been associated with each of my assignments. In Pakistan in the late 1980s, it was partly about Afghanistan as well as Pakistan's move toward becoming a more Islamic society. Yemen was first about the unification and then about the First Gulf War. And South Africa was of course about the demise of Apartheid.

Q: Now what year do you arrive in South Africa?

ADDLETON: We arrived in April 1991 and we stayed until August 1993. The Gulf War started in January 1991; I had those temporary assignments in Washington but by April 1991 we had arrived in Pretoria. If you look it up, that was a time that very much marked the end of Apartheid. By the time we arrived, Nelson Mandela had already been freed and de Klerk had chosen the new path that the country was going to take. Looking back, it was a very interesting time to be there for all kinds of reasons.

I have had good luck when it came to serving with exceptional Ambassadors. In Yemen it was Ambassador Dunbar who spoke Arabic and knew the Middle East well. And in South Africa it was first Ambassador Bill Swing and then Ambassador Princeton Lyman, both exceptional. Bill Swing and Princeton Lyman were very different. But I would have to say that they both rank among the outstanding ambassadors of their generation.

Not many people know that Princeton Lyman, like Dean Hinton, was a USAID officer early in his career, making the shift to State only later. Both served with USAID at a time when USAID seemed to really matter. Reading Dean Hinton's memoir recently, I discovered that President Kennedy personally selected or at least personally approved USAID Mission Directors, at least in countries that were important for US foreign policy. Even now, it is probably a little-known fact that outstanding FSOs such as Dean Hinton and Princeton Lyman actually started their careers as USAID officers.

The USAID Mission as well as the Embassy in Pretoria seemed to attract people completely committed to their work, people who became deeply involved with South Africa. It was a historic time and we perceived it as a historic time. USAID was in a very interesting place because we worked entirely outside official South African government channels.

A Nationalist de Klerk-led government was still in place and they must have had a strong sense for what we were doing. And of course there was a strong sense that the next

government was going to be headed by Nelson Mandela -- though in their heart of hearts at least some Nationalists still had this illusion that they might actually get reelected which is kind of unbelievable when you think about it. The Nationalist political posters at the time talked about South Africa as a "rainbow nation" and it is clear that they hoped to also tap into the Asian, African and "Colored" vote, possibly positioning them to still play a political role in a post-apartheid South Africa.

Another interesting thing about the USAID program in South Africa was that the legal authority for it rested in what was called the Comprehensive Anti-Apartheid Act, or "C triple A" for short. And, as we used to say in our briefings, the CAAA basically had the support of everyone in Washington from Jesse Helms to Jesse Jackson. Think about that for a moment, Jesse Helms and Jesse Jackson on the same side of an issue! Yet this was the authorization for an especially innovative USAID program that was reaching out and in some sense trying to prepare the way for a post-Apartheid South Africa.

I might mention that not many years later, Nelson Mandela addressed Congress. Apparently, Jesse Helms commented afterwards that it was interesting and revealing to note that Nelson Mandela did not include a single mention of USAID in his speech when thanking the United States for its support. For what it's worth, I took that as a kind of inadvertent compliment – the reality is, USAID worked quietly and behind the scenes to make a difference. In this case we didn't necessarily want to take credit for what the South Africans were doing themselves. But we also wanted to assist in their efforts.

Our second son Cameron was born in Pretoria, at De Wilgers Hospital in Pretoria which is of course a very good Afrikaans name. As always, Fiona managed to pick up some Afrikaans along the way.

South Africa is a fascinating country. Its history has some very dark pages. As often happens in USAID Missions, an especially outstanding local staff person worked in Program Office. His name was Faarooq Mangera and his family originally came from India. As a South African, he was very influential in introducing me to his country. He had an amazing list of contacts from around the country.

We were doing a lot of interesting work including legal work in the townships. Actually, even now it almost moves me to tears when I hear the national anthem being sung -- *"Nkosi Sikelel' iAfrika"*, "God Bless Africa." Visiting the townships, it was hard not to think of everything that had been experienced there. It was also intriguing to be introduced on occasion as "Comrade Addleton," reflecting the fact that the South African Communist Party also played an influential role in the struggle against Apartheid.

The Program Office was charged with thinking strategically about how the USAID program might be adjusted to contribute to a post-Apartheid South Africa. And again Faarooq played an important part in this effort. We traveled across the country together, talking to some of the well-known figures of the time to get their views. One of the people we talked to was Govan Mbeki, father of Thabo Mbeki and himself a colleague of Nelson Mandela and a leading figure in bringing down the Apartheid government, in

keeping the flame of resistance alive when Nelson Mandela was in prison on Robben Island.

Thabo Mbeki later followed Nelson Mandela as President of South Africa and obviously had a mixed record; it is one thing to oppose a government and another thing entirely to lead a government. But to talk at length to Govan Mbeki about his views on the past, present and future of South Africa was certainly an honor and privilege

We also had conversations with some of the other leading lights in the anti-Apartheid struggle, asking their views on what post-Apartheid should look like, what adjustments USAID might make when it started to work directly with a new South African government. Up until that time much of the USAID work was actually done through South African NGOs rather than American or international NGOs.

It wasn't only on account of the CAAA, our governing legislation; it was also because until Apartheid actually ended most major American groups including the so-called "Beltway Bandits" did not want to work in South Africa. So an interesting and innovative model was developed in which USAID worked almost entirely through local South African organizations.

If you know the usual USAID model, you will realize just how unique our approach was. In fact, it didn't just involve South African NGOs; it also involved South African consulting firms. And the obvious question at the time was, when South Africa finally breaks the chains of Apartheid, will USAID then start supporting its work through American organizations instead?

After all, certain American groups regarded themselves as being at the forefront of the international movement against Apartheid and now they would continue in their efforts by using USAID dollars to support a new, post-Apartheid government. In reality, most South Africans appeared to prefer that USAID dollars go to South African organizations. They were understandably concerned about what might happen when the international organizations with their high expatriate salaries arrived and USAID dollars would begin to be channeled in other directions. So it was fascinating to take this trip across South Africa with Faarooq and it was fascinating to hear various perspectives on what should happen next.

As I mentioned, Program Offices typically take responsibility for the overall program strategy. However, they don't usually get deeply engaged in project implementation; rather, that it would largely involve the relevant technical office. But here again the USAID program in South Africa was different, providing opportunities for me to become more directly involved in project design and implementation.

For example, our Program Office shaped and supported an intriguing study tour aimed at introducing potential approaches to some of the urban challenges that would undoubtedly be faced by a post-Apartheid South Africa. The international study trip included Moscow

and, if I remember correctly, a city in Brazil and a town in Switzerland, urban areas with a multi-ethnic makeup that might be of particular interest.

The idea actually came from a white South African who worked in Port Elizabeth named Rory Riordan and managed to work across political and racial lines. His proposal was very cost effective. Among other things, his idea was that participants would share hotel rooms, cutting per diem rates in half. For some participants, it would mark the first time that they not only worked closely across racial lines but had also shared hotel rooms across racial lines.

Politically, the group was very diverse. I believe it also included a couple members from the South African Communist Party, allied to Nelson Mandela's African National Congress. By that time the Soviet Union was on the verge of collapse.

I wasn't on this international study trip. But when the group returned to South Africa I was told that some of the old stalwarts who had been pro-Soviet over the years could hardly believe what they had seen. It was especially disheartening to see Moscow turned into a "flea market". For some, it was almost total devastation, like a devoutly religious person being shown evidence that there is no God. At any rate, it caused some of the people that would be responsible for economic and urban policy in post-Apartheid South Africa to pause, at least momentarily, when they compared at first hand the reality of Russia as they imagined it to that of Brazil or Switzerland.

Q: Why didn't you go to a U.S. town or city?

ADDLETON: I perhaps should know that but I really don't remember. Probably it was because we were responding to this proposal that Rory Riordan had put together, one that reflected his rationale and purpose for the study tour. I guess we might have said, "Why don't you add a fourth country" or whatever?

I mean, the Soviet visit was sort of obvious, given that the Soviet model was widely accepted by many in South Africa's opposition parties; it would be educational to witness Soviet reality at first hand. As regards the city in Brazil, it was perceived as an especially innovative example of urban governance, one in which poverty concerns had to also be addressed. Then there was this town in Switzerland that was dealing with issues involving cultural and linguistic diversity. But as I was told later, it was this opportunity to experience something of the collapse of the Soviet Union in an up close and personal way that proved to be especially interesting and intriguing for those South Africans involved on the trip.

A second example of a program that the Program Office organized and funded was a "Bush Retreat" in the Transvaal. It involved members of the ruling party as well as opposition parties to talk about economic policy in a post-Apartheid South Africa.

I'm not certain and I hope that I am not mistaken when I say it -- but I think that one of the speakers might have been Paul Krugman who at the time taught at Princeton, was

later awarded the Nobel Prize for economics and still later became a *New York Times* columnist. This would be relatively early in his career. In any case, we had a facilitator and we had guest speakers who could talk knowledgeably about some of the challenges and pitfalls that any new government would face.

We hoped that Nelson Mandela might attend and give opening remarks but in the end this didn't work out and I missed this historical opportunity to actually meet him. One person who certainly was there was Trevor Manuel who later became Minister of Finance in the post-Apartheid ANC government.

In any case, the gathering involved an eclectic group of people from across the South African political spectrum. Some had spent time in jail and others had been responsible for putting them in jail. As for the conference itself, it wasn't prescriptive in the sense of lecturing people on what economic policy should be. Rather, it was more along the lines of "these are some ideas from around the world that you may want to consider when you become the custodians of your country, these are some of the 'lessons learned' from international experience that you may want to take into account".

Another remarkable aspect was the fact that it was held in a bush camp, not a fancy hotel in an urban setting. A lot of the opposition to Apartheid was of course more urban based. But one of the patrimonies that a new South Africa would inherit was an outstanding set of game parks and nature preserves.

The event itself was amazing. Rightly or wrongly, I left thinking that the transition in South Africa might actually work, that there was something about being South African that transcended the racial differences as well as the cruelty that had been so much a part of South Africa's past. Over a *brai*, it was easier to see something of the commonalities that existed, despite the differences and despite the sins of Apartheid. It was somehow possible to imagine that a new South Africa might actually be possible.

I also attended a couple of international cricket matches after South Africa rejoined the world, one involving the Pakistan national cricket team playing against South Africa at Centurion Park. Sports is hugely important in South Africa and this was another potential way to bridge the differences.

Some of this important aspect of South Africa was later memorialized in *Invictus*, the movie about the Rugby World Cup that South Africa hosted and won. This was after I left South Africa. But I watched from a distance as Nelson Mandela cheered the team to victory. South Africa's new national anthem included segments of *Nkosi Sikelel' iAfrika* and it is regularly played before international sporting events, whether involving cricket, soccer or rugby. And here again, having lived and worked in South Africa, the words and music to that anthem almost move me to tears whenever I hear them.

South Africa is a country that has that kind of impact on those who spend time there. Of course, I had read Alan Paton's *Cry, the Beloved Country* years earlier. As I saw it, there is a sense of tragedy that hangs over South Africa and the human aspect of what has

happened there is just gripping. It is a larger than life country, a physically beautiful country. And it is a country that those who have visited want desperately to succeed.

Looking back on the years that followed, it hasn't been easy and there are still huge issues; who knows what future paths South Africa will eventually take? But, whatever happens, you have to recognize Nelson Mandela as one of the true heroes of the 20th century; de Klerk also deserves some credit for what happened, having made the decision to turn South Africa in a new direction. Somehow both of them managed to work together, helping to ensure that the country did not explode into civil war or a hugely violent and destructive racial war, if you want to imagine worst case scenarios. Somehow the two of them were going to figure out a way to make the transition work. And somehow they were able to do it.

So we had what proved to be two and half very good years in South Africa. Our second son was born there and we were raising our young family there. We saw quite a bit of South Africa and something of Zimbabwe, Swaziland and Lesotho as well. In some ways it was an out of the mainstream assignment for me, given that I knew very little about southern Africa beforehand. But it was also an unforgettable assignment, one in which we witnessed history being made. We finally left in the fall of 1993.

Q: Before you end with South Africa, had HIV become a problem or a concern?

ADDLETON: Thank you for raising that. Faarooq whom I mentioned had very strong ties to the different communities of South Africa including the LGBT community which was definitely interested and affected by HIV issues and concerns. Our health office was also involved early on. In some sense Faarooq provided a very early advance warning of what was happening in ways that also helped inform the USAID Mission. And we did become involved at the very early stages.

It is interesting to recall the extent to which people in South Africa were taking HIV/AIDS seriously -- or were not taking it seriously. Thabo Mbeki as his own history as all this unfolds and his pronouncements were not always that helpful. On the other hand, some who had supported Apartheid were really not that concerned about a potential medical catastrophe that they perceived would be especially damaging to South Africa's majority black population.

In retrospect, you would have to say – and I think the history will show this – that USAID was engaged and did become involved with a variety of South African entities on this issue. This was in the early 1990s, when HIV/AIDS was just becoming recognized as an important factor. And we funded a number of unique activities involving South African groups. After I left, US organizations also became more involved, especially under the ANC government that followed. But at the time we supported local street theatre and awareness-raising along with various medical interventions. President Bush's HIV/AIDS initiative for Africa came later.

Now that I think about, I have on my shelf what must surely be one of the first novels written anywhere in which HIV/AIDS played a central role. It was called *The Plague at My Door* and it was written by a South African and provides insights into the impact of HIV/AIDs in South African townships.

So, yes, the short answer is that USAID was definitely involved early on with this issue, at least in South Africa. Those were still the early years of HIV/AIDs when many of the issues associated with it were not very well understood. But if someone were to go back and look at the old documents, one would see -- I don't know how this matches up with world-wide HIV/AIDS chronology of what was after all an international concern that was just breaking into the consciousness, the impact of which would be horrific – that USAID entered into the discussion quite early on.

As I mentioned, I'll have to be honest and say that some white South Africans thought that this might be the unexpected "ticket" to a different kind of South Africa, perceiving as they did that there would be many deaths and that the resulting demographic impact would also affect the demographics of South Africa. It was kind of ridiculous and kind of chilling, when you think about it.

It is also fair to say that at the same time some in the majority population dismissed or at least minimized the potential impact of HIV/AIDS and did not consider it a "real" issue, rather they viewed it as another of those Western fictions forced on the country. So it was and is a complicated scenario. For all the critiques of what USAID does and does not do, looking back at its role in the early days of HIV/AIDS, it is interesting to see what happened and USAID did provide what must surely be viewed as a positive response.

Let me also add a couple of quick items that you've reminded me of. I followed Carlos Pascual as the USAID Program Officer in South Africa. Carlos is another former USAID officer who became ambassador, in his case in both Ukraine and Mexico. Your paths may have crossed with Carlos in other places. Certainly he became a leading light in the State Department.

I've always felt that it was better to follow disasters rather than superstars. In the case of South Africa, following Carlos was like following a superstar. I mean, think of his work in the townships – in the early days, it really was a situation of bringing blankets to prisoners in jail; it was a different kind of USAID program than you might imagine. Someone like Carlos was totally committed to the cause against apartheid and it left a lasting mark on everyone involved. But in some sense my role during the time that I was there was different. South Africa was moving toward a new place and the issues and approaches related to a new post-apartheid South Africa would also be different.

I sometimes think about that transition, along with other transitions going on in other areas such as the HIV/AIDS concerns that you mentioned, where our health officers were aware of what was happening and were doing their best in some sense to give early warnings about what HIV/AIDS would mean for South Africa. Looking back, there are at least two things that make one especially proud. First, in some cases USAID really did

anticipate what was going on. And, second, when it came to the anti-apartheid struggle, we were certainly on the right side of what happened.

We left South Africa in the fall of 1993. We left after the last whites-only vote in South Africa but before the first national vote involving all the citizens of the country. And that last whites-only vote was controversial. De Klerk called this "special election". Privately the ANC accepted it – publicly they definitely had to oppose it. "What?" they would ask. "Another white only vote. That's not right"

At the same time my understanding is that at some level Nelson Mandela who had this huge ability to put himself in somebody else's shoes and to be empathetic -- I don't know even today fully the relationship with de Klerk but in de Klerk he had a partner with whom he could work. Very possibly, Mandela realized that De Klerk, either personally or from the perspective of the white population of the country, needed that final affirmation that he had done the right thing and taken the right step.

I forget all the details. It was a referendum, not a vote for a particular candidate who would take office. But it basically asked the white electorate, "Do you approve the direction that de Klerk and his government is leading this country?" And that direction was very clear. It was going to be a democratic South Africa in which everyone would have the right to vote. And at one level I interpreted it as the last public way for white South Africa to affirm that they would be doing the right thing after all. Despite the history, despite what happened over the years, they could now give their stamp of approval -- they were voting for the demise of their own system, the one that had ruled South Africa for so many years.

It was a quite fascinating vote. It was even historic and we observed it, we saw the opposition raising the old war flags that had been part of Boer history, the Transvaal flag and other Afrikaner flags, waving in the streets of Pretoria and elsewhere.

The results of the vote came in and every single province of South Africa voted yes. The vote was close in some places such as parts of the Transvaal. But the white electorate had voted down the system that they had long supported. Again, the ANC could not publicly swallow the fact that it was yet another white-only vote. But at some level de Klerk needed that election to say that the population had come on board with his very different version of South Africa, a post-apartheid South Africa. And at some level Mandela understood why de Klerk felt he had to do it.

I say this partly to acknowledge that there is a certain regret that we weren't there for the April 1994 elections, when everyone in the country was given the right to vote. We left before that election happened. I was sorry to miss it but watched with interest from a distance.

When we departed South Africa in the early fall of 1993, it was very clear the direction that the country was taking. It was an overwhelmingly positive period to be there. There

were a lot of expectations at the time and obviously not all of them have been fulfilled. But it was also a historic moment for South Africa. And it was a privilege to be part of it.

I probably won't go into too much of this aspect of it. But it is probably also fair to say that, more than most countries, the issues of one's own country were being played out in South Africa – the racial issues and other kinds of issues. And those issues were being played out in the Embassy and within the USAID Mission in Pretoria as well. Because there's this fact that South Africa looks very European and Western in certain ways. And challenging issues such as affirmative action and other programs that are meant to come to grips with history come into play as well, issues that can have an important impact in terms of how people perceive each other and interact with each other, sometimes in uncomfortable ways.

All this was being played out within the Embassy and outside the Embassy, making for a very different type of assignment. Not just because it wasn't Asia where I spent much of my life and was more familiar with. And not just because it was my first working experience in Africa. Rather, it was a time and place where you had to personally confront issues about justice and race that as an FSO you might otherwise spend your career outside your own country and for the most part largely ignore, not thinking about and not being a part of.

But there in South Africa, you had to wrestle in some sense internally with issues and aspects of your own psyche, on why think the way that you do, what shapes your own perceptions of the world around you. In South Africa, history was being played out before your eyes and you were more or less forced to think about some issues that you hadn't necessarily thought about before.

In so many ways it was a gratifying if unexpected assignment. And again Fiona would call it one of the best assignments we ever had. We were starting our family. We traveled a lot. She was involved in meaningful volunteer work with a group focused on street children in Pretoria. It was called "Street Wise". It met in the basement of a church, providing a place for street children to gather, have showers and receive basic education. As a teacher, she was asked to be responsible for the teaching part of the program.

Her work gave other kinds of insights into South Africa including the life events which brought children into the streets in the first place. We celebrated Iain's first birthday with these children. And a number of them came to the De Wilgers Hospital to see Fiona when Cameron was born – that caused quite a stir. Drugs were an issue but probably the most common concern involved glue-sniffing. Despite their circumstances, the children were quite loving toward each other and not necessarily "hardened" in the way that one might expect.

An old church building – it had previously been called the Elim Church – was opened up as a dormitory, as a place for the street children to stay. And one morning we woke up to television reports that there had been a fire in the church and that several children including some of those that Fiona had worked with were dead.

It was a terrible event and there were a lot of rumors associated with what might have happened. Some said it was accidental. Other said it was arson, started by an off-duty policeman who had encountered the street children earlier and wasn't happy about their presence. There was an investigation but I don't think there were ever any charges. Possibly it was a case of the "old South Africa," in the worst possible way.

Of course, even as Apartheid was ending, the Soviet Union was also falling apart. And we were beginning to get inklings of that. As a kid growing up in Pakistan, I was always very fascinated about what lay on the other side of the Himalayas. And of course what lay on the other side of the Himalayas -- and the Hindu Kush and Karakorum, for that matter -- was Central Asia! And, even as the Soviet Union was collapsing and even as USAID was edging toward becoming involved in what became the newly independent states, there was the prospect that we might also have the opportunity to participate.

An independent Kazakhstan was just emerging and USAID was recruiting for what was becoming a new priority. It got to the point where there was such an urgency that USAID received one of those mandates that you could bid on an assignment, no matter where you were posted and where you were on your current assignment. And, if you want, you can leave early.

Three years was the normal assignment in South Africa. We had been there for two and a half years. We could have stayed for another six months or we could have extended for another year and a half. In some ways, that would have been the comfortable thing to do. But a return to Asia was also calling and that included the prospects of seeing Central Asia for the first time.

South Africa had its own relationship issues with the Soviet bloc. But South Africa was opening up also. And one of the things that we saw in Pretoria was the Russian ballet perform or maybe it was even the Red Army choir, something that would not have been possible in an earlier era. It intrigued us and made us think about serving in what was now becoming the "former" Soviet Union.

Even in our final months in Yemen nearly three years earlier we had observed something of these changes. In that case, it was an invitation to the Soviet Embassy to attend the US Embassy's annual Fourth of July celebrations. Quite a number attended, not just Russian officers but also families as well. It was an indication that things really were changing, that the world really was moving toward a different and, at least for time, a more optimistic place. It was a time when it seemed as if Russia and the United States might actually somehow forge a different and more positive kind of relationship.

Thinking about a possible assignment in Central Asia, we looked up the *Lonely Planet* guide to the USSR. It included a chapter on Almaty which is where the regional USAID Mission to Central Asia was supposed to be located. We got our first glimpse of the place that would become our home by looking through the *Lonely Planet* travel guide. I threw

my hat in the ring, acknowledging my interest in taking on this new challenge as Program Officer for what would be the new USAID Mission to Central Asia.

South Africa was a country where we always tried to balance our personal life and our professional life. It had been a really good assignment because it represented a historic challenge and it was also a place where we could make a difference. By contrast, Central Asia would be very tough. We were told about that in advance. It was going to be hard and we would be arriving at the outset of what would be a very cold winter.

But we made the call that we would leave South Africa which was a well-established Mission. I had written the USAID strategy for the post-apartheid period, I had made the mark that I had hoped to make and I had certainly learned far more than I could ever give back in a place like that. I learned a lot. But it was now time to move on.

So with Fiona and our two kids – Cameron had been born in South Africa in August 1992, he was now just over one year old when we departed for the UK and then Almaty – I started this new assignment as Program Officer for the USAID Mission to Central Asia.

Q: Okay, so this is probably a good place to pause and we can pick up with you again in the former Soviet Union as we ramp up for that program.

ADDLETON: Do you think the recording worked on this one?

Q: It looks like it did. Yes. I'm seeing the microphone, the little microphone indicator responding, so I'm pretty sure that yes, it did capture it.

ADDLETON: Does it actually do a transcript?

Q: Yes, but I have to put that on the transcript site and that's a separate aspect.

ADDLETON: I hugely appreciate your patience and it's amazing what you're doing this, to be honest. I'm reflecting that you may have some pretty amazing conversations with other people as this unfolds.

Q: Yes. Okay so let me pause it here, and I will be back in touch with you shortly to set the next session.

ADDLETON: Okay, super. Thank you very much. Have a good day, and I know we can fit it in. I'm back to my teaching schedule. But next week or whatever is certainly fine and I look forward to continuing the conversation.

Q: Very good, thanks.

ADDLETON: Thank you so much.

Q: Today is February 13th and we're resuming our interview with Jonathan Addleton right after he finishes his first tour in South Africa.

ADDLETON: Yes, that's correct. Just to get the chronology right, we were in South Africa from April 1991 until early fall 1993. I mentioned that this was the time when the Soviet Union was coming apart. USAID sent one of those worldwide cables stating that no matter where you were in your assignment cycle you could bid on assignments in the former Soviet Union because it was the Agency's highest priority at the time.

We were two and one half years into our time in South Africa. We were supposed to be there for three years. We therefore missed out on the first post-apartheid election. But in some sense, we had done what we had come to South Africa to do.

I don't know if I mentioned this before but having grown up in Pakistan, the Central Asia situated beyond the mountains -- the Himalaya, Karakoram and Hindu Kush -- had always been intriguing to me. So we ended up going to Central Asia and I was able to see what was on the other side of those mountains. I was also going to be a Program Officer again, heading the Program Office in the new USAID Mission to Central Asia. I think we considered ourselves the last of the first wave of USAID officers to arrive, number six or seven in that small group of staff headed by Craig Buck charged with setting up this new Mission.

We transferred directly from Pretoria to Alma Ata as it was then called. Later it was changed to simply Almaty. It was hard to get any information about it. I bought an old *Lonely Planet* guide on the Soviet Union and it mentioned the ski slopes as well as the Tian Shan Mountains. We did a direct transfer. It wasn't Home Leave followed by a new assignment. Rather, it was basically leaving Pretoria in the rain for London; spending a few days with Fiona's family in Scotland; and then arriving in Almaty.

The various countries were in a transition from being members of the Commonwealth of Independent States to becoming truly independent countries. The attempted coup in Moscow occurred while we were en route to Kazakhstan, hastening still further the demise of what was left of the Soviet system. It was an amazing time. I was going to be covering the five "stans:" Kazakhstan, Turkmenistan, Tajikistan, Kyrgyzstan, and Uzbekistan.

Fiona would say that it was the hardest assignment we ever had. We were a curiosity in the neighborhood. The Soviet Union had completely collapsed. We had several weeks of Russian language training in Almaty. For me that was good enough to learn the alphabet and some basic phrases but not much more.

Fiona is better at languages than me and she tends to take it further. She also had to go frequently into the marketplaces -- she uses the word "forage" – during that first winter because we arrived in Almaty in October, just before winter set in. The journalist Georgette Heyer wrote a book about Central Asia at the time titled *Waiting for Winter to End*. And it really was a matter of waiting endlessly for winter to end!

Q: Take a moment and describe what winter is like in Almaty (or Alma Ata.)

ADDLETON: Yes, Alma Ata -- the name was changed to Almaty later on. We tended to be assigned to countries with "double barrel" names: Alma-Ata, Phnom Penh, Ulan Baataar, New Delhi.

To be honest, Almaty was not as cold as what we would subsequently experience in Mongolia. But it was still plenty cold and it did seem like it snowed way into March or maybe even into April.

We had been told -- I'm trying to make sure I get it right and I am not exaggerating -- to expect an apartment of around 200 square feet. As it turned out, it wasn't much bigger than that and it was a former Soviet Union kind of apartment.

When we arrived Iain would have been nearly three years old and his brother Cameron had just turned one. Their presence is actually part of the story because the new Embassy in Almaty had a small health unit and when we arrived they looked at us and said: "What are you doing here"?

We didn't have a new post-South Africa medical clearance because this was a direct transfer, not a Home Leave transfer. Our son Cameron – he is now in the military, actually he is a Special Operator and has his combat diving badge and high altitude/low opening free fall parachute badge – had serious allergies. He very quickly came down with something that involved wheezing and a lot of respiratory problems.

We brought him to the medical unit. There was no doctor at post – but the nurse practitioner came to us and basically said, "Tell your boss you don't want to be here; you should be leaving."

We were taken to a local hospital where one of the *babushkas* repeatedly slapped or rather pounded Cameron on his back and tried to get the mucus out of his chest, tried to work her miracles on him and make him better. I think the intent was to show us how horrible the medical situation was in Kazakhstan. In reality, having been born and raised in Pakistan, it didn't seem too awful.

We basically said that there should be a precipitating factor that would cause us to leave. Fiona and I talked and we also decided, having just gone through the assignment process and having just arrived in a new USAID Mission that seemed to depend on us, that if Cameron was medevac'd and not allowed to return, it would be a solo assignment for me for at least a year. The rest of the family would wait it out, perhaps in Scotland.

I had agreed to come to Central Asia, this was the challenge that I agreed to accept. And it wasn't long afterward that a precipitating event did occur when Cameron's breathing issues worsened. Fiona and Cameron went off to Harley Street in London and they did a battery of tests. The doctor didn't think that Cameron faced anything that was life

threatening. I think he pinned the allergy down to the soy formula that Fiona was giving him. At any rate, Cameron went off the formula and his situation seemed to improve.

All this happened in the early weeks when we were in Almaty and in Russian language training. You can imagine what it is like to arrive at new assignment, only to be told, "What are you doing here? You should leave as soon as possible." That was a tough position for us to be in. But we survived.

It seems like such a different time. The world changed dramatically then but it has also changed dramatically since. We were a curiosity at first, the neighborhood kids would come and stare. We had two small kids, both fair-haired at the time. Fiona actually remembers pulling a sled with the kids around Almaty during that first winter.

She also remembers the first time Zippo cigarette lighters came to Kazakhstan. A huge line formed and people asked, "What are these". Actually, whenever a line formed, you tended to join because you wanted to see what was being sold. At one time people were even waiting in line for potatoes. New potatoes had arrived and everyone lined up wanting to buy them.

The last of these stories occurred around Christmas or maybe it was Thanksgiving. It would have been during our early weeks in Almaty and Fiona once again went foraging, this time for our special dinner. She joined a long line and it proved to be for frozen chickens from Hungary.

Fiona cooked up our chicken and we enjoyed it a lot. I think we had a guest over that evening. Going through the wrapping paper afterward, she saw the expiry date – it was October 1986! And the obvious first question was, "Do we eat the leftovers or do we throw them out"? We had just eaten our meal. We surmised that it might have come from the Hungarian deep freeze food supply specifically reserved for catastrophes, perhaps even nuclear war. Now that the Cold War was over, Hungary was off-loading its dated food supplies to places like Kazakhstan.

So everything seemed to happen, both in our personal and work life. Actually I haven't even started on the work side of things. It was an incredible time to be there, at the launch of a new nation facing severe challenges. And as it happened, twenty years later I returned to Central Asia for a second time, this time as USAID Mission Director.

It was amazing to catch up with some of the people and see what had happened during the years that we were away. For example, early on a young lady called Natasha knocked at our door. She was married. She had a son about the same age as Iain, about three years old. Basically she wanted to learn English. She had studied to be an architect and she had done a couple of other jobs and now she wanted to work for us.

A couple of years later, when our third and last child Catriona was born, we arranged for Natasha to come the US with us for several weeks. She had always wanted to see the States and she could also be there when Catriona was born.

She also learned English during her time with us. I don't want to get too much ahead of the story. But I do want to say that this turned out to be one of the best development stories we have been part of. When we returned to Almaty in 2013, exactly 20 years later, Natasha had become a millionaire. Or at least we think she was a millionaire.

She met us in a new Lexus and took us to their very nice house. They had just bought a vacation apartment on the Turkish coast. Her husband had recently attended the Winter Olympics in Sochi. They had taken a vacation in the Caribbean. She also now had a daughter as well as a son.

We asked, "Natasha, how did you do it"?

"She replied, "Well, I owe it all to the Addletons."

And we said, "How is that?"

"Well, Jonathan, you told me things would get better."

I don't remember actually saying that. But it is true that in 1993 things had hit absolutely rock bottom and there was nowhere to go but up. Old ladies roamed the streets, selling the contents of their houses – knitted socks or whatever. Everything was bad. Jobs were scarce. Everything had come apart.

It was clear when we left Almaty in 1996 that Natasha would not be a nanny for the rest of her life. She got a job after we left and worked in the Defense Attaché's office, taking official trips to places like Brussels and Washington, DC.

With the money that we left to her on our departure, she bought a computer, providing visa application services for those interested in entering the visa lottery. It was perfectly legal. She charged something like two dollars each for simply filling in the application in English. Times were desperate and a lot of people wanted to migrate to the United States.

As an entrepreneur, she also completed her resume. When she included in her resume her time with us, she described herself as having worked for a "small American company"! That alone indicates that she was someone who was going places. I don't know if it was "Addleton, Incorporated" or what. But, yes, a small American company? Why not!

Natasha's husband Igor was attending KIMEP, a new business school that USAID and other donors helped support. He also became successful and the two of them later worked together.

The first part of this story included the phrase "Thank you, Jonathan, for telling me that things would get better; and thank you Fiona for teaching me English." But she also mentioned another phrase -- "Thank you, Jonathan, for introducing me to your cousin Jim, the fireman".

She met Jim when she came with us to Macon, Georgia in 1994. There, as in many parts of the US, firemen often have a second job, perhaps a lawn business. She saw the house that he lived in, a beautiful home – it didn't look much like the stereotypical fireman's house. But he had "moved up" by "flipping houses," buying his first one when he was recently married, fixing it up, using "sweat equity," selling it, and then buying a better one, going through the same process multiple times. By doing this, he had moved up the economic ladder.

You might say that it was partly a matter of luck. But using this approach Natasha and Igor also climbed up the economic ladder, riding the real estate boom in Almaty and benefitting from the tremendous growth in the Kazakhstan economy over the next several years. Eventually, her husband became the expert on the external aspect of the house and she became the interior decorator, having trained in first Moscow and then in London. So the house they were living in when we returned to Almaty in fall 2013 was sort of the penultimate stop in their housing journey to economic success.

This story is also interesting because Natasha spoke Russian and considered herself culturally Russian. But, looking at her family tree, she could trace an Uzbek grandfather as well as an Austrian grandfather. People aren't generally aware of this but during World War I large numbers of Austrian soldiers were captured and sent to Russia as Prisoners of War. Following the Russian Revolution in 1917, some of these soldiers were recruited and fought for the Bolsheviks in Central Asia and other parts of the collapsing Russian Empire. Another grandparent was indeed Russian. A fourth was from somewhere in the Baltics and had been a political prisoner during the 1930s. In a sense, Nathasha's family tree reflected a lot of Russian history.

Once Fiona was throwing away some rusks in the kitchen -- I don't know if you know what rusks are but they are bits of toasted bread that last a long time; she was throwing away the rusks and Natasha said, "No, no, don't throw that away". She then told the story of one of her grandparents, the one who was from the Baltics and was apparently a Lutheran pastor there. He was sent to Siberia. And Natasha said that when people were told to report to the KGB office in the morning, they often stuffed their small suitcase with rusks as they departed, knowing that they were probably headed to the Gulag.

In some sense Natasha became one of the ways in which we began to understand the history of Kazakhstan, Central Asia and the Soviet Union. Kazakhstan in particular became the place where people from all over ended up: Tatars, Koreans, Jews, Koreans, I mean people from everywhere you can think of ended up in Kazakhstan.

To conclude this story – I jumped ahead because it's part of a continuing story, one that started during our first assignment in Almaty and finished with our second one – Natasha felt that as Russians, Kazakhstan would never be truly home for them. They were concerned about a rising Kazakh nationalism. Their son had a girlfriend from Belarus and they ended up moving to Minsk. There wouldn't seem to be much economic opportunity

in Belarus, given the situation there. But they felt that Minsk was similar to Almaty when they first started “flipping houses” in Kazakhstan during the late 1990s.

As far as I know, Natasha and Igor have continued their success in Belarus. They bought a row of foreclosed townhouses and the plan was to make that their first project. So I spent my career in development. But one of the best development stories that I was involved in started with a knock on our apartment door in Almaty back in the fall of 1993. It is kind of neat to be part of a story like that. We were amazed by it.

As always, Fiona had a very beneficial impact on the community that we were part of. She did all kinds of things including introducing new arrivals to life in Almaty. She was asked to become the Embassy Community Liaison Officer (CLO). But then it was discovered that she still wasn’t a US citizen, complicating matters. She wasn’t eager to be CLO in any case. She didn’t like bureaucracies. She was happy to informally show people around, give them tips on shopping and introduce them to the town. But she didn’t want to work behind a desk and write reports.

As I mentioned, we also had to work through medical issues. There was also this concern over the nuclear waste issue – how much had the Soviets left behind, what impact did the resulting radiation potentially have on those of us living in Almaty and in Kazakhstan?

The embassy was doing very interesting work. Kazakhstan had made a decision to forego nuclear weapons and was committed to accounting for all the nuclear material left on its territory when the Soviet Union collapsed. In fact, very likely the USAID program was part of this “quid pro quo”, it was part of our ongoing discussion with Kazakhstan on the issue.

The country had nuclear waste all over the place and the US was interested in tracking where it was and where it might be going. Ambassador Courtney was an expert on arms control, was involved in the issue and was the right person to be engaged in it. There were a lot of visitors from Washington tracking what was happening. So that too is part of the post-Soviet story in Central Asia.

Again, the personal always seems to protrude with the professional and that is why I am jumping ahead of the story again. At the end of our Central Asia assignment, after we had Catriona, our third child and only daughter, Fiona was diagnosed with thyroid cancer. And she was not the only person to have a malignancy following their assignment in Kazakhstan. The Embassy nurse practitioner who had been concerned about Cameron also got cancer and later passed away because of it.

Throughout our time in Almaty, concerns were expressed about radiation levels in Kazakhstan. At one point, Geiger counters were issued and we were asked to track radiation levels in the areas in which we lived. At least four other foreigners that we know of who lived in Almaty during those years were diagnosed with thyroid cancer, which does make you wonder.

In Fiona's case, the diagnosis was made during our Home Leave medical exams. Basically the doctor said that there was a tumor and after the biopsy he called and said that it would have to come out. To this day, we don't know if there was a link between this medical event and our tour in Central Asia. But if you track what happened in the post Soviet Union, there is no doubt that thyroid cancer in particular became a growing concern. And so you wonder. You can't help but speculate. But in the end it was a good story for us. Fiona had her surgery and in the end she was okay.

The fact that we arrived in Central Asia with two small boys also made it interesting. We were there long enough for Iain and Cameron to attend *Detski Sat*, Russian kindergarten. They were dropped into their two separate classes as the only English speakers. We used to joke that one of Iain's classmates named Wafka was the class bully. He looked like a very tough guy, a potential future boxer, wrestler or paratrooper. The boys were also introduced to various Kazakh and Russian songs and games.

We paid about $2 a month for Iain to attend, at least initially. He survived and learned some Russian along the way. We had it on video that both Iain and Cameron once spoke it. Russian pre-school was actually quite good. The playground featured creatures from various traditional Slavic fairy tales. We thought of it like something out of *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. There was a nap room and the pillows were fluffed up, as if waiting for the Seven Dwarfs to arrive and go to sleep. Russian *kasha* or porridge was also served. Iain didn't much like it.

This was our first real exposure to Russia transmitted via Kazakhstan. Of course, the school also involved a Kazakh dimension including traditional music and dancing. And, even during the darkest days, the Almaty Opera continued to operate. For me, the Central Asia assignment was incredibly broadening, especially for someone who had been born and raised in South Asia. Now I was experiencing another part of Asia, this time Central Asia.

Work was intense but interesting. All the newly independent states in Central Asia were experiencing dire circumstances; if anything, Kazakhstan was better off than the other ones. Health systems had collapsed. Unemployment was a huge concern. The economic circumstances were dire. You read the history books and you talk about what brought about the collapse of the former Soviet Union, the ultimate triumph of more market-based approaches, if you will. You also read about the transitions that took place. We definitely experienced it at first hand. And I came away with real admiration for the people of Kazakhstan and beyond who had gone through that and somehow survived.

I'm not quite sure that I buy into the revisionist historical narrative about what happened during those years, that there was some sort of "triumphant" capitalist "victory" and that there was a paternalistic approach toward our post-Soviet engagement with Central Asia and the other former Soviet states. I think there was more uncertainty, much less confidence, than is sometimes asserted. There was a feeling, an expectation, that having witnessed the collapse of the Soviet Union, the new market-based economy would lead those societies to a better place.

Yet even then you could see the signs of the oligarchs to follow, the fact that some people would benefit more from the transition and more from the privatization programs than others. Of course, what we saw varied from country to country. We covered five countries and that made for an interesting perspective. Already, it was clear that each of these countries would be taking different paths. But, for sure, the later historical narratives, for example those claiming that a triumphant United States happily arrived in Central Asia to impose itself on this new order, was not what I observed at our embassies at the time.

Q: This is good place for you to pause, because you've set the scene very well. But could you talk a little bit about the USAID Mission there and what your particular goals were?

ADDLETON: Well, as Program Officer I was actually in a good place to observe and participate in what was happening across the region. As Program Officer, you are making the connections between the different sector programs. You are also involved in funding levels. And you negotiate the broad framework agreements with the various governments, setting the stage for the programs that we are supposed to deliver.

Craig Buck was the first USAID Mission Director to Central Asia. Later he went to the Balkans which became a priority after Yugoslavia collapsed and fell apart. He is actually still working for USAID, this time as a contractor. When I last met him a couple of years ago, he was heading for Karachi with the wife he met in Kazakhstan. Both Central Asia and Yugoslavia were very weighty assignments at the time, given their importance to US foreign policy.

Undeniably there was a strong economic component to our work in Central Asia. Looking at the structure of the USAID Mission at the time, my colleague Paul Davis headed up the Economic Growth Office. Paula Feeney, at that time the spouse of Ambassador Courtney, headed up the Health Office. Her office initially covered environmental issues but later that became a separate office headed by Barry Primm who I had previously worked with in Pakistan. Mitigating and preventing environmental disasters was part of our mandate, whether it involved the shrinking of the Aral Sea or nuclear waste or whatever. We also had John Scales, a lawyer, working on issues related to democracy. His portfolio was probably the smallest but in many ways the most complicated and challenging one.

There is no doubt that building a democracy was part of both the challenge and the expectation of our work in Central Asia. So we supported groups such as the American Bar Association (ABA), International Republican Institute (IRI), National Democratic Institute (NDI), International Foundation for Electoral Systems (IFES) and others. We had a lot of money early on, to be honest. Later the funding became much more constrained.

At the time the two biggest USAID programs in Central Asia were in Kazakhstan and Kyrgyzstan. When we returned to Almaty twenty years later, it was obvious that

Kazakhstan had done especially well on the economic front though not necessarily with respect to governance. The results in Kyrgyzstan, considered both then and now as perhaps the best hope for democracy in Central Asia, were much more disappointing – neither the government nor the economy seemed to work.. Of course, they also had a less obvious natural resource endowment than Kazakhstan with all its oil fields.

Turkmenistan had more economic resources per capita than any other country in Central Asia but already was viewed as a weird and peculiar place, a country headed by a megalomaniac whose thoughts were read out to school children each morning and who named the days of the week after members of his family.

Uzbekistan was perceived as an important country, both because of its size (it has the largest population of any country in Central Asia) and because it was the only Central Asian country to border all the other ones as well as Afghanistan.

As for Tajikistan, it was the poorest country in Central Asia and was already slipping into civil war. I was charged with being the USAID "point person" on Tajikistan. Craig Buck asked me to cover the country from a USAID standpoint and I ended up formally opening the new stand-alone USAID field office there.

At the time, I was traveling all over Central Asia under very difficult circumstances. I worked closely with the embassies and now looking back I realize that what I witnessed has by now become a part of history. A lot of the ambassadors would have different and more skeptical views about USAID. I mean, USAID was always thinking long term. The ambassadors didn't have much time for that kind of conversation. They wanted help right away, they wanted results right away, they wanted impact right away. Reality – or at least a better reality – sometimes takes longer to achieve.

You asked about strategy. As it happens, we didn't have a strategy in place when I arrived – my task was to write one. I do have this sort of ability to sit down with people, listen to what they have to say and then synthesize a narrative based on that conversation that can be turned into the makings of a sort of strategy.

So I visited each of the embassies in turn and then wrote a series of cables setting potential future directions for the aid program in each of the countries. Of course, funding comes from Congress and a lot of areas of our activity were already earmarked by Congressional staffers who had their own ideas about what mattered most. In the end, basically each country had USAID programs focused to a greater or lesser extent on a combination of the democratic transition, economic transition and social transition.

Some critics might say that this was too much of a "cookie cutter" approach, one that didn't properly take into account the unique circumstances of each country. That said, even in retrospect it seems to me that we were correct to be involved in a combination of economics, governance and social concerns. And in reality programs were "tailored", depending on the issues and countries involved. As for the USAID Mission to Central

Asia, it was always under significant pressure from the various embassies in the region as well as from Congress.

We had a lot of visitors. Secretary of State George Shultz came early on. A couple of undersecretaries visited. And we had many Congressional delegations. Part of the job of the Program Office was to plan and implement programs and schedules for all these visitors.

Another thing that Program Offices typically do is translate field reality to headquarters. I don't want to call them "illusions". But the fact is that the views of headquarters are often a long way from reality and the challenge is to connect and relate to the two, explaining to technical people the pressures from Washington and explaining to Washington the reality in the countries in which we work. So it was all interesting, in part because we covered five countries.

I'm talking for a long time here because the memories keep coming back. For example, a trip to Tajikistan at the time involved a flight from Almaty to Shymkent; a 120 kilometer taxi driver across the border to Tashkent; an overnight in Tashkent; and a very early morning taxi drive of another couple hundred kilometers to Khodjent in the Tajikistan part of the Fergana Valley. From there we could catch an old Soviet-era prop plane, crossing the Pamir mountains to land in Dushanbe.

We did this in the dead of winter, sometimes across an empty steppe. The hotels were absolutely atrocious. And those flights! Later Fiona told me that every time I went on a flight she was concerned because of the old Ilyushin aircraft we were flying on. I think the pilots were good though sometimes they might have had too much to drink.

Separately I took a road trip from southern Kyrgyzstan through the Pamir mountains to Gorno-Badakhshan, the "empty" part of Tajikistan with its high mountains and long border with Afghanistan including the Wakhan Corridor part of Afghanistan. The travel opportunities were amazing.

When I first visited Dushanbe I had lunch at the mess hall of Russia's old 201st Motorized Division, or at least I think that is what it was called. During Soviet times it was the first military formation to go into Afghanistan. Remember, this was around 1993-1994. The Soviets had pulled out of Afghanistan a few years earlier. And now, as part of the desperation of the former Soviet Union, this elite or at least formerly elite Russian unit was opening up its division mess hall for visitors to eat, charging around $5 or $10 each.

So here I am, sitting in this military mess hall, realizing that five years earlier anybody who had predicted the imminent collapse of the Soviet Union would have been laughed off the stage. And I was here to witness the scene, accompanied only by an interpreter, just the two of us taking these trips. Later direct flights between Almaty and Dushanbe were introduced. But in the beginning those trips were much more complicated.

Yet as the transportation options improved, the visa requirements became more onerous. Those early trips involved a land passage through three countries – Kazakhstan, Uzbekistan and Tajikistan – during a 24 hour period. Only a single visa was required: a visa issued for one country in Central Asia was considered acceptable for all the other ones. This changed as the individual countries began asserting their sovereignty and began to develop their own visa regulations, controls and border posts.

One of my last flights from Almaty to Dushanbe involved an interesting encounter with an Iranian diplomat. By this time, direct flights between Almaty and Dushanbe had finally been introduced. However, we still carried cash with us, used to replenish the cashier's office in the embassy that we were visiting. On this particular trip I had waited in Almaty airport for most of the day. The flight was at least 12 hours late. Sitting behind me was an Iranian diplomat who I had talked briefly to on the ground.

I was exhausted, having sat at the airport all day and then finally caught the flight late in the evening. I still had the thick envelope containing around $15,000 or maybe it was $25,000 in one hundred dollar bills. Halfway through that night flight over the mountains I drifted off to sleep. When I suddenly jerked awake, the envelope was gone! What to do? Actually, I think the defense attaché was on that same flight a few rows back. I looked at him in distress and said it looked like I would have to report a missing envelope.

It was the Iranian diplomat sitting behind me who actually saved the day, at least for me. We don't have relations with Iran and we aren't even supposed to talk to Iranian diplomats. However, I had had a brief conversation with him in Urdu, thinking he might be Pakistani but then realizing that he spoke a bit of Urdu only because he once served at the Iranian Embassy in Islamabad. Farsi is a lot like Urdu and we had at least exchanged pleasantries.

I have to think that the positive benefits of human interaction were at play here. He knew I was agitated. He might have thought that this envelope contained important plans from "the Great Satan", perhaps outlining some of the nefarious things the United States might be up to in Dushanbe. Tajikistan has relations with Iran, in part because Tajik and Persian are so similar.

In any case, the Iranian diplomat felt around the floor in front of him, picked up the envelope which had fallen between the carpet and the fuselage and returned it to me. "Is this what you are looking for," he said. Of course I might have hugged him. Relations between the US and Iran are in a terrible place right now and who knows where they might end up. But, in that instance, this Iranian diplomat returning that envelope might have saved my career!

I was now deep into my fourth assignment: Pakistan, Yemen, South Africa, and now Central Asia. I haven't related all the stories about those different places we went to, all the capitals and some of the provincial towns. I travelled multiple times to Dushanbe, Tashkent, Bishkek, Ashgabat and other places.

The road trip across the Pamir mountains that I mentioned was especially amazing and it was one of my final trips in Central Asia. This would have been in the fall of 1996. It was with the Aga Khan Foundation. They were doing a lot of interesting stuff including in Khorog, across the border from Afghanistan. We also drove several dozen miles northwest from Khorog, along the Wakhan Corridor, a place I had always wanted to visit. Having read many of the early British explorers, a lot of the place names in the area resonated with me and fascinated me.

I covered Tajikistan for USAID during the period 1993 through 1996. During that time the Taliban kept getting closer to the Tajik border. Ahmad Shah Massoud, the so-called "Lion of Panjshir" was himself an ethnic Tajik and was one of their chief adversaries. It was always interesting to hear what was happening in Afghanistan and sometimes the Tajiks feared what might happen if the Taliban took control.

Tajikistan itself was also being torn apart by civil war. We supported various relief programs south of Dushanbe and occasionally I visited some of them. Part of the work involved various UN agencies and some of their staff were from the Balkans including Bosnia – another civil war situation taking place at the time.

Returning to Tajikistan twenty years later, the country was still the poorest in Central Asia. But it had also made important progress, especially on the food front. During the mid-1990s my visits were mostly about food relief; in contrast during the early 2010s my visits were mostly about agriculture production, designed to increase the yield of local food crops, not distribute emergency wheat grown elsewhere to a displaced population living in internal refugee camps. It was gratifying to see the progress or at least to see that the Tajik civil war was over.

Getting back to USAID, you asked about our various programs. This was during the time when interacting with the post-Soviet Union was an important priority. But it was also a time when USAID faced a Reduction in Force (RIF), when too few people were being asked to do too much. This was during the Clinton administration but there were a lot of financial pressures. Perhaps people thought that one of the post-Cold War "dividends" should be the dissolution of USAID.

Whether one was part of the RIF or not depended mostly on luck. It also partly depended on when you received your last promotion or what awards you might have received along the way. A formula was introduced and implemented and in my view it resulted in some unfortunate mistakes with steep personal consequences. We had to say goodbye to colleagues. What a thing to go through, to have your USAID career end in this fashion through a RIF.

Another Washington mandate with horrible consequences was the directive to work out a "transition" plan for closing out USAID involvement in Central Asia by the year 2000. I guess the end of the millennium had a nice ring to it for someone serving in Washington, under political pressure to reduce the number of USAID Missions worldwide.

I had arrived in 1993 with Craig Buck as one of the first six or seven USAID foreign service officers to serve in Central Asia and I had written most of the first USAID strategy for the region. That is one thing that the Program Office does, write strategies. And now my mandate was to prepare an exit strategy, setting the various USAID offices and country programs on a path toward closure. I wish I could put my hands on the document. Maybe it would now be a historic document. Basically I wrote that this was an unrealistic plan but if it had to be done, blah, blah, blah, this would be how to do it.

In the end it didn't happen. Reality struck and 9/11 happened instead. I was long gone by then. But 9/11 paved the way for a renewed USAID presence in Central Asia. Fortunately, we hadn't entirely departed despite the Washington guidance to turn off the lights after hardly seven years of USAID engagement in Central Asia.

So programs that were supposed to be on a path toward closure suddenly became much larger and more important. Uzbekistan for a time was one of the main access points to Afghanistan, especially northern Afghanistan. Massoud had been killed by a suicide bomber shortly before 9/11 but his soldiers would take on the Taliban and be one of the first of the Afghan opposition groups to reach Kabul, paving the way for the arrival of the international coalition that followed. A base in Kyrgyzstan – Manas – also opened up. Perhaps you've seen the movie *Twelve Strong*, about the arrival of the first American military forces in Afghanistan after 9/11. Those twelve plus their Air Force Combat Controller who isn't mentioned in the movie flew in from Uzbekistan.

All that seems long ago and far away right now. Despite the challenges, our time in Central Asia actually represented a time of measured optimism. Some of those optimistic hopes have been met but others have not.

Looking back at the way the Cold War ended, you can't help but feel that there were missed opportunities. Or perhaps the US had too many illusions about what might happen in the first place. Of course, the Russians resented almost every aspect of the fall of their empire. Central Asia was formerly a part of the Soviet Union after all. And you do ask yourself, did we do the right thing and did we make a positive difference?

One of the realities is that each president in the five former Soviet states of Central Asia more or less became president for life. They talked about democracy in the early years but in the end weren't seriously interested in it. The idea of being a "George Washington" as founder of a country might have had some momentary appeal – but in the end the historical context was entirely different. None of these countries had to fight for independence or struggle for independence, it was more or less handed to them. At the same time, many of the structures inherited from the Soviet Union lived on.

Arguably, both Kazakhstan and Turkmenistan have met with an important measure of economic success, at least as far as economic growth rates which in turn built infrastructure is concerned. At the very least, they didn't become another Venezuela, a country with enormous oil wealth but almost nothing to show for it which is now on the verge of collapse. There are more than a few resource rich countries around the world

that haven't been able to translate their resources into economic success. The story of Central Asia is still unfolding. But you have to say that President Nursultan Nazarbayev was in place for a long time and did make at least some economic decisions that seemed to have been correct..

Yet some of the earlier questions still matter – "What was the purpose of it all"? There was a feeling at the time that democracy might be possible. In the early days even Turkmenistan briefly made a show of suggesting that some form of democracy mattered. Or perhaps that is what they said because they knew it was what the United States wanted to hear.

Realistically, though, the story never ends, it is always continuing to unfold. Kyrgyzstan has made the best effort thus far in terms of at least attempting to establish a democracy but they have also always encountered numerous obstacles, taking steps both forward and backward over the years. That said, Kyrgyzstan has had multiple leaders, not just one or two. The latter provides stability but the former ensures that other voices are also heard. The initial leaders of both Turkmenistan and Uzbekistan have passed away. The early Soviet-era leaders of both Kazakhstan and Tajikistan remained in place for a very long time.

For the most part, the Soviet- style heads of state that "took over" with the end of the Soviet Union shaped the future of their respective countries for years afterwards. Some have speculated that, had the Soviet Union stayed together, Nazarbayev from Kazakhstan might have followed Gorbachev as head of the Politburo, becoming the Soviet Union's first Central Asian head of state. He had the gravitas, he understood the Soviet system, he was a senior leader in the Soviet Union when it fell apart and it is not improbable to think he might have assumed this role. Instead, he became the long-serving first leader of the independent country of Kazakhstan.

At a more personal level, when reflecting on our time in Central Asia, you do ask yourself – "Did we really do all this as a family". Because it was hard living in so many ways, those harsh winters, all the medical stuff. And on the work front, those exhausting trips and those multiple flights on Tajik Airways, Kazakh Airways, Uzbek Airways, Turkmen Airways and everything else. After a time, the airlines began to acquire Boeing aircraft and that made it easier and safer.

It was a fascinating time, one that also involved a kind of immersion in Soviet Russian culture, given the impact of Russia and the Soviet Union on the region. It also provided a new respect for the Russian classics as well as the Russian music tradition – the winter scenes on the sleigh, the literature, the sense of solidarity, of being "comrades" in difficult circumstances, all the stuff that you are probably also familiar with. Partly that comes from hard circumstances that draw people together. For us, it was another amazing assignment, this time for three years. And of course in retrospect it goes by much too quickly.

Q: Do you want to comment at all on how you began working with local Foreign Service Nationals? Was there training involved and the role that they played?

ADDLETON: What a great question! We were involved in not just the US Embassy in Almaty but with the other embassies, at least with respect to the USAID offices being set up within each of them. One interesting feature was the extent to which women dominated among local staff early on. This was partly because when the region opened up it was those who were recent graduates of the Schools of Foreign Languages who had the most opportunity, given the inability of expatriates in most in those embassies to speak Russian much less any of the local languages.

You might imagine the scenarios being played in households in the region a few years earlier. You live in Almaty or Bishkek or Tashkent and your daughter or perhaps your son comes home and says that he or she wants to learn a foreign language, perhaps English. By the way, the reverse was to some extent probably also taking place in the US, with students there telling their parents that they wanted to take Soviet studies or wanted to learn Russian – and the parents perhaps replying, "Are you sure; What is the point?"

But the reality was of course that those Americans who spoke Russian and those Central Asians who spoke English entered the 1990s with a lot of unexpected opportunities. Suddenly it was if they had their ticket already written in terms of job opportunities, if they could use that Russian or that English in the workplace.

In Central Asia, at least, young local females (and they were most often females) who were fluent in English assumed a mediating role between local populations and the embassies and international aid agencies that employed them. Realistically, English skills were valued in monetary terms over almost everything else including technical skills. At the time, a former physicist or doctor might be selling cheap consumer items in a local kiosk while a local language graduate was making ten times as much working for an international organization.

Earlier I mentioned Natasha. After we left Almaty, she got a job in the US Embassy, first as a telephone receptionist and then in the Defense Attaché's office. She recognized this with her compliment, "Oh Fiona, you taught me English!" And it really is true that along with English came economic opportunity. For better or for worse, English is essential to work at an American Embassy or USAID Mission or in any number of other embassies or international organizations. Indeed, the first, most important question on many applications is, "Do you speak English"? After that comes the work ethic, office skills and any technical knowledge that one might bring to the job.

It is also interesting, by the way, to think about our return to Central Asia in 2013 and to then have the opportunity to reconnect not only with Natasha but also with Karla, the young Kazakh woman who met us at Almaty Airport when we first arrived in Almaty; Karlygash, to use her full name, was a remarkable person. She was the Embassy expeditor. She met us and virtually every other new American officer arriving back in the early 1990s on the 2 AM flight from Frankfurt to Almaty.

In our case, that meant loading our suitcases into the Embassy Ford Suburban – what Iain referred to as the Ford "Sub Vermin". Later she arranged orientation trips and trips into the mountains. When we returned twenty years later, she was no longer working with the Embassy, rather she was involved in various freelance projects including working with the Almaty Jazz Festival. She was a sort of entrepreneur on the tourist front, leading tours in Almaty, Kazakhstan and beyond. In fact, she had been the "organizer" and "fixer" for some spectacular ski videos that appear on YouTube, arranging helicopter skiing in the Pamir and Tian Shan.

You asked about the national staff – this is yet another example of the kind of incredible people we were privileged to work with, some of the incredible stories that we encountered. Karlygash was also very smart, as were so many others. And when I talk about admiring the resilience displayed by ordinary Kazakhs when faced with a collapsed economy and the disappointments that came with the fall of the Soviet Union, I am amazed.

I often wished at the time that I was a movie producer, that I might have had the opportunity to do a film called something like "Born with the Revolution," the object of which would have been to trace the lives of people born in 1917 who would have been children during the early days of the Soviet Revolution, might well have fought or shared in the hardships of World War II, would have enjoyed Soviet life in the "good years" during the 1960s -- only to see it all collapse toward the end of their long lives. Of course, it was mostly their grandchildren that had to deal with that collapse. And some of those who responded to that collapse were remarkable people, you definitely have to acknowledge that and admire them.

Q: Now the other question I wondered about. As program officer, you were sort of aware of all of the different elements going on to develop a new direction for Kazakhstan and the Central Asia. Were American product companies beginning to play a role in a way with USAID?

ADDLETON: Yes, a good question; again, there are two parts to that. One is that the first American companies to arrive in a place like Kazakhstan were the oil companies interested in having a piece of the action early on. As USAID, we had limited engagement with them. Some had a social corporate responsibility dimension to their work and it was in that context we might occasionally meet in a limited way. Realistically, though, it was the Embassy political, economic and commercial sections that were more likely to have serious conversations with the senior staff at an oil company.

We tried to understand what was happening in the private sector and did talk to the business community. Interestingly enough, part of the early investment in areas outside the natural resource sector was from Turkey. Other than Tajikistan, the languages used in the region were part of the Turkic language family. Iranian small business was more involved in Tajikistan, given the linguistic affinity there. There was also a Korean

engagement and the newly arrived Korean companies tended to connect with local Korean ethnic populations although by then many of them no longer spoke Korean. As one young lady from that community once told me, "I look Korean but I am actually Russian". In fact, there were a lot of ethnic communities across Central Asia – Tatar, German and Korean, among many others.

International business interest went beyond the natural resource sector and the small business sector. It was helpful to Boeing and to the US trade figures when the national airlines in Central Asia started replace their Russian planes with Boeing aircraft. But, again that was less a conversation involving USAID and more a conversation involving the Ambassador and the commercial section.

As far as USAID is concerned, the biggest US business interest early on was in the form of American consulting companies, the so-called "Beltway Bandits" who arrived in numbers, implemented many of the USAID programs and accounted for a lot of the aid dollars. Technical assistance costs a lot and those guys get paid big bucks! You will be aware of the list of USAID contractors.

Understandably, people would look at the cost and articles began to appear in the international and local media, sometimes written by former contractors writing about what they had witnessed. And more than a few *were* making big bucks, some in the category of Americans who spoke fluent Russian but didn't bring many technical skills to the table. Understandably, many locals and some USAID staff would wonder if their contribution was really worth it.

Privatization was at the center of much of what happened, not only in Central Asia but across the former Soviet Union into Eastern and Central Europe. Some of the consultants and companies working elsewhere in the former Soviet Union also had offices in Central Asia. And, understandably, looking back, you do ask yourself, "How was the system set up, was it really as transparent as it should have been, who acquired what assets and how?" and so forth. At the same time, it is also fair to note that some of those assets were worth almost nothing by that time yet some very good entrepreneurs were able to turn them into something of value. That said, it was in this environment that most of the oligarchs got their start, some legitimately and some by other means..

Q: Okay, and so we've taken you to roughly the end of this tour where you were part of that effort in the early years of the post-Soviet Union to deliver humanitarian assistance, begin to get their economy back into shape, the infrastructure, all of the different things they needed in order to essentially become part of the free world. Were you now thinking about at the end of the three years, going to a different area of the world, or what were your thoughts about where you were going next?

ADDLETON: This now takes us to 1996. By this time, we had been overseas for 12 years. One might think it was now finally time to think about a Washington assignment. Of course, as you know, those 12 years turned into 20 years and then 30 years. And in the end I was never posted in Washington at all. I don't think that would be tolerated today!

But, yes, we did begin to think about what might come next. One aspect of this was that by now we were expecting our third child. Fiona would be going back to the US to have the baby, the first and only of our kids to be born in the United States. So we might have briefly contemplated a state-side assignment.

Given the responsibilities associated with starting a new mission in difficult circumstances, those of us working in the region by now had probably gotten a decent hallway reputation. But I should also say that by this time I was exhausted, utterly exhausted. Central Asia had involved difficult challenges and many things were just hard.

It seems funny now to say it but at the time Jordan was viewed as a small, out-of-the-way post. Funding levels have gone up and down over the years. But of course there are hallways reputations for countries as well as for Foreign Service Officers. And the hallway reputation for Jordan was excellent; apart from everything else it was viewed as a terrific family assignment – a small, compact country, relatively safe, good weather, and creature comforts in terms of housing and the availability of food.

I don't remember how I even made the initial contact. Lew Lucke was Mission Director in Amman at the time. He was excellent and proved to be a mentor, one of the best mentors I ever had. He was another USAID Mission Director who later became an ambassador, in his case to Swaziland. We hadn't worked together before but I had met him at one point, in the aftermath of the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait. We were in Yemen at the time and he was the USAID Mission Director in Tunisia. Both of us were on evacuation status in Washington, DC.

Jordan seemed appealing in many ways. All our country choices have reflected a mix of personal interest and professional opportunity. From our perspective, both had to be part of the equation before expressing an interest in any future assignment. So once again I threw my hat into the ring. Nobody told me that I had to go back to Washington. So after three years I bid on Jordan and once again I got my first choice. We perceived that Jordan would be a nice, quiet four-year post, a good place for our kids to start school. They had been to Russian *Detski Sat* in Almaty and now they would go to school in the Middle East.

We prepared our bid list and it turned out that we were assigned to Jordan. We stayed there from 1997 until early 2001. We had returned from Almaty to the US in fall 1994 to have the baby, Catriona. And then in 1996, during Home Leave between our Central Asia and Jordan assignments, Fiona was diagnosed with thyroid cancer. Her surgery was scheduled for January 1997. Looking back, you remember all the stuff that you have gone through in your life and sometimes it does make you pause – was it perhaps finally time to come back to the United States?

It is a long story and this time it also involves visa issues. Because at that time Fiona was still a UK citizen. We would be returning to the US with our three small children from Almaty en route to Amman for Home Leave. And when we asked for advice from the US

consular section in Almaty, the consular officer said that there was no need for Fiona to apply for a visa at post; our Home Leave would be only for a few weeks and she could simply enter the US under the visa waiver program.

What we didn't realize is that when we returned to the US she would be diagnosed with cancer; she would have to have an operation; she would have to have radioactive therapy; and all this had to be done within the short three month "window" that the visa waiver program provided for. There was another issue related to the visa waiver program that we didn't realize before this happened: if you overstay your visa beyond three months, you have broken the law and this might in turn jeopardize your future visa and citizenship possibilities.

Looking back, it is a complicated and in some ways disheartening story. We had Home Leave and Fiona had surgery. We had a family conversation and one possibility was to stay in the US and not go to Jordan after all. But Fiona thought that things would in fact be okay, that we could go through with our plans after all. My mother also offered to accompany Fiona and the three kids to Jordan after Fiona completed her radioactive therapy and received her State Department clearance. In the end that is what happened – I went to Jordan to start my assignment and the family followed later.

We also attempted to get a visa extension for Fiona. It was hard and neither State nor INS offered any help. There was no sympathy at all. We were told by the INS office in Atlanta that perhaps Fiona should take a brief trip to Canada or Mexico, reenter under the visa waiver program and start the three-month clock all over again. Basically, State said it was an INS matter and the INS said that there was no flexibility, that staying beyond three months might become a big problem. There was no way to get an extension.

The chronology was as follows: the visa waiver provides for a three month stay in the United States; when Fiona left for Amman, she left on the eve of that expiry date. Because of the radioactive therapy, she was advised to stay away from the kids for a certain period of time. We talked with the doctors and arranged for the various medical procedures to be squeezed into the minimum time possible.

It was the most traumatic Home Leave that we ever had. The main lessons we learned from this is that Fiona should apply for her green card right away, followed most definitely by citizenship. Under the current arrangement, if something had happened to me while serving in the Middle East, Fiona would have had no claim to American citizenship, despite my status as a Foreign Service Officer and despite our three kids all being American citizens.

Q: Right! Well, I was going to say, I mean it isn't terribly difficult once you're married that she could have at least gotten green card status!

ADDLETON: It is more difficult than you might think. In fairness, we had approached the Consular section about that and Fiona should be the one telling the story here. It is easy to say, "Lazy people, why haven't you gotten their green card"! But the reality is,

we had three children under the age of five and at the time green cards were not being processed in Almaty. Everywhere we turned, it seemed that there was some complicated bureaucratic obstacle.

Theoretically, Fiona could have taken the Aeroflot flight from Almaty to Moscow, either taking the children with her or leaving them behind with me in Kazakhstan. Travel within the former Soviet Union at that time wasn't easy and might quickly become a horror show. People did keep telling us about the expedited citizenship process. But, whenever we looked into it, it seemed that it would not actually be quick and that it would likely involve multiple trips to Moscow. From our perspective, it did not seem easy at all.

This experience convinced us that it was now time for Fiona to finally get her green card. More importantly, the medical side also worked out. The surgery and the radioactive therapy that followed were successful. She had regular medical check-ups. Eventually she received a Class I medical clearance.

So I arrived in Jordan and then Fiona and the kids arrived a few weeks later, the culmination of a traumatic Home Leave. We started this new saga of our life and we realized that, despite everything, we remained fortunate. We were in South Africa during the demise of apartheid and we were in Central Asia at a time when five former Soviet republics emerged as independent countries. And now we were arriving in Jordan at an unexpectedly positive moment in the Jordanian-Israeli relationship.

Q: If I remember correctly, the period you're talking about when Lew Lucke was the mission director, the mission itself, its funding, and its personnel, grew dramatically.

ADDLETON: Yes, you are exactly right. By the way, the second ambassador whom I served with in Jordan was Bill Burns who later played an important role in my professional career. To serve under Bill Burns was a big honor; he is understandably highly regarded by most everyone who works with him. I believe Jordan was his first ambassadorship. After that he went to Russia as ambassador. He eventually also served as Deputy Secretary of State. For many, he would have to be regarded as the consummate diplomat of his generation.

But it more or less happened the way you describe in terms of the dramatic growth in the size of the program. I decided to bid on Jordan because I was thinking that we needed a quieter, smaller mission, given family circumstances. The size of the Jordan program morphed from about $8 million annually when we arrived to about $250 million in only a couple of years.

Lew Lucke made the decision to manage this dramatically expanded program with more or less the same number of staff. The size of the program in terms of dollars increased exponentially but the size of the program in terms of the number of staff remained relatively small. A lot of "empire builders" in USAID might have taken the opportunity to bring on board a lot more new people. But Lew, who once commented that one of his

management principles was that "this Mission is a no turkey zone," believed he had the right people to get the job done.

There are other aspects to this story. Lew Lucke really did become my mentor. I appreciated his approach to management. At one point, he commented that unhappy missions were those that had too many people and not enough funding. In Lew's view, if the mission had more than enough money, there would be much less chance for conflict – staff would be so busy managing the funds, there wouldn't be much opportunity to argue about it.

Lew purposefully refrained from bringing a Deputy Director on board. He thought flat organizations were more effective than complicated hierarchical ones. We also avoided having Deputy Office Directors, further contributing to the sense that the Mission structure was purposefully extraordinarily flat. We sometimes commented that at USAID/Jordan only one step separated the Mission Director from a driver! And that's how flat we were as an organization, despite the fact that we were managing several hundred million dollars of new funds each year.

Our Jordan staff was remarkable and was a big factor in our ability to manage with a small American staff. Within the Program Office, that remarkable Jordanian staff included Mohammad Yassien and Kenana Amin, efficient and productive professionals who knew Jordan and knew USAID and made an enormous and positive difference. India is often mentioned among those USAID Missions that have an awesome staff. But Jordan fits in that category as well.

As the program expanded, word came from Washington that perhaps Jordan needed a Deputy Mission Director. Lew thought this would involve another layer of management, making the Mission less effective. He viewed the several Office Directors as his "senior management team". When he was away, the various Office Directors took turns serving as Acting Mission Director. From my vantage point, his approach did indeed work.

At one point, one of our Washington visitors took me aside and said, "Jonathan, you could be the next Deputy Director at this mission". At this point, I was still only 12 years into my career. It might have been briefly flattering. But I wasn't interested and really just threw water on the entire idea.

Lew eventually went on to become the USAID Mission Director in Haiti. As he departed, he reached back to me and asked if I would consider joining him there. At the time it was a big program, especially in the aftermath of the earthquake there. I thought about it and it was nice to be considered. But in the end I didn't think I had much to offer – Haiti was too far off the path of my own background and life experience. I am not good at languages and would probably have problems learning French and Creole. So I stayed in Jordan and completed my four years there, the longest we've stayed in any mission anywhere.

Again I was involved in some very interesting programs. At the time Jordan and Israel were in a very positive place and there were more people-to-people contacts than people might realize. Eventually things soured and things got worse with the *intifada.* But in the early years that I was in Jordan, the US worked hard to promote connections between Israel and Jordan.

Incentive programs were introduced including one holding out the promise of duty free entry to the US if the product involved Israeli as well as Jordanian content and investment. Of course, that Israeli content might include Israeli Palestinian content as well, given that 20 percent of Israel's population is in fact Palestinian. For a brief time, at least, people were talking together and there was room for creative approaches to promote economic development in the region in ways that involved both Arabs and Israelis.

For me, it was all about bringing Jordan and Israel together, with a view toward demonstrating that cooperation really was possible. And you did in fact have cooperation developing in some areas, for example in producing textiles and in producing jewelry. It may sound surprising now but elements of Israel's aid program were for a time involved in supporting training and other programs involving Jordanians.

As Program Officer, I traveled from Amman to Jerusalem and met with members of Mashav, the Israeli aid agency. They described some of their aid programs in East Africa, in places like Kenya and Ethiopia. I was also familiar with their work from my time in Central Asia where they were also actively involved in agriculture and other programs. Much of it involved practical, hands-on technical training that tended to receive high marks. The Israelis also arranged a day-long field trip, one that took me through the Negev desert to see some of their water projects. And of course the Israelis have good experience and excellent technology when it comes to water.

Unfortunately, this story doesn't necessarily have a happy ending. Of course, it includes King Hussein. You may remember an episode in which a Jordanian soldier opened fire and killed a number of Israelis picnicking along the Jordan River. King Hussein responded with empathy, in ways that reflected his basic humanity and in ways that also increased his popularity in Israel. The polls at the time indicated that had King Hussein run for Prime Minister of Israel, he might well have won. It seemed that many Israelis longed for normal relationships and for a time this seemed to be within the grasp of both sides.

Yet over time it also became clear that King Hussein was a dying man, that the cancer he was fighting meant he would pass away early. As it happened, we were in Jordan during the time when King Hussein died and his oldest son Abdullah unexpectedly became King.

The change in succession that made Abdullah king was completely unexpected. Not long before it happened, Abdullah had attended the Marine Ball in Amman as guest of honor. His wife Rania was also a patron of one of the NGO programs receiving USAID support

and on occasion was involved in USAID-related events. One of them was in the Jordan Valley, an event involving an exhibition of handicrafts that I also attended. As with her husband, no one imagined at the time that within a short while Rania herself would become queen.

Up until shortly before King Hussein's death, his brother Hassan was Crown Prince and designated heir, having served in that role for nearly 40 years. Hassan was a nice guy but he was also a ponderous intellectual who had a hard time making decisions, very different from his brother. After all those years of waiting, he thought he would finally become king. Perceptions about his wife who had strong connections to Pakistan and was perceived to be visibly anti-American didn't help. According to one rumor, she was already measuring the curtains for the palace she thought she would eventually occupy, even as King Hussein faced his final illness.

In my view, King Hussein's last gift to his country was to change the line of succession. He made the change only two weeks before he passed away. Knowing his cancer was terminal, he wanted his heir to be one of his own sons rather than his brother, realizing that his brother would then change the line of succession to include his own sons rather than Abdullah or Hamza.

King Hussein might have picked Abdullah's younger half-brother who was reported to be a favorite as the new Crown Prince. But Hamza, born from his marriage to Queen Noor, was still a teenager and deemed too young. So Abdullah who not long before had told a couple of slightly off-color jokes at the Marine Ball in Amman was designated as heir – and shortly thereafter his father, King Hussein, passed away and Abdullah became king.

It was a difficult few weeks. For a time, it was thought that King Hussein, the consummate survivor, would beat back the cancer. It was Non-Hodgkin's Lymphoma. He was a fighter. He had survived at least a dozen assassination attempts and multiple efforts to see him overthrown. But after the final surgery at the Mayo Clinic in Minnesota he received a grim prognosis and he essentially returned home to Jordan to die.

King Hussein's funeral in February 1999 was one of the more dramatic events of my time in Jordan. He was 63 years old. Dignitaries from all over the world attended. Four US presidents arrived including Clinton as the sitting president and Bush, Carter and Ford as former presidents who had worked with King Hussein. The Embassy had about three days of advance notice to prepare. Which was fine – if we had three days, it would take three days; if we had three months, it would have taken three months of our time to get ready. As always, presidential visits involved a lot of arrogant young people from the White House who arrived early, making all their usual demands.

President Clinton had his own controversies going on at the time. Hillary Clinton also attended and even from a distance it was clear that their relationship was quite frosty, not surprising as the Monica Lewinski saga unfolded in front of the world. It was crisis time in the Clinton presidency. But President Clinton also displayed his formidable political

skills, even at a time like this. At the Embassy event it seemed he wanted to reach out and shake hands with everybody.

I was designated to be the US Embassy control officer at King Hussein's grave site. Each of the four presidents also had their own designated control officer. It was a complicated event despite the fact that everything had been choreographed beforehand. It was a reflection of King Hussein's impact that so many people attended his funeral, everyone from the chief rabbi of Israel to the head of al-Azhar University in Cairo. Dozens of senior officials and heads of state also came. I wish I could remember all of them. I do remember seeing Havel from the Czech Republic, Boris Yeltsin from Russia and Tony Blair from the UK. And my assignment was to be on duty at the gravesite and see King Hussein's body committed there.

There was a prayer service. I forget the entire chronology. But walking up the hillside from the palace to the cemetery was an astounding experience, just a flowing mass of humanity representing the world passing by. It really did underscore the reality that everyone is equal in death. But it also was moving to see so many people from around the world pay tribute to this one person who seemed to have made such a difference. Basically, it was one of those Foreign Service experiences that I will never forget, accompanied as it was by the thought that "Here I am, witnessing something truly historical".

Other interesting things were happening. Former President Jimmy Carter somehow "disappeared" for about twenty minutes. Where is he? Where is the control officer? At this point, I don't think even the control officer knew where he was. Probably by this point the Embassy delegation was a few minutes away from panicking. But then he showed up. It turned out he was having a private conversation with one of Gaddafi's sons. I don't know which son it was but it was probably one of those who had a bad ending following the violence that more recently killed his father.

There were no historical diplomatic breakthroughs at the funeral. But Jimmy Carter certainly decided that he would not be tied down by protocol. Imagine being Jimmy Carter's control officer at the time and then being asked by the Ambassador, "So, where is the President"?

It seemed that the entire country mourned a king that sometimes had given the impression that he would live forever. He had deeply wanted five more years, if only to see his son Hamza enter into the line of succession. Perhaps things might have been different had he lived for another few years. But now Abdullah was king and so far he has done a credible job in extraordinary difficult circumstances.

It was amazing to be in Jordan during this time. Other interesting things happened including in connection with VIP visits. For example, I was Chelsea Clinton's control officer when she accompanied her mother Hillary Clinton on her visit as First Lady to Jordan. Already it was rumored that she would eventually run for President. Her staff

wanted to make sure that everything worked out well, that there were no pitfalls or unfortunate incidents.

Hillary Clinton was arriving from her visit to Israel and the West Bank. I can't remember the issue, whether it reflected perceptions that were pro-Israeli or pro-Palestine. But whatever it was, it made headline news – and not in a good way. The staff wanted to make sure that Hillary Clinton's visit to Amman was different, more positive and more upbeat and did not involve any bad media or controversy.

I had the easy assignment – I would spend the day with Chelsea, then still a high school student who was slated to attend Stanford in the fall. I did meet her but I felt my job was to make myself as scarce as possible. We ended up having a fun day. The first half of it was spent at a resort on the Dead Sea. The second half was spent in and around Amman.

The USAID program in Jordan was involved in historic preservation and tourism and that made it easy to pull off visits like this. We thought tourism was a vital element for Jordan's economic future. And tourism depended on cultural and historic preservation so we were involved in that as well, for example, developing Madaba as a site to show off Jordan's Byzantine mosaics, promoting further archeology in Petra so that visitors might want to stay for longer and supporting a new site where it was believed Jesus had actually been baptized. At the time another USAID project was also helping to restore the Citadel, a Roman site overlooking Amman.

Chelsea Clinton's program ended with a tour of the Citadel. USAID had restored some of the columns. And Pierre Bikai, an archaeologist and long-time friend of USAID, gave her a personal tour.

Pierre was an amazing person. He served as the country director for the American Center for Oriental Research (ACOR), part of the Council of American Overseas Research Centers (CAORC) based at the Smithsonian. He knew the archeology of Jordan like the back of his hand and had guided any number of VIP visitors through Petra. Basically, he gave a very effective personal tour for Chelsea on the history and archaeology of Jordan and what ACOR and USAID were trying to do to promote it.

Something else happened that day that still causes me to shake my head. I had been assigned to be Chelsea Clinton's control officer and worked with others in the embassy to develop a program for her. The plan was that Chelsea would ride in one armored car and then there would be a second "chase car" to provide security. I thought there would be professional drivers from her personal security team to drive both cars.

But when the time came to drive down to the Dead Sea everyone in the Secret Service detail looked at me and said, "Where is the driver". We at the Embassy thought – "You are part of the security team, you have training in this area, one of you should drive"! No one else came forward so in the end I was assigned at the last minute to drive the chase car, placed directly behind Chelsea Clinton's armored car. I had thought I would be a

passenger in her car. Instead, I became the driver of the chase car driving behind her and offering protection.

Three Secret Service agents were in the chase car including one sitting next to me. Apparently, they had to have their hands on their guns, not on the steering wheel. A couple of Jordanian police cars also became part of the convoy, one in the front and another in the back. Whenever we approached a red light, the Secret Agents advised that I should keeping going. "Run the red light, run the red light" they said at one point. "Keep going, keep going, get closer, get closer," they said at other points.

I was already driving about five feet behind Chelsea Clinton's car. I am not a professional driver and my first thought was that I might inadvertently drive into her vehicle, especially if her driver in front of me stopped suddenly. As with the near-loss of thousands of dollars in Embassy funds on that late night flight from Almaty to Dushanbe, driving into Chelsea Clinton's official vehicle might have ended my career prematurely.

So we ran all those red lights. Late in the day the plan was to meet the First Lady's group on their visit to a refugee camp or maybe it was a school outside town. I was driving a car and was part of the convoy. But we were going to a part of town that I did not know well and to a place I had never been before. At that point, we were basically relying on the Jordanian police car with the flashing lights to lead us and show us where to go.

For some strange reason, the thought crossed my mind – is this a "real" police car or is it a "decoy," leading us to a dangerous and unknown place? Strange things pass through your mind at a time like this and it was almost as if I was having a nightmare. As control officer, I felt responsible for what might happen next. Actually, at this point I almost imagined a novel under the title *The President's Daughter is Missing,* as if to dramatize further what I felt might actually happen! Under the circumstances, it was an understandable relief when we drove into our designated location, joining Hillary Clinton and her much larger security detail.

Such events were mostly an interesting sidebar to my Jordanian experience. Control officer assignments don't happen too often. That said, we had dozens of Washington visitors over those four years and I played a part in the USAID-related aspects of many of them.

I visited Petra at least 28 times, about half the time with various VIPs and Congressional delegations and about half the time to show off Petra to visiting friends and family. If a VIP was involved, Pierre Bikai would often participate. He was an Arab Christian from Lebanon, God bless him. He had a great voice. And it was a moving experience when he entered a cave in Petra or a church somewhere else and sang part of the Orthodox liturgy, the notes echoing off the stone walls to amazing effect. It was always like, "Wow, this is amazing". It really did impress people.

Jordan was yet another terrific assignment. I haven't touched on the program aspects of our time in Jordan but our projects were for the most part interesting, challenging and

impactful. Our budget was huge from a USAID point of view. Part of it involved a large annual cash transfer which the Program Office managed. So I was in the hot seat when it came to annual cash transfers linked to certain kinds of policy goals.

We were also involved in another project, a policy project known as the "AMIR" program. I don't remember what the acronym stands for but it supported a lot of activities aimed at moving Jordan's economic future in a more positive direction. One policy tool was called "Jordan Vision 2020", involving as it did looking to the Jordan of twenty years from now, what would it look like and how could we help make it better?

We issued the solicitation for AMIR soon after I arrived. At the time, our funding levels were modest and we thought AMIR would be a modest project as well. But we also had this feeling that our overall budgets might expand dramatically during the coming years. So as Program Officer I made sure that the final competitive procurement including "holes" as big as barn doors that would allow us to expand the project significantly, without having to go through yet another lengthy procurement process

In the end, AMIR became our premiere policy initiative over the next several years, funding any number of useful activities promoting the transformation of the Jordanian economy into one in which IT and tourism would play a more important role. We thought the IT part was a "no brainer," given the educated Jordanian population and given the fact that Jordan might be expected to play a key role in any IT programming involving Arabic across the Arab world.

We also believed that tourism held out a lot of promise, given the number of tourists visiting the country next door. If even a relatively small portion of those tourists visiting Israel also visited Jordan, it would make a tremendous difference. Jordan had a lot of interesting historic and Biblical sites as well. As far as I know, some of our ambitions from the late 1990s in that area have in fact been realized and tourism has emerged as an important contributor to the Jordanian economy.

A third area of interest was the expansion of Jordan's only port of Aqaba, possibly including its new status as a free port that would attract both tourists and businesses. Eilat on the Israel side was a success story and Aqaba should be a success story as well. We anticipated that Aqaba would grow exponentially, both in population and in economic importance. I have to say that many of our European aid colleagues were much less optimistic and much less supportive of our point a view. They basically thought that what we talked about was a pipe dream, something that would never happen.

I don't know for sure what has happened in Jordan during the past two decades. But my sense is that the tourist portion and the Aqaba portion of what we were working towards under Vision 2020 did happen to at least some extent. Results in the IT area have perhaps been more disappointing.

John Lindborg was the head of the economic office at the time. He later became Mission Director in the Philippines. I give him a huge amount of credit for what I consider the

success of our economic program in Jordan, including the pioneering contributions made by the AMIR program.

Steve Wade, the Chemonics contractor responsible for implementing AMIR, was also a great guy, leading the AMIR program effectively. He had an excellent team that included Farhat Farhat, a Lebanese American who I ran into in several places and remains one of the most hard-working and effective USAID contractors I have ever worked with.

It was Steve who ensured that I was more involved in the AMIR programs "Jordan Vision 2020" exercise than would otherwise have been the case. Partly, it was an outreach tool. The idea was to imagine Jordan in 2020. I don't know if I'll ever have time to do it, but I'd love in 2020, when it comes, to review that document and compare what we envisioned might happen with what actually happened.

In any case, Steve Wade approached me early on with a bunch of documents reflecting conversations that the AMIR program had had with various focus groups about various issues – conversations with economic thinkers, ordinary people and so forth. Attempts had been made to write the material up and for some reason the project just wasn't working out. So Steve came up asked if I could do the writing.

I spent a couple of weekends and late nights synthesizing the written material. Steve and his team provided beautiful photographs and tables and charts. And somehow it all came together. Basically, my involvement was along the lines of what Program Officers usually try to do – fill in the gaps, orchestrate a process, bring people together, provide a coherent narrative that can influence USAID policy and implementation.

In the end, "Jordan Vision 2020" did at least provide a sort of vision and road map on what economic directions Jordan might plausibly pursue during the coming years. Looking back, it does stand out as one of the more satisfying aspects of my Jordan assignment. It was nice to be part of a team effort, to be given the pencil, as it were, to write the first draft of the document and in this way help shape plans and priorities for the future, drawing of course extensively on contributions made by many others.

Q: A quick technical question. I'm hearing a little bit of tapping or…

ADDLETON: I'm sorry. I may have been moving my feet or my hands. I'll be quiet now.

Q: Okay, just to be aware of that for the transcriber because it can interrupt their ability to hear. No, so that's great. Your experience there in terms of revving up and taking over a much larger portfolio grew and I imagine gave you a pretty unique experience in USAID for someone at your rank.

ADDLETON: I think I was still an FS-02 at the time. I might have just gotten my promotion to FS-01 while serving in Jordan. It took me a long time to move from an FS-02 to an FS-01. This was between 1997 and 2001. I was now well into my second decade of service as a USAID Foreign Service Officer.

As I mentioned, Bill Burns had arrived during the latter part of my Jordan assignment and it was great to engage with him. And Lew Lucke, although he left for Haiti, had this structure in place that did not involve either a Deputy Mission Director or any deputy office directors. As Program Officer, I gave a lot of briefings and was in a lot of the meetings involving Bill Burns. It was a consequential program. Some of what we did figured in media headlines.

That said, in the end things unfortunately did go south as far as relations between Jordan and Israel were concerned. I won't go into all that happened. As always in the Middle East, steps forward are followed by steps back. During the first half of our time in Jordan, it seemed just possible that we might make a difference. But in the second half things started to unravel, starring with some rock throwing incidents and then going on from there. Security during the first part of our stay seemed excellent, we travelled everywhere. Later there were more concerns and the situation seemed to become more problematic.

From our perspective, Jordan was yet another wonderful assignment. Our kids did not go to an Arabic school; they went to the British school. It was a great experience. The Embassy community was supportive, they were involved in little league soccer and baseball. Later soccer became hugely important for our own kids, moving as they did to many different schools. But they got their start in soccer in Jordan.

From a family perspective, we hosted many visitors, perhaps more than any other place where we have served. The kids were still relatively small but we still travelled with them a lot, both inside Jordan and outside Jordan.

Israel was very accessible at the time. We went to Jerusalem on two or three occasions and also drove to Galilee. We also took a trip with Fiona's sister to Egypt, driving through Eilat, across the Sinai and on to Cairo. My father-in-law was actually in the battle of El Alamein, near Alexandria. He was still living at the time and unfortunately we could not convince him to travel with us. But we enjoyed spending time at some of the sites associated with his service in the Royal Air Force during World War II.

During that same trip we also drove south to Luxor. At the time it was not possible to take the valley route along the Nile. Rather, you had to go to Al-Hudaydah on the Red Sea coast and then back inland to Luxor. You also had to join a convoy with an armed police escort for the last part of the journey. As you may remember, earlier in the 1990s there had been a terrorist attack at Luxor that killed many European tourists. Now tourism was making a comeback but the Egyptians were still concerned about security.

We took multiple trips into Syria at a time when that was still possible. Damascus was an easy day drive away. When my parents visited, we drove further to Aleppo. We also drove to Palmyra, parts of which I understand have now been destroyed.

There was always a certain sense of unease during those road trips to Syria. I mean, you thought of it as a wonderful place to be a tourist but a tough place to be a citizen. The people were hugely hospitable, we always received a warm welcome. And to have the opportunity to see a historic site like Palmyra before all the destruction was a huge privilege. Old Aleppo before the destruction was also amazing.

But you always felt that there was something happening below the surface that you couldn't completely understand. It was a privilege to be there strictly as a tourist. And somehow Syria seemed to hold together. But you also felt you might be in a pressure cooker, that things were happening in the country that might eventually lead to violence, as had happened under the senior Assad when thousands of people had been killed including in some of the cities and towns that we passed through.

From a more selfish point of view, it did mean that we were able to see not only Jordan but also Egypt, Israel and Syria. It was a time when travelling by road in these areas was still relatively easy. In Galilee we stayed at a Church of Scotland guesthouse. In Jerusalem we stayed at Church of England guesthouse. And in Damascus we stayed at a nunnery. All of these places offered wonderful, unique hospitality. It was nice on occasion to not have to stay in a hotel.

As regards USAID, the Program Office took the lead on the cash transfer program as well as on evaluations and outreach. More broadly, USAID worked in a number of areas. For example, we had health projects and education projects as well as the AMIR program and other economic growth activities.

Q: What about the water projects?

ADDLETON: Oh, yes, it is unbelievable that I should forget that! Water was huge. Cecily Mango, a colleague who I had worked with in South Africa, headed the USAID water effort and was a wonderful officer. As in other sectors, Jordanian staff also played a key role. One of them was named Abdullah and he had a long history of involvement with USAID in Jordan. He was a water engineer. As happens so often, he is also one of the unsung heroes of this story, someone who made a big difference over many years.

Parenthetically, I mostly watched the water portfolio from a distance and as Program Officer didn't really need to get very involved, at least on the technical aspects of it where I would be unable to make a contribution at all. We did engage at the policy level. For example, we were often involved in discussions with international donors about potential big projects such as the Red Sea/Dead Sea canal. I don't think that ever happened. Still, the water predictions for Jordan are bleak and it is hard to know what might be done about it.

One of our signature water projects during this time was the expansion of the already huge water treatment plant near Amman, based on the original plant which USAID had built. We were also involved in building a new water treatment plant near the Dead Sea, one that would use the latest technology to turn sewage into drinkable water.

People tend to be surprised when they learn the water they are drinking might originally have been sewage but it is absolutely possible technically. And in water short situations you have to consider approaches like this. If I remember, this plan was based on state-of-the-art reverse osmosis technology. I don't want to list the names of these projects because I might get it wrong. But we had two big water treatment projects going on, one near Amman and the other near the Dead Sea.

As I departed, we were actively considering support for a third large water treatment initiative. Water is a huge issue in the Middle East and it is not at all surprising that we were involved in a big way, including with respect to infrastructure which in recent years has become much less common within USAID.

So that covers a good bit of what our program in Jordan was about – cash transfer, economic growth, health, education and water. Those were the main parameters of the USAID program in Jordan at the time.

Q: Okay, I think this might be a good place to pause because you're now approaching the end of the tour in Jordan, and beginning to consider what will happen next, and this will also give you a little bit of time to kind of look back if you have any notes or anything that you want to review through the next tour. We can set up a next session by email, unless you have your calendar and you'd like to do it now.

ADDLETON: We are now at the year 2000. We celebrated the turn of the millennium in Jordan. We were at Farhat Farhat's house, watching the fireworks above Amman from his rooftop. They lived just across the street from us. I could probably take us through Mongolia the first time around, which would be through to 2004. Or we might be able to cover everything in a final session, perhaps.

But now we are at a significant point in that I joined USAID in 1984. I am now 16 years into my career. In fact, although I didn't know it at the time, I had about 16 years left! That makes the end of the Jordan assignment almost the halfway point. By this time, I am ready to make the jump from being an Office Director to entering into a more senior management position.

So to pick up the thread, I had still not been asked to consider returning to Washington. The RIF was still relatively recent history. Perhaps it was simply where USAID was at the time – short staffed, at least with respect to overseas positions. Or, as I saw it, there was an agreeable "balance' between those who wanted to stay overseas longer than usual and those who wanted to stay in Washington longer than usual.

Our thought was that we only wanted to take a stateside assignment when there was a compelling reason, perhaps for family reasons or health reasons or educational reasons. When those reasons didn't emerge, we were very happy to stay overseas and let others who were more willing do their time in Washington.

This was also the first time I was encouraged to consider bidding for what was called a Senior Management Group (SMG) assignment, one that might involve becoming a Mission Director or a Deputy Mission Director.

One thought was to return to Central Asia which was advertising for a Deputy Mission Director. Another possibility was to bid to become a Mission Director in Mongolia, a tiny one-officer mission in a remote place. After a lot of thought, I actually initially ranked Central Asia number one and Mongolia number two on my SMG bid list. Probably it was a mistake to put Mongolia second. In my heart of hearts, I wanted to go to a new place and in this case that meant Mongolia.

The situation then unfolded as it usually does. The Assistant Administrator for Asia called and said, "You know, we are having this SMG meeting and I just want to make sure what your preferences are."

Prior to this phone call, I had talked to my colleague Jon Lindborg, someone I greatly admire. He said almost immediately, "Jonathan, think for one minute. Of course you want to be Mission Director in Mongolia rather than the Deputy Mission Director in a place where you were four years ago!

So I did the preference switch verbally on the phone and was paneled for Mongolia. My colleague Ed Birgells, -- we had worked together in Central Asia -- was the outgoing mission director in Ulaanbaatar. He is an interesting guy and I talked to him and he strongly encouraged me to come. So I became the new USAID Mission Director in Mongolia, the first of what eventually became five Mission Directorships.

It would be a five-person Mission: myself, three Mongolian female staff, and our driver. It was a very small program with an annual budget of around $10 million. But, as you'll see, it turned out to be a great program and a great opportunity.

Another matter also comes into play here. After 16 years of marriage, Fiona's father back in Scotland is getting up in age. Like all Foreign Service families, we have to maintain some kind of balance between life and work. The basic thought had been to self-arrange some kind of unpaid sabbatical in Scotland, perhaps for an entire school year – nine months.

I presented the case for this to the USAID HR office in Washington, citing compassionate family reasons involving my father-in-law and mentioning tough service in places like Central Asia. So I asked if it might be possible for me to go on leave without pay status for nine months and then return to USAID.

It seemed reasonable at the time. The Washington committee met. And of course they rejected my request, seeing nothing compelling about the case that I attempted to make. Viewed from Washington, I hadn't come close to meeting the "compassionate" threshold. This was a case that was easy to reject.

It was a kind of psychological blow to me at the time. I have since put forward the idea in various places – why not give every Foreign Service Officer a "card" after ten years of service, one that would allow them to take up to nine months of unpaid leave, no questions asked, as long as it is made between assignments so as to minimize disruptions. It might be because of children, it might be because of aging parents, it might be for other reasons – but the employee, not some anonymous committee, would make the determination.

To this day I continue to think that this is a good idea, resulting in minimal cost to USAID or State but putting them at the forefront of creative HR innovation on family issues while also strengthening employee morale – the employee is simply given this opportunity to for once "determine" their own fate rather than rely on a bureaucratic committee decision. Unfortunately, this is an idea that has never gained any traction! In the meantime, the bureaucracy's idea of "compassion" remains as random, opaque and capricious as ever.

In our case, we were back to the drawing board as far as my hoped-for leave without pay sabbatical and family time in Scotland was concerned. But soon thereafter we reached the point where we simply said, "Okay, the family will do this, with or without Dad".

Our dream became to go to this remote Scottish island, enroll the kids in a small local school and give them a sense of Scotland as well as a sense for the incredible beauty that is a part of everyday life on the west coast of Scotland. Fiona and I are both strong believers in the idea that if possible children should be surrounded by this kind of beauty early on for at least a portion of their life.

Iain would be entering sixth grade; Cameron would be entering fourth grade; and Catriona would be entering second grade. It was something that would be harder to pull off later, when they might be entering high school. So we decided that Fiona would travel to Scotland, with or without me.

Already we had spent some of our R&Rs driving around Scotland we had a good idea of where we might want to live for a time. In the end, we decided on Islay, southernmost of the Hebrides and with stunning views toward the north of Ireland in the distance. Islay is also famous for its single malt whiskies. It has a living local culture, not having been completely overrun by tourists or retirees. It has a viable economy beyond tourism including a number of farms. Jura, a wilder and less populated island where George Orwell spent the last days of his life and wrote *1984* is just to the north. For all these reasons, we chose Islay.

Q: Yes, I mute my side when you're speaking to avoid extraneous noise. I'm acquainted with Iona, not Islay.

ADDLETON: Okay, well Iona is a historic island famous for its monastery established by Irish monks and used for a time as a burial place for Scottish kings. It is off the coast

of Mull, another beautiful place. We had also visited Iona and might well have chosen that instead.

But, again, we noticed that Islay had a living culture and economy that was not focused entirely on tourism. Gaelic was still spoken in a few places. Iona was attractive because of its history. But we focused on Islay, in the end locating a small two-room cottage with a tiny attic for the boys to use as a bedroom. It was in the village of Bruichladdich, near Port Charlotte.

Bruichladdich brewery was at the back of our house and the harbor pier was near the front of it. The brewery was being revived and had just been re-opened after having been closed for several decades. The kids would attend a two-room school just up the road, in Port Charlotte. When we arrived, the enrollment at the school was 46. I think some of the locals were disappointed that we only had three kids. If we had had four, the enrollment would have reached 50 and the school might have been eligible for an extra teacher!

In any case, Fiona decided to make this happen. Meanwhile, I read the fine print in USAID regulations and discovered that Mission Directors could unilaterally approve up to 120 days of Leave Without Pay at post, without having to go back to Washington first.

I approached Lew Lucke and basically what I said was this: "Look Lew, on my own steam, I will return to Amman in April and write all the Mission's AEFs (annual evaluation forms) for USAID/Jordan. I'm not even asking you to pay me to come out. I'll be on leave, but you've got to approve my 120 days."

Thankfully he approved and for this I will always be grateful. And, when you do the math, those 120 days combined with the maximum amount of advance leave and earned leave adds up to nearly half a year. And that is what happened. We left Jordan in January 2001 and stayed on Islay until July 2001. We then took Home Leave, arriving in Ulaanbaatar in August 2001 to start a new assignment, this time as Mission Director.

We weren't on Islay for an entire school year but we did stay from February until July. Iain, Cameron and Catriona had a tremendous experience and our kids experienced something of what it is like to live in Scotland, their mother's country. We lived together in a small cottage with a beautiful view toward Loch Indaal and the Paps of Jura.

We drove up to Dingwall on the mainland, near the Black Isle, for Fiona's father's eightieth birthday. It was the last time we saw him. He passed away suddenly that fall, not long after we had arrived in Mongolia. We wouldn't trade anything for the time we had together, a real break and a complete change from anything we had done before.

Parenthetically, our oldest son Iain returned to Islay recently along with his wife Andrea who was born and raised in Chile. She loved Scotland. But together they thought Islay was one of the best of their Scottish experiences. By complete coincidence, they stayed in a B&B run by the mother of one of Catriona's former classmates at Port Charlotte Primary School who now works for Bruichladdich distillery. They met the former

headmistress at the school. And they walked across the countryside to George Orwell's house on Jura.

Despite the lack of sympathy by HR in Washington, it was possible to work something like this out. And at some level it might be viewed as a "turning point" or even something that "saved" my Foreign Service career. Perhaps I might otherwise have stayed on for four more years, retiring at 51 with 20 years of service. But in an interesting and perhaps ironic way, that time on Islay was part of a self-organized and unpaid sabbatical that allowed me to return rejuvenated and continue to work for sixteen more years, in what might be considered a reasonably successful "second half" of my Foreign Service experience.

So another chapter in our life concluded, this time a brief one. We had our Home Leave in the US and then we flew to Beijing and took the train beyond the Great Wall and across the Gobi Desert to Mongolia, truly "some far and distant place".

The Mongolia of 2001 is hard to recreate now, things have changed so much. It was perhaps somewhat like Kazakhstan when we arrived in 1993 though it had a cultural feel that wasn't completely Russian, as had been the case in Almaty. It was also just recovering from the experiences of the 1990s, when the Soviets left with all their foreign assistance. Rather, Mongolia had chosen the path of democracy and its huge mineral resources offered some hope for the future. Once again, Mongolia was beginning to re-engage with the world.

Mongolia at the time was a country the size of western Europe but with a population of less than three million. Its GDP was placed at $1 billion. Usually, national budgets are around 30 of GDP, leaving the country with a national budget of perhaps $300 million, an unbelievably small amount to build infrastructure, run schools, provide social services, maintain an army and fund a viable civil service. Probably, that's the size of the budget of a medium sized university in the United States.

If you place Mongolia on a map, it would stretch from Washington, DC to Denver, Colorado. It is the size of Alaska, four times the size of Texas. It is also twice the size of Pakistan in terms of land area and Pakistan is not a small country. Yet if Mongolia were as densely populated as Pakistan, it would have a population of more than 400 million, larger than that of the United States. In reality, Mongolia is the least densely populated country in the world!

Economically, Mongolia at the time was in a quite desperate place. USAID had a very modest program with annual budgets averaging around $10 million. Yet, dollar for dollar, it was probably the most effective USAID program I was ever part of.

As an aside, I had the opportunity to return to Mongolia nearly a decade later, this time as Ambassador. My initial response was "Same same but different". But it must be said that by this time the national GDP has risen tenfold, to $10 billion. The national budget was

by now more in the range of $3 billion to $4 billion, a big difference. With that kind of budget, a country can make more choices and have more options for the future.

Unlike the rest of Central Asia, Mongolia has not only made the transition to a market economy, it has also been accompanied by a change in governance to an imperfect but nonetheless viable democracy. Elections are held on a regular basis. Political parties come and go. There are no presidents for life – the maximum term in office is eight years. The Mongolian electorate has a tendency to "surprise," often seeming to prefer that the majority party in parliament doesn't necessarily hold the presidency.

Sometimes I am accused of putting too positive a face on Mongolia – but its political and economic journey since 1991 has been remarkable, for all the problems it faces and no matter what happens in the future. It does have huge problems including far too much corruption. It also faces the difficult challenge of retaining its independence while squeezed between two great powers, China and Russia; managing rapid change including social and cultural change; and maintaining a reasonable balance between addressing environmental concerns on the one side and promoting development on the other. The reality is, for Mongolia the challenges it faces over time will always get harder, not easier. Still, it has been a privilege to be personally and professionally involved with Mongolia for nearly six years, representing nearly 20 percent of my Foreign Service career.

As USAID Mission Director, I had just come from being the Program Officer in one of USAID's largest field missions (Jordan), annual budgets having reached $300-$400 million; Mongolia's annual USAID budget by contrast was a thirtieth or a fortieth of that, hardly ever exceeding $10 million a year. As I mentioned, the mission staff was also small, smaller than even the smallest office in Amman. But the three female staff who worked for us were brilliant. If you know Mongolia, you realize that women play a critical role in that country. And, in the case of Mongolia, Sukherel, Mendsaihan and Dolgor each played a vital role in the operation of the USAID Mission in Ulaanbaatar. Not to mention Amgaa the USAID driver who drove me all over Mongolia.

Looking back, it is obvious that Ed Birgells gave good advice when he urged me to come to Mongolia and Jon Lindborg gave me good advice when he suggested that I immediately become Mission Director of a small Mission without first serving as Deputy Director in a larger one.

And so we arrived, happy to be there and with three kids, the oldest of whom would turn eleven later that year. Ambassador Dinger had one son and Tom Wilhelm, the military attaché, had a son and daughter, all three the ages of our children. And all six would wait in line to catch the school bus to the International School of Ulaanbaatar (ISU), marked with the single word "Nomads" to signify the tourist company from which it had been leased. At the time, Mongolia was not viewed as a "family post" and these six, half of them Addletons, represented the entire universe of school-age children in the Embassy community.

ISU met in a former Russian *Detski Sat* that was absolutely falling apart. I think most Foreign Service families would have taken one look at the crumbling school building and concluded immediately that Mongolia was not the place for them. But we stayed and thrived.

Actually, we ended up writing what became the ISU school song and as I understand it is still sung by ISU primary students every day in their new and very modern campus:

Far above the steppes of Asia, in Ulaanbaatar
Stands the school we will remember, now and evermore

Land of gers and wild horses, endless skies of blue:
Rivers, mountains, deserts, valleys and the Gobi too

When at least we say goodbye, no matter what we do:
There's one thing that we'll remember, our days at ISU

Those lines kind of captured it for us. For the kids Mongolia might have been some of the best years of their life. Or at least I thought so. As I used to say, "You guys are lucky; for the rest of your life you have bragging rights, to be able to say that you spent part of your childhood in Mongolia".

As for me, I went on field trips all over the country, visiting every province, usually more than once. Even with a small annual budget of $10 million, we supported activities that were taking place everywhere.

Mongolia at the time had less than 1,000 miles of paved roads. So much of my travel was off road, on tracks and on occasion even cross country where there was hardly even a track at all. Driving back to Ulaanbaatar, I would sometimes think to myself – "This is the best job in USAID, I might even have the best job in the world".

For sure, it was the only place in my Foreign Service career where I would prepare my travel voucher and instead of attaching a hotel bill would add a note saying something like "camped by a river". When we traveled -- always with two vehicles -- we had camping gear and a stove in the back of our SUV. In this day and time, you don't get to have this kind of experience very often. Again, I was incredibly lucky.

With our $10 million we worked everywhere. For example, we had a program called the "Gobi Initiative" managed by Mercy Corps which started in the southern provinces and later expanded. Among other things, it engaged with the cashmere industry while also assisting in the transition to a market economy in rural Mongolia.

We also did a lot of work in the financial sector. One of the projects focused on what had been the Agricultural Bank of Mongolia, turning it into a modern bank called Khan Bank. A second project involved turning two informal microfinance projects – one organized by UNDP, the other by USAID – into a full-fledge bank called XacBank.

With respect to the Agricultural Bank of Mongolia, the problem was it went bankrupt after every election. As a government-owned bank, it would shovel out loans prior to elections and then the loans would never be repaid. We brought in an American banker from Arizona named Peter Morrow. He has now passed away but left a huge mark, not only on Khan Bank and the Mongolian financial sector but in other areas as well.

He was a very interesting and very committed guy. He ran Khan Bank like a bank should be run and he turned it into something viable and sustainable with a huge presence in almost every town in Mongolia. He was assisted by one other expatriate, otherwise he relied entirely on his large Mongolian staff. He provided a vision and held them accountable and they made it happen.

Usually, financial restructuring is associated with cutbacks and retrenchments. But under Pete's tenure Khan Bank expanded significantly, paying pensions and delivering credit to the countryside. Many of the bank managers were women and they received a lot of training and professional development. Together they turned around the bank and made it into a huge success.

Parenthetically, Pete's outreach programs to the countryside also involved Mongolian musicians and singers. He also established what has become one of the best collections of contemporary Mongolian art, displayed in the bank headquarters and in some of its branch offices. And he helped launch the Mongolian Arts Council.

In March 2003 a revitalized Khan Bank was sold to a joint Japanese-Mongolian consortium. Shortly thereafter, the new owners signed a management contract with our team including Pete Morrow. The new owners, not US taxpayers, would now pay the bills. Parenthetically, the second highest bidder was Alfa Bank, the largest private Russian Bank. The subsequent history of Khan Bank might have been different if Alfa Bank had gained control.

USAID invested some $2 million - $3 million in funding the Xhan Bank management team over 30 months. It sold for $6.9 million. I left Mongolia in spring 2004, one year after privatization. We anticipated that it would be successful under its new owners – and indeed within a few years its value exceeded $100 million, something that would not have happened had it been handed back to the government where the usual directed lending, used mainly for patronage purposes, would once again have left it bankrupt.

XacBank is a different but no less impressive story. Some people have asked, "Why did you support two banks rather than just one?" And the answer is of course that competition is okay. But their origins and purpose were also somewhat different. Khan Bank started as a government-owned bank though it is now private. XacBank focused on micro lending and later received a lot of international investment as well, beyond that provided initially by UNDP and USAID (and the US Department of Agriculture via its commodity program managed by USAID).

Today Khan Bank and XacBank rank among the largest and most successful private banks in Mongolia. During my time, the two banks together provided more than 80 percent of all the credit going into the countryside. The figure is probably still quite high.

Both banks have branches in every provincial capital, often relatively small towns with as few as 10,000 people; Khan Bank has a presence in dozens of small district towns with populations as low as 2,000 or 3,000 as well.

Both banks were also involved in what can only be described as the transformation of the Mongolian countryside. It is a huge country, supporting a living and vibrant herding culture with strong roots in its nomadic past. But now a very large percentage of herder families have solar panels in their *gers* (yurts), not to mention cell phones, motorcycles and satellite dishes.

This did not happen because the government or a donor decided to gift herder families with these items. Rather it happened because the rural banking system worked to help support and develop distribution networks that made it possible. Donor "x" or donor "y" might have launched a program to give "100 free solar panels to poor herders" or whatever. But this type of symbolic approach would not have been sustainable.

Rather, there was a demand for new technology in the countryside and the existence of financial institutions such as Khan Bank and XacBank made it possible. This reflects a market-based approach at its best. Without the supporting institutions, the whole thing would have collapsed.

Against this backdrop, I had license to travel all over the country on USAID business. What a privilege! I was very conscious of the fact that Mongolia was a country in transition, one that would face great change in the years ahead.

I started to keep a diary because I wanted to write down and in some sense capture something of this momentous change. I mean, this was a very traditional herder society that was now adopting new technology and moving to another place and a lot of new issues would inevitably emerge as this change continued.

I'm not sure if there will ever be any historical interest in these observations – but I have left all my Mongolia papers to the Library of Congress East Asian Collection, presumably joining those left behind by Ambassador Rockhill a century ago, given his long-standing interest in Mongolia and Tibet.

I don't know how much more you want me to talk about the various USAID programs in Mongolia at the time. From my point of view, they were small but impactful. Thinking again about the Gobi Initiative, it also promoted community radio stations that broadcast weather reports and cashmere prices. Herders used battery operated radios to listen to the programs. One of the US broadcasters who came out to help with the program was Corey Flintoff from National Public Radio. He came out with his family for several months and I think he enjoyed his time in Mongolia a lot.

Information flows to the countryside were important because that meant local herders didn't necessarily have to rely on the word of the traders coming up from China to buy their cashmere, offering lower prices than what was warranted. With pricing information now available, the herders didn't have to sell their cashmere to the first buyer to arrive on the scene.

We launched a second business development, this one focused on providing credit and business ideas to the rapidly growing "*ger* districts" surrounding not only Ulaanbaatar but also secondary cities such as Erdenet. I'm not sure about the final verdict on the effectiveness of this project. But it definitely worked in an area of significant concern, providing income and employment as many Mongolians began to make the transition from the countryside to more urban areas of the country.

I had great colleagues, great people to work with, both Mongolian and expatriate. Khurelbaatar who was involved in our policy reform efforts later became Minister of Finance. Zandanshatar was involved in the early days of Khan Bank and later became Foreign Minister, as did Munkh-Orgil who had studied in the US and was interested in legal reform.

There were many others as well. Pete Morrow who was involved in the transformation of the Agricultural Bank of Mongolia to Khan Bank was one of those people, as was Stephen Vance who was the catalyst behind XacBank. Stephen later worked in East Timor and still later moved to Peshawar where he was involved in a Tribal Areas Development project along the border with Afghanistan. Tragically, he was shot and killed in Peshawar in 2008, a huge loss to his family, obviously, but also to the entire development community.

The success of our work with Khan Bank and XacBank gave USAID considerable credibility in Mongolia. Of course, it is a small country and you interact with people all the time. Later, when I returned as Ambassador, this was a big advantage. Some of the people I knew as mid-level officials during my first USAID assignment in Mongolia had by this time become very senior officials. It was wonderful if unexpected to have the opportunity to serve in Mongolia twice.

We had several other more modest projects including a small scholarship program that provided opportunities for Mongolians to study in the US – later, this became part of a steady stream of Mongolians enrolling at US colleges and universities. The International Republican Institute had a few small initiatives related to democratic governance. It attempted to work with both parties though the Democratic Party was more interested in attending the various workshops and seminars that IRI sponsored. We also had an interesting partnership involving Lake Khövsgöl and the US National Parks Service

In addition, we had an interest in addressing corruption concerns. Among other things, that included drawing attention to the Singapore example and sponsoring a trip by the head of the Hong Kong anti-corruption center to share Hong Kong's experience in

addressing corruption with Mongolia. As for judicial reform, Robert LaMont from the National Center for State Courts took the lead in engaging with the Mongolian legal sector – but judicial reform ranks as perhaps the most difficult of all areas and I can't say we were very successful though we did help computerize many courtrooms across Mongolia.

Our arrival in Mongolia coincided with the time when the Mongolian economy finally began to gather some steam after a decade of disastrous decline. Around Ulaanbaatar it was possible to see some of the beginnings of this change in terms of new stores and more vibrant marketplaces.

Our family experienced some of this change in a personal way as well and not only in terms of what new things Fiona brought back following her various shopping expeditions. I served on the ISU school board and we were able to engineer a change in location from the rundown *detskisat* to what was called the "Pink Hotel," a local hotel building that was incongruously painted pink. It looks quite dire now, especially compared to the wonderful new ISU campus that has a climbing wall, swimming pool and soccer field. But at the time it was a big step up.

Sometimes the family would also travel with me to the countryside. We might stay in a *ger* camp; we might camp out on our own; or we might stay in a run-down but by then improving local hotel. On one visit Iain was given a sheep by a local herder family. On occasion we would take short horse rides into the countryside. Cameron and Catriona both caught their first fish on a small river flowing into Lake Khövsgöl. Mongolia was a hugely positive part of our life in the Foreign Service. It was everything that we dreamed the Foreign Service should be.

But then the time came to leave. We realized as we prepared to depart that we would probably never have the opportunity to return which perhaps made those last months even more meaningful.

Perhaps it was somewhat like Afghanistan in the 1950s and 1960s, an adventuresome place without much danger. The expatriate community also tended to be somewhat small and people knew each other. The British Embassy – the first western European embassy to open in Ulaanbaatar back in the 1960s – ran the Steppe Inn, selling drinks each Friday evening. Brigitte Cummings, a German-American retiree who spent her winters in Hong Kong, ran Sacher's Café, named after a Sacher's Cafe in Vienna (Austria). And Millie, an Ethiopian-American who spent part of each year in Berkeley (California), ran Millie's.

To make it even more interesting, Millie's chef Daniel came from Cuba. He had met his Mongolian wife in Tashkent during the Soviet era, when both were studying at university in Uzbekistan. Daniel was the guy to go to if you wanted to have a Cuban barbeque involving pork.

As mining got bigger, Mongolia also changed. We were able to witness at first hand part of that change. But we also experienced a lot of the vast open steppe. I sometimes

mention that the first Mongolian province I visited was South Gobi province, an area which includes much of Mongolia's mineral wealth and which physically is about the same size of Bangladesh. By way of contrast, Bangladesh is home to nearly 200 million people – and South Gobi province, even with all the mining probably has at most around 50,000 or 60,000 people. Again, it is the vast size as well as the quiet of the countryside that makes Mongolia so impressive.

Tom Wilhelm, the military attaché colleague who lived next door and figures in Robert Kaplan's book called *Imperial Grunts* (in a chapter entitled "The Man Who Would be Khan") probably enjoyed living and working in Mongolia as much I did. Probably the two of us travelled more widely in Mongolia than anyone in the Embassy at the time other than Ambassador Dinger.

As for Tom, he would take his Washington visitors to a pass above a valley not far from Ulaanbaatar and look out over the countryside below. And then he would ask, 'Which herder family do you want to visit," pointing to the various *ger* encampments below; there might be 30 or so encampments, each with their sheep and horses and small children running about. The point was, he didn't plan to arrange a visit beforehand. Rather, he knew that he would get a warm welcome, no matter which *ger* door he approached.

No doubt all this will change as Mongolia gets more visitors and as the country continues to move economically to a different place. But during the early 2000s, foreign visitors were still relatively uncommon in Mongolia.

Maybe I should add one more story here. As I mentioned, Mongolia at the time had hardly any paved roads at all. Rather, it was a matter of dirt tracks criss-crossing the countryside. Given the size of the country, a couple of private airlines were established, competing with MIAT as the national carrier.

One of my last trips in Mongolia was on one of the news private airlines, flying a Bombardier that could carry around 50 passengers rather than a Soviet era aircraft. And something happened on that flight that captured for me something of the old Mongolia which very probably really is passing away.

We were getting ready to leave in this plane from some western province to fly back to Ulaanbaatar. On this trip I had driven out and was now flying back. Just before the doors closed, someone approached the plane and handed the stewardess a baby who in turn walked the baby down the aisle and set it on the lap of the person in back of me. Remarkably, the baby had a note pinned on its shirt: "Call this number when you get to Ulaanbaatar and an aunt will come and pick up the child"!

I don't think this would happen in Mongolia today. But at the time it seemed perfectly natural, plopping a baby on the lap of a fellow passenger and asking them to call a certain number on arrival! For me, that captures something of what we experienced at the time. And again, I was very lucky to have the opportunity to travel the length and breadth of

Mongolia, camp out, share time with herder families and be part of these rare and wonderful experiences.

So once again it now becomes time to leave. And I am surprised once again that by now nobody has hauled me back to Washington. But we continued on in our Foreign Service life. By now we are on a roll, I guess. And we thought, why not?

Cambodia looked interesting. It would also mean becoming director of a much larger USAID Mission, in turn attached to a much larger embassy. Not that Ulaanbaatar wasn't a "real" USAID Mission. But Cambodia would also involve the challenge of managing a much larger organization with more complex programs.

That said, we wouldn't have changed our Mongolia experience for anything. We didn't imagine that we would ever return though Iain did earnestly say in our farewell event at the Embassy that "It is always 'See you Later,' never 'Goodbye'"! As it turned out, his words were almost prophetic!

Q: All right. So let's pause here and we'll pick up in the next session in Cambodia.

ADDLETON: Okay, that's right. Is this okay from your perspective? Do you think it's too detailed, or do you think you are covering things that are useful?

Q: No, it's perfect; just right.

ADDLETON: Okay, great. Well, there's not too much more. What comes next is the Cambodia experience and the Pakistan earthquake and then Brussels, and then the ambassadorship, and then two quick assignments afterwards, memorable ones, but each of them two-year assignments, one back to Central Asia and the final one to India. Probably I am two-thirds of the way through my career at this point.

Q: All right, great! We'll figure out the next session shortly.

ADDLETON: Okay, if it works out for you, you can suggest a time. If I haven't heard in a week or two I may suggest one. We can be in touch on what comes next.

Q: Okay, great! Thanks so much!

ADDLETON: Yeah, thank you so much; really appreciate it. All the best.

Q: Hi, I am here. Let me get you the screen. There. Okay?

ADDLETON: Yeah. I'm good. I think it's working. I wonder if last time the mute was on or if it was a sound issue. Anyway I'm happy to retrace some steps.

Q: Okay, we got you all the way through your first Washington assignment, and I think we left off where you were going back out after your first Washington assignment. Does that jive with you?

ADDLETON: I'm trying to think. When I do it chronologically -- I don't know -- maybe I was evacuated to Washington. But I never had a Washington assignment so I'm trying to figure it out. Basically Pakistan, Yemen, South Africa, Central Asia, Jordan, and then after Jordan it was going to Mongolia the first time. I don't know, it might have been then. After Mongolia, of course, it was Cambodia, Pakistan, and then Brussels.

Q: Okay, we did go through Cambodia. We did go through Mongolia the first time, and we did go through Brussels. I remember because Brussels was very short. So it's probably those three that we went through on the last time that it's recording now. I've got everything on. So we can go back through those three. Yeah, I'm pretty sure that was it.

ADDLETON: Yeah, that's probably right. So what we'll cover today will be Cambodia, Pakistan, and Brussels, Belgium.

Q: Yes, correct. And now that you mention all of this, the reason I remember it is because I was curious as to how you ended up in Cambodia when it had never been an area of the world you had been in before.

ADDLETON: Right. Why don't we start with that, and if it turns out we're mistaken we can go back to it. I had those three mostly wonderful years in Mongolia. I'd mentioned that was a small USAID Mission. There was myself, three Mongolian colleagues, and a driver. It was five of us in all. And it was very rewarding in so many different ways. It might not be considered a "real" mission in terms of size of office and size of budget. It was a modest program but also a very effective program.

Of course, I had begun to think about what happens next. I wanted to stay in Asia. I had contacts in Asia and had spent a good bit of my life living and working in Asia. Cambodia was of some interest. When you think about it, Cambodia is part of Indochina, implying as it does a historical and cultural connection to India.

Cambodia also had an interesting program. It was in transition from being a very difficult post-Khmer Rouge catastrophic kind of place to one that was beginning to change and was just starting to join the rest of East Asia, benefitting from its proximity to the much more prosperous other East Asian countries. It would be a challenge but it also involved a "real" USAID Mission with more resources and several dozen staff.

We are now in April 2004, the month we arrived in Phnom Penh. We took our final winter – or perhaps anywhere else it might be viewed as spring – vacation. We had always wanted to see Lake Baikal. This was our last chance. So we took the 24-hour train ride through the ice and snow to Irkutsk, staying for a few days in a log cabin in a small village overlooking Lake Baikal.

It was like something out of *Doctor Zhivago*. One of the sons in the Russian family we stayed with was mentally challenged but he took the kids on rides in his snowmobile. We visited Russian Orthodox churches and old cemeteries with Orthodox crosses. We saw the Lake Baikal seals. We visited a museum that had gathered a lot of old Siberian buildings and put them in one place. The kids rode cow skins down an old wooden roller coaster-type structure, built of wood and covered in ice, finishing with a dramatic slide across a frozen river. Cameron slipped and nearly fell down an open manhole in Irkutsk, an event that might well have ended in tragedy.

The kids said – "Everyone else goes to places like Thailand for their Spring vacation; but here we are, the Addleton family is taking a long train ride to a place even colder than Mongolia". But we enjoyed this family vacation immensely and I think they did too.

When we returned, we did a direct transfer from Ulaanbaatar to Phnom Penh. Weather-wise, that was about as dramatic a switch as you can imagine. We left Mongolia in a snowstorm and arrived in tropical Cambodia 24 hours later after a short stopover in Bangkok.

For the kids, this move brought another kind of transition: they had to transfer to the Northbridge International School of Cambodia (NISC) partway through the school year. But the school facilities were a lot better than in Mongolia and it looked like this school move would in the end workout.

The USAID program in Cambodia was mostly in a good place. We were heavily involved in health issues involving HIV/AIDS, which at that time was considered a potential catastrophe waiting to happen. We were also involved in what was then called "democracy-building". Hun Sen was president then as he still is to this day. Kem Sokha was one of the main opposition leaders and I met with him on occasion.

The International Republican Institute (IRI) had a long history in Cambodia and received USAID funding. It was still fresh in everyone's memory that an American representative from IRI had been injured in a bombing at a Kem Sokha rally in Phnom Penh. Several Cambodians had been killed in the same attack. Some believed that Hun Sen's agents had placed the bomb. By coincidence, the injured IRI representative was from the small town where my parents had lived for a time – Cochran, Georgia. My parents knew his parents and I had even met with him prior to the start of my assignment.

Congress had a lot of interest in the USAID democracy program in Cambodia, partly because of IRI's involvement. A few were possibly somewhat supportive of Kem Sokha, others very skeptical about him. There was a strong belief that USAID could be helpful in the economic sphere as well as Cambodia clawed itself back from the disastrous years of Khmer Rouge rule that had left so many scars across the country.

Charles Ray was US Ambassador to Cambodia at the time. He has written a lot and is a fascinating and very capable person. Amazingly enough, he had spent a 20-year career in

the military before joining the Foreign Service. He served in the Vietnam War and if I remember correctly his service then took him to Cambodia as a US soldier. He also took a strong interest in East Asia more broadly.

Having served as a soldier in the region, he was very engaged on issues associated with those Missing in Action (MIA). The Embassy was involved in this effort and whenever remains were discovered he took a strong personal interest in it. Sometimes remains might be discovered at the site of a helicopter crash that took place decades earlier.

Ambassador Ray, a dynamic African-American from Texas, was a great ambassador to work with. Later he became US Ambassador to Zimbabwe. Later still he headed the State Department office in Washington that coordinates efforts to recover MIAs. He was a terrific singer and his signature song was "Moon River". Given that King Sihanouk loved music and held concerts at the palace that lasted until 4 AM in the morning, it was a useful talent to have. I think I had a good relationship with Ambassador Ray. At any rate, I very much enjoyed working with him.

Mark Storella who later became DCM in Brussels and still later US Ambassador to Zambia was serving as DCM in Cambodia when I arrived. He is from Massachusetts and we had first met at the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy at Tufts where we both studied during the early 1980s. It was nice to have that connection and I enjoyed working with Mark. The Embassy cared a lot about the USAID program and followed it closely, it was one of the ways in which they were able to engage with Cambodia.

Let me provide a few examples. Perhaps we should save the health discussion until later. That was a critical part of our program – HIV/AIDS loomed large and it seemed that Cambodia might be on the edge of an HIV/AIDS catastrophe. The Embassy was interested in these issues. But it was especially interested in our democracy program, small in terms of cost but complex and quite sensitive. It was an area where it was easy to make a mistake and mistakes quickly led to controversy and bad press.

As I saw it the Embassy perspective was that we had to have an American message that supported democracy but we didn't need to be too aggressive about it. Cambodia was finding its own way and we would be supportive of it, always affirming the desirability of transparency and reaching out in ways that might promote democracy. We also wanted to maintain contacts with a wide spectrum of Cambodian society.

It was a time when corruption was emerging as a particular concern. It was also a time when Cambodia was embarking on its own economic transition, one that would hopefully move it to a more prosperous place. Chinese investment was beginning to be a factor. The garment industry was taking off. The first highways and modern high rise buildings were beginning to appear in Phnom Penh. I understand that Phnom Penh is now quite a different place, moving rapidly to join other vibrant South East Asia cities. But at that time we were just beginning to see some inklings of the changes yet to come.

As mentioned, we were involved in democracy programs. Occasionally a human rights activist would be arrested and we would have to voice concern about that. I remember one trip to Siem Reap where I was meant to speak, just after a human rights activist had been arrested. My remarks would be on a community radio station and I cleared them with the Embassy officer beforehand. It wasn't a matter of naming names or pointing fingers. My remarks were diplomatic but quite firm in terms of the importance of adhering to human rights norms and affirming the rule of law.

A Deputy Secretary of State or perhaps it was an Under Secretary of State was visiting at about the same time. On the eve of his visit, the human rights activist that had been the object of our concern was released. The Cambodians knew we cared about these issues and this was their effort to acknowledge that concern. I don't think we made big progress on democracy or human rights during my time in Cambodia. But it certainly wasn't for lack of trying.

Perhaps the most gratifying part of my two years in Cambodia was our support to something called the Documentation Center of Cambodia (DC-Cam). It had been developed by a Cambodian who had studied at Yale University and some of the DC-Cam archive material was kept there.

The basic idea was to establish an archive in Cambodia under the auspices of DC-Cam, turning the organization into a kind of "never again" institution, to ensure that something like the Khmer Rouge never again emerged in the country. It probably isn't generally understood. But the Khmer Rouge sought to follow the "letter of the law", doing everything within a "proper legal framework". That meant they felt obliged to document everything.

In fact, the Khmer Rouge wouldn't execute anyone without a fully documented confession. They therefore went to great lengths to extract a confession, to obtain a written confession. Such documents were preserved, filed and maintained. They also photographed everybody.

We lived close to Tuol Sleng prison which we visited many times, always a sobering experience. The photographs on display were especially chilling – rows and rows of black and white photographs, seemingly without end. Some of the stares in the photographs looked blank but many seemed to be anticipating their own deaths within a matter of days. I think only six of the prisoners entering Tuol Sleng prison ever left it alive. Most were Cambodian but a few foreigners were included – fishermen from Bangladesh or European yachtsmen sailing around the world who somehow got too close to the Cambodia coast. They had been captured and sent to the prison and then they were executed there.

Finally, the Vietnamese army arrived and installed Hun Sen. He had previously been a Khmer Rouge official but later broke with them. Then he became head of the Vietnamese-supported Cambodia government, seemingly for life. In recent years China has emerged as a special benefactor of Cambodia.

DC-Cam acquired, kept, stored and maintained all this material. They also sent younger Cambodians around the country with tape recorders to talk to their elders, those that had lived through the Khmer Rouge period. Some of this older generation might have been perpetrators and some might have been victims; some might even have been both. But it was believed important for future generations to document what happened. Over time, the countless "killing fields" across the country were also identified. These too were documented and marked on a map as a way to remember and honor the dead. We visited some of these "killing fields" where the bone fragments had still not yet decayed into dust.

At the time, when walking the streets of Phnom Penh or any other town in Cambodia for that matter, you might occasionally look around. And you would think, when seeing anyone under the age of 25 or 30 – where were you when you were six or eight years old, what horrible things did you witness, what tragedies did your families experience, do you even have a family at all? Terrible, just terrible, things happened. It was if you were living in a deeply wounded society.

All this was part of our Cambodian experience, an especially moving part. We were there for just two years, from spring 2004 through spring 2006. The family stayed a bit longer, completing the school year – I had been asked to go to Pakistan to manage the post-earthquake reconstruction program there.

There is one other coda to the DC-Cam story, one that I am quite proud of, actually. It is that under my watch we managed to establish an endowment for DC-Cam. We did support DC-Cam each year with a grant. Like most such organizations, it had to exist on a year-to-year basis, hand-to-mouth as it were, spending much of their time fund-raising in order to pay for their continued operations. DC-Cam would still have to do that in any case. But an endowment would provide for some measure of institutional stability as well, ensuring a certain amount of "core" funding that would in turn ensure that they could survive even a lean fundraising year.

That said, US government regulations make endowments very difficult. Congress doesn't particularly like the idea, perhaps because in their view it results in a loss of control. Once an endowment is established, it provides for income streams that are not subject to the usual appropriation and oversight process. But with colleagues in Washington, we made the case for a DC-Cam endowment and Congress wrote it into the itemized appropriation budget for Cambodia. So it was interesting and gratifying to be involved in something like this and to see it successfully unfold.

Another part of the program, somewhat health related, is that Cambodia had the highest number of people requiring prosthetics, mostly on account of the legacy of the Vietnam War and the Khmer Rouge period that followed. Unexploded bombs and other ordinance meant that Cambodians continued to lose their limbs in the countryside, even years later. People might be working in a field or walking in a forest in the countryside and a bomb would suddenly go off.

We had some interesting programs that helped address this concern. Some of the funding came from the USAID disability office in Washington which actively sought proposals from Cambodia. One organization involved former American soldiers who had served in Vietnam and were now raising money to mitigate some of the impact of that war. This again was one of the interesting and one might say gratifying parts of our program, an area where one could make a difference.

Another program in this area involved training for prosthetists to fit new limbs and support for workshops to produce artificial arms and legs. We also funded a lot of wheelchairs. One program brought prospective prosthetists from Afghanistan to learn new skills in Cambodia. I appreciated the opportunity to meet the Afghans and talk to them.

Let me also mention the health program which at the end of the day represented a core part of what we did in Cambodia and certainly received the lion's share of our funding. Much of our program was "earmarked" and by far the majority of those earmarks involved health programs including those focused on HIV/AIDS. I took several interesting motorcycle and boat trips to remote parts of Cambodia, visiting health facilities that we helped support. I also visited a number of what can only be described as "hospices," devoted to HIV/AIDS patients living out their final days. On occasion our kids spent part of their Saturdays, volunteering at orphanages housing HIV/AIDS "orphans," some themselves having acquired HIV/AIDS from birth.

The USAID program in Cambodia had other interesting mandates as well. Again, it is probably a little known fact that Cambodia in those years had agreed to accept several hundred returned felons from the United States. Mostly, these were Cambodia refugees who had left as children or perhaps even infants, spent part of their upbringing in refugee camps in Thailand and elsewhere and then emigrated to the United States. Some might have been born in refugee camps in Thailand and never set foot in Cambodia at all.

Unfortunately, neither they nor their parents took the final step to make them US citizens. Perhaps they grew up in a rough urban area on the West Coast, perhaps in Portland or Oakland, as many of them did. Later in life, if they committed a felony, they were then subject to deportation if their "home country" would accept them. Often it might involve drug-related crime. Sometimes violence might be involved.

From a US standpoint, Cambodia was only a small part of the problem – most such cases involved citizens from Central America who had been brought to the US as children and were later deported on account of their crimes. But it was a big issue for Cambodia. And, of course, USAID was asked to do something about it.

On this occasion, DCM Mark Storella called me to his office, voicing what I'm sure were actually the Ambassador's concerns. "These young Cambodians will be coming back in greater numbers," he asked. "How will USAID be responding to it"?

There haven't been many USAID programs that I've had to stay up late night thinking about. But this was one of them. Because what would happen if so-and-so, ostensibly from Cambodia but who had never even set foot there, returned to a country he didn't know at all and committed murder?

Of course, there was the USAID management of such an issue as well. For sure, this represented a potential management nightmare in an area where USAID had little if any experience or expertise

We did engage with a social worker from Oregon who had worked with Cambodians on the West Coast and knew something of their background as well as the dynamics of inner city Cambodian-American communities in the United States. He had established his own NGO in Cambodia to work with these deported felons, organizing what essentially were "halfway houses" to help give them a "soft landing".

So when these supposed Cambodians who had never actually set foot in Cambodia and might not speak Khmer at all were returned on a special charter flight from the United States with Department of Justice agents on board and were then dumped in Phnom Penh, they would have a place to go for that first night or perhaps first few weeks and even months. This was somewhat better than the welcome they might otherwise have received: "Here you are. Sorry you committed a crime in the United States but this is now your life."

Basically, they would now be offered a place to stay for some period of time. They might also be provided with a certain amount of vocational training as well as help with their resume.

The big advantage that they would bring to any job search in Cambodia is that they usually spoke English well. Some became doormen at local hotels, working in the tourist sector. Others opened internet cafes, given that many of the arrivals were computer savvy and might have well-developed computer skills.

The success stories usually involved opening a small business of one kind or another. I'm not sure if they would get credit for it but very probably it was these deportees who introduced breakdancing to Cambodia. Some had an impact in the local arts and cultural scene in other ways.

It was quite touching when I finally left Cambodia and departed for Pakistan in the spring of 2006 to become involved in earthquake-related reconstruction. The Cambodia Mission organized a farewell party for me in Phnom Penh. And the entertainment included some really terrific breakdancing demonstrations by these returnees, mostly in their teens and twenties. They did not have a hope of ever returning to the United States, the country where they had spent most of their childhood and the only place they ever really knew. Now they had to make a new life in Cambodia.

I don't know the rest of the story. All I know is that the Embassy exerted tremendous pressure on USAID to "do something". And our response, while not involving a lot of money, was very, very difficult. Most USAID officers including myself are not well equipped to manage or monitor a program like this. The risks are huge and the media would be only too ready to chronicle any disasters. But you still did feel a sense of obligation, given the circumstances. I'm not sure if in the end we were successful. But we certainly tried to do something about it, however limited and however ineffective that might be.

We were also involved in a small number of business development activities in Cambodia, mostly related to the garment industry. At the time Cambodia was competing with Bangladesh and even parts of China when it came to producing garments and textiles. I don't recall all the details related to market access to the US and European market. But a lot of American companies were buying jeans and shirts and other garments with a "Made in Cambodia" label on them.

The potential downside for the American companies was the issue over worker conditions and standards. They definitely did not want a scandal showing how horrible things were. It was after I left that a fire swept through one of these factories with terrible results.

At the same time, the growth in the garment industry was helping to feed broader economic growth in Cambodia. All things considered, Cambodia was one of the most competitive garment producers in Asia, more competitive even than certain well-known parts of China and in some cases even Bangladesh. It wasn't only a question of wages, it also matters in terms of the skill of the workforce.

Against this backdrop, USAID had made an arrangement with the International Labor Organization (ILO) to monitor participating garment factories and ensure that they met international standards in terms of health, safety and other standards. Their assessment team was permitted to enter a factory without notice, just show up and look at conditions such as lighting and safety standards and the conditions in which people were working.

Our involvement in the garment industry prompted some reflections on my own family history. My father's older brothers and sisters had basically provided child labor for textile plants in the southern United States back in the 1920s and 1930s. Actually, they welcomed the work – at least it was a job. As a college student in Massachusetts I had read through a book of letters written by a young textile worker from New Hampshire or Vermont and it was more or less the same story.

At some level, it seemed that what was happening in Cambodia mirrored the transition of the global textile and garment industry, first in New England, then the American south, then East Asia as the US textile industry moved abroad. It is a complex story with some dark pages. One part of the story is of course that for large rural families – as indeed been the case for my father's family – any paying job was welcome and children were sometimes viewed as a source of cash for the entire family. It wasn't necessarily

perceived as child labor, it was viewed as a welcome economic lifeline, contributing to the well-being of the entire household.

In some sense, those letters written by a young female New England mill worker might also have been written by my father's sisters with their fifth grade educations; or even by one of the young, almost entirely female, Cambodian factory workers sending big chunks of their small paychecks back to their home villages each month.

So you do wonder, how do you get things like this right? I'm not sure if we were doing God's work – or perhaps the Devil's work! But the fact is, we were interested in labor conditions and wanted to make sure that the garment factories in Cambodia met certain standards. We didn't want to "kill" the garment industry – that too would have highly negative effects because it represented a lifeline for so many rural families. A successful garment industry in Cambodia would have a positive impact on thousands of families as well as on the rest of the country.

So economic growth was one part of our USAID portfolio in Cambodia though not as large as in most other places where I have served. We also were actively engaged in looking for ways to market Cambodia's high quality rice abroad. Of course, Cambodia is well known for its rice. Certain niche markets for rice have a particular interest in environmental issues, for example ensuring that chemical pesticides aren't used. We looked for ways for Cambodia to tap into these markets.

Unlike in Jordan, we didn't have a serious archaeological program in Cambodia. It could arguably have been justified because it was already obvious that tourism would play a big role in Cambodia's future economic growth, with especially big consequences for a place like Siem Reap. By this time I think Cambodia had already started direct international flights from Korea and perhaps Japan to Siem Reap for those Koreans wanting to visit Angkor Wat. We ourselves visited Angkor Wat and took family and friends there. But, unlike in Jordan, USAID wasn't really involved in the cultural heritage business or even in the tourist aspect of it.

Maybe the last part that we can get to in just a minute – let me catch my breath -- the huge part of the program that focused on the health systems and HIV-AIDS. Do you have any questions on everything but that at this point?

Q: Actually, you answered most of the questions already because I had wondered about Angkor Wat, as you know a source of additional development income and whether it had been looted or whether it was being protected, and how, if in any way, USAID cooperated with that.

ADDLETON: One would have to say that the USAID program in Cambodia was rooted in the history of the country – in the debris left over from the Khmer Rouge period. Part of that history included a project that preceded my arrival – namely the paved highway from Phnom Penh down to the coast.

I say that USAID was part of that history because, much earlier, back in the 1960s, our USAID "ancestors" had actually built the original paved highway from Phnom Penh to Sihanoukville. Along with Angkor Wat, coastal Cambodia was also the part of the country most attractive to foreign tourists. So the poles of tourism as well as Cambodia's cultural heritage was Angkor Wat in the north and Sihanoukville in the south.

The cultural heritage in the south was of course of a much newer and different kind. But it was still interesting. At a time when Cambodia was neutral and King Sihanouk was the life of the party, these French-style, art deco type hotels had been built along the coast, some of them quite spectacular. As I understand it, in more recent times Chinese investment has resulted in more coastal hotels as well as new gambling casinos.

There is considerable tourism potential in this area. To this day, I recall that the best prawns with pepper and garlic we ever had came from a roadside café along the coast. We also organized our USAID retreat at a modest hotel along the coast. Looking further ahead, it is true that Ratanakiri in the far northeast with its jungles, elephants and tribal population might be another area that Cambodia looks to for future tourism growth.

Cambodia is a terrific country, despite the expression that I sometimes used when serving there – "A sunny spot for shady people"!

Of course, the "shady people" I am referring to are by and large not Cambodians, rather they are a segment of the tourist industry that Cambodia attracts. Embassy colleagues were dealing with this issue, focused mostly on trafficking and the sexual exploitation of children.

It was during this time that the Embassy negotiated the legal case of an American tourist crossing the line and engaging in this kind of behavior. If I remember correctly, he was arrested in Cambodia and brought back to the US to stand trial. Cambodians such as Hun Sen, who were skeptical about some of our "softer" programs in democratization, could and did support something like this, despite the links between corruption in Cambodia and its sex industry.

While I am thinking about this diverse and complex program in Cambodia, another element of the USAID program of that time also comes to mind – our engagement with an NGO called "World Witness". It sounds like a missionary organization but it was not. Rather, it was a rather well known environmental organization monitoring the decimation of forests around the world.

With respect to Cambodia, there is no doubt that the Cambodian military was and probably still is involved. Big tropical hardwood trees are very valuable. Cutting down old growth forest brings in a lot of money. But there is also a strong global "Save the Forest" constituency, one that supports groups like World Witness.

One of my last field trips in Cambodia was part of the World Witness monitoring program. I accompanied one of their field officers in a Cessna-type small plane. The side

doors had been removed, making it easier to take pictures of small sawmills in the jungles of Cambodia. It was a rudimentary but effective way to document the destruction of Cambodia's forests.

This was another international aid program that the Hun Sen government was not very happy about. They understood the international interest in the issue and at some level tried to accommodate at least some of them. World Witness was itself more of a European than an American organization. But it did also receive some modest amounting of funding from USAID. At some level, it was a matter of "name and shame". World Witness would document an environmental issue of concern and the publicity surrounding that documentation would hopefully goad others into action.

Probably Cambodia ranks among the most diverse USAID programs I've ever been involved in. Again, funding levels weren't huge – a few hundred thousand dollars here, a few hundred thousand dollars there. But they were also quite sensitive politically. In some ways, I am surprised I lasted two years. It was challenging to manage this complicated portfolio, one which involved a lot of politically sensitive programs that might also be the subject of cynical media reporting.

As for Angkor Wat specifically, I don't really have much to say. It is of course a huge place. Some might argue that it can also take a lot of abuse. I'm not sure of the numbers but it is possible that the number of tourists in Angkor Wat has increased from hundreds of thousands to millions. Most of the tourists these days are probably from elsewhere in Asia, not Europe or the United States. But there is a reason why Angkor Wat is on almost everyone's "bucket list," it really is an incredible thing to see.

USAID was not directly involved but we watched with interest various issues surrounding Angkor Wat. There is even a small temple to the north that lies on disputed land between Thailand and Cambodia. No doubt Thailand would like to capture some of the tourism associated with the area though Angkor Wat is of course a Khmer monument, not a Thai one.

The actress Angelina Jolie also brought attention to Cambodia including Angkor Wat. Ambassador Charles Ray actually met her on one of her trips to Cambodia. He announced that news at the weekly country team meeting with a smile: "Sorry that the rest of you couldn't come but I spent some time with Angelina Jolie earlier this week. It was an interesting meeting"! So this was part of a Cambodia assignment as well.

We packed a lot in to only two years. It makes me nostalgic to think this was the last time we were really all together as a family. Because after Cambodia I went off to Pakistan alone, as a separated assignment.

Our kids attended Northbridge International School of Cambodia (NISC) rather the International School of Phnom Penh (ISPP) where most Embassy children were enrolled. As it happens, Cambodia was one of the few places we served where there was more than one choice when it came to school.

ISPP met in a couple of houses that had been turned into a school and we were very tired of that. We wanted a "real" school building with a "real" soccer field, not another makeshift arrangement. Following a model developed elsewhere in Asia, a Japanese company built a school next to the housing community that they had also invested in. From our perspective, the staff at NISC was dedicated and committed and we were happy to enroll our children there.

Meanwhile, the boys continued with their soccer. While in Mongolia, we had worked with a Brazilian volunteer to organize Ulaanbaatar United Football Club, a Mongolian club involving kids from both the Embassy and the poorer Mongolian *ger* districts on the edge of town. Now it proved possible for Iain and Cameron to join something called Bayon Wanderers, an adult expatriate soccer club managed by a long-time expatriate named Billy Barnhart from the Netherlands. Iain was by this time in grade 8 and Cameron was in grade 6 so we were very appreciative and it was a nice way for them to continue to develop their soccer skills.

The three kids went off to NISC each day on the school bus. They enjoyed cultural events and sports events in ways that had not been possible in Mongolia. They participated in various inter-school events taking place in Ho Chi Minh City, Vientiane and elsewhere. Iain attended Model UN in Taipei. He also travelled to Gothenburg to rejoin Ulaanbaatar United as they became the first Mongolian youth team to participate in the Gothia Cup in Sweden. We lived in the biggest house that we ever occupied, near the old US Embassy before it moved into its new secure and purpose-built compound.

Cambodia was not completely out of my area of interest and background. After all, it had been part of French Indochina, the "Indo" part reflecting historical attachments to South Asia and the Indian Subcontinent. Angkor Wat is essentially a Hindu monument and the Indian dimension is stronger than many people realize.

So, in unexpected ways, the Cambodia assignment perhaps rounded out my South Asia experience. It was also on the fringes of China with the Chinese influence growing stronger, even during the two years that we lived there. And it further solidified for me this view that many of the places where I had served reflected the past influence of the Mongol Empire. This is obvious enough in India, Pakistan, Afghanistan and Kazakhstan, all areas where Genghis Khan or his progeny registered important military victories. But it was an emissary of Kublai Khan, grandson of Genghis Khan, who left behind the best written account of Angkor Wat and the Khmer Empire at its height.

How China treats its neighbors is one of the most important messages that China sends to the world, at least as far as its international intentions are concerned. China doesn't border Cambodia but its influence there is strong and growing. The fact that Cambodia's closest adversary is Vietnam only increases China's influence still further; relations between Vietnam and China aren't good, either.

China supported the Khmer Rouge even during its worst excesses though they seem reluctant to acknowledge it. It was Vietnam, not China, that eventually brought down the Khmer Rouge -- it was Vietnam that installed Hun Sen as ruler of the new government in Phnom Penh. But Hun Sen's allegiances now days lie mostly with China with whom he is engaged in an interesting dance.

Probably, it is an example of the fact that all too often it is one's closest neighbor that you like the least. I have no idea how Cambodia's story will eventually end. But there is no doubt that China regards Cambodia as a good and faithful friend, one which they are investing in and one they think will support them for the foreseeable future. We saw some of this renewed friendship being played out and consolidated, even during our short time in Phnom Penh.

Maybe even North Korea deserves a mention here. As in Ulaanbaatar, the North Korean Embassy operated a restaurant in Phnom Penh to earn extra foreign exchange. The food was good. The pictures on the wall were also for sale, offering another opportunity for the Embassy to earn extra money. Even in the early 2000s, North Korea appeared to be looking for ways to increase their income. We only visited a couple of times. But the reality is, it was actually a nice place to eat Korean food!

The final part of the USAID program in Cambodia was the health program, headed during my time by Mark White. He later worked in Afghanistan. He also later followed me as USAID Mission Director in India. I think he came from New Orleans. It was the single biggest part of our portfolio and I had a lot of confidence in Mark's ability to run it well.

In Cambodia, as elsewhere, I depended on the health portfolio to demonstrate to Washington that we really were on track as far as our targets and indicators are concerned. Of course much of our program was almost impossible to measure. How do you track the success of a "democracy" program, much less something like DC-Cam or our work with returned felons? In contrast, health outcomes are generally measurable and could be used to assess the overall effectiveness of our work in our single biggest area of activity.

We also prepared a new strategy while I served in Cambodia. We first had to rationalize the direction that we were going and then provide a concrete indication of how we would monitor and track our programs. At some level, some of these strategic exercise were an empty shell, considering most of what we did was as a result of directed earmarks from Washington, not any strategic calculations that we might make independently and on our own.

I continued to have a real problem with some of the demands made in terms of monitoring and evaluation. Again, democracy programs are perhaps the hardest to measure. But even economic growth programs can be hard, especially when it comes to direct attributions. But economic growth rates in Cambodia continued to be impressive,

even if we found it difficult to make the kind of direct attribution that Washington was looking for.

As always, the best indicators that we could muster were in health and education. We even had a modest education program in Cambodia, one I haven't so far mentioned. It was quite small but it was still possible to gain some monitoring traction by referring to the numbers generated by our education portfolio.

That was even more the case with Mark White's health portfolio. A lot of it was in the area of HIV/AIDS. Cambodia was on the precipice as far as a potential HIV/AIDS epidemic or event pandemic was concerned. We reached out at a critical time., launching programs focused on sex workers, on transportation routes, on the tourism industry – all areas where HIV/AIDS, once unleashed, might grow fast.

The Cambodia program was a domestic minefield in terms of issues that might get other people's attention. On the one hand, there was strong interest in certain aspects of our program including democracy and HIV/AIDs. On the other hand, these domestic constituencies might come at us with a sledge hammer if there were areas where we seemed to be stepping outside the box in which they believed we belonged. For example, when you work on HIV/AIDS issues, you will be engaging with commercial sex workers – and that work might be misconstrued or criticized for a variety of reasons.

But the good news from Cambodia is that the feared HIV/AIDs catastrophe never actually materialized. There were serious problems but it never moved to the absolutely horrible category. Of course, it is still a factor; but at some level it was also a "success story" because it never destroyed the country. I like to think we played an important factor in terms of what did *not* happen, in part because of our outreach programs to especially vulnerable populations. But there is no doubt that, after the legacy of the Khmer Rouge, HIV/AIDs was the "second shadow" hanging over Cambodia during our time there, a shadow that USAID directly attempted to address.

I give our USAID program in Cambodia fairly high marks for what it accomplished. I wonder what the more professional and systematic evaluations and assessments might say, all these years later. For my part, I was also able to interact in person, through all those field trips, whether on a motorcycle going through the jungle or on a small boat with an outboard motor, heading up river to some very isolated hamlet.

I took real pride in the fact that our programs reached to the farthest corners of the country. And we did have impact, not just in HIV/AIDS but in other areas as well. Cambodia is probably one of those countries that, despite the inevitable negatives, despite the inevitable skepticism, in the broader history of USAID engagement, changes did take place and we were part of an ongoing effort that ultimately made a difference and in some cases a very big difference.

Q: A very quick thing about Mongolia because I had sent you an email. Yes, we have now gotten Tom Wilhelm's whole oral history, and so the next step will be for him to edit it.

But I worked with him on it so I have some knowledge about the Mongolian part. When we get there.

ADDLETON: Yes, we will get there the second time around. Tom was there the first time when we were assigned to Mongolia and we may cover some of his contributions when we talk about my time as ambassador there as well. We lived next door to each other in UB; our kids are the same age; and we have remained connected. Our kids actually teamed up and produced an award-winning "kid vid" on Mongolia for AFSA.

We still keep in touch though a bit more fleetingly these days. During that first time in Mongolia, other than the Ambassador, we were the only two families that had school-age kids in the Embassy. It was sort of a situation like, "Really, so you brought your kids here too"? Tom is a great guy. Did you interview him by video?

Q: No, he was actually here in town so we just did hours and hours together until we completed it. Just over three days.

ADDLETON: Yes, as I mentioned he was featured in *Imperial Grunts* by Robert Kaplan, especially in the chapter on Mongolia titled "The Man Who Would be Khan". I think we see eye to eye on many issues. I don't know if my name actually came up in your conversation. During my time as USAID Mission Director, we were neighbors. They arrived in Ulaanbaatar a few weeks before we did.

We first met in Tajikistan when I covered that country for USAID. He also served in the Balkans. After 9/11 he had colleagues in Afghanistan. He used to keep me apprised as to what was happening with respect to the American response. He must be proud in terms of the military and security relationships that he helped develop with Mongolia while he served there, laying the foundation for a lot of the good things that have happened in recent years. So your interview with him should be very interesting.

Q: Oh, yes. Absolutely! All right, so now back to you. So as you're approaching now the end of the Cambodia tour, where is your thinking about your next steps, and I realize a lot of that may be directed by USAID headquarters but certainly you gave them some input.

ADDLETON: Well, you kind of prompted me with your question, "Why Cambodia, it is out of your area; why did you end up in Cambodia?" Interestingly enough, not long after we arrived in Cambodia I got the call, "Would you consider coming to Pakistan?" That was even before the earthquake and maybe Afghanistan was mentioned in that phone conversation as well. I think there was a sense that people knew my background in Pakistan and perhaps that I should consider returning there, especially given the priority the country once again had for US foreign policy.

It was an Assistant Administrator who called me up. I replied by saying, "Look, I've just arrived in Phnom Penh. I can't let down my family and I can't let this USAID Mission down". We were just getting started. But all that changed following the Pakistan

earthquake in October 2005. By deciding to depart to address earthquake issues rather than go to Afghanistan, I did get at least two years in Cambodia. But that is more or less what I had expected, under any scenario. However, if I had responded positively to that first unexpected phone call I would have had only six months in Cambodia and that would have been ridiculous.

We'll talk about the Pakistan earthquake later. Now that I'm thinking about it, by October 2005 when the earthquake occurred, I had been in Phnom Penh for a year and half. Up until this point my career had not been hugely involved in a lot of emergency aid and disaster kinds of situations. As it happens, the tsunami, another Asia-wide disaster, took place while we were in Cambodia although Cambodia itself wasn't seriously affected by it. A lot of other countries including parts of Indonesia, India and other places were devastated.

This also prompts me, before I get involved in the Pakistan earthquake, to talk about something that happened in Cambodia connected with Hurricane Katrina. It was of course all over the news, especially the New Orleans part of it. If I am not mistaken, this happened before the tsunami. By now King Sihamoni was in place, his father Sihanouk having stepped down. King Sihamoni had seen videos from the US after Hurricane Katrina and was apparently deeply moved by it.

Now you have to realize that King Sihamoni was a ballet dancer and a choreographer.. He had survived the Khmer Rouge period because his father had sent him to Czechoslovakia, then part of the Soviet bloc. He had been trained in the arts and he was an unlikely choice for king. Our kids always thought, "How can you have a king who is a ballet dancer?" Somehow it didn't fit the stereotypical image of a king in a world where there is a diminishing number of kings.

DCM Mark Storella was serving as charge and somehow I was designated as Acting DCM. So he received the call from the palace and the two of us went together to see the King. We arrived and after greeting us King Sihamoni said that he had been very touched by the scenes of New Orleans and the catastrophe taking place there. He added that as someone interested in the arts, he was aware that New Orleans was the center of jazz and was famous for its musical heritage. Then he added: "Other countries have always been there for Cambodia in its hour of need. Now I've seen those pictures from the US and I want to give something back."

King Sihamoni then gave us a huge, thick envelope. This conversation was all in French. I don't really speak French but I understood some of it. It was Mark's meeting and he speaks fluent French. He graciously received the envelope and we walked to the car together and opened it. It contained $25,000 in $100 notes. It wasn't from the Government of Cambodia, rather it was from the royal family. It is quite complicated for US government officials to receive donations like this. But we eventually donated it to the Red Cross. It was a fascinating encounter at the palace. It was another of those Foreign Service stories that you never forget.

Something else interesting happened when Mark was charge and I was Acting DCM. This time Mark for some reason was in the countryside and I had been assigned to serve as "Officer in Charge" in Phnom Penh. This time it had to do with security. We got the phone call about an incident involving the International School in Siem Reap in which a number of students had been taken hostage. Of course, when these events are played out there is a lot of initial confusion and you don't know the details very well.

Basically, the International School in Siem Reap was a small school that mostly catered to international families associated with the tourist industry. No Chief of Mission staff or USAID contractors were involved. I'm not sure if anyone from an American family attended. Perhaps some missionary families might have been involved. But some Canadians were definitely there and at least one Canadian citizen was killed before the incident came to a conclusion. Of course our hearts went out to our colleagues at the Canadian Embassy at a time like this.

The guy with a gun eventually gave himself up. But it was interesting to be a participant and to chair the Embassy Emergency Action Committee as this unfolded. The US military attaché noted that we actually had military forces on the ground including if I remember correctly Special Forces training with their Cambodian counterparts. For sure, we had an ongoing military program involving training for Cambodian NCOs and they may have been part of that contingent.

We went back and forth in terms of how we might help for several hours. I was on the telephone with Mark about what might be done and if I remember correctly the Ambassador called in from the US. If there needed to be rescue operation, our Special Forces were willing to participate and if need be even lead it.

In the end, it wasn't necessary and the US was not asked to help out. The guy fired a few shots and then gave himself up. Talk about an unexpected thing from nowhere. You go into work and the Regional Security Officer (RSO) or someone working with him says, "By the way, there is a hostage issue up in Siem Reap involving kids at the International School"! Your first thought is, "Are there any kids from the US Embassy there". And your second thought is, "Are there any kids who are American citizens there"? And then you move on from there.

You can't help but think about some aspects of this later. It kind of prepares you for some things that might happen later on. I appreciated both Ambassador Ray and Mark Storella for involving me in the bigger events in the embassy beyond just what an AID Mission Director might ordinarily be responsible for.

Overall, there was a good relationship between USAID and the rest of the Embassy in Cambodia. I think they respected what USAID brought to the table. I rhymed out a number of USAID programs working in politically sensitive areas and the critique might be, "Well, you were too cautious" or "You weren't aggressive enough" or whatever. But the fact is, we had these fascinating programs going on outside Government of Cambodia channels that touched on a number of important areas. Yet we were also able to maintain

a decent relationship with the Government of Cambodia. After all, you had to deal with Hun Sen's government, whether you liked it or not. We did have a fairly robust program in health and other areas and hopefully at the end of the day that made a difference.

Q: Okay, so you had your two years in Cambodia and then the earthquake in Pakistan, and even though you didn't have previous experience with urgent humanitarian relief for major natural disasters, they thought of you because of your background with Pakistan.

ADDLETON: Yes, even after that first phone call, which came within a few weeks or months after we arrived in Phnom Penh, I think I said, "Maybe a year from now I'll think about it". So I did get that second phone call and this time it was after the earthquake which occurred in October 2005.

Even on a personal level -- because of my background in Pakistan – I did give a bit more urgency to this prospective assignment this time around. Of course, Pakistan had a huge program and what I did there wouldn't only be about the earthquake. I should also make it clear that I was not in Pakistan when the earthquake occurred – I didn't arrive until six months later, after the humanitarian assistance phase of USAID assistance ended and just as the reconstruction phase got underway. I arrived in March 2006. The tsunami – which did not affect Pakistan – occurred in December 2004. So that was a horrible few months for Asia as far as big disasters were concerned.

I remember that the tsunami occurred in December 2004 because we were in Scotland with Fiona's family. We spent Christmas with them and watched the tsunami unfold on television.

Then we returned to Cambodia. The plan was that the family would stay in Cambodia when I went to Pakistan to finish off the school year, which ended in June 2006. That would ensure that the kids didn't have to go through yet another mid-year school transfer. Rather, they would finish the school year at NISC in Phnom Penh and then "safe haven" in Macon, Georgia, starting the new school year there in the fall. We wanted them to have an American experience and this was one way to do it. They had visited the US many times but never lived there. And, from our perspective, it was better that this American experience be with extended family in Macon than in Washington, DC where we really weren't very well connected.

It turned out to be a good year for the family for all kinds of reasons. Iain went on to graduate from high school the following year. As we'll see later, I went from Pakistan to Brussels, Belgium to work as the USAID Representative to the European Union. Cameron went with us to Belgium for the first year but had such good memories and connections with his old high school in Macon that he elected to return for his last two years of high school. As for Catriona, she did not have such a wonderful experience at her school in Macon but was able to connect with extended family including grandparents. She ended up staying with us throughout our time in Belgium and then accompanying us to Mongolia.

From a family point of view, we experienced quite a bit of stress by taking on separated assignments involving "safe havens". In terms of a willingness to make such sacrifices, I have to say that I was partly influenced by similar sacrifices made by our military who took on such assignments quite regularly. Actually, I had read John McCain's memoir of his own growing up years. I think it was called *Flags of Our Fathers* or something like that. He himself was a military brat. It seemed to me that if our military made such sacrifices, the Foreign Service could as well.

In the end, that "year" in Pakistan turned out to be 14 months. So I got the phone call. The earthquake had happened. After the immediate relief work, there was going to be a reconstruction program to follow, mostly focused on rebuilding schools and hospitals and getting a viable rural economy back in place.

Our relationship with Pakistan continued to be terrible, despite the official pronouncement that we were "strategic allies". I suppose I could wax eloquently on this for a long time. My take on the relationship is not particularly popular. However, in my view it has all too often been harmed by illusions on both sides, by expectations on both sides that can't possibly be met.

The relationship has also largely been mediated and interpreted by elites, especially on the Pakistan side. Perhaps somewhat on the US side as well but very much from the Pakistan side. So the elites in Pakistan get away with this narrative of their country and its relations with the outside world that probably isn't challenged enough. And there are times when it should be challenged. Was the catastrophe in East Pakistan and the birth of Bangladesh really the result of external machinations involving the US or does the fault lie very largely with Pakistan itself? The United States is blamed for a lot of the dark pages in Pakistan's history. Some of it is deserved but some of it is not.

I've always enjoyed engaging with Pakistan and it was probably right and appropriate that I should have come back for those 14 months as Mission Director after the earthquake. Actually, I loved it. I enjoyed meeting with returnees from Pakistan who had grown up in the States, even as I grew up in Pakistan as the son of American parents. Some of them were moved by the earthquake and returned for a time to help with the relief and reconstruction effort. The Pakistani medical community in the US in particular wanted to make a difference.

On occasion, I would talk and have dinner and exchange views on what it was like for me as an American growing up in Pakistan and what it was like for them as a Pakistani-American growing up in the United States. As we both realized, stereotypes abound on both sides. I usually made the case that all of us had an obligation to move beyond the stereotypes that we had experienced and somehow be a bridge between two very different places that all too often misunderstood each other.

I certainly tried to do that. It has helped that I actually observed at first hand some of the historic chapters involving Pakistan's history as well as the periodic US involvement with it. Most Pakistanis know that history in a way that most Americans do not. In Pakistan's

narrative, the blame is very much directed toward the US and even American officials can sometimes be caught flat-footed when they are confronted with this narrative.

I know it is self-serving, but there are times one wants to say diplomatically in a conversation with a Pakistani interlocutor, "You know, it is a lot more complicated than that"! If there are dark pages in some aspects of the relationship between the US and Pakistan, Pakistan has plenty of dark pages of its own to contend with! Some of their own choices over the decades have taken them to difficult and at times even horrible places.

All that said, the earthquake relief and reconstruction effort momentarily offered a unique opportunity to show that we could be friends, at least in a time of dire need; it also provided an opportunity for us to demonstrate a measure of effectiveness in an extraordinarily difficult situation. Conversely, it was important to indicate to the Pakistani "person on the street" that both the government and citizens of the US cared.

The earthquake in the northern areas brought the various parts of Pakistan together, at least for a time. This is a diverse country that is riven by differences. Yet the photos of mountainsides tumbling into the rivers below bringing whole villages with them precipitated a lot of empathy and a widespread relief effort generated within Pakistan itself. More than 70,000 people had lost their lives and two or three million were rendered homeless. The response was not confined only to international organizations and NGOs; many Pakistani groups from across the country almost immediately became involved.

Throughout my 14 months as USAID Mission Director in Pakistan I wore two hats, one involving the "regular" USAID development program and the other focused on earthquake reconstruction. Prior to my arrival, USAID through the Office of Foreign Disaster Assistance (OFDA) had also led a tremendous relief effort that included the short-term deployment of several Chinook helicopters from Afghanistan to Pakistan. These military helicopters delivering relief supplies to remote places were referred to as "Angels of Mercy" in certain segments of the Pakistan media. They also left a positive impression among ordinary Pakistanis, especially during the darkest days in the immediate aftermath of the earthquake.

A lot of Islamic groups were also involved, both local and international. There were some conversations as to how much we could or should work together. My contention, my public statements always emphasized the personal elements of occasions like this, the fact that in such dire and devastating circumstances it was compassion and mercy that mattered most. Viewed through this framework, the immediate response should always be – "What are you doing about it? For our part, we want to be numbered among those that are doing something and making a difference".

Q: Let me ask a question here. As you are developing the program for relief and assistance and ultimately reconstruction, are there simple ways of rebuilding that are more resistance to earthquakes in the future that you were able to use?

ADDLETON: Yes. As I mentioned, I was not there for the relief part which of course was handled by the Office of Foreign Disaster Assistance (OFDA). When I arrived, the transition was underway from relief to reconstruction. It was during the reconstruction phase when rebuilding would largely take place.

Our partners at the Pakistan Earthquake Relief and Reconstruction Agency (ERRA) headed by General Nadeem certainly gave this concern a lot of thought and coordinated efforts by all the international and local organizations involved to address it.

At the beginning, when you flew across the earthquake-affected area, you saw hundreds of these blue tarps scattered all over the hillside, people living under canvas and then beginning to rebuild their homes. As for the scale, there were at least three million homeless Pakistanis in the northern areas – a number equivalent to the entire population of Mongolia.

The basic approach was that people would rebuild their own houses, which I think is a correct one. In a small disaster it is perhaps possible for donors or the government to build back private houses one by one. But the scale of the Pakistan earthquake meant this simply wasn't feasible. Government officials basically did an assessment, basing the cash grant to the affected family on that inspection. The assessment might be "30 percent destroyed" or 50 percent destroyed" or "total write-off". And when it came to rebuilding homes advice and plans were certainly available to encourage more earthquake resistant homes in the future.

ERRA's slogan was "Build Back Better," another indication of just how seriously they took this mandate. The UN also offered its advice and expertise including during the inspection and assessment process. Much of the funding for rebuilding houses did come from the international community and they had a vested interest in the quality of construction as well.

Our aid program, like those of more than a few other donors, focused on rebuilding schools and medical units. We also launched a program focused on economic opportunity, the idea being to rebuild local economies. Sometimes this involved supplying new livestock, equipment or whatever. A farmer might be given new animals if his livestock had been killed or a blacksmith might be given new equipment if his own equipment had been destroyed. Even our program to rebuild houses and schools had a "software" element, in this case focused on issues of management and training that would be important in running the newly constructed facilities, ensuring that USAID wasn't simply constructing buildings that would remain empty and unused.

Looking back, involvement in the Pakistan earthquake reconstruction program is something that I am definitely proud of. Bob McLeod was head of our engineering office in Islamabad and a key contributor to everything that happened. He was very, very good. To launch a reconstruction program, you have to have contracts in place and you have to work closely with a variety of partners. And that is what we did. We rebuilt dozens and

by the end hundreds of schools and health facilities, some in almost inaccessible mountainous places.

As I mentioned, our program wasn't only constructing a new building and then turning over the keys. The political process wants to see such buildings. But the real challenge is with the management and staff in terms of what happens afterward. Will staff be in place to operate the facility? Will funds be in place to pay them? Will effective management be in place to tie everything together? We were very conscious of these concerns from the very beginning.

Another element was the community outreach component which needed to come into play early on, when a site is being selected and when designs are being drawn up and finalized. It wasn't always possible to rebuild a structure in the same location – perhaps it had been inadvertently placed in a seismic zone.

Also, the community needed to be engaged in the design and look of any new buildings. A colleague named Marilee Kane took the lead for us in this area, organizing and monitoring community outreach. She had grown up in Pakistan as the daughter of a missionary family and briefly attended the same boarding school that I had attended in the mountains north of Islamabad though she was a bit older than me. Also, her stepfather had actually served as USAID Mission Director in Pakistan during the late 1960s or early 1970s and visited while I was there.

Another unique part of the program was that we had our own Air Force. Or at least we had a single small helicopter, operated by a Swiss mountain flying company. I am a frugal manager and my first thought was that this was a luxury that we didn't need and couldn't afford. But it turned out to be a lifesaver. So many community events and official openings would have taken an entire day to get to; you could do the same trip in an hour in a helicopter. It was also a personal lifesaver. It became my outlet for that entire year. The security situation sometimes complicated travel possibilities. But I was almost always able to fly. Probably I took a helicopter flight on average around once a week.

The Swiss pilot (perhaps he was German) was great. We parked the helicopter at the airport. And we used it a lot. I forget if our contract cost $1 million or $2 million. But in the context of a $300 million plus overall country program it was well worth it, both for accountability and for outreach.

It was a small helicopter, capable of carrying about four people. There was some talk early on as to whether we should contract for a bigger one. We realized that if that happened the Embassy would more or less take it over, using all the flying time for VIP visits including CODELs and STAFFDELS. Basically, the helicopter could hold three passengers and it was good that we kept it small. It meant that it was actually used for the work at hand and for the task for which it had been intended.

I arrived in Pakistan in March 2006, a country that I was already quite familiar with. And within that first week I had a press conference which Ambassador Crocker also attended

where I announced that USAID was moving from relief to reconstruction. I also outlined the plan for the program.

Quite a few of my remarks were in Urdu which surprised people. That set the pattern for what I did throughout the next fourteen months in Pakistan. I don't have great Urdu, especially after all those years away. But I consciously prepared my remarks beforehand, working with Pakistani colleagues at the USAID Mission to help out. Often I would speak off an Urdu script which also surprised people who usually expected me read from an anglicized version of it. I knew both the Urdu and Arabic scripts so this really wasn't a problem for me.

I worked with Ambassador Ryan Crocker during most of my time in Pakistan, a tough boss who took on all the tough assignments. He had been in Afghanistan, was now in Pakistan and would soon be heading to Iraq. Earlier in his career he had narrowly escaped being killed or injured in a suicide attack on the US Embassy in Beirut.

Later, when he got the assignment to Iraq, he announced to the country team: "The Foreign Service is basically divided into two different types of officers -- those who have served in Iraq and those who are going to serve in Iraq". Of course, he had a good partnership with the military. He was demanding and hardworking and accomplished a lot. That's the reality. But emotionally and psychologically it was very tough.

I came into work that first week and basically Ambassador Crocker said, "Jonathan, six months from now will mark the first year anniversary of the earthquake. We have to have a school that is built and in place by that time". He planned to invite the Prime Minister to attend the grand opening of that first post-earthquake school in the mountains of northern Pakistan.

It was a daunting challenge. I came back to the little office, my very small office, given how crowded the Embassy in Islamabad was at the time. It is amazing how much work got done in that tiny place.

If I remember the chronology correctly, the USAID earthquake team told me, "Yes, we have the site selected. We'll include it in this contract that is about to be signed and we will get on it right away". And I think it was only a couple days later that this same earthquake team approached me again, this time with bad news. Apparently, the site selected for the prospective new Dadar Girls School, the design for which was already complete, was right in the middle of a seismic zone and we could no longer build it there.

So I had just arrived in Pakistan and received my instructions from the Ambassador to build a school in six months. And, at this point, we did not have a site selected or a design in place!

We had to shift sites and build the Dadar Boys School instead. This was kind of a disappointment in some sense because we liked the optics of having the first school

completed be a school for girls. But we had to shift plans because that was the only way we would have new school built within six months.

We had a terrific Pakistani engineering team in place, headed by Zahid Noor. The team definitely rose to the occasion. We took occasional visits to Dadar in Hazara district to follow progress. It turned out to be a beautiful school, by the way. It looked more substantial than most schools in the area. It had a lab and a library, unlike most rural schools. Any small town in the United States would have been proud of what we built in a very short time.

The Dadar Boys School had quite a tradition of its own, even though it operated in a rather remote rural area. I might also mention that when the earthquake occurred there were only a few casualties, unlike in other places where dozens of students were killed. Some locals wanted to name the Dadar Boys School in honor of the one student killed during the earthquake and we were completely amenable to this.

As for the school itself, its glorious history included one former student who had become a doctor in Europe. He patented a certain medical device and the locals were aware of this and very proud of it. We talked about it. And later we went up to Dadar for the grand opening in early October 2006. The Prime Minister attended. There was also a cricket demonstration match with bats signed by members of the Pakistan national cricket team. The captain of the national team was supposed to come but unfortunately got sick at the last minute. But, for sure, it was very much a feel good moment.

The official opening of the Dadar Boys School was mostly symbolic. But in subsequent months and years many dozens of other buildings were opened. And it was a very big deal to have the first one built in only six months. It was a big ceremony. It was front page news in most of the national newspapers. On the way home in the helicopter, Ambassador Crocker, a very hard boss to please, said, “Good job!” That was a nice compliment, and of course we all felt good about it. You didn’t hear that too often from Ambassador Crocker! So it was nice when he actually said it.

That year was incredibly intense. I’ve talked mostly about the earthquake reconstruction program so far. And, by the way, events marking the one-year anniversary of the earthquake also included a helicopter squadron from the Kansas National Guard, deployed in Afghanistan but flying to Pakistan briefly to help mark the occasion. Again, it was largely symbolic, given the role that these so-called “Angels of Mercy” had played in the immediate aftermath of the earthquake a year previously.

Once again, the Chinooks were flying above the mountains of northern Pakistan, this time bringing useful reconstruction supplies. The most striking pilot was a female, blond and with long hair. Although we weren’t able to open the Dadar Girls School on this occasion, we did arrange for her to talk to the girls. They were awestruck and her comments were inspiring. Again, the symbolism of it all was important and welcome.

Throughout my time in Pakistan the Embassy Public Affairs section would routinely poll the Pakistan public, asking them "What do you feel about the US approach to terrorism, or economic growth in your country, or blah, blah, blah?" One of the questions covered our efforts to assist with earthquake relief and reconstruction.

The response to most questions held quite steady and indicated an approval level of about 20 percent. However, the response on the earthquake question was markedly different, placing support at more than 80 percent. It was nice to read this indication of support. Sometimes I jokingly told other members of the country team, "I am doing my job here in Pakistan, what about you"?!? Outreach events such as the opening of the Dadar Boys School helped, as did the participation and support of the Prime Minister.

I mentioned that in the end the Dadar Boys School was built prior to the Dadar Girls. Against that backdrop, Bob McLeod and I determined that we would do something special for the Dadar Girls School when it was nearing completion, about six months later. And we did in fact arrange our own private program in Islamabad for the girls.

We hired a bus and with parental permission as many of the students who wished came down to Islamabad, the nation's capital. We showed them the major sights of the city. We also showed them Rawal Lake, the first time most of the students had ever seen a lake at all. We also organized an inspirational female speaker to come to the Embassy auditorium and talk to the girls. Again, this was an entirely unofficial, personal endeavor. It costs us a few hundred dollars each to rent the bus and provide lunch. Everyone came and went on the same day, a long trip. But it was one of the really memorable things I was able to do during my 14 months in Pakistan.

Having been born in the mountains of northern Pakistan and having been associated with the country for many years, it was very special to be part of an event like this. It was also special to have the opportunity to address in a positive way some of the worst effects of an earthquake that had been so devastating.

Other highlights included working with General Nadeem, head of the Earthquake Relief and Reconstruction Agency (ERRA). He was an impressive guy. I think he was the one who coined the slogan "Build Back Better". He had formerly been an Army helicopter pilot and sometimes took the controls in a couple of the trips that we took to the mountains together.

We haven't kept in touch since but I noticed he was involved with the UN after the Nepal earthquake, suggesting that he gained an international reputation for his work on disaster management. I met with him often. Like Ambassador Crocker, he was very committed, very persistent and always pressed hard to make things happen.

General Nadeem is part of those memories associated with my work in Pakistan. I don't think he ever became one of Pakistan's four Corps Commanders, the usual route to the very top of Pakistan's military hierarchy. I guess he never made it that far. I think all of Pakistan's military dictators over the years were at one time or another a Corps

commander, before staging the coup that took them to the very top. I can't imagine General Nadeem ever doing that.

I would definitely put General Nadeem in the category of consummate professional with a lot of integrity. And now this is a good segue to say that later he did in fact become responsible for programs in the Federally Administered Tribal Areas (FATA) along the border with Afghanistan, a thankless and almost impossible task. FATA borders the Durand Line and has a special constitutional status. While I was in Pakistan, USAID through the Office of Transition Initiatives (OTI) launched a new initiative focused on FATA.

During the time I served in Pakistan as USAID Mission Director, the situation in Afghanistan began to fall apart. The gains made early on after 9/11 disappeared and the Taliban made its comeback. Earlier, USAID colleagues in Afghanistan in some places even drove themselves to parts of the countryside. Increasingly, that was no longer possible. Arguably, what happened can be traced to the fact that the US took its eye off the target, especially following the US invasion of Iraq.

If I remember correctly, the first US drone strike in the FATA areas was announced at the country team during the time I served in Pakistan. As I recall, my first thoughts included (1) I hope they got the targeting right; and (2) I hope this doesn't happen very often. To my way of thinking, drone attacks might to some extent "work" – but only if civilian casualties were kept to a minimum and only if they didn't become a commonplace event.

The drone attack in FATA reflected a growing concern that the Taliban were finding refuge in Pakistan, both in FATA and in certain urban areas such as Karachi. I think Alonzo Fulgham was USAID Mission Director in Kabul at the time, serving under Ambassador Neumann. Working together, the two of them convened a meeting in Kabul for all the USAID Mission Directors working in the region including Central Asia, India and Pakistan.

I took the UN flight up to Kabul from Islamabad and spent a couple of days there – this actually happened in early 2006, a couple of months before the formal start of my Pakistan assignment in March 2006. It was my first direct engagement in Afghanistan in a long time. It also reflected an appropriate recognition that Afghanistan had to be worked out in a regional context, that the views of other players such as Pakistan and Central Asia also mattered.

So, in fact, my tenure as USAID Mission Director in Pakistan during 2006-2007 involved three main dimensions: the work in earthquake reconstruction; the work related to FATA and Afghanistan; and the "regular" USAID assistance program to Pakistan, at that time one of the largest such programs in the world.

The earthquake work was challenging and hard. In contrast, the FATA work was almost impossible. As I mentioned, OTI played a lead role and we worked with them to shape a scope of work involving FATA as well as neighboring parts of the Northwest Frontier

Province *(Subha Sarhad*), later known as *Pakhtunkhwa.* I visited the Khyber Agency and other places, basically participating in the planning for this major new program.

The task was hard enough and the occasional interventions from Washington which was following our work closely didn't help much. In one memorable or perhaps forgettable meeting, the enthusiastic Washington representative, after listening to certain concerns about a prospective program involving small dams, commented blithely "But Washington doesn't want to hear this"!

And, for me, that become something of a defining moment in terms of why we got so much so wrong. At some level, when the definitive history of US engagement with Pakistan and Afghanistan during this period is written, the recurring refrain of "But Washington doesn't want to hear this" may be used as an example of the hubris involved in managing events from a distance, of the way in which things can unravel so quickly. There are certain things that Washington should hear from the field, even if they don't want to hear them.

Again, I'm not sure what the long-term assessment of USAID's work in FATA and elsewhere will look like. I do think the structure and approach of what we put together was reasonable. We also worked to reopen the USAID office in Peshawar, an important and positive development, ensuring that USAID officers were in a better position to establish relationships with local officials and better figure out what was going on.

Before leaving Pakistan in the early summer of 2007, I wrote an op-ed on FATA for a number of newspapers in Pakistan. It appeared in both Urdu and English. Basically, I laid out what we had done and what we hoped to do. Even today, FATA remains one of the unanswered questions of Pakistan. It is a vital area of Pakistan, given its proximity to Afghanistan. But it also needs to have its constitutional status clarified if it is to ever properly participate in the affairs of Pakistan.

Finally, there is the matter of the "regular" USAID program in Pakistan, an area of activity that by itself would normally represent a full-time job. That program had a strong economic dimension, aimed at addressing policy and other concerns in areas that should be leading edge sources of economic growth and employment for years to come. These sectors include jewelry, dairy and horticulture. Certainly, there is much more that can be done in all three areas. With respect to dairy as well as fruits and vegetables, Punjab in particular, already the "breadbasket" of Pakistan, could see big increases in production and added value. As for jewelry, there is no reason why Pakistan can't be at least as competitive in Middle Eastern markets as India.

Let me also mention the name Warren Weinstein in this context because he was Chief of Party for the USAID contractor working in this area, a really dedicated and effective guy. I met him on several occasions. Long ago, he had also participated in the first USAID private sector training course I had attended in Charlottesville, not long after joining the Agency.

After I completed my Pakistan assignment he was picked up outside his guesthouse in Lahore and taken hostage. He was moved to the FATA region and remained there for several years before eventually being killed, apparently as the result of an American drone strike aimed at his captors. As I understood, he was kidnapped just as he was paying his final visits before finishing his assignment and leaving the country.

What a sad story. He knew my background in Pakistan and we talked from time to time. He was someone who adapted well to Pakistan and had the respect of those around him. On one occasion we met in the jewelry markets of Lahore, walking through Anarkali bazaar together. From these encounters, it was obvious that he was a practical, hands-on person, something that the Pakistanis he worked with also respected. What they didn't respect was all the hot air and platitudes coming from the donors. They liked the operational stuff.

Warren had a good rapport with those with whom he worked. I still remember one comment he made, which was basically "If an old Jewish guy like me can make it in Pakistan, anybody can"! It is a sad commentary on what he hoped to accomplish, the way he did this work and the way in which he interacted with people in a positive way. Warren lived in Islamabad and worked with USAID projects all over the country. He was a very effective contractor in so many ways.

The power sector was another area of significant concern. This included some infrastructure work including either adding to or replacing turbines in a power plant we had worked on some years before. We also had a big involvement in the health sector, both in Pakistan and Afghanistan. Contrary to what some outsiders may think, there have been big improvements in health indicators in both countries over the years. USAID has been an essential part of that effort.

I also recall with special fondness the day I travelled to Murree to open a new USAID-supported health center there. I was born in Murree which made this event especially gratifying. The young doctor I met there was named Sarfaraz and actually came from an incredibly beautiful area north of Hunza. We have kept in touch ever since. We've never seen each except on that one day. However, we are Facebook friends. He later migrated to Australia, practices medicine in Perth and has a daughter.

Q: Let me ask you, if the health calculations have changed, how would you describe how they've changed?

ADDLETON: Well, the indicators have certainly gotten a lot better over time. Actually, I was in a taxi in Washington not long ago and heard some NPR commentary on this matter. In fact, the commentator was saying in a very shocked tone of voice that infant mortality rates in Pakistan have been placed at 68 deaths per 1,000 live births, one of the highest such levels in the world.

Of course that statistic should be much, much better. But the reality is that when I arrived in Islamabad as a junior USAID officer back in January 1985, the rate was more like 130

per 1,000. So the figure nearly halved in a single generation. I think Japan has the lowest rate in the world at around six per thousand. Pakistan should aspire to continued improvements of its own. Pakistan has not done as well as it should and its child survival rates are a problem. But at least the trend in recent years has been in the right direction.

Especially in the Pakistan context, our engagement in HIV/AIDS outreach might have proved controversial. Again, it brought us into contact with aspects of life in Pakistan about which most people are unaware. Part of it has to do with the young boys at bus stations. Usually they are referred to as "cleaners" and sometimes they are dragged into other things as well. As it happens, I also had intriguing encounters with the Pakistani transgender community which in the Pakistan context is on the one hand acknowledged but on the other hand lives on the fringes of society. We had programs involving NGOs working in this area also

So, again, there is this face of the Islamic Republic of Pakistan that you may not be aware of, especially if all your time is spent on the social circuit in Islamabad. Here I was, as unlikely as it seems, going to the more sordid corners of the Rawalpindi bus station and other parts of the city, talking to the cleaner boys, talking to the dancers, the *hijras* (eunuchs), as they are sometimes called. And sometimes I have to acknowledge that I do look back and think, "Did I really do that," recalling that this work in Pakistan really did involve engagements with all those aspects of Pakistan society including this one.

Another interesting highlight is that I had the opportunity to return to upper Sindh where my father had worked. He had also done translation work in the Sindhi language. I did not make it back to Shikarpur, much to my disappointment. But I did visit a health center situated between Shikarpur and Sukkur, which is locate on the Indus River while Shikarpur is to the west, on the road toward Balochistan.

After this particular visit I also was driven to Sukkur and attended another event and actually gave remarks in Sindhi. I expect I am the only US diplomat to ever speak publicly in Sindhi! Realistically, I can't say I truly "speak" Sindhi". But I had heard a lot of Sindhi growing up and, preparing remarks beforehand, was able to do a passable job in pulling this one off. And, again, it was very gratifying to speak in Sindhi to this audience and to engage with them in this unexpected way.

Despite the security constraints I was doing quite a bit of outreach. At the same time, I was involved in planning for our projects and in the contracting process that followed. People are sometimes unaware about just how important the contracting process is. If you don't get it right, it can lead to terrible things later. Even to get it right is sometimes hard, there are tens or even hundreds of millions of dollars involved; it is also very competitive. Our contracting office in Pakistan was small but did a great job of supporting the Mission.

Pakistan is another of those USAID missions that historically has had an excellent local staff. I know that at first hand -- I remember especially Aabira Sher Afghan, Aazar Bhandara, Saad Paracha, Zahid Noor and many others. Of course, the history of the

USAID program in Pakistan is that sometimes funding levels have been drastically reduced and on occasion the program has more or less been closed down entirely, resulting in a loss of truly experienced staff.

Often those that do have to leave in these circumstances are able to find impressive post-USAID jobs. I hosted a couple of USAID "alumni events". Certainly, the USAID alumni list included some very distinguished alumni. They worked for multilaterals, they worked for international organizations, they worked in the private sector. In these and other ways, it was really heartening to reconnect with Pakistan and with USAID programs there in so many positive ways.

I got into trouble once. I took a trip to the Northern Areas which required going by plane. The Aga Khan Foundation was doing interesting work there and USAID was historically part of that. I also had a close friend -- Steve Rasmussen who was best man at my wedding -- who at different times had worked for the Aga Khan Foundation and was still closely involved. I had to get special permission from the Regional Security Office (RSO) to go to Gilgit and then up to Hunza, which I did.

On the way back, the rain kept us in Gilgit and it kept us there for what I think might have been three days. I was in touch with the RSO though sometimes communication was difficult and sometimes it took a long time to get a response. His first thought was that we should wait it out, that the rain would eventually stop. Finally, my friend in the Aga Khan Foundation said, "I can't stay up here forever. We are going to have to drive out."

I tried to relay this to the RSO and, hours later, had still not gotten a response. The phone connection didn't work and the e-mail connection didn't seem to be working either. And so I faced this horrible dilemma – do I stick with the Aga Khan program and ride with my friend the 500 miles through the mountains from Gilgit to Islamabad; or do I continue to wait for as long as it takes so that the weather improves and I can catch a plane? Because at that point I would also have lost my land lifeline back to Islamabad. The Aga Khan jeep would no longer be available. I would now be on my own.

I was getting a bad feeling about what was happening and beginning to feel very vulnerable. Here I am about to be left alone in this hotel and I'm not sure what will happen when my only land route back is cut off, just as the air route remains closed down. So I made a "command decision": I needed to take the land route to Islamabad while it is still available and I need to drive out in the Aga Khan jeep.

The drive back to Islamabad was uneventful. But the RSO was furious and the Ambassador wasn't happy, either. Again, it is one of those experiences that you think about later and perhaps second-guess yourself.

I'm not sure what the "lesson learned" was on this one. Perhaps it was "Never argue with your RSO" or "Never disagree with your RSO"; or the RSO says to do something and you do it, no questions asked. At the same time, officers are also advised in these security

courses that there are occasions when you absolutely have to follow your gut instinct. And my gut instinct in this very uncomfortable situation was, “I don’t want to stay here by myself without a lifeline. On this occasion I have to put my trust in the Aga Khan Foundation. I have to stick with them and drive out”.

Yet the official position -- you know how this works – is that you cross the line and now anything that happens from here on out is your fault. It is easy for the RSO to say “stay put” but he wasn’t in my shoes. I later reflected on this in another circumstance and still wonder about it.

Certainly, one “lesson learned” might have been, never question the RSO, don’t lift a finger, don’t push back, don’t do anything at all, until that formal approval arrives. But that was a situation in which I couldn’t remain passive, I needed to make a decision and I needed to get out. I don’t usually push envelopes but in this situation I had to do what I had to do. As you can see, some of the internal conflict associated with that trip still lingers after all these years.

Returning to our USAID and our part in the work of the Embassy, it was without doubt a challenging year. The relationship with Pakistan was problematic and didn’t seem to be getting any better. We received visitors from Washington all the time and spent a lot of time talking about and sometimes defending the US relationship with Pakistan.

Education was another important part of what we did, there was this perception that education was one of the keys to a better Pakistan. Our multi-year education portfolio was valued at around $300 million. It seemed like a lot to us and it seemed like even more to most of our Washington visitors who wanted us to work miracles with it.

The reality is, $300 million is the budget of a medium size school district of what, 30,000 students in the United States? The education system in Pakistan has to support 30 million students. So, yes, we care about the money; and, yes, this money comes from the American taxpayer. But in a country like Pakistan with 200 million people you have to be realistic about the potential impact of multiyear programs valued at $300 million. That is $1.50 per person or $10 per student over several years, not just one. Are you really going to transform anything, even with that amount? To my mind, this was one area where the expectations surrounding our program were definitely unrealistic.

So, yes, there were tons of briefings and CODELS and other visitors throughout that year. Ambassador Crocker was also very good about reaching out to journalists including the BBC, newspaper writers and others. He was very effective and participated in many interviews. It was interesting to be part of that at both a personal and a professional level, especially when issues related to the earthquake were involved. In spite of the tragedy surrounding the earthquake, you were able to engage constructively as part of the international response to it.

The FATA program in the tribal areas was always one of the big unknowns during my assignment in Pakistan. I didn’t realize at the time that my life would be so engaged with

Afghanistan later. But while serving in Pakistan I got an early taste of it. For example, I had that trip to Kabul to see the USAID Mission and meet with my fellow USAID Mission Directors. We sat by an open fire in Kabul one evening, looking at the sunset, looking at the Hindu Kush. And I got a sense at the time of what life was like for my colleagues in Afghanistan, not realizing that this would eventually become an essential part of my life as well.

At the same time, we were involved in implementing a traditional USAID program in a country that had a long history of engagement with the United States, one involving both ups and downs. There were gigantic challenges associated with it. But whether it was health or education or economic growth, I felt that we were making a best effort.

Ultimately it would be Pakistan that would determine its own future. We wanted to be a good partner. We wanted to be effective at a strategic level. And of course I saw all the positives and negatives at close hand. But, on balance, I would still stand by that program, especially the earthquake reconstruction part of it. You do hear about all the woeful projects, the unsuccessful ones, the terrible ones. They get all the media headlines. But the fact that you don't hear much about the Pakistan earthquake reconstruction program, that in itself is in some sense indicative of the fact that it was in large part successful

Q: A question here on how much if any at the end, let's say, of the all of this assistance to help those who were the neediest get a new start in life. Did we move the needle? If at all, (was it) in any measurable way?

ADDLETON: Yes, well, when it comes to the earthquake work and the efforts by General Nadeem and his reconstruction officers who helped orchestrate the work of so many donors and the reconstruction of so many buildings, there is no doubt that it made a difference. We also had our own community engagement which I do think resulted in better buildings in terms of what the communities in which we worked actually needed. There is no doubt that the construction of those new buildings was better than what was in place before.

I also recall that earlier in my career, during my first time as a junior USAID officer in Pakistan, I spent some time with our USAID engineer -- Michael McGovern -- in the Gadoon Amazai which is also part of the Northwest Frontier Province. He was very strict and if, for example, he thought there was a problem with the cement mix he would test it and in some cases he would require that the building be knocked down. "The whole building has to come down," he said. "If an earthquake comes here and those kids are in school and the building falls down, what do you want me to say to the parents"?

There is an important history associated with that approach, underscoring the importance of the contracting and inspection process and underscore the importance of getting it right the first time around. There were some backstories and some concerns in the aftermath of the Pakistan earthquake that speaks to those issues. The earthquake definitely did bring down many buildings including schools, sometimes resulting in scores of deaths. Not the

ones that USAID had been involved in years earlier, Gadoon-Amazai was in a different part of the country.

But the "Build Back Better" slogan that General Nadeem adopted was the right one, implying as it did strict standards and what some might even call "overkill" in terms of the building standards that now needed to be used. I'm not an engineer. But I do think that approach makes sense. I've talked to Bob MacLeod who stayed in Pakistan for years afterwards, continuing to work on earthquake-related reconstruction issues. He made a great contribution. He told me about the different designs, the construction work and what eventually happened. I do think that those public buildings that we constructed and the side programs associated with them were effective.

You are presumably also asking about those hundreds of thousands of houses that were also rebuilt during this time, in this case by their private owners who either rebuilt themselves or hired private contractors to do it for them. New earthquake-resistant concepts and designs were put forward and distributed and hopefully that helped. But I would be on less sure ground if I said that this was done in every case or even in most cases. At times, I'm sure that people gravitated toward the cheapest option possible. But there are also some relatively inexpensive approaches that can be adapted into new house construction.

Earthquakes are always possible in mountainous areas. There were a couple of big ones in Nepal after the one in northern Pakistan. For sure, the area where the Karakorum, Hindu Kush, Himalayas and the Pamir come together has been and remains an active seismic zone. It is seismically unstable and there is no doubt that there will be more earthquakes.

As we've discussed, the US-Pakistan relationship is a problematic one with a lot of "down" moments. But in an ironic way the earthquake relief and reconstruction effort was a decidedly "up" moment in relations between the two countries, at least for a period of time. Eventually of course the good feelings generated by this joint effort play themselves out. Other issues emerge and other events become part of the conversation.

I mentioned being in Pakistan when the first drone attacks occurred in the tribal areas. I had the feeling at the time, "How often will this happen and where is it going to lead"? Since then there have been dozens and perhaps hundreds of drone attacks. Again, I understand the rationale. Having served in Afghanistan which we'll get to later, I also understand the deep-seated animosity between Pakistan and Afghanistan.

At times I have thought, if Pakistan only knew what the Afghans thought; and, for that matter, if Afghans only knew what many Pakistanis think. For sure, there are competing narratives on each side. The Pakistan narrative is that Pakistan accepted and looked after millions of Afghan refugees during the 1980s and all they got for it in return was drugs and guns and maybe a violent and radical Islamist movement that now seems permanently embedded in Pakistani society. The Afghan narrative is that Pakistan supplies and supports the Taliban and is responsible for a continuous wave of suicide

bombings which have resulted in thousands of deaths. At some level I have empathy for both sides. But, still, Pakistan is not in a good place and neither is Afghanistan.

For all that, I appreciated the 14 months that I was able to spend in Pakistan. And, at least on a personal level, I hope I was able to make a contribution. And I hope that I was able to connect, if only at a human and cultural level through language and through my appreciation for Pakistan's historical experience. For example, in my public speaking and staff meetings I've always liked to quote Urdu poets such as Mir Taqi Mir or Ghalib or Faiz Ahmed Faiz. And I think those attempts have been appreciated.

Let me go ahead and mention it. When I departed Pakistan, the FSN staff gave me a small certificate that included the dates in which I served as USAID Mission Director in Pakistan: April 1, 2006 to May 13, 2007.

It goes on to provide perhaps the nicest compliment I've ever received: "*This award is also the embodiment of our gratitude for his kind personality, gentle manners, and his affection and respect toward Pakistan and its people and its national language, Urdu.*"

I did appreciate this reference to the Urdu element that I tried to highlight including the poems of the Moghul poet Mir Taqi Mir as well as the more contemporary poet Faiz Ahmed Faiz who was actually politically quite radical and didn't have much affection for the US or for the military rulers of Pakistan. But without doubt he wrote great poetry including love poetry, building and expanding on the Urdu poetic tradition.

Here is a *ghazal* from Mir Taqi Mir, lines from a famous couplet that I have probably quoted more often than any other, on special life occasions when it is important to be reflective, to look back on what really matters:

Kahin kyha jo pochey hum se Mir,
Jihan main tum aye they kya kar chale

(*What should I say, if anyone asks of me,*
What did you do while you lived on this earth)?

It was gratifying to be able to tap into important aspects of my childhood while attempting to address some of the important impacts of that devastating earthquake. Adding everything up, I've actually spent more than two decades – more than one third of my life – in Pakistan. I'm not sure if I will ever have the opportunity to return or work in Pakistan again. In some sense, Pakistan has always been a hard aspect of my career. But it has also been a gratifying one.

Q: So, and your entire period was unaccompanied?

ADDLETON: Yes, that is important to say. What happened is that I left Cambodia in late March 2006, arriving in Islamabad on April 2. The family stayed in Phnom Penh to finish

the school year. As for the terms of service in an unaccompanied post like Pakistan, everyone who volunteered was given three trips back home.

I took the first one in late May when I returned to Phnom Penh and helped Fiona pack-out, getting ready for the move back to the US. Now that I think about it, maybe in Pakistan it was only two authorized trips, not three as was later the case in a war zone such as Afghanistan. So the second time was to return to Macon, GA, where the family had "safe havened," for Christmas.

All of us in Pakistan were there as volunteers and all of us had accepted our unaccompanied status. Issues of morale always arise and are part of one's responsibility. It is sort of funny to think about it and I don't know if it is good or bad. But at one point during that year in Pakistan, one of my colleagues came to me and said, "Jonathan, you remind me of my Dad; you have been like a father to us". I was taken aback. What do you say in response to something like that? This was at a Thanksgiving celebration in Islamabad where quite a few American colleagues, all of us missing family on Thanksgiving Day, had gathered for dinner. No doubt, unaccompanied assignments have their down moments but they also have their uplifting ones.

I did have opportunity to return to my family, twice – once to Cambodia and the second time back to the US for Christmas. As an aside, it was enormously difficult bureaucratically to work it out so that Fiona and the kids could stay in Phnom Penh until June and finish out the school year.

At the same time that was happening, the Embassy was moving to its new location in Phnom Penh. I had been involved in the planning for the stand-alone USAID building that would be part of the move.

I arranged the visit to help Fiona pack-out and return to the US to coincide with the official opening of the new Embassy compound. The new USAID Mission Director had not yet arrived at post. So I participated in the ceremony and it is nice to think that another aspect of my time in Cambodia was to be there for the official opening of the new and much improved American Embassy complex .

After Cambodia the rest of the family moved to Macon, Georgia. We enrolled the kids in Mount de Sales, a parochial school in downtown Macon that was probably the most diverse school we could have placed them in. Soccer was an important part of their life and was also one of the reasons that this move worked out.

When people think of a place like Macon, they don't necessarily think "international". In fact, small town America is often more international than people elsewhere realize. Even now in retirement, people sometimes ask – "How can you adjust to life back in Macon, Georgia"?

Of course stereotypes don't always hold true. Both Iain and Cameron definitely made their mark on the Mount de Sales soccer team. Their best friends were on the team and

came from many places – Kenya, Ireland, Italy, Jamaica and elsewhere. It wasn't Washington, DC; it wasn't an international school; but especially for the boys, it was an ideal community to be part of and it did have an unexpected international flavor to it.

Back in the day, when we first arrived in Mongolia in early fall 2001, we had helped found Ulaanbaatar United Football Club. Because we thought, even at that time, that for kids who would grow up around the world, it is important to have a skill of some kind, in this case a sports skill, that was easily "transferable" when moving to another school. If they didn't like soccer, we wouldn't push them; perhaps they could try something else.

Even in the best of circumstances it can be hard for Foreign Service kids to arrive once again to a new school and find their niche. Maybe some people would say that this isn't a good approach, that sports is already emphasized too much. Perhaps we could have done the same things in arts or music or something else. But in our case sports did matter and we were consciously aware that involvement in sports might be an entry to a larger supportive community. And the fact is, our kids have usually been immediately welcomed onto the sports teams at the schools they attended and this has almost always been good for them.

I enjoyed watching the kids play on the sports field when I did come back to the US, to see them play soccer. Catriona would have been in sixth grade, Cameron would have been in eighth grade and Iain would have been in tenth grade.

This is totally off topic – but by some coincidence in the same school that our kids were attending at the time there was a young lady in seventh grade who was quite musical. Her name was Betty Cantrell and a few years later she became "Miss America"!

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Q: Wow!

ADDLETON: Macon and Mount de Sales has its interesting moments and that was one of them! Actually there have been a number of interesting graduates from Mount de Sales over the years. I think that one of the members of the band REM attended that school, as did at least one of Otis Redding's kids. So that was our year at a parochial school in the southern United States. Iain ended up staying and graduating there. Cameron came back later and also graduated from Mount de Sales.

My time in Pakistan came to a close and we prepared to go to Belgium. For the most part, it was a good year. The children connected with our extended family. They lived with Fiona in a sort of mother-in-law apartment, downstairs from my parents on Ben Hill Drive, on the edge of Macon near Walnut Creek.

At some level I thought of it as a gift to our kids, to ensure that they were able to spend time with extended family, not only their grandparents but also their aunts and uncles and cousins, some of whom lived in the Macon area. By my lights, it was important for them to feel some affinity with these other branches of their larger family tree.

Time is relentless but we are lucky to have had the opportunity to maintain some sense of a larger family association. We are lucky to have a modest house in an area where my Dad grew up. In this day and time, it is probably uncommon for children, at least Foreign Service children, to hear their grandfather say, "Well, I herded cows over here; my mother milked cows on this cement slab built especially for her; that huge tree that you see over there, I planted it back in 194!"

Probably the more inevitable scenario is for Foreign Service families to lose touch with whatever you might call it – their grounding, their roots, their origins or whatever. Of course, we are a traveling society and there is a kind of impermanence about everything. But in the case of both Scotland and America, we tried to instill some sense of understanding of where at least their parents came from, all the time realizing that there is no way that our kids will ever settle in Macon, Georgia. But we want them to realize that this is also part of their personal and family history, that Middle Georgia also means something to them even after we pass away.

Q: Hmm. Nice. Okay. So why don't we go ahead and cover Belgium and that will conclude this session. Because again it's a kind of unusual posting to go immediately after Pakistan.

ADDLETON: Yes, so I am by now well into my career – and it is still not back to Washington or back to the United States. I guess you have to do the math. It is now 2007. I joined the Foreign Service in 1984. Now I'm at year 23 and I am approximately two-thirds of the way through my time as a Foreign Service officer.

USAID has gone hot and cold when it comes to donor coordination involving the placement of its officers in the capital cities of other donor countries. But this was a time when USAID thought it was a good idea and therefore it consciously placed liaison officers in Tokyo with the Japanese, in Geneva with the UN organizations, in Rome with the World Food Program and in Brussels with the European Union. There was even talk about placing a liaison officer in Beijing to interact with China and their growing aid program. For a short time at least, that also happened.

So at this time there were four or five such USAID offices that had been established. As always, there was a discussion over whether it was worth it or not. But the assignments were advertised in that particular bid cycle and I had bid on the one in Brussels even though I wasn't a French speaker and even though my record on learning new languages later in life wasn't very impressive.

Again, I put my hat in the ring, not sure what the results might be. Obviously, I thought service in a place like Pakistan might help. So why not Brussels? It was a headquarters assignment but not a US headquarters assignment. Fiona being from Scotland, it was probably as close as we would ever get to her Scottish family.

Fiona's three sisters lived in Scotland, as did several cousins the same age as our own children. Her father had passed away shortly after we moved to Mongolia and her mother

passed away when she was still quite young. But one of her aunts who was quite close to her and had been a mother figure to her over the years lived in Glasgow. In fact, in the end we were able to travel from Brussels and spend time with her, using cheap Ryan Air flights. She passed away while we were in Brussels and we attended her funeral.

Islamabad had been a challenging assignment and it was time also to reconnect with family. We did tell Iain that he was welcome to come to Brussels with us and spend his senior year at the International School of Brussels. We also said that he could stay in Macon in the downstairs apartment on Ben Hill Drive and graduate with his class at Mount de Sales if he wanted. It was actually challenging to make this transition. He used to joke that one of the first things he was asked when he arrived at his new school in Macon was, "When you lived in Cambodia, did you go to school on an elephant"?

But he seemed to have a good attitude about his school transition. He plays sports but he also reads a lot. I'm sure he felt like a fish out of water when he arrived in Macon. But I think that both teachers and students appreciated his personality and what he brought to the sports field as well as the classroom.

So he stayed in Macon when the rest of the family moved to Brussels. I must have returned from Pakistan in early summer 2006. Throughout the fall I attended French language classes at the Foreign Service Institute, flying down to Macon on weekends. We arrived in Brussels to begin our new assignment in Brussels at the beginning of 2007, halfway through Iain's senior year.

Our address in Brussels was on Rue de Crayer in Ixelles. We enrolled Cameron and Catriona in the International School of Brussels (ISB), by far the biggest school they ever attended. It was huge, it was modern, it had programs in music and art and sports and everything else that we could only dream of. At one level, it was a wonderful school, perhaps the kind of school our kids had missed out on by our decision to spend my Foreign Service career at the smaller, more remote hardship posts. But it still was a challenge for our two youngest kids to fit in.

Catriona, even as an eighth grader, tried out for the ISB junior high basketball team and made it which was kind of cool because she hadn't grown up playing basketball and making any team at ISB was far more competitive than anything any of our kids had ever experienced before. She made some good friends from Jordan and the US and elsewhere and maybe she is still in occasional touch with a couple of them.

Cameron's adjustment was harder, perhaps because, unlike Catriona, he had settled into Mount de Sales well and was leaving a lot of friends from both his school and his Macon Hearts soccer club behind. He eventually made some very good friends in Brussels but that took time.

He also experienced something of that not uncommon syndrome that happens when you arrive as the new kid at a very large new school – you may be good at sports but nobody, least of all your new coach, has any idea of who you are. That plus a sports injury early

on complicated his life still further! Basically, he was put out and felt sort of insulted that he made the JV soccer team rather than the varsity soccer team that first season, even though he had a good JV season, made his mark on the soccer field and received an MVP award.

ISB actually had two soccer seasons, in the spring against various international schools and in the fall against the various military schools in Europe. So eventually he did make the varsity soccer team, played in various tournaments, and he did make his mark there as well, despite injuries early on.

He also played rugby for the first time, earning a place on the ISB varsity team during the winter quarter and winning the "most improved player" award at the end of the season; perhaps that is not surprising because, prior to joining the team, he had never touched a rugby ball at all. Now he is an Air Force Combat Controller, part of an elite team within US Special Forces. We're in awe of his physical capabilities but at least some of them were evident, even then, on the soccer and rugby field.

Belgium was beneficial in a number of ways including for Cameron and Catriona though we may not have fully recognized it at the time. We travelled to various places in Europe including Croatia, Montenegro and the Adriatic coast. We connected with Fiona's family in Scotland. We visited some of the battlefield sites connected with her family including the cemetery in Arques-la-Bataille south of Deippe where her uncle Arthur Riach from the Seaforth Highlanders is buried and the war cemetery in Ypres where her great uncle William Miller from the Cameron Highlanders is buried.

Iain had been accepted at Davidson College in Davidson, North Carolina and was visiting us in Brussels when he got the phone call to let him know that he would receive a full tuition scholarship as well. That was terrific if unexpected news! Actually, we were staying in a lodge on top of Mount Kemmel, a World War I battle site in Belgium, when he got the news.

Iain had an interesting year in Macon, GA in other ways as well. As a high school senior, he volunteered in the "Obama for President" campaign, knocking on doors and making hundreds of phone calls. He had read Obama's memoir and was aware that Obama had spent part of his childhood in Indonesia and I think this had a certain appeal. On the eve of the Georgia primary which Hillary Clinton lost, candidate Obama spent time in Macon. Iain helped carry the bags. So we have this great photo of Iain as a high school student and Obama as a presidential candidate, arms on each other's shoulders, both with big smiles. We were pleased that Iain could participate in something like this.

Back in Belgium, Cameron started to make friends and participated in school service trips to Togo and Ukraine. He also joined the Royal Auderghem Football Club not too far from our house, making him an even better soccer player when he returned to the US.

The coach and all the players spoke French. Most of his fellow players were emigrants from West Africa and North Africa. Along with soccer, he learned firsthand something

about the tensions beneath the surface in a place like Belgium, some of the ways in which a new Europe was emerging. It was yet another unusual life experience of the kind that Foreign Service kids somehow seem to have to deal with and work through all the time.

We expected to be in Belgium for at least three years. I think more than a few of my USAID colleagues probably thought, "Lucky Jonathan, to be in Brussels. This is probably his 'out to pasture' assignment, after his 14 months in Pakistan. After all, he has already been a USAID Mission Director three times – in Mongolia, Cambodia and Pakistan. That should be enough for one career."

By this time, I was over 50 years old. I had been in the Foreign Service for 23 years. I could retire at any time. That might have been when I started to think about retirement as well. I actually arrived in Brussels in December 2007; Fiona along with Cameron and Catriona joined me in the new year.

Brussels was interesting though I will probably only cover it briefly here. It really did give me a ringside seat on what was happening with respect to development issues in Europe. In terms of official development assistance, the EU and the Americans together accounted for well over 80 percent of all aid programs world-wide.

Of course, there were aspects of the European approach that I admired. But my time in Brussels also made me realize, "Wow, we think we have a bureaucracy, look at the European bureaucracy!" Brussels really is a vast bureaucracy with armies of people and the meetings seem endless.

Probably the biggest challenge was to arrange useful trips for senior visitors from Washington, all of whom seemed to think that the Europeans were anxiously awaiting a discussion and wanted to hear what they had to say. What they did not seem to realize is that at the time there were 28 EU member states, each with their own presidents, prime ministers, cabinet ministers – and aid administrators.

Prime Ministers were always coming and going and those from smaller countries didn't necessarily get the meetings with the senior members of the EU bureaucracy that they might expect, even as honored members of the EU. Moreover, a European Commissioner did not perceive themselves as the "counterpart" or "colleague" of a State Department Assistant Secretary or USAID Assistant Administrator.

We had to go to great lengths to disabuse our senior visitors of some of these realities: "No, a press conference doesn't make sense; nobody will show up"; "No, even a press release doesn't make sense, nobody is interested in the latest USAID announcement". At most, you might try to get a roundtable discussion going with your senior guest from Washington, that was about as much as we might hope for.

I did get roped into going to Davos one winter, to assist with the USAID Administrator's visit. If getting the attention of anyone in Brussels was hard, getting the attention of anyone in Davos at a time when it was being visited by heads of state from all over the

world is even harder. In that situation, it is hard to set up meetings and hard to think that USAID press releases will have any traction at all.

You do want to please your bosses. But what you come to realize is that Davos is partly a nice income generator for small but wealthy Swiss villages where the cost of living is extraordinarily high. I don't remember but it might have cost a couple thousand dollars a day or maybe even more to rent even a modest chalet.

It was intriguing to have a front row seat for a few hectic days on how Davos actually works. Looking around a room or a reception area, you see familiar faces and people you think you know – but of course you know them only from front page newspaper stories or glossy magazine articles. So, despite my cynicism, I was lucky to see something of Davos and its assorted dignitaries in action.

I also attended a number of EU meetings including those called under the EU presidencies held by various countries including, during my tenure, Sweden. That resulted in an interesting trip to Stockholm, an unusual place for a USAID officer to visit.

Once I was asked to represent USAID at a university event in London, taking a fast "chunnel" train rather than a flight to do it. This was during the second Bush presidency and the academic audience in the UK was very skeptical. Actually, the moderator seemed to have a permanent curl on his lip and I briefly thought he must surely despise the very ground on which I walked. As I came to realize, nothing is more insufferable than the smugness of an English academic.

I don't mind these kinds of encounters. In fact, there are times when I actually enjoy them. It was also educational to see just how cynical, skeptical – and smug – the academic halls of Europe were becoming. I wouldn't necessarily describe it as "antagonistic" or "hostile" though it did strengthen my perception that the gap separating theoretical and abstract university environments from field reality was huge. And I don't think it was just because I was an American citizen or, God forbid, an official of the US Government. The European bureaucrats in Brussels felt the disdain also.

In a completely different context, there was also a clear divide between the view of Europe from inside Brussels and the view of Europe from outside of it, as we came to understand during our travels and in conversations with family and friends in the UK.

In addition to my EU duties, I served as "Development Counselor" at the US Embassy to the European Union, reporting and advising the country team on various events and developments related to EU and US aid programs. Mark Storella was the new DCM, having finished his Cambodia assignment; later he became US ambassador to Zambia. It was good to have this opportunity to reconnect with Mark and nice to have a friend and colleague in the Embassy front office.

A lot of what the Europeans were talking about during my time in Brussels was Pakistan and Afghanistan. Having recently spent 14 months in Pakistan, it did add something to

my credibility when participating in those kinds of discussions. Theoretically, it involved an effort to synchronize policy. In reality, it became more about explaining programs and policy so that people knew where the US government stood on a particular issue, even as we sought to learn more about the European position: "This is what we are doing, this seems to be what you are doing, this is perhaps how we might consider working together"

In fairness, having that kind of conversation is not a trivial matter. It is important to exchange information. It is important to share views on any number of issues. It is also important to make sure that you are not actively undermining each other, even if you are not actually working together.

But at the end of the day my time in Brussels confirmed my view that the best donor coordination happens in the field, not at headquarters. The policy signals from Washington and Brussels need to be supportive and helpful. But that policy mandate can only become reality in the field; it really happens best when the conversations take place in Phnom Penh or Islamabad or somewhere else and the people in the field work something out among themselves.

Our time in Brussels went all too quickly. And the reason it went all too quickly – and this is probably the last part of today's conversation, unless you have more questions – is that something happened a few months into my Brussels assignment that had never happened before.

Basically, a colleague whom I respect a lot named Gene George was serving in the USAID HR office in Washington. HR was and is a swamp, possibly the worst assignment anyone could ever have. Yet Gene, a former USAID Mission Director in Bangladesh, was making the most of it.

Among other things, that included being transparent about upcoming Chief of Mission opportunities. It is not common for USAID Mission Directors to serve as Ambassadors but on occasion it does happen. As I mentioned earlier, Dean Hinton, Princeton Lyman, Carlos Pascual, Lew Lucke and others are all examples of USAID Foreign Service Officers who also became ambassadors.

Gene George definitely seemed interested in ensuring that at least one USAID officer became an Ambassador on his watch. So he passed on to various senior USAID managers the list of upcoming potential ambassadorships that State would be filling.

To paraphrase, the note that Gene circulated, stated something like this: "The State Department has asked USAID to nominate at least one potential Ambassador next year and we are sending this around to our senior people to see if you are interested. If so, please provide a 500-word statement about why you think you should be considered and please also provide at least three references."

Prior to this note I had always wondered what it might take when, very rarely, a USAID officer became Ambassador. It did not seem to happen very often. I did not have even an

inkling of how the process worked. It was a complete "black box" to me. But Gene's note explained part of the process. It also included a list of something like 25 or 30 countries, some of them European which were obviously non-starters for me.

Argentina was on the list, Iceland was there, blah, blah, blah. And, remarkably, Mongolia was also there. I think it was well known that we had enjoyed our time in Mongolia immensely. So Fiona and I discussed it. As I said at the time, "You know, it is like a thousand to one chance that this might happen; it is like lightning striking; it probably won't happen; but who knows"? If it were to somehow happen, it would mean that we would be in Brussels for only two years rather than the expected three or four years.

Gene George's message indicated that interested USAID officers should list up to three potential positions for which they might wish to be considered. It didn't take long for me to come up with my list:

1. Mongolia
2. Mongolia
3. Mongolia

Mongolia was the only country I expressed an interest in. So I went back with my cover message, attaching a 500-word short essay. Although I didn't include this in my write-up, most Ambassadors to Mongolia seem to have come with a strong background in Korea or Japan or perhaps China. Most if not all had also come out of State's Bureau for East Asia and the Pacific (EAP). Intriguingly, the Soviet Union wasn't a "training ground" for future US Ambassadors to Mongolia, as had been the case in other places such as Central Asia.

My experience was more focused on Central and South Asia. While I could build a case for long having been committed to inter-agency cooperation, my entire career thus far had been spent as a USAID officer. But one thing I did bring to the table that no one else would likely have was prior work experience in Mongolia. So I did build that into my application. And somehow the stars were aligned, lightning struck and I was eventually nominated to serve as US Ambassador to Mongolia.

I completed my application and sent it off to Gene George. But I never thought that it might actually happen.

Alonzo Fulgham who by now was part of the senior USAID leadership team in Washington was very helpful. He was a great friend and colleague and had preceded Jon Lindborg as head of the USAID Economic Growth/Private Sector Office in Jordan. Later he became Acting USAID Administrator at the end of the Bush administration and during the first months of Obama Administration, the first African-American to hold this position. He had also served as USAID Mission Director to Afghanistan. Without doubt, he offered important encouragement and support. In fact, at one point he told me directly, "Jonathan, you can't be shy. You don't think of yourself as a political person. But you've got to reach out to anybody you know who might be helpful."

As it happens, Bill Burns had been Ambassador during the last part of my Jordan assignment. I was Program Officer at the time but we interacted occasionally. So I told Alonzo, "Well I did once work with Bill Burns."

Alonzo replied immediately by saying, "You've got to send him an email." The fact that Bill Burns would chair the "D" committee making the final selection of prospective ambassadors made it even more important.

I sent an email to Bill Burns. I did not ask for anything, not even a reference. But I did say that USAID might be putting my name forward for an ambassadorship in Mongolia. I simply wanted to let him know in advance. If there were any questions that he might have, I would be happy to answer them.

Bill, as is habit, replied almost immediately. And this is more or less what he said: "Jonathan, thanks for letting me know; you will make a wonderful Ambassador".

This was an important if unexpected affirmation of my interest in Mongolia. It must have been several months before I heard anything else at all. But I clung to this sort of forlorn hope that, on the basis of Bill's positive e-mail, my candidacy might yet still be alive.

Reflecting on "stars being aligned," you do have to wonder. I had worked with Alonzo and he was now one of the most senior career officials at USAID; I had worked with Bill Burns and he would chair the "D" committee that selected ambassadors.

The process dragged on and I wasn't entirely certain at first that my name had even be submitted to State. Later it seemed that six or eight USAID names had gone forward to State but it was likely that only one of those names at most would make it any further.

The way I was informed is as follows: I took a train to Paris to attend an OECD meeting. A friend named David Hover who had grown up with me in Pakistan, originally from England, lived in Paris with his French wife. I gave him a call and we met that evening in a bar. I don't spend much time in bars – but there I was, on that particular evening, sitting with David in a noisy bar and reflecting on our childhoods in Pakistan.

Meanwhile, the Ops Center in Washington was trying to contact me. They wanted to patch Harry Thomas, Director-General of the Foreign Service, to me. He was a former Ambassador to Bangladesh where I think he worked with Gene George, a genuinely nice guy.

Fiona knew something was up because the Ops Center first tried to connect Ambassador Thomas to our house in Brussels. So Fiona provided them with my cell phone number. I am a complete klutz when it comes to cell phones, especially in those days. The bar was also very noisy. But the next thing I know, Ambassador Harry Thomas is on the line. Perhaps you know Harry?

Q: Yes, he was in my A-100 class.

ADDLETON: Oh, that's right! So you would have tracked his career to some extent, a very successful career as it happens; of course, being Director-General probably is not a very fun job. But here he is on the telephone, asking to speak to me. He is very much a people person, gregarious and friendly. Probably, he was the right person for the job.

So, give credit to the State Department. Here I am in Paris, a USAID officer not expecting something like this to ever happen. The Ops Center in Washington is asked to place a call, they reach Fiona in Brussels first. She says, "He's away". But they still manage to contact me in Paris. And Harry Thomas is put on the line and he says, "Jonathan, I want you to know that you are going to be the State Department's choice for an assignment to be the next US Ambassador to Mongolia".

He added that an election campaign was then going on; that there were two different candidates; and no one knew at this point who would be the next President: "McCain is running and Obama's running. We don't know who will win. But we are going to send the list of potential State Ambassadorial nominees to each campaign. They can do whatever they want. Don't pull your kids out of school. Don't sell the house. It may not happen. But I did want to let you know you that you are our nominee for the position." He also added, "Don't tell anybody, not even your best friend!"

So here I am with my friend in this crowded, noisy Paris bar. Inevitably, he asks, "What was that phone call about"? Or, for that matter, what happens when I return to Brussels and Fiona asks? What do you tell my parents? Of course, we were very circumspect. But I did tell a couple of people about the possibility including of course Fiona. But we still weren't ready to believe that this assignment was "real" until the White House eventually issued a statement about it.

This may be old news to you. But, for me, I was entering completely new territory. Of course, the first thing it sets in motion is a lot of security stuff. It seemed that I was filling out reams of paperwork, so many questions that I was concerned I might forget something or make some misstep along the way or say something that might later come back to haunt me.

The process unfolds and you mostly try to forget about it and simply live your life as if nothing has happened or will happen. Of course, the host country has to accept you. As time goes on, you are made aware that your name as going forward for "*agrimont'* in Ulaanbaatar. I don't recall the exact date but I think it was in June 2009 when the White House finally made the announcement, more than a year after I had first expressed interest in the job.

After that things happened quickly, starting with Congressional Hearings. Sometimes that can be a stumbling block but in my case it went reasonably okay. After the hearings you are scheduled to take the two-week Ambassadorial Seminar.

Actually, the Hearings were enjoyable. I appeared along with John Bass who was going to Tajikistan; he later served as US Ambassador to Turkey. Former Utah Governor Jon Huntsman, slated for China, also appeared on the same panel, if I remember correctly.

Senator Isakson from Georgia introduced me. I only got one question, from Senator Webb of Virginia. It was a question about Mongolia's relations with China which is a good and appropriate question to ask. Mongolia is not on most people's radar screen so perhaps it is surprising that there was even one question. Having served three years previously in Mongolia, I was ready for almost anything that came my way.

The Ambassadorial Seminar was also a lot of fun. Fiona joined me for that. It included a day trip on a military aircraft to Tampa to tour US Special Operations Command. That especially resonates though in a different way in light of what our second son Cameron is doing now. Tom Shannon was at that same Ambassadorial Seminar also, slated to go to Brazil. He has now risen to the highest career ranks of the State Department. In any case, the Ambassadorial Seminar was the best Foreign Service training course I have ever been privileged to attend!

Let me quickly repeat here a short version of what I told you before. I think I related how I almost didn't get into the Foreign Service for health reasons related to the rheumatic fever I had contracted as an adolescent. Ever since, year after year, I've had my annual meeting with my cardiologist. And it was always, "You're cleared for another year, Jonathan. Things look good."

And it was always good. I had a class I State Department medical clearance for all of my Foreign Service career. Other than that hiccup at the beginning of my career, I've never even had to deal with a Limited Clearance situation.

However, prior to taking the Ambassadorial Seminar I had my annual check-up involving Dr. Esnard in Macon, Georgia. And during week two of the seminar he called me directly, having looked closely at the echocardiogram results. He told me that my long-damaged heart valve was now deteriorating. He added that, yes, I could consider going to Mongolia anyway – but I would be in a very bad place within a couple of years, putting me very firmly on the road toward congestive heart failure. At this point, the best course of action was to replace the damaged heart valve with a new one as soon as possible.

Talk about something coming out of left field at this time in your career! I mean, to be nominated as Ambassador to Mongolia was beyond my wildest dreams; it would be an unexpected honor, to serve my country and represent the President in Ulaanbaatar. And then I get this phone call. I suppose figuratively and perhaps literally my heart by this time was almost in my throat.

I had to call the head of State Med. Basically I said, "I've just gotten this diagnosis and it seems that I will have to undergo heart surgery." And she basically said, "Jonathan, just go ahead. We expect everything is going to be fine. Just keep us informed. The doctor should respond with a letter after the surgery and answer any questions. But we are going

to assume at this point that the surgery will be successful, that your new valve will be better than your old one and that you will go to Mongolia".

I was surprised and amazed. I did not believe that State Med would be enthusiastic about sending me to Mongolia so soon after heart valve replacement surgery. I was also enormously relieved.

Looking at the calendar, we thought the earliest that we could leave Brussels was late August. I also talked to my doctor who said the recovery period for surgery like this would be eight weeks. So we scheduled the surgery for September and I scheduled my swearing-in ceremony in the State Treaty Room on the sixth floor of the State Department for early November.

So our tour in Brussels ended sooner than we expected. But it also meant that I would not retire out of Brussels, rather that I would become an Ambassador instead. If I am not mistaken, we returned to Macon on a Friday and the surgery was scheduled for Monday.

Sadly, my wedding ring somehow slipped off my finger during the flight across the Atlantic. When we finally reached Mongolia, Fiona and I bought new rings, each incorporating the Mongolian symbol for matrimony and love.

By this time Iain was at Davidson College and Cameron had made the definitive decision to remain in Macon for his senior year rather than go with us to Mongolia. Catriona, now entering ninth grade, was also enrolled at Mount de Sales for a few weeks while I recovered, anticipating her return to Mongolia where she would once again attend the International School of Ulaanbaatar, this time meeting in an impressive campus rather than the most basic of rudimentary facilities.

A swearing-in ceremony is a special occasion, probably the State Department's most enjoyable ritual. It is a wonderful moment in anyone's career. The entire family attended though Cameron, flying up from Macon, almost missed his plane.

Bill Burns agreed to officiate at the swearing in ceremony. I did not actually tell him about the heart valve surgery. I did invite the head of State Med, thrilled and relieved that she had let my candidacy continue at a time when prospects for actually serving in Mongolia seemed bleak. She appreciated it and said that it was the first time she had ever attended an Ambassadorial swearing-in ceremony.

A couple years later I did tell Bill what happened. He wasn't surprised, he said he knew there must be something up when I recognized the head of State Med in my remarks. But to have Bill Burns swear me in was just really, really wonderful. And of course a lot of friends from the past who had been a part of our life and my career attended as well.

Prior to our departure for Mongolia I had a number of briefings arranged by EAP. The Mongolia desk officer at the time was very helpful and again I appreciated that a lot. The military encouraged me to drop by Pacific Command in Hawaii for at least a couple of

days en route to Mongolia and we arranged that as well. In fact, we had three great days in Hawaii which Fiona and Catriona especially enjoyed. Probably no one does these kinds of visits better than the US military.

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A couple of the conversations I had in Washington prior to departing for Mongolia were quite odd. I especially remember the one about nuclear issues. I knew at the time that there was interest in Mongolia's desire to become part of a "nuclear free zone" in East Asia but this conversation wasn't about that.

Rather, it was about the possibility that Mongolia might emerge as an international storage place for spent nuclear waste from nuclear power plants in different places such as Japan, given Mongolia's sparse population and vast open spaces. Senior people were involved in this effort and they were quite serious about it. It was presented as something that would be financially lucrative for Mongolia – and no doubt for them also. I mostly sat there and nodded politely. But I didn't think for a moment that anything like this would ever "fly" in Mongolia, much less among its neighbors. To my mind, there was no way that something like this would ever happen in Mongolia.

At other meetings I talked about Mongolia's interest in UN peacekeeping and also its deployments in Iraq and Afghanistan. Privately I think I called Tom Wilhelm who had served as military attaché when I was USAID Mission Director five years before and was our next door neighbor, eager to get his perspective as well.

Q: The only thing I would like to do is end at the point where you arrive in Mongolia so we can use that as the next session.

ADDLETON: Yes, this a great time to break our conversation. Let me know if you have any final questions. I'll just bring this to the closing point very quickly.

I do want to say that I appreciated and perhaps it is fair to say even admired the State process, led by the State Mongolia desk. The meetings, briefings, background material, preparation for hearings on the Hill – all this was excellent; I have to say, State does a great job when it comes to things like this. Mongolia is at some level a modest country and a modest assignment. But it is located in an interesting and important geo-strategic part of the world. And State did a great job in preparing me for this new assignment, albeit it in a country where I had served before.

Although Mongolia has a population of only three million people, its location and its history does mean that what happens there is of broader interest. So I had some really good meetings with people at State and elsewhere who tracked Mongolia and cared what happened there. This includes the head of East Asia and Pacific who later became the US Ambassador to Vietnam. Obviously, he had a strong interest in East Asia.

Possibly I was something like a fish out of water, at least to them, if only because of my USAID background. Possibly they originally had another candidate in mind for the next Ambassador to Mongolia and weren't particularly delighted when my name came up and

moved through the system instead. But this never came up in any of our conversations. They accepted the decision that had been made. I don't know what kind of conversations might have taken place behind closed doors. But the decision had been made and I got nothing but strong support at the working level from that office.

As regards my medical situation, I did tell one person in EAP. I also told Nick Hill, my DCM, after I arrived in Mongolia. I felt that both of them should know that I had just had this major surgery. However, I did not want the sympathy vote. I did not want others at the Embassy to know that this had just happened.

So we departed for Ulaanbaatar two days after the swearing-in ceremony. We had our three days in Hawaii and then we departed for our connecting flight from Seoul to Ulaanbaatar. The three of us—Fiona, Catriona and myself – stepped off the plane. We were met by a representative from the Mongolian Foreign Ministry and also by the charge and now my DCM, Nick Hill.

As an aside Nick's twin brother Jonathan had been my classmate at the Fletcher School. His brother Chris became an Ambassador to Korea and also Iraq and he had a stellar career, as outlined in his book *Outpost.* Their father had been a diplomat also. In any case, Nick Hill was an outstanding DCM. I very much appreciate everything he contributed to the success of the US Embassy in Mongolia.

Fiona and I loved our return to Mongolia from the very beginning. Because of what we had just experienced, because of the surgery, because it had been so unlikely that a USAID officer such as myself would ever become Ambassador – all that meant that Fiona and I determined to make the most of this assignment, every single day and every single minute of it.

Maybe that is the feeling that everybody has in this position, especially when they first arrive. But we often used the phrase "Beyond our wildest dreams" to describe what we're having the privilege of experiencing. I also used the phrase "The best job we will ever have".

I say "we" because Fiona and I were in this together. Fiona was fantastic as you'll see when we talk about Mongolia, especially in terms of morale at the Embassy and outreach to many people across Mongolia. It was a wonderful three years. Rather than retire out of Brussels, we had this new start and I had this unlikely opportunity to serve my country as Ambassador in Mongolia, to come back to the country for a second time.

I might have mentioned James Spain, a former American diplomat who has passed away. He was assigned to Pakistan early in his career and he wrote a book called *The Way of the Pathan*, even now a useful introduction for those working in Afghanistan or northwest Pakistan. He also served as US Ambassador to Turkey.

Spain's memoir – titled *In Those Days: A Diplomat Remembers* -- are interesting and well worth reading. One phrase stands out, the comment he makes that there is nothing

better than to return to a previous Foreign Service post, this time as Ambassador. He went on to say that what made it so rewarding is that the people you worked with previously have by now become senior officials and it is possible to have an easy and instant rapport with them. It also means that you already know the country very well, you are not experiencing it for the first time.

The point isn't to be arrogant about it. You have to rely on your political, economic, public affairs and other officers, even if they are experiencing the country for the first time and it is your second time around. But you do have deeper insights when you come back for a second time, insights that you probably wouldn't otherwise have. So I do think that James Spain got it exactly right on this point. I think this is what we also experienced. Coming back to Mongolia after five years away set the stage for what turned out to be the three best years of my Foreign Service career.

Q: Okay, so we'll pause here. Fortunately, it is all recorded!

ADDLETON: It looks like it! I see that little recording sign indicating this so I think, it's working!

Q: And what we'll do is we'll figure out a time for the next session. How does your calendar look?

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Q: Today is March 12th. We're continuing our interview with Jonathan Addleton.

ADDLETON: We left off at what were probably the two most important assignments of my Foreign Service career: Mongolia the second time around, this time as Ambassador; and Afghanistan, the most unusual and challenging assignment of my career.

After my swearing in as US Ambassador to Mongolia in November 2009, I proceeded to Ulaanbaatar with my wife Fiona and our daughter Catriona. Our two boys stayed in the United States: Cameron remained in high school at Mount de Sales Academy in Macon, Georgia; and Iain had started college at Davidson College in Davidson, North Carolina.

The unexpected opportunity to serve as Ambassador in a country that I knew and loved was wonderful. We can talk about that first and then move on to Afghanistan, the assignment that followed.

Q: Let me just ask you quickly, did you go to Davidson?

ADDLETON: I did not. I went to Northwestern and then to Tufts University for graduate school. At it happens, our oldest son Iain who attended Davidson later went to Tufts for graduate school as well. So, yes, our oldest son Iain and I attended the same graduate school, the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy at Tufts University.

Davidson is a small liberal arts college near Charlotte, North Carolina. Probably their most famous alumnus right now is Stephen Curry who plays for the Golden State Warriors, a very famous basketball player who will probably rank as one of the all-time NBA greats.

We were overseas when Iain started his first year at Davidson – which proved to be Stephen Curry's final year at Davidson. The previous year Stephen Curry had led Davidson to an amazing NCAA tournament run in which they missed being included in the "Final Four" by a single shot. Amazingly enough, Stephen Curry was helping the freshmen move in when Iain arrived. So we have this great family photo of Stephen Curry, future NBA Hall of Famer, with his arms around my parents, welcoming them and their grandson to Davidson.

There are other stories about Davidson, a wonderful college. One of them is that Woodrow Wilson couldn't hack it, so he had to drop out and go to Princeton instead. In any case, it is a neat little school and was perfect for Iain, having grown up in small international schools around the world. We were very pleased and appreciative that he was accepted and that he was awarded a full tuition scholarship that enabled him to attend.

Interestingly, the granddaughter of former Ambassador Christopher Van Hollen was in the same class as Iain. I had served as Ambassador Van Hollen's intern at the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace in Washington, DC all those years ago and now his granddaughter and my son were both entering Davidson as part of the same class. She was the daughter of Ambassador's Van Hollen's son, now the Senator from Maryland – Christopher Van Hollen Junior, born in Pakistan and the son of a diplomat. We connected again four years later, when both of our children graduated from Davidson.

We said our goodbyes to our two boys and we arrived in Ulaanbaatar in November 2009 – Fiona, Catriona and myself along with the Cavalier King Charles Spaniel we had acquired in Belgium, Ginger. It was amazing to come back to Mongolia after five years away. Unexpectedly, we had the personal and professional satisfaction of returning for another three years. We loved it the first time in a context focused entirely on USAID. But now I had the opportunity to engage with Mongolia in ways that covered the whole spectrum of our diplomatic relationship -- not just the development aspect but also the economic, commercial, security, political, cultural, and people-to-people aspects of it.

Q: Take a moment here to set the scene for how large is Ulaanbaatar, how big your country is Mongolia in terms of people. Just very brief, kind of where we are with them.

ADDLETON: Setting the stage, Mongolia is a big country -- about the size of Alaska in land area, or about twice the size of Pakistan. However, it has a population of only three million people. It is usually referred to as the most sparsely populated country in the world.

It also has famous history linked immediately to Genghis Khan. Karakorum, the ancient Mongol capital, is located in the center of what is now Mongolia though there is very little left to see. And of course today's Mongolia is only a tiny part of what was once the largest contiguous empire in the world.

We had the good fortune to live nearly six years in Mongolia, three as USAID Mission Director and three as US Ambassador. Of course, we witnessed a lot of change. Part of that was related to migration from the countryside to Ulaanbaatar, the capital and only really large city. More than a third of Mongolia's population lived in Ulaanbaatar at the time and the proportion continues to increase. Now more than 40 percent of Mongolia's population lives in Ulaanbaatar and it may soon reach 50 percent. Ulaanbaatar's population at the time was around 1.2 million; now it is approaching 1.5 million and unfortunately has emerged in recent years as one of the most polluted cities in the world.

Mongolia's next two largest cities are to the north – Darkhan and Erdenet. They each have a population of around 80,000. Some provincial capitals in Mongolia have populations of only around 10,0000-12,000, again illustrating the skewed population density in Mongolia.

So Mongolia is a huge country in terms of land area with a small population. As far as cities go, there is this single large metropolis; a couple of medium sized cities to the north called Darkhan and Erdenet ; and a number of provincial capitals than in most countries would be viewed as small towns. In fact, the population of the entire country would be dwarfed by the number of people living in even a single slum in a major South Asian city such as Mumbai, Delhi, Kolkata, Dhaka or Karachi.

We visited every province in Mongolia during our time there. Actually, we visited most provinces multiple times. As I mentioned, a provincial capital in Mongolia might only have ten or fifteen thousand people living there. Partly, it is this contrast between the urban area of Ulaanbaatar and the relative emptiness of the vast countryside that makes Mongolia so interesting.

As far as Mongolia is concerned, we are probably also regarded as optimists. Or at least we tend to take the "glass half full" rather than the "glass half empty" approach. Certainly, Mongolia has plenty of challenges, situated as it is between Russia and China in a strategic corner of Northeast Asia. But, given its circumstances, it could certainly have done a lot worse. So far, it has successfully maintained its sovereignty and independence.

I might have mentioned that most US ambassadors to Mongolia have come from a background and professional career spent at least partly in North East Asia, whether involving Korea or Japan. My background was somewhat different, not only because I had been a USAID officer rather than a State Department officer but also because I had never served previously anywhere in North East Asia other than Mongolia the first time around.

However, I did have extensive experience in South Asia, Central Asia and the Middle East, all areas where the Mongol Empire historically had left a strong imprint. This included not only Kazakhstan with obvious connections to Mongolia but also Pakistan where the legacy of the Moghul Empire remained strong and even Jordan, marking the furthest advance westward of the Mongol troops after they had conquered Baghdad in the thirteenth century.

In fact, when we served in Jordan we often visited Ajloun Castle north of Amman, overlooking the Jordan Valley. There is a sign on the front gate of that castle stating that at this place the Mamluks and the Mongols fought a battle. For the Mamluks it was a famous victory, ostensibly preventing the Mongols from proceeding to Egypt. For the Mongols, it was probably little more than a minor cavalry skirmish.

So I was immediately aware of the historic links between Mongolia and Central Asia, South Asia and even the Middle East, perhaps more than would ordinarily have been the case for others serving in the country. Actually, the Mongols had even reached another place where we had once served, Cambodia – as it happens, some of the best accounts of the Khmer Empire come from an emissary of Kublai Khan who visited Angkor Wat back in the day.

As far as relations with the US are concerned, our diplomatic ties only went back 25 years. But for a small country Mongolia was involved in a number of very interesting engagements, engagements that also mattered to the United States. Put another way, Mongolia is more important than it might initially seem – and I was privileged to serve there during interesting times.

Partly this is because of the neighborhood in which Mongolia is situated, between Russia and China and with South Korea, North Korea and Japan not far away. Also, the Mongolian economy had grown significantly – nearly eightfold -- during the several years that we had been away, mostly because of a mineral boom. For Mongolia, this mineral boom centered largely on copper, gold and coal, not oil or natural gas.

Of course, booms eventually turn into busts and this was what has also happened in Mongolia, at least for a time. But during the early 2000s it had been riding this mineral boom and was attracting a lot of potential foreign investor interest, not only from Russia and China but also from Japan, Korea, Europe, Australia, Canada and to some extent even the United States.

Still, it was widely viewed among friends and family as a small and seemingly remote country. As it happened, when the *Macon Telegraph*, my hometown newspaper, wrote about the assignment, they mentioned that some readers might think I had done something horribly wrong, to be sent off to a place like Mongolia, not realizing of course that Mongolia was exactly the type of country in which we wanted to serve. We felt tremendously lucky and grateful to go there.

For a small country numbering only three million people, there was considerable interest in the relationship with the United States. During my time as ambassador, Vice President Biden and Secretary of State Clinton both visited. The US Secretary of Energy visited as well. So, for a small Embassy, we did not lack high-level attention. Actually, we actively sought such attention, especially because it had been a long time since Mongolia had hosted senior visitors from the United States. The last such visitor had been President Bush, the only sitting US president to visit the country. He had visited in 2005, four years previously. But by now Mongolian officials were beginning to ask when the next important visit would take place.

As I observed, senior Mongolian officials begin to notice if there hasn't been a senior visitor from Washington in the last several years. It doesn't want to be "taken for granted". So, if a Russian leader or a Chinese leader or the head of state from another country has recently visited, senior officials want to know when the next senior American visitor will be passing through town.

Fortunately, we were able to respond with visits by the Vice President and by the Secretary of State as well as our Secretary for Energy. Again, it demonstrated that the United States had a full range of relationships with Mongolia. It wasn't simply one of those small micro countries in the middle of nowhere that didn't matter much. On the contrary, we had mutual interests that mattered and they were worth talking about, including at the highest levels.

Let me go through some of those interests quickly, starting with security. As USAID Mission Director several years earlier, I had served with Colonel Tom Wilhelm. He was defense attaché at the time. Our families lived next door to each other in Star Apartments.

We connected immediately and it was obvious that both of us enjoyed serving in Mongolia a lot. Other than Ambassador Dinger, we probably traveled across more of Mongolia more than anyone else in the Embassy at the time – Tom in connection with his military assignment, me in connection with my work related to development.

By the time I returned to Mongolia for a second time as Ambassador, a new defense attaché was in place – Colonel Lau. Other defense attaches during the interim had included Colonel Gillette, later military attaché to Cambodia and China and still later a senior general assigned to South Korea. So the US military, at least, had a history of assigning accomplished military attaches to Mongolia.

Even during Tom Wilhelm's time, there had been interest in supporting Mongolia's desire to modernize its military and take on international peacekeeping roles, whether under a UN flag or in other ways. You also have to realize that the entire Mongolian military numbers around 12,500.

The total number of Mongolians in uniform including police, paramilitary forces and border guard units might reach 30,000. But for all practical purposes the core number of trained Mongolian soldiers in uniform numbers around 12,500. Given its small size, the

success of the Mongolian military partly relates to the success of its diplomatic engagements in which its army also plays a role, potentially including deployments as part of a broader international force in a variety of peacekeeping or related roles.

Realistically, an army of around 12,500 won't last long in any military confrontation with its two powerful immediate neighbors, Russia and China. Rather, for Mongolia, it is important to have a good reputation in the world and it is important that other countries know about Mongolia, respect Mongolia and are interested and supportive of its future as an independent, sovereign country. A professional, well-regarded military willing to assume its international responsibilities was thus an understandable and even poignant part of Mongolia's strategy for engaging with the rest of the world.

The intent of the Mongolian government at the time was to develop a peacekeeping "brigade" involving perhaps 2,500 soldiers, trained and deployable as part of a broader international effort, as and when required. The US along with other countries assisted Mongolia in achieving this objective. In fact, the Mongolian military has served in a number of unlikely places in blue hats and under a UN flag including in Sierra Leone, Kosovo, South Sudan and elsewhere. The Mongolian military has also served with international forces in both Iraq and Afghanistan.

The Embassy therefore had a strong and positive relationship with the Mongolian military. Of course, that aspect of the relationship had not been part of my work as a USAID Mission Director though I heard about it through Colonel Wilhelm. However, as Ambassador, I did participate directly in security issues involving a partnership that also provided opportunities for some memorable trips in Mongolia and beyond.

For example, I made a point of going to Afghanistan for nearly a week specifically to meet with the Mongolian soldiers serving there. At this point, the Mongolian military was largely deployed on a training missions in Kabul involving helicopter maintenance and the newly emerging Afghan artillery corps, both of which relied on Soviet era equipment that the Mongolian military was already familiar with. Later Mongolian soldiers were involved in providing security for Kabul airport as well.

Apart from everything else, I was concerned that there might at some point be Mongolian casualties in Afghanistan. And, if that were to happen, I thought it would be important to say that a senior American diplomat had visited Mongolian soldiers in Afghanistan, appreciated their service and could empathize with their situation.

It turned out to be a wonderful trip. Colonel Lau accompanied me. We flew commercial via Dubai and returned to Ulaanbaatar via Beijing. We arrived with letters from Mongolian school kids, Mongolian language magazines and Mongolian food, among other items. We were welcomed and treated very well. The Mongolian detachment had set up a *ger* at their military camp in Kabul as a place to meet visitors, a traditional yurt offering traditional Mongolian hospitality.

We arrived in Kabul at around the time when one group of Mongolian soldiers was arriving and another was leaving. So I had the honor of pinning ISAF medals with their blue and white NATO ribbons on each of the departing Mongolian soldiers. The soldiers also provided an impressive display of Mongolian military martial arts. It was a nice thing to do as ambassador. It also meant that when travelling around Mongolia I could speak much more knowledgeably about the situation facing the Mongolian soldiers deployed in Afghanistan.

We were also involved in another military support project at the time, this one providing radios to Mongolian border forces so that they could communicate more easily with their headquarters in Ulaanbaatar hundreds of miles away. This program also provided Fiona and I with opportunities to take multiple trips to the Russian border and the Chinese border, always an interesting experience.

These occasional trips involved some of the most treasured moments of my Foreign Service career. On one occasion I took a trip to the northwest, to Mongolia's border with Tuva. It was like something out of the nineteenth century. The issues the border guards faced here mostly involved cattle rustling and minor smuggling across an international frontier. The Mongolian border forces greeted us warmly, offering tea and coffee as well as salty "fish chips" caught in local rivers and lakes.

We also had memorable experiences along the southern and eastern border with China. The trip to the north had involved a Siberian-like landscape with rivers, lakes, forests and small mountains. As for the border with China to the south and east, it involved steppe like scenes with tall grass and the occasional herd of galloping gazelles. We travelled dozens of miles along a dirt track, eventually making our way to an area known as Dariganga in Sukhbaatar *aimag* which also featured a series of dormant volcanoes.

Young enlisted border guards were doing their national service in the area, accompanied by a handful of officers who arrived with wives and children, setting up *gers* in which to live. A small truck arrived each month to provide provisions.

We were served a picnic lunch inside one of the dormant volcanoes, now covered in grass. From the rim we could see a distant Chinese outpost. As I recall, this was near "Post 999," one of the more well-known border markings in Mongolia, mostly because three is considered a lucky number and this was a case involving a triple three, a mark of especially good fortune.

The wives of the officers provided lunch. They dressed in black skirts, white tops and quaint aprons for the occasion, as if we were eating in a restaurant in Ulaanbaatar only now we were being served at a makeshift table or rather blankets laid out amongst the tall grass of the great Mongolia steppe. Tea was served from vacuum flasks with pictures of Chinggis Khan, made to mark the 800th anniversary of the Mongolian Empire. Again, the hospitality was memorable, lingering on as one of the best recollections of our time in Mongolia. The purpose of the trip was to meet Mongolian soldiers in the field and see to

what extent the radio project "worked". But everything associated with such trips was truly amazing.

Another field trip took us even further east, to an area which had been the center of the Battle of Khalkhin Gol where a combined Soviet/Mongolian army defeated the Japanese in the spring and early summer of 1939. Some Mongolian contingents at the time were still equipped with horses, just as some of the Mongolian border guard units that we visited still use horses for their patrols to this day. Marks of the battle were evident during our visit including spent bullet casings and corroding gas masks. Even today, Japanese groups arrive during the summer months to pay respects and collect any bone remnants for repatriation back home.

On this trip, the local Mongolian officer provided a tour of the battlefield and its various monuments and then offered room and board for the night in a small wooden building in their small military outpost, constructed in the Russian style. We visited a preschool run by the Mongolian military for children of the soldiers. We were also treated with a banquet and a concert, the latter perhaps reminiscent of Soviet times with its liberal use of vodka. It also included traditional Mongolian music as well as opera music. For Mongolians, musical talent ranks with physical prowess as among the most important of all attributes – of course, I manifestly lack both but appreciate it when I see it in others.

In sum, Mongolia's small military is definitely punching above its weight in terms of what it does and the impact it has, both in Mongolia and beyond.

I'm not sure if I mentioned previously, but Mongolia's international deployments in Africa, the Balkans, the Middle East and Afghanistan have on occasion been featured in international headlines – such as in Poland many years ago, when two Mongolian sergeants literally "saved" a Polish detachment assigned to Iraq.

The two Mongolian sergeants were on guard duty outside the Polish camp near Baghdad to which they had been assigned. A truck driven by a suicide bomber and loaded with IEDs approached. Somehow, the Mongolian soldiers made the right decision and were able to shoot the driver before the truck breached the walls of the camp. The two Mongolian soldiers were later honored by Poland for their heroic deed.

Mongolia also has an ancient military tradition upon which it can draw its strength. One example, probably not very well known outside Mongolia, is that since the days of Genghis Khan, the Mongolian military has maintained two sets of battle standards made of multiple horse tails tied together – a white banner showing that the nation is at peace and a dark banner showing that the nation is at war. The standards are kept under guard at the Mongolian military headquarters in Ulaanbaatar.

Some of these traditions are like something out of ancient medieval texts, others are along the lines of what is depicted in old movies about the Mongols. Actually, I was told that by Mongolian tradition women are not allowed to enter into the chamber where the

black and white horsetail standards are kept, the official black banner only being brought out for display during times of war.

By now the US has had several female Ambassadors to Mongolia – Ambassador Pamela Slutz, Ambassador Piper Campbell and Ambassador Jennifer Galt. I've never asked if they had the opportunity to visit this interesting chamber in the Mongolian military headquarters where the Mongolian battle standards are kept and if this tradition about access is actually true. Perhaps this is one tradition that by now has been discarded. The reality is, female Mongolian soldiers have deployed bravely along with male Mongolian soldiers in places such as South Sudan where Mongolia provided a field hospital. Perhaps regulations governing access to the Mongolian battlefield banners have also changed.

Q: Speaking of traditions and that kind of historic setting, were there also any historic remains of Buddhism in Mongolia?

Genghis Khan was not actually Buddhist – Buddhism as more or less the "state religion" in Mongolia came later. Rather, Genghis Khan was associated with Tengri, the God of the Blue Sky, part of a shamanistic tradition that is far older than Buddhism.

Historically, the Mongol Empire at its height reflected an interest in all the religions and faiths existing under the Blue Sky. In fact, the ancient Mongol capital in Kharkhorin provided for a variety of places of worship including a Buddhist temple, Nestorian Church and Islamic mosque, among others. Jack Weatherford's most recent book on Mongolia *Genghis Khan and the Search for God* explores this aspect of the Mongol Empire, an aspect that involved discussion and debate among all the great religious traditions of the time.

In the centuries following Genghis Khan, Mongolia entered more firmly within the Buddhist orbit. Not surprisingly, there are different theories about this. Some suggest a conflictual relationship between Shaman priests and Buddhist lamas, others would maintain that by and large the engagement between the two was more positive and that both traditions inform Mongolian beliefs and practices to this day.

Contemporary Mongolia is home to followers of a number of religions as well as followers of no religion at all. By now Tibetan Buddhism is regarded as the "traditional" religion of Mongolia. However, Buddhism's serious engagement with Mongolia actually goes back only four or five hundred years, well after the time of Genghis Khan.

According to some commentators, during the Manchu period China actively encouraged Tibetan missionaries to propagate Buddhism in Mongolia, strengthening the monastic Buddhist establishment there. At one point I was told that the motivation for this was to make Mongolians "less warlike". I have also heard the claim that the word "Dalai Lama" has its origins in Mongolian – a claim that does seem to be true.

During the British period, when the British Indian army under Francis Younghusband conquered Tibet and entered Lhasa, the Dalai Lama at the time fled Tibet through China

and escaped to Mongolia, reflecting the long relationship between the two countries. If you visit Gandan Monastery in Ulaanbaatar today, you will be shown the small house where the Dalai Lama reportedly lived in exile during the early 1900s.

The current Dalai Lama also visits Mongolia from time to time though this is becoming increasingly difficult and China makes its displeasure known before and after each trip. In the early 1990s he visited Mongolia and was received by post-Soviet Mongolia with much acclaim. He also visited Mongolia during the 2000s, both when I served as USAID Mission Director (2001-2004) and when I served as Ambassador (2009-2012). Usually, China closes off rail access for Mongolia through China, to make a point. After the most recent visit not too long ago China twisted the arm of the Mongolian Foreign Minister to say that the Dalai Lama would never be invited to visit Mongolia again though Mongolia has always claimed that such visits are "pastoral" and "religious" in nature, not political.

Undoubtedly, the Buddhist establishment in Mongolia has made a comeback in recent decades after years of oppression during the early Soviet period when many lamas were executed and many monasteries were destroyed. The attempted destruction of Orthodoxy under Stalin is well known. Stalin's protégé Choibalsan more or less attempted the same thing in Mongolia during the 1930s. He was not successful and, again, Tibetan Buddhism has returned as the most popular religious faith in Mongolia today.

This is a bit of a diversion. However, it may be worth mentioning that it was the Bogd Khan that led to the revival of Mongolia's claim to independence in the early 1900s, marking the end of Chinese rule in Mongolia. He brought about a Buddhist theocracy to Mongolia, one that at least some Mongolians are still ambivalent about. When the Bogd Khan passed away during the 1920s, the Soviets ensured that the institution did not continue after his death. He was supposed to be Mongolia's last Bogd Khan. When he died, the Buddhist theocracy ended in Mongolia for good, an indication that Soviet-style governance as befitting a Soviet-style satellite nation had prevailed.

Unbeknownst to the Soviet Union, a new incarnation of the Bogd Khan was attested to in Tibet though not announced to the world. When the Dalai Lama fled Lhasa in advance of the Chinese Red Army in the 1950s, the "secret," unannounced Bogd Khan, then a young man, fled to India with him.

All this seems arcane and esoteric. But it could eventually have consequences, especially when the current Dalai Lama passes away and controversy erupts over his replacement. China in particular wants a say in what happens next, both in Tibet and in Mongolia. Certainly, the Dalai Lama is a popular figure in Mongolia, as shown by the reception he receives during his infrequent visits. Mongolian herders also often have his picture displayed in their *gers* in the countryside.

After the unexpected collapse of the Soviet Union, the "secret" Bogd Khan, by then much older and still living in India, was announced and visited Mongolia for the first time. He also spent the last years of his life in Mongolia, in a house prepared for him on the edge of Gandan Monastery. He was given Mongolian citizenship.

I met him during my time as Ambassador, knowing that he would likely pass away soon. He had had a stroke and had to communicate through his brother. He was very weak by this time and not very lucid. Interestingly, part of his family had emigrated from India to New York and at least one of his children was now a US citizen.

Living and working in Mongolia in those years, we experienced a number of interesting encounters like this. The Embassy wrote a cable after this meeting, speculating on what the institution and any successor might mean for Mongolia. That cable must be somewhere in the files.

The putative Bogd Khan died a few months later. The rumor in Mongolia is that a successor has already been selected, perhaps a bright herder child from the countryside, now being brought up in a monastery. For sure, he has not been announced yet. If he is announced, he would be viewed by at least some as the head of Buddhism in Mongolia. China would also have an interest in who this individual might be.

I could go on endlessly about these types of brief but intriguing encounters, in this case in the religious realm. At times, Buddhism also entered into the discussion when American chaplains would visit as part of our military exchange and training programs, talking with Mongolian counterparts about services and outreach to families when Mongolian soldiers are deployed as UN peacekeepers or in war zones. The Mongolians had the Buddhist equivalent of chaplains and were interested in family services, perhaps thinking they could learn something from the American experience.

Another point about US military connections with Mongolia: at times I read ridiculous commentary in the popular media and sometimes even in academic articles about the US as a “close military ally” of Mongolia, highlighting Mongolia’s supposed “strategic location” and implying nefarious and highly improbable motivations or possibilities as far as the US-Mongolia military relationship is concerned.

In reality, the modest Mongolia military engages with many militaries around the world, including the United States. This includes Russia and China. As it happens, when I was in Mongolia China announced that it was building an “R&R” facility for Mongolian soldiers, providing a place for them to reconnect with their families in the countryside after their arduous and potentially hazardous service abroad. Also, the Mongolian military continues to rely on Russian military equipment such as helicopters, tanks and howitzers, some of it bought and some of it gifted to them. It was Mongolia’s experience with this equipment that made them natural trainers for the Afghan National Army when they served with ISAF in Afghanistan.

So in a very real way our involvement with the Mongolian military during these years was part of a much broader international effort aimed at modernizing the Mongolian army, thus strengthening its ability to deploy, whether under a UN flag or in other ways.

The establishment of the Five Hills Training Center west of Ulaanbaatar was part of this effort, with the United States along with several other countries contributing to it. Over the years the US has participated along with many other countries in various military exercises, often though not exclusively centered around Five Hills. This includes exercises focused on peacekeeping (referred to at the time as "Khan Quest") as well as exercises focused on disaster relief (referred to at the time as "Gobi Wolf").

At one point the US Marines delivered an interesting program to train and strengthen the capabilities of Mongolian non-commissioned officers, a key aspect of any modernization program as well as any UN deployment in which NCOs necessarily have to make quick decisions without resorting to consultations with senior officers up a Soviet-style chain of command.

During my time in Mongolia, a US military band also visited Ulaanbaatar, holding a well-attended concert along with their Mongolian counterparts on Sukhbaatar Square. One song they played was *It's a Beautiful World*, always popular in Mongolia. So the security aspect of our relationship was varied, covered a lot of territory and was an especially interesting part of my job.

Diplomacy also figured prominently in day-to-day conversations. Intriguingly, Mongolia over many years has maintained positive ties with both North and South Korea. Even recently, when President Trump and the supreme leader of North Korea were looking for a place to hold their summit, Ulaanbaatar briefly entered into the conversation. Mongolia would welcome the opportunity to host such meetings.

Mongolia was the second country to recognize the independence of North Korea, after the Soviet Union. During the Korean War, a famous Mother Theresa type figure emerged in Mongolia. She took in dozens of war orphans from North Korea. She is remembered to this day in both North Korea and Mongolia. North Korean laborers have also been recruited to work in Mongolia in recent years. So the two countries have this history of fraternal relations that goes back many years.

At the same time, relations with South Korea have also moved forward in a big way, especially in more recent years. Mongolia and South Korea have important business ties. The largest number of Mongolian passport holders working outside the country are in South Korea. Many South Korean tourists visit Mongolia. The Seoul-Ulaanbaatar air link is perhaps the best access point into Mongolia. To add another dimension, some visitors to Mongolia are surprised at the number of South Korean missionaries that have spent time in Mongolia as well as the number of churches in Mongolia with South Korean connections that have grown up. All this has happened in the last couple of decades.

So Mongolia maintains interesting and in some cases unusual ties with both North and South Korea. And, at times, it tries to posit itself as "neutral territory" in terms of wanting to facilitate discussions between the two.

Security implications sometimes also enter into the picture. For example, North Korean defectors will on occasion cross into China, make their way into Mongolia and go from there to South Korea, seeking asylum as refugees there. That too is part of the connection, one that is purposefully kept very quiet. I'm not sure if this refugee route is still in place; it has ebbed and flowed over the years.

In these and related areas, my concern has always been that Mongolia should somehow keep a "balance" among the many relationships that it actively seeks to foster. At some level, if often seems that contemporary Mongolia wants status as a sort of "little friend of all the world" (to misuse a quote from Kipling's *Kim*). And in some situations it has actually managed to achieve this unlikely goal, balancing a complicated set of surprisingly positive relationships with very different countries, often in ways that at first glance might seem almost impossible to maintain.

Of course, it is always a challenge. In recent years, China especially has played much harder ball with Mongolia. It is increasingly pushing its weight around with all of its neighbors including Mongolia. Some Chinese resent to this day the fact that Mongolia ever regained its independence, though it was approved in a referendum a few decades ago that China under Mao accepted.

As for Mongolia, there is little doubt that it is increasingly concerned about China and its long-term intentions. Of course, China has three vast "borderland" areas. One is Tibet to the south. Another is Sinkiang to the west. And Mongolia is the third such area, situated on China's northern border. Unlike the other two areas, Mongolia has maintained its independence, leading some Chinese to claim, "Well, that should be our province too". It is not unusual for countries to sense an existential threat. For Mongolia, that existential threat is China and that existential threat is very real.

One interesting aspect of my time in Mongolia was the annual strategic dialogue that alternated between Ulaanbaatar and Washington. As I recall, I participated in two such dialogues. Both were led by Kurt Campbell, at that time Assistant Secretary for East Asia and to some extent the "architect" of the Obama administration's official US "tilt" toward Asia.

Kurt Campbell visited Mongolia at least once during my time as Ambassador, perhaps more. Looking back on those dialogues, I will say that the Mongolian perspective on its neighbors was very prescient, very much on target. Mongolia has to live with its neighbors and for its own survival has to know them well.

One thing I remember about those discussions would be the concerns expressed about the direction that Russia seemed to be heading. Understandably, the Mongolians have always thought of Russia as the ultimate guarantor of their independence. They want Russia to be successful, they want Russia to succeed.

At the same time the Mongolian officials also expressed growing concern about the state of affairs in Russia including the erosion of its institutions, the turn away from

democracy, the potential dictatorship of Putin. Looking back, it seems to me that the Mongolian government realized earlier than most governments that Russia was heading in a worrisome direction. From Mongolia's perspective, Mongolia needs a strong Russia as a friendly neighbor and as a counter balance to China in order to survive.

North Korea also figured briefly in these discussions. When the Mongolian side would ask if Mongolia could possibly help facilitate a conversation between the United States and North Korea, Kurt Campbell would suggest that the Mongolians "should keep those embers warm," implying that the time might yet come when Mongolia could play a connecting, intermediary role. It wasn't needed then – but the embers of a possible conversation should be kept alive, for possible future use.

Perhaps the most important aspect of those annual conversations, at least from the US side, was the need for a deeper and stronger economic relationship with Mongolia, something that continues to be disappointing in terms of the Mongolian relationship with the United States. It is hard for effective diplomatic relations to thrive when economic ties are weak.

During my nearly three years as Ambassador to Mongolia, there was a dramatic increase in trade between the US and Mongolia from around $30 million annually to $300 million annually. I would guess quite a bit of that was connected to the fact that Boeing finally entered into the picture as the preferred aircraft for MIAT, Mongolia's national airline. GE was also having some impact in terms of exporting medical equipment and perhaps even a couple of locomotives. Caterpillar was also very successful at that time in terms of selling and leasing heavy equipment for Mongolia's mining sector.

But the long-term investment relationship remained modest and even disappointing. On the mining front, it is Canadian and Australian companies that are mining in Mongolia in a big way, not American ones. During my time Peabody, the US-based coal mining company, made serious efforts to invest in Mongolia. We tried to help facilitate a commercial relationship. However, in the end it just didn't work.

In recent years, the trade relationships between Mongolia and the United States has ebbed much more than it has flowed. Current numbers are pitiful and remain very disappointing. To my mind, this remains as a missing and highly regrettable element in the bilateral relationship.

From a distance, I am sometimes bemused when I read op-eds or commentary written by visiting American journalists or scholars expressing concern or even righteous anger about America's nefarious involvement in Mongolia's mining sector, viewing the US as a highly negative contributing factor to the worst aspects of "Minegolia" and the associated challenges of corruption and inequality that often come with it.

First, the investment from the United States simply isn't there. And, second, even if it was there, it would almost certainly be preferable to investments from Mongolia's immediate neighbors which don't have legislation such as an anti-corruption foreign

investment act in place and don't have the accountability that comes with an engaged public or informed governing board. Whatever else might be said, the reality is that American economic engagement with Mongolia is far more modest than it should be.

Q: A quick question on the mining -- are there any strategic metals that are still being mined?

ADDLETON: Yes, that it also part of Mongolia's natural resource endowment -- rare earths, as they call them; this is something that Mongolia has in abundance. References to rare earths also came up in conversation with Mongolian counterparts and visiting American officials from time to time. I'm not sure about the exact details related to lithium and other items involved in batteries. But they were definitely part of the discussions.

I don't think that it would be considered "strategic" but Mongolia also has lead, among other resources. In fact, Mongolia has almost every kind of proven mineral resource imaginable except for oil and natural gas. And the oil and gas may come later, at least in the form of shale. It will be interesting to see what unfolds during the coming years, especially given that China is prepared to use almost whatever natural resources Mongolia produces. Natural resources do offer important opportunities for Mongolia going forward.

But this is also always said with a huge cautionary note: every country with natural resources has huge challenges; every country with natural resources faces the prospects of boom and bust cycles; and it would be a huge mistake to rely entirely on natural resources to chart your future.

Apart from everything else, countries with natural resources need to diversify their economy. They need to take care of business on the environmental front. And, above all, good governance matters, an issue that at least in recent years has proved to be problematic in Mongolia.

As it happens, there are more examples of unsuccessful natural resource rich economies than successful ones. But Mongolia can learn from the latter, most notably countries such as Norway and Botswana and even the state of Alaska that have at least gotten some things right.

We brought up such examples in discussions with Mongolians, both in my earlier conversations as USAID Mission Director and in my later conversations as Ambassador. Examples of unsuccessful countries also have a place in these types of discussions – there are some examples out there that Mongolia most definitely doesn't want to follow. On a spectrum, Mongolia has done better than many countries in managing its natural resources – but it also has failed in some areas and still has a long way to go.

Prior to arriving in Mongolia as Ambassador, I read an article prepared for OECD during one of my visits from Brussels to Paris. The article was titled "The Challenges of

Resource Rich Economies" and it highlighted a number of themes that seemed relevant for Mongolia. I think it might have been written by Paul Collier, a British economist. To some extent I used the article as a "cheat sheet," emphasizing as it did a range of issues including the importance of human resource development, environmental concerns, infrastructure and above all good governance. Clearly, Mongolia has been more successful in some areas than in others. But at the end of the day, it is a never-ending journey – the challenges for Mongolia, as for any country, never end.

I've often thought that for Mongolia, the more successful it seems, the harder it gets. Hopefully, its relationship with the United States can be structured in ways that make it at least a little easier. And that was the backdrop for much of my ambassadorship: the economic relations, the cultural relations, the people-to-people relations – all of them were important and all of them mattered.

At some level, the people-to-people relationships were the easiest ones of all. I've often thought that Mongolians and Americans shared a number of natural affinities. At the most basic level, there is the similarity between the wide open spaces of the western United States and the wide open spaces of the Mongolian steppe. Perhaps a frontier culture is also part of it. The culture and history of Mongolia fascinates. That said, Mongolia is also a place where many visitors can all too easily play out their myths and fantasies. It is a larger than life country, a place that inspires and engages all the senses in wonderful and memorable ways.

So this was a terrific assignment, in every way. We were part of a variety of interesting programs, both public and private. We became involved in a wide range of issues including Mongolia's fascinating culture, art and music. It was a wonderful place in which to spend a significant part of my Foreign Service career.

Q: Are there still dinosaur bone hunters running around Mongolia?

ADDLETON: Oh yes, definitely. Roy Chapman Andrews is part of that story. He worked out of the American Natural History Museum in New York and his stories in *National Geographic* during the 1920s and 1930s were read all over America. He was the first to demonstrate that dinosaurs hatched from eggs. We visited the Flaming Cliffs in the Gobi, where some of his most dramatic discoveries were made, a number of times.

Of course, Roy Chapman Andrews was also a creature of his times. For modern ears, some of his statements sound excruciating and can only be described as racist. During the Soviet era he was sometimes also viewed as a spy or a thief of Mongolia's ancient cultural heritage and perhaps both. But he too was a larger than life figure, one that is sometimes credited as being the inspiration for the "Indiana Jones" movies.

More recently, the theft of dinosaur bones has also become a bilateral issue between the United States and Mongolia, with Mongolians appreciating the efforts that the US government has made to return stolen dinosaur bones. Some legal cases in recent years have been quite dramatic. One set of dinosaur bones stolen from Mongolia that made

their way to the US and were later returned form the centerpiece in Mongolia's new dinosaur museum.

There are other aspects of the relationship including the Buddhist connection that attract more than a few Americans. For example, the actor and movie star Richard Gere admires the Dalai Lama and has taken a strong interest in both Mongolia and the form of Tibetan Buddhism practiced there. We briefed him during his occasional visits and he also participated in a reception we organized for Mongolian environmental NGOs.

On one occasion we were visiting the Gobi and staying at the Three Camels Lodge, not far from the Flaming Cliffs which Roy Chapman Andrews helped make famous. Sunset was approaching. Off in the distance we saw two horsemen. It was like something out of the old West. They got closer and closer. And then the two horses and their riders arrived at Three Camels Lodge – and one of them was Richard Gere! Where else does that kind of stuff happen, at least for a Foreign Service Officer? So that was yet another of those "only in Mongolia" moments. It was also one of the really enjoyable aspects of being US Ambassador to Mongolia.

Business relationships sometimes emerged in unexpected ways. One meeting involved former Governor Weld from Massachusetts. He visited Ulaanbaatar to offer support for Ivanhoe, a Canadian company with big investments in Mongolia. Another was Wesley Clark, the former NATO commander, now suddenly interested in Mongolia on behalf of the Wall Street investment company he was now associated with. In truth, I sometimes had mixed feelings about certain aspects of these encounters.

Actually, General Clark once called the Embassy from Seoul Airport in desperation to say that his passport had been stolen on his flight to Seoul and asked that the Embassy have a new passport waiting for him on his arrival in Ulaanbaatar a few hours later. Korean Airlines wasn't letting him board the plane because he didn't have a passport. All we had to do was inform Korean Airlines that a passport would be waiting for him on arrival and supposedly they would allow him to board.

Our Consular Officer rightly stated that this was impossible; there are procedures for new passports and it couldn't happen so quickly, even for former Rhodes Scholar and former Supreme NATO Commander General Clark who had important business associates waiting for him. You really can't issue a new passport on the basis of a phone call without having physically met and verified the individual who is requesting it.

General Clark did not much like our reply which was basically to say that he would have to obtain his new passport in Seoul before continuing on to Ulaanbaatar. For my part, I found it odd that anyone could lose a passport in what I assumed was a business class flight. It seemed like a case of extreme carelessness. It also seemed that for an international businessman to lose a passport in this way was something like a soldier losing his rifle on sentry duty. I don't think General Clark would have tolerated this in any of the soldiers under his command. And I didn't think our Consular Officer should be

compelled to break rules and produce a new passport on such short notice. We wanted to facilitate American business but we shouldn't be asked to do the impossible.

By this time USAID was a diminishing presence in Mongolia, given the economic growth that the country had experienced. Of course, I was very familiar with the USAID program both past and present. Among other things, this included the role that USAID played in establishing XacBank, reviving Khan Bank and privatizing the Trade and Development Bank, all three now ranking among the four largest banks in Mongolia. Actually, the USAID program in Mongolia had never been huge, averaging around $10 million a year. But it definitely had impact including in the financial sector.

Yet a diminished USAID presence did not necessarily mean the end of US development presence in Mongolia. In particular, the arrival of the Millennium Challenge Corporation (MCC) significantly increased the amount of US development dollars going to Mongolia. The first conversations about MCC in Mongolia had taken place several years earlier, during my time as USAID Mission Director.

The MCC compact was signed prior to my arrival but much of it was implemented during my time as Ambassador. Among other things, MCC helped build the last stretch of unpaved road between Russia and China – the Choir-Sainshand highway, constructed by a Korean company. MCC also supported several other programs including a land titling initiative, health activities, and vocational training program, all important in the Mongolian context.

Given my background, I welcomed the fact that development was still part of my portfolio as Ambassador, in this case involving a small USAID program and a large MCC presence. I had plenty of travel opportunities within Mongolia associated with both. At this point, USAID has more or less closed out its program in Mongolia but while still maintaining certain lingering legacy activities. The first MCC program in Mongolia was deemed successful and now a second MCC compact has been launched, this one focused on water issues.

It was interesting, too, to become more involved in a variety of diplomatic events that did not necessarily involve an aid component. The annual strategic dialogues involving Assistant Secretary Kurt Campbell was one such aspect. Also, even as we worked on encouraging senior visitors such as Vice President Biden and Secretary of State Clinton to visit Mongolia, we also sought ways to ensure that senior Mongolian visitors received visibility in Washington, DC.

One such visit involved President Elbegdorj who very much wanted to meet with President Obama in the Oval Office. In the end, his trip wasn't labeled as a formal "State Visit". But it did involve a "drop in" meeting with President Obama at the White House as well as a longer and more formal meeting with senior US officials at Blair House which hosted Elbegdorj and his delegation. The meeting with President Obama was very hard to get but in the end it happened.

President Elbegdorj also placed a wreath at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier at Arlington Cemetery and visited wounded American soldiers at Walter Reed Hospital, touching gestures that reflected the human side of the relationship. Elbegdorj himself had studied at Harvard's Kennedy School and felt at home in the United States, the place where one of his children was born.

Elbegdorj's visit also included meetings on the Hill. The Mongolian caucus was also quite active at the time. Both Vice President Biden and John Kerry had been members when serving in Congress and seemed to have a soft spot for Mongolia, despite their other responsibilities. So Elbegdorj also had an opportunity to give a speech on the Hill about democracy while in Washington, DC. It was nice for the head of state of a small country like Mongolia to get this kind of attention.

And then there were visitors in the other direction. As I mentioned, President George Bush remains the most senior American official to ever visit Mongolia. This happened when Ambassador Slutz was ambassador and the visit was memorable in every way. But that presidential visit had occurred five years earlier and was receding into the background. Now the Mongolian government hoped for other senior American visitors and they seemed to have been waiting for a long time.

Many years earlier, before Mongolia and the US had established diplomatic relations, then Vice President Henry Wallace who served under President Roosevelt, had stopped briefly in Ulaanbaatar as part of a much longer Asian tour where he was met by large numbers of people. His visit is still remembered in Mongolia to this day.

We were very happy when the Vice President's office announced that Joe Biden would come to Mongolia – the first American Vice President to do so since Wallace visited during the later stages of World War II. From our perspective as an Embassy, the Biden visit was successful despite its brevity, lasting only around six hours.

We managed to include a cultural aspect in the program, one that involved a "Mini *Naadam*" en route back to Ulaanbaatar Airport, following his meetings with senior Mongolian officials in the center of town. This *Nadaam* included an introduction to the "three manly arts" of Mongolia – archery, wrestling and horse racing. It also involved a brief musical performance.

It is common practice in Mongolia to give a horse to a senior VIP visitor. We briefed Biden's staff on this beforehand, advising them that the horse would need a name. Joe Biden called his horse "Celtic" after his Irish forebears. Of course, the horse is not brought back to the United States. Rather, it is handed over to a herder family living in the countryside. Supposedly, such a horse is never ridden again.

It was all a lot of fun. My parents happened to be visiting at the time and attended the Mini *Naadam*. My mother met the Vice President, talked to him about his mother and was bemused when he briefly kissed her on the cheek.

Biden is very much a people person and he also hammed it up during his encounters with Mongolians, briefly adopting a wrestling pose when facing off with one of the huge Mongolian wrestlers and then attempting to shoot an arrow toward a nearby mountain. Of course, such events are usually heavily choreographed ahead of time. But Biden also improvised, making a positive impression on those around him.

Secretary of State Hillary Clinton turned out to be our last official visitor during my three-year assignment in Mongolia. She arrived the week before I departed for Home Leave and then my onward assignment in Afghanistan. She had visited Mongolia as First Lady and was already familiar with what to expect.

This time it was Mongolia's chairmanship of the Community of Democracies that prompted her visit, combined with a meeting that the Government of Mongolia was sponsoring centered on the role of women in politics. And again we at the Embassy were thrilled when word came that she would definitely attend.

In planning for the trip we convinced her team that she should considering staying in Mongolia for more than a few hours. As it happened, Mongolia would be part of a much longer ten-day journey around the world, the longest of her time as Secretary of State. Joe Biden basically came and went in a matter of hours. However, we convinced Secretary Clinton to overnight, catch her breath and see something of the Mongolian countryside. We suggested that she stay at Terelj National Park rather than in a city hotel.

Again, it turned out be a memorable visit, at least for Fiona and I. We drove to Terelj after the official meetings and after the meet and greet with Embassy families and staff. Finally, it was possible to relax. We were asked to join the Secretary for dinner in a *ger*, just the six or eight of us. It was a nice opportunity to see the human side of high powered politicians, in the case of Hillary Clinton, a potential next president of the United States.

Looking back, I remember that I used almost the same phrase to welcome both Vice President Biden and Secretary Clinton to Mongolia. For Biden, the lines were "Welcome to Mongolia, Mr. Vice President". For Clinton, the lines were "Welcome to Mongolia, Madame Secretary". I never imagined that I would speak such lines on the tarmac of Genghis Khan International Airport to either a Vice President or a Secretary of State, both of whom probably had aspirations to eventually run for President.

The protocol after the official airport greeting is to the introduce the senior visitor to the Foreign Minister, which I did. At one point, I reminded Biden that he was the first Vice President to visit Mongolia since Henry Wallace. Biden wasn't too impressed, simply stating "And look what happened to him". Of course, Wallace was later dumped as Roosevelt's Vice President; he was also trounced when he ran for president as a third party candidate a few years later. If nothing else, Biden was historically aware.

Protocol requires that the Ambassador ride with the senior Washington visitor to Government House to meet the President. This meeting takes place in a ceremonial *ger* that probably would not have been out of place in the court of Genghis Khan. The *ger* is

decorated with wolf skins and paintings of the great Mongolian leaders of the past. It typically also involves a ceremonial drink of fermented mare's milk.

The travelling press is also present and they would be asking me, "Do you actually drink this stuff." And the reality is, I enjoy fermented mare's milk, especially in the right setting – and this was certainly the right setting.

As for President Elbegdorj, he met Secretary Clinton on arrival at Government House and walked her to the ceremonial *ger*, ushering her into it with the words, "Madame Secretary, welcome to our oval office"!

Nice lines, especially because a *ger* or yurt is indeed built in a circular, oval shape. Of course, the lines would be even more memorable today had Clinton eventually become President!

We worked hard to make the trips of each of our Washington visitors memorable. When the Secretary of Energy visited we heard that he liked to fish. So we arranged an overnight for him at a river west of Ulaanbaatar, providing him with an opportunity to fish for *taimen*, the legendary Mongolian fish which in Mongolian means "wolf of the waters," the largest of the salmons, the type of fish that every serious game fisherman aspires to catch and release at some point in their life.

We tried to give all of our visitors at least one countryside experience. We also tried to provide at least a brief exposure to Mongolian culture, especially the music. In our view, what set Mongolia apart and might provoke interest on the part of senior Washington policymakers was its very uniqueness.

Like all embassies, we were also subject to periodic IG inspections. In the case of Mongolia, we welcomed it. I knew we had a great story to tell. And if you look back and read that IG inspection report for Mongolia from that time it really does reflect that – morale was high and we had a group of people that loved to be there which is definitely what you strive for in place like Mongolia. Of course, life in Ulaanbaatar also has its downsides including even then concerns over air pollution, especially during the winter months. This would become a much bigger concern in the years ahead.

We benefited from a wonderful Community Liaison Office (CLO) that routinely arranged trips to the countryside. Our daughter Catriona was enrolled at the International School. She entered ninth grade when we arrived and graduated from the International School of Ulaanbaatar four years later. Our sons Iain and Cameron each visited during the summer months and took advantage of their time to take trips into the countryside. They both learned to ride motorcycles in Mongolia.

We also had terrific Deputy Chiefs of Mission (DCM), Nick Hill first and later Kathleen Morenski. Nick had grown up in a Foreign Service family. His older brother Christopher Hill was one of the most senior diplomats in the Foreign Service. He had served as

Assistant Secretary and Ambassador to South Korea and Iraq, among other assignments. When he retired he become dean of the International Affairs School in Denver.

Interestingly, Nick's twin brother Jonathan had been my classmate at the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy. So we had that connection as well. And Nick was a great guy. He got a dissent award for his work in the Balkans early in his career. He told me that his dissent was precipitated by a disagreement with his brother Chris who served in the Balkans at the same time. I'm not sure if Christopher Hill then was a DCM or an Ambassador or a Special Envoy, probably the latter.

Nick's main point was that the independence of Kosovo was inevitable and the US should accept and even helped facilitate it, whether it liked it or not. In his view, the eventual independence of Kosovo should no longer be seen as a stumbling block to the complicated Balkans negotiations process. This was at a time when the US thought that the former Yugoslavia had already broken into enough pieces, there was not a case to be made for breaking it apart any further. I didn't know much about the Balkans so I appreciated Nick's insights.

We also had a wonderful group of Foreign Service officers. Ulaanbaatar is a small embassy but it was definitely punching above its weight. And all of us could take pride in what we together accomplished.

We celebrated the 25th anniversary of US-Mongolia relations during my time as Ambassador. Those relations were first established in January 1987. It was now 2012 and time to mark the occasion. Tsogtbaatar was State Secretary for Foreign Affairs; now he is Foreign Minister. I saw him often and we had a positive working relationship. On one visit to the Foreign Ministry he challenged me and said, "What are we going to do to remember the 25th anniversary?"

Perhaps he was aware of my interest in writing. Anyway, I replied with something like, "Well, maybe we should do a book about it." And that was the origins of perhaps the most unexpected book of my career – *Mongolia and the United States: A Diplomatic History*, subsequently published by Hong Kong University Press.

It did not start off as a book. My idea was to do a substantive Embassy-produced brochure or booklet, one in which the head of every section of the Embassy would contribute a short chapter. But it just wasn't coming together. There were concerns over consistency and quality control. For a project like this you need a single editor or author. So basically I collected the raw material that had been produced by some of the Embassy sections and turned it into a book. The initial intent was to make it a Mongolian language book only – the fact that it was later also published in English by a university press was a surprise.

The fact that the Mongolian version was published by Internom in Ulaanbaatar rather than by the Embassy was another surprise. Initially the thought had been to self-publish using Embassy funds. However, I mentioned the project to Jack Weatherford, author of

the best-selling *Genghis Khan and the Making of the Modern World* as well as other books on Mongolia such as the *Queens of Mongolia* and *Genghis Khan and the Quest for God*.

We first met Jack and his wife Walker in the apartment that they had bought and maintained in Ulaanbaatar. We later saw Jack in retirement in Charleston, South Carolina, after Walker passed away. We became quite close. When *Genghis Khan and the Making of the Modern World* became an unexpected bestseller, Jack established a foundation to promote understanding of Mongolia and its history. To make a long story short, Jack said that his foundation would translate the book into Mongolian and then publish it.

The book came out and it includes an interesting black and yellow cover with a picture of Abraham Lincoln and the Lincoln Memorial, juxtaposed with a picture of Genghis Khan on his throne outside Government House in Ulaanbaatar.

Also, the title drew on a quote from an American diplomat working in China in the early 1900s. In one of his cables back to the State Department, he had suggested that the United States could be a "most useful factor in the development of a wonderful country." And that became one of the themes for the book, the mutually positive relationship between Mongolia and the United States that had been underway long before diplomatic relations were formally established in January 1987.

The Department of State had to approve a book like this – both the content and the "gift" from the Jack Weatherford Foundation that would help translate and publish it. That turned out to be a horror story. In fact, it was easier to write the book than obtain State Department approval. The writing part also took less time. In contrast, the clearance process was a nightmare. In the end, the clearance sheet had something like 32 different signatures.

My guess is that the Embassy would have spent around $30,000 translating and publishing this book. At the end of the day it may be that the clearance process cost at least this much, given the number of people and person hours involved. Perhaps we should have taken the easy route and simply published it ourselves as a brochure or booklet. But it seemed to me that the Jack Weatherford offer would look more professional and ensure a wider distribution including in Mongolian libraries and bookstores.

As I learned, the official US government response to an offer like this is more along the lines of, "What is the agenda here; Why would anyone want to do this"? So we went through all those 32 clearances and eventually we were authorized to accept this gift of the translation and the publication from the Jack Weatherford Foundation.

Fortunately, I had included in the clearance process the possibility that I might eventually try to publish an English version later on. And so an English version of the book did

come out a year later under the title *Mongolia and the United States: A Diplomatic History*, thanks to Hong Kong University Press.

Writing this book unexpectedly turned up some interesting incidents related to US-Mongolian relations. For example, the Mongolian National Archives produced a travel pass given to an American traveler and his French companion in 1862. At that time Mongolia was part of the Manchu Empire. It was also part of the old tea route from Peking to St. Petersburg. In addition to authorizing travel across Mongolia, the pass stated the bearer should neither accept nor receive bribes.

The Mongolian National Archives presented me with a beautiful facsimile copy of this travel pass, written in the old Manchu script. It was penned in red ink on a long scroll of paper. It was very elaborate. Of course, an Ambassador can't keep gifts like this. So we arranged for a ceremony during my next visit to Washington, DC and turned it over the Library of Congress for safekeeping. It is now part of the Library of Congress's Special Collection on Mongolia.

Another facsimile copy was also included in this gift from the Mongolian National Archives – a report, written by the border guards who mentioned that two foreign visitors had arrived from the south on camels. At first the border guards thought that these visitors were Russian. But it turned out that one was French and the other was American. The name of the American was "Mr. Pelosi" or "Mr. Felosi," depending on how the script is interpreted. Until it is proved otherwise, my theory is that Mr. Pelosi was the first American citizen to ever set foot in Mongolia. It would be interesting to know more about him.

I appreciated the opportunity to participate in events like this. Of course, you always realize that you are part of a chain – other ambassadors preceded you and other ambassadors will follow you. Your allotted three years in Mongolia goes by much too quickly.

Yet reflecting on that 25th anniversary of US-Mongolian diplomatic relations, I realize that my three years as Ambassador combined with my three years as USAID Director means that my personal experience spanned one quarter of those 25 years. It also meant I was familiar with a number of the people and events involved in the history of diplomatic relations that I had written up.

Reflections on that period appear especially in the last chapter of that book. Admittedly, it is an upbeat portrayal of those relations, perhaps overly so. But from what I saw on the ground it was truly a positive period, a time when we interacted on a wide range of areas: through the traditional "three D's" of defense, diplomacy and development; and also by partnering on any number of issues including security ties, commercial relationships and people-to-people connections.

Those areas span what most ambassadors do in most countries. My first experience in Mongolia was focused solely on development. But the second time around I had the

opportunity to address a broader range of issues and concerns. Of course Fiona provided fantastic support. She was also personally involved in a number of areas, certainly in terms of people-to-people ties but also with respect to the disability initiative that the Embassy launched at the time.

The Public Affairs office arranged a trip to the United States for a group of disabled Mongolians, to see how the US addresses such issues both in law and in practice. All of them were amazed by what they saw. It is hard to get around Mongolia if you are disabled, especially during the winter months. Many just stay inside and don't get out at all. So we made our home a welcome place for Mongolians with disability concerns and Fiona did a lot of outreach in this particular areas.

Fiona also left her mark in other areas. At some level, she was a "freebie" for the US Government – someone born and raised in Scotland who gave a lot during our years overseas and especially as the spouse of an Ambassador.

It is enjoyable to recall some of the visitors who passed through our house, who ate meals with us and attended receptions. This include Former National Security Advisor Zbigniew Brzezinski who gave a presentation at the Mongolian Foreign Ministry on geopolitical issues. He noted that Poland was a country that had once disappeared from maps – yet because of its strong sense of national identity later reemerged as an independent country. He put Mongolia in that same category, as a country that had once disappeared from the map yet later regained its own sovereignty.

Other visitors included former Secretary of State Madeleine Albright. She highlighted trafficking issues and gave a "Woman of Courage" award to a Mongolian female activist who was heavily involved in countering trafficking concerns. This is yet another example of the ways in which we as an Embassy tried to reach out on important issues.

Another time we tried to gather the former Presidents of Mongolia during the post-Soviet period in one room. The history of this period was still relatively recent which meant that we could at least try. Not all of them attended – but we did at least make the effort.

The fate of former President Enkhbayar was perhaps the toughest political issue I faced as Ambassador. I had met Enkhbayar several years earlier when I was USAID Mission Director. He was the first Mongolian politician to hold at one time or another the three most important positions in the country – President, Prime Minister and Speaker of Parliament. He had a kind of gravitas and was interested in the culture of Mongolia, not just the economics and politics of it. But now he faced corruption charges, something applauded by some Mongolians and deplored by others.

It was difficult for several reasons. He was a former President and Prime Minister, after all, someone who had met with senior American leaders and whose picture had appeared on postage stamps. He was also a friend of many senior people in the United States and elsewhere.

At the same time, more than a few Mongolians welcomed their government's effort to finally prosecute a prominent politician for corruption. For more than a few Mongolians, the idea that someone who once held high office was being made an example of was appealing. But the arrest of a former president also had international ramifications, especially when he went on hunger strike and his health seemed in danger. For a time, it seemed that his arrest and prosecution might jeopardize Secretary Clinton's planned visit to Mongolia a few weeks later.

My contention throughout was that the Mongolian legal process had to run its course in a fair and transparent way. That was more or less the message I conveyed in conversations with the Mongolian President, Prime Minister and others. It was also the message that I conveyed to Washington. At the end of the day, rule of law needed to be the winner, no matter what happened. And so that was the conversation I had with many people throughout this period.

Probably I have never been under as much political pressure as I felt during this time, when Enkhbayar was jailed and his extended network of family and friends used every means possible to press their concerns. Some prominent Americans in Congress also got involved. One former Ambassador called me to express grave concern about Enkhbayar's health and questioned what he viewed as my disinterest.

It is hard to get the balance right when something like this happens. I did think that some of the pressure I was under was undue and exaggerated. For example, Enkhbayar or perhaps it was the friends of Enkhbayar hired a high flying lawyer from the UK to argue his case. He was Lord somebody or other and flew out from London to apply still more pressure. I wasn't impressed. At one point I asked the lawyer if he was taking this case on a pro bono basis, given the human rights issues he highlighted in our meeting. Of course, he was getting paid a lot for his services.

The European diplomats in Ulaanbaatar at the time appreciated our stance, this attempt to maintain some kind of balance as well as the sense that this was an internal Mongolian legal process, not an international one. After all, the donors had been talking about corruption in Mongolia for a long time; now the Mongolians were demonstrating that they wanted to do something about it. Given this backdrop, was it really our place to issue highly critical statements? And was it really our place to make legal judgments before the legal process had run its course?

We were asked questions by our Washington colleagues and we wrote cables on what we observed. Our political officer took a balanced perspective as did other Embassy officers. We did not want to be perceived as taking any "side" other than the one involving transparency, due process and rule of law. Of course we were also concerned about Enkhbayar's health and the calamity that would befall Mongolia if anything were to happen to him. From my perspective, the cables we wrote will stand the test of time. This was new territory for me but we did manage to work the issue through without damaging the bilateral relationship between the United States and Mongolia.

Personal relationships were also involved. Elbegdorj was president; Enkhbayar was a former president; they were political adversaries; and neither much liked the other. Enkhbayar's arrest and the charges against him would prevent Enkhbayar from running against Elbegdorj in the next elections. When I briefed Washington colleagues I jokingly described Elbegdorj as the "most sanctimonious politician in Mongolia" and Enkhbayar as the "most egotistical politician in Mongolia". Probably there is some truth in that statement.

This was a political incident that could have blown up in our faces. But we weathered the storm. In fact, it continued after my departure. Enkhbayar was eventually sentenced to jail for corruption and he was also subsequently pardoned. He is still involved in politics. At the end of the day the Mongolian electorate often surprises. Who knows, Enkhbayar could yet be President of Mongolia again someday.

All aspects of our bilateral relationship mattered and needed to be strengthened. That included trade, investment, security, development and everything else. As I mentioned, the peacekeeping role that Mongolia played under the UN flag as well as their service in Iraq and Afghanistan also made a difference. More recently, Mongolia has faced increasing pressure from Russia and China. From that vantage point, Mongolia lives in a challenging neighborhood and relations with its immediate neighbors will always be hard.

Given all these challenges, it is important that Mongolia remain unified, at least in its interactions with other countries. Internal politics in Mongolia are ferocious. But if Mongolia wants to survive as a small country surrounded by powerful neighbors, it has to present a unified face to the rest of the world.

During the early 1990s the young Mongolian politician named Zorigt who would later be murdered in his Ulaanbaatar apartment building stated that in the end he would always "trust the judgment of the Mongolian people". In my view, he was right. This statement also helps explain Mongolia's resilience as well as its ability to maintain a democratic front, at least up until now. In this day and time it would be hard for a great leader to emerge as dictator of Mongolia, in the end the Mongolian public simply wouldn't tolerate it.

Mongolia does have term limits and no president can serve more than two terms. That prevents any one president from ruling for life. Governments come and go. At times the Mongolian electorate sends a very strong message, voting new faces into office and voting old faces out. Sometimes it seems that if one government or one party is getting too powerful, the electorate wants to rein them in and "teach a lesson". In some sense, that is what democracies are supposed to do.

Of course, democracies are inherently messy. But the fact that they exist also helps relieve pressures that otherwise might explode. If you have a dictator, the pressure builds and builds and then eventually there is an explosion. In the case of Mongolia, elections have served to help relieve certain pressure points at important moments in time.

Somehow the ability to elect politicians to office and then remove them by the ballot box has provided important balance and even a measure of stability, more than would otherwise have been the case. I've been fortunate to have the opportunity to observe this over several years, first as a USAID Mission Director and then as an Ambassador.

Q: Let me go back one second to ask a question-- you had mentioned the work that was being done for handicapped. Was anything accomplished or was there a plan forward for people with at least, let's say, physical disabilities?

ADDLETON: The effort here was partly about looking at American laws related to disability to see if some of that experience might be relevant for Mongolia. I can't say specifically if that effort was successful or if new laws have since been adopted. At the same time, we attempted to promote advocacy about disability issues in Mongolia. And that is certainly happening, at least to some extent.

By the way, this is an area in which Japan is heavily engaged, usually in positive ways. Fiona interacted with some of their programs including one involving a group confined to wheelchairs called "The Center for Independent Living". An organization called "Wheelchair Users of Japan" was also involved – they brought several disabled Mongolians to Japan and when these Mongolians returned to Ulaanbaatar they formed their own group, "Wheelchair Users of Mongolia".

Fiona contributed in other ways. For example, she met one disabled Mongolian who had been confined to a wheelchair following a car accident. He became aware of a Finnish paraplegic who had written a book called something like *The World from My Window*. He was inspired by it, had translated it into Mongolian and was now looking for a publisher.

By coincidence, Fiona was talking to a Mongolian parent at the International School and mentioned this story to her. She happened to be a publisher. As a result of that conversation her company published the book. It meant a lot to this Mongolian who was in a wheelchair and was also a paraplegic to have his translation published. It also meant a lot to other Mongolians who were now able to read this inspirational story in Mongolian.

Another inspirational story involved a returned Fulbrighter named Uyanga, a remarkable and wonderful person. She had been blind since she was about three years old but thanks to her parents who strongly supported her she embarked on an amazing life. After her graduate program in the United States, she returned to Ulaanbaatar with Mongolia's first guide dog called Gladys.

The Embassy Public Affairs section hired Uyanga after she had completed her Fulbright program in America. She was responsible for maintaining contact with returned participants. She also planned and organized special events. She did a wonderful job. Apart from everything else, she also became a very visible spokesperson for disability issues in Mongolia.

I still remember one incident in particular. We had invited a senior visitor from the US to speak in Mongolia on disability issues. One of his meetings was with parliamentarians at Government House, an event organized by Uyanga. She called ahead to say that Gladys her guide dog would accompany her. But when she arrived some officious security official said that Gladys was not allowed inside Government House, it would be unsanitary and perhaps dangerous.

Astonishing – this was an engagement with the Mongolian government focused on disability issues and Uyanga's service dog was not allowed inside. However, Uyanga remained calm and took everything in stride. She didn't over-dramatize the situation. However, there was a TV camera crew and she turned what happened into a classic teaching moment. As she stated for the TV cameras, "Countries all over the world, including my own country, have adopted universal protocols on disability; something like this should not happen in any country including Mongolia."

Perhaps this doesn't completely answer your question as to whether we made a difference. Of course, that is the ultimate test. But I do think the example that Uyanga set by her actions and that the Embassy set by hiring her did make a difference. She wasn't hired to manage disability programs. Her full time job involved training, Fulbright programs, alumni outreach and public affairs. But her personal example was certainly a compelling one.

Q: That is lovely. Wow. Alright, so it sounds like the assignment there was enjoyable and that given the restrictions on what you were able to do. You accomplished a fair amount in the period of time you were the ambassador, but now what thoughts do you have about where you're going to go next?

ADDLETON: That's a very good question. I had thought that Brussels might be my final Foreign Service assignment and then there was this unexpected opportunity to return to Mongolia as ambassador. Perhaps that is what made this assignment so special. We absolutely lived in the moment for all of our nearly three years in Mongolia.

Now that this assignment was coming to end we had to think about what might come next. Once again, I thought about retirement. Realistically, career ambassadors enter their assignment knowing that it is very unlikely to last more than three years. It is different for political appointees. Exceptions might occasionally be made for career officers but that doesn't happen very often.

We also faced the issue that our daughter Catriona would be entering her senior year of high school. We knew we would face this when we arrived in Mongolia, given that she was entering ninth grade and we would depart at the end of her eleventh grade. So a big priority was seeing her through high school, if possible in one school. We had said that Fiona might stay in Mongolia on her own for an extra year to see this happen. Or, Catriona might stay with a Mongolian family to ensure that she graduated in Mongolia rather than have a miserable senior year somewhere else.

I did make a few stabs at staying in Mongolia for a fourth year or perhaps seeking an ambassadorship somewhere else. Staying for a fourth year in Mongolia was never going to work. I did mention the family situation during one trip to Washington and the reply from the senior career officer to whom I talked was cold and instantaneous -- "Don't ever mention your daughter again". As for the possibility of a second ambassadorship, I actually got a few positive noises from State. But the reaction from USAID was clear – forget about it. The USAID Administrator at the time was Rajiv Shah and he seemed to hate the fact that USAID officers were ever considered for ambassadorships

Q: Why didn't he like that?

ADDLETON: I'm not sure. Perhaps someone should ask him. But it was common knowledge that Raj did not support the idea of USAID officers taking "excursion assignments" to other agencies or departments, whether as ambassador or advisor to some military command. The reality is, I felt incredibly fortunate to have had the opportunity to serve in Mongolia at all. Somehow the stars aligned. If Raj Shah had been appointed USAID Administrator a year earlier, it never would have happened.

Afghanistan also began to enter into the conversation, given my background in the region. I had taken that brief trip from Ulaanbaatar to Kabul to meet with Mongolian soldiers serving there. During that trip the thought did cross my mind – "Should I also consider serving in Afghanistan"?

These are all volunteer assignments. Ryan Crocker, the ambassador I served with in Pakistan, was now in Afghanistan. I was aware that the "surge" taking place in Afghanistan involved several unique "Senior Civilian Representative" positions in different parts of the country including in Herat, Mazar-i-Sharif and Kandahar. On a personal level, it would mean a second unaccompanied assignment lasting for at least one year. Already, I had served alone for those fourteen months in Pakistan after the earthquake.

We discussed it as a family. Apart from everything else, it would mean that Fiona and Catriona would receive Embassy support during that fourth year in Mongolia. The State Department would have to look after the two of them, providing an apartment and paying school fees.

I approached the State Department and said, "I realize nobody has ever asked for their family to be safe-havened in Mongolia while taking on a separated assignment. But I'm thinking about bidding on a position in Afghanistan. If that happens, my wife and daughter would want to stay in Ulaanbaatar for one more year".

The first comment was, "You realize that the family won't be able to stay in the residency"? Which of course had never been part of the conversation as far as Fiona and I were concerned. We expected that Fiona and Catriona would move into one of the smaller places in Star Apartments. And that is what happened.

'Safe havening" also involved approval from the Government of Mongolia, given that Fiona and Catriona would need to remain on the diplomatic list, even after I departed the country. Of course, the Government of Mongolia approved.

Increasingly, it seemed that I would be heading to Afghanistan. I didn't much like the idea of a "headquarters" assignment in Kabul. But the Senior Civilian Representative (SCR) positions had a certain appeal. It was not uncommon for former ambassadors to take on an SCR assignment. I had visited Afghanistan a number of times as a child growing up in Pakistan and was intrigued by the possible opportunity to return. So I talked to Ambassador Crocker in Kabul by phone, put my hat in the ring for Kandahar and was selected.

Although senior USAID management at the time was not very enthusiastic about State details for its senior officers, this is one that they would not be able to veto – after all, it was Afghanistan. From my perspective, it also underscored the fact that I had always thought of myself as a field person. And Kandahar was the ultimate field assignment.

I was aware that the Kandahar assignment involved liaising with the Third Infantry Division based in Fort Stewart, Georgia. That was part of the appeal, that soldiers from my home state would be deploying and I would also be part of this effort.

Prior to deploying, the Third Infantry Division had arranged a one-week pre-deployment exercise. As the incoming SCR, I was asked to attend. So I took a quick trip to Fort Stewart while still serving as Ambassador. There I met General Abrams and his colleagues – General Pat White and General Chris Hughes. I arrived from Ulaanbaatar with a bottle of Genghis Khan vodka as a gift for each of them.

I also got an early sense for the international nature of this assignment. Colonel King from Australia who would be deploying with us drove up from Savannah to meet me in Macon. If I remember correctly, General Brewer from Australia also attended this pre-deployment exercise at Fort Stewart, GA.

So even as Ambassador I started to make the transition to Afghanistan. I also returned to the US for a week long course at the Foreign Service Institute on Afghanistan. I attended the "crash and bang" course in Virginia, learning defensive driving techniques and learning how to drive a Humvee. And I attended a trauma first aid course, learning how to tie a tourniquet and what to do when the IEDs went off.

It was hard to believe that our Mongolia assignment was coming to end. We often repeated the phrase that serving as Ambassador to Mongolia was "beyond my wildest dreams". As I departed for Afghanistan, someone might well have asked, "And what will that assignment turn out to be for you – beyond your wildest nightmares?" For sure, it was the most difficult and challenging assignment of my life.

Without doubt, though, Mongolia had been a wonderful assignment, well beyond our wildest dreams. We departed soon after Secretary Clinton's visit, a nice way to leave any country.

During those last days in Mongolia I received a call from Government House that President Elbegdorj would be awarding me a Polar Star, Mongolia's highest civilian award. This was a big surprise and it is thanks to Nick Hill and Kathleen Morenski that it happened at all. There are certain US Government prohibitions on such awards. But Nick made the query and made the case and obtained the needed approval. And I received the Polar Star, a name that surely ranks among the most appealing of any such civilian awards.

That said, I was deprived of another intriguing award that might have become an interesting part of family history – an honorary doctorate from Genghis Khan University in Ulaanbaatar. I have to acknowledge, that would have been a "cool" title to include as part of my resume. However, this was not to be for understandable reasons. It wouldn't pass muster with any ethics office anywhere, given that Genghis Khan University was a private university and a self-serving award like this would never pass the smell test.

Anyway, it was all fun, it was all interesting and it provides yet another example of why Mongolia became such a permanent and memorable part of our life. However, it was now time to leave. We departed Ulaanbaatar in July 2013 for four weeks of Home Leave in the United States. Fiona and Catriona returned to Ulaanbaatar. Catriona started her final year of high school. And I departed for Afghanistan.

Q: So Afghanistan is unaccompanied?

ADDLETON: Yes, Afghanistan is an unaccompanied post unless your spouse also has a job in the Embassy. As I mentioned, the family "safe havened" in Mongolia while I served in Kandahar. So Fiona and Catriona were winging their way back to Ulaanbaatar, even as I was flying to Afghanistan.

Meanwhile, our oldest -- Iain -- graduated from Davidson College. He had surprised us by signing up for Air Force ROTC a couple of years earlier. Now he had a four-year Air Force obligation to fulfill, in his case as an Intel officer. He trained in San Angelo, Texas and then spent most of the rest of his time at Davis-Monthan in Tucson, Arizona. He also spent six months in the Defense Attaché's office at the US Embassy in Bogota, an assignment he enjoyed a lot. The GI Bill later helped pay for his graduate school at my old school, the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy at Tufts University.

As for Cameron, he was beginning his second year at Georgia Tech. He started as an International Relations and Business major but later switched to Aerospace Engineering. He also joined the Georgia Tech Rugby Club, a sport he had learned in Belgium. So as I departed for Kandahar, we now had family in four places: Arizona, Afghanistan, Georgia and Mongolia.

I did not update my will before going to Afghanistan but I probably should have. You don't take such assignments without a certain degree of trepidation. Of course, it is a volunteer assignment, but you are aware of the dangers.

Most of my thoughts on this assignment appear in *The Dust of Kandahar: A Diplomat Among Warriors in Afghanistan*, published by the Naval Institute Press. It is written in journal form. I felt like that was the only way to capture my reality in Kandahar -- partly mundane, partly boring; but at times punctuated by dramatic events and on one occasion unimaginable violence. When I think about Afghanistan, a lot of those emotions and that intensity come flooding back.

It was a very different assignment. It was also not a USAID assignment. Rather, it was a State Department assignment to which I had been seconded. As during my recent ambassadorship in Mongolia, it did have a development component. But a USAID colleague, Sergio Guzman, was the senior USAID Officer in southern Afghanistan. He took the lead on development concerns related to the Embassy's civilian presence in southern Afghanistan.

My responsibilities revolved much more around relations with the military, local Afghan officials and the Embassy. If it had been a normal situation, I might have been regarded as the US Consul-General in Kandahar. I did represent the US Embassy in meetings with the Consuls from India, Pakistan and Iran as well as the senior UN representative, all based in Kandahar.

A few private American citizens somehow also turned up in Kandahar. One of them was from California. He had been hired by a local Afghan entrepreneur to work in his marble factory. There was also a guy from a church in the US. It was after the Sergeant Bales affair, when an American soldier had gone berserk and killed a number of Afghan civilians in the nearby Horn of Panjwai, one of the most lethal places in Afghanistan. Now this American wanted to hire a taxi and visit the village where the attack occurred to make amends and provide a cash donation.

The owner of the hotel where he stayed just outside Kandahar Air Field called to let us know. And we said, "Please don't let this person leave the hotel compound; if the plan is to give the villagers some money, let him invite them to the hotel and receive the money there."

Geographically, my area of responsibility as SCR covered four provinces: Uruzgan, Zabul, Daykundi, and Kandahar. Unfortunately, Daykundi was the one province I was never able to visit. This was a huge disappointment.

Daykundi is located in the mountains of central Afghanistan and is home to a large Hazara population. It was one of the more peaceful areas of Afghanistan, perhaps because of its relative isolation. As legend has it, the Hazara community is descended from the soldiers of Genghis Khan who stayed behind. "Hazar" means 1,000 in Urdu and

several other languages and supposedly Genghis Khan divided his army into units of 1,000 – hence the name "Hazara".

I did meet the governor of Daykundi when he would occasionally visit Kandahar for meetings. Within the context of Afghanistan, the Hazara are regarded as the lowest of the low. At the same time, they tend to place more value on education including female education. In fact, the governor of the capital of Daykundi was female, an unusual situation for Afghanistan.

I still remember when national test scores were announced for Afghanistan. As it happens, Hazara students – including girls – did exceptionally well, taking a seemingly disproportionate number of top spots. Other Afghans were outraged, given their low opinion of Hazaras. "What are these people up to? How did they do so well? They must have cheated, etc. etc., etc.." The reality is, this was simply a reflection of the Hazara interest in education, including for their daughters that was now paying dividends.

I was disappointed that I never had the chance to visit Daykundi. It almost happened twice. But there was bad weather both times and both times my flight was cancelled at the last minute.

I did meet a number of Hazaras elsewhere in Afghanistan. Some worked outside central Afghanistan including at the Embassy and at USAID. Given their low social status, I sometimes noticed that it would be a Hazara that served tea in my meetings with provincial and district governors. Some also served in the Afghan National Army.

It is interesting to recall that I had met Hazaras from Afghanistan during my time in Mongolia. Once it was at a private university sponsored by South Korea in Ulaanbaatar. When I visited, I met a couple of Hazara students that had come all the way from Afghanistan to study in Mongolia. Also, during my last months in Mongolia OSCE had arranged a two-week training program for Afghan diplomats to come to Mongolia and observe how a small, landlocked, neutral country organized its Foreign Service. I was invited to speak to these young Afghan diplomats, a couple of whom were Hazara. I mentioned that my next assignment would be in Kandahar. So, again, I appreciated these human connections, in this case human connections that involved both Mongolia and Afghanistan.

Q: Take one second again to describe the situation, the kind of security situation in Kandahar at the time you arrived in 2012. Was it more or less under ISAF control or were the Taliban relatively infiltrated, that sort of thing?

ADDLETON: I arrived in Kandahar in late August 2012. By this time ISAF was already about to enter into drawdown mode. The surge was coming to an end though there were still tens of thousands of ISAF soldiers serving in Afghanistan. What happened is, the drawdown turned out to be much sharper and steeper than expected.

I had considerable mobility and I travelled a lot during my year in Afghanistan. But it was also the last year when there would be such a robust foreign presence. When I arrived we had something like 140 civilians under Chief of Mission authority in fourteen different locations, a combination of provincial reconstruction teams (PRTs) in Kandahar, Zabul and Uruzgan and district support teams (DSTs) that would be among the first to shut down.

One challenging task that year was to explain the draw down to Afghans. That was part of the diplomatic aspect of my assignment – to somehow explain that "we are leaving but we are still with you and we still support you"!

It was a challenging message and it got harder when the draw down suddenly became a lot steeper, more like jumping off a cliff than descending gradually down a hill. At times during that year there was even speculation that NATO and the US would give up its air base in Kandahar.

I typically attended briefings every morning and every evening with the senior military command – General Abrams, General Hughes, General White and General Brewer from Australia. It was very much an international effort, involving as it did Australians playing a key role in Uruzgan and Romanians assigned the task of keeping the road between Kandahar and Ghazni open.

There were a lot of ISAF casualties in southern Afghanistan that year. Colleagues in Kabul told me that I was going to the most kinetic part of the country and they were right. Supply routes from Pakistan passed through Zabul and were called "rat lines". Then there was the Horn of Panjwai near Kandahar. I think Mullah Omar who founded the Taliban was originally from there. It remained as a seething Taliban stronghold.

ISAF was also beginning to pull back, both from the Horn of Panjwai and elsewhere. General Hamid commanded the Afghan forces ("Hero Corps") in the south. He seemed professional and I even admired him from a distance, given the responsibilities he had and the challenges he faced. His family including a son who enjoyed computers lived in Kabul.

That said, he guy who was really seen to keep the peace in Kandahar was General Raziq. He represented the Afghan police, not the regular army. He had a horrible reputation on human rights and was considered very brutal. The day I first arrived in Kandahar I attended a Purple Heart ceremony in the Kandahar Trauma Center. And, as it happened, General Raziq was also there, recovering in a private room from yet another attack.

General Raziq enjoyed the grudging respect of American officers in Kandahar, if only because he dealt so effectively with the Taliban. He also enjoyed a wider popularity among the general Afghan public than the international media gave him credit for. As he once commented, "I am here because the people want me here". Years later he was killed by the Taliban, something they had been trying to do for a long time. The Taliban finally

got him, having recruited one of his own bodyguards to kill him. He was an interesting figure, one of many that I met in Afghanistan.

I attended all the morning and evening briefings and thus heard most of what was happening in the region – the casualties, the defeats, the victories, and the smaller tactical aspects of war. In fact, I was undoubtedly seeing a lot more of the tactical stuff than the strategic stuff. From what I saw, the Taliban was getting hammered – yet they somehow always managed to bounce back. Give the casualties they took, it begged the question – how can the Taliban be so resilient?

The Dust of Kandahar presents my view of the war, providing a day-to-day account of it. Yet looking at it from a more distant perspective, I see that I operated in three different worlds during that year in Afghanistan, worlds that often intersected.

The first of these worlds was the military one. This was entirely new for me, I had not had many previous encounters with soldiers. I came to respect the work they did and the sacrifices they made. And it wasn't only the American military or soldiers from Australia and Romania – I had encounters with Slovaks, Albanians, Jordanians and others. I appreciated the young men and women in uniform – and plenty of them were in fact women. Their personal sacrifice was undeniable and very real, as I observed so often.

One thing I did as SCR was to basically attend every Purple Heart ceremony recognizing the wounded, every ramp ceremony marking the departure of the remains to Dover, and every memorial service organized for the fallen, some in Kandahar and others on small far-flung outposts spread across southern Afghanistan.

It is hard to imagine anything sadder than a memorial service in some remote part of southern Afghanistan. It was here where the unit would gather to honor their dead. Even remembering these services almost brings me to tears. I won't repeat all of it here. But the human aspect of war was on full display, not only in the memorial services but also in the ramp ceremonies and Purple Heart ceremonies which I attended.

I also came to understand in a very real way the modern way of war. It is amazing: an IED goes off during some small unit patrol in the Horn of Panjwai and within half an hour the casualties are brought in by helicopter to the Trauma Hospital at Kandahar Airfield. Soldiers that might have been killed in previous wars were more likely to survive despite losing limbs. Some of the wounded were still unconscious when they received their Purple Hearts. In some cases, the critically wounded, once stabilized, would shortly be transferred to a military hospital in Germany and, eventually, Walter Reed back in Washington DC.

The ramp ceremonies at Kandahar Air Field was where the remains were transferred to military aircraft for the long journey back to Dover. Hundreds of people from many nationalities would line up to pay their last respects. These ceremonies could happen at all hours. Some ramp ceremonies were held at 2 AM in the morning.

One principle in our military is that of ultimate civilian control. So when we lined up at the rear entrance of the plane to receive the remains, General Abrams would place me at the front of the line, followed by the generals, colonels, majors and other ranks, again from all nationalities. The khaki-colored caisson would arrive, carrying a single flag-covered aluminum box. From there it would be carried into the plane while everyone lined up for a final salute.

A hymn was typically played. For the Third Infantry Division, that meant *Amazing Grace*. On occasion it would be played on the bagpipes, an especially haunting rendition for me given Fiona's Scottish connections. The chaplain would say a few words and a prayer and that would be it. Then the flag-covered remains would be carried into the belly of the plane and we would all return to our quarters for what was left of the night.

It was those memorial services, especially the services at some far-flung out-post, that left the biggest mark. At the end of those services, the soldier who had made the ultimate sacrifice would be recognized in a more personal way. Usually the commanding officer – perhaps a lieutenant or even a sergeant – would say a few remarks. Some remembered very specific details, perhaps involving that last cookout with family at Fort Stewart prior to deployment. Some remembered telling a mother or a spouse that their young soldier would be "well taken care of," that "nothing would happen" to them. Recollections like this were always heart breaking.

Then all those present would line up to pay their last respects in front of the rifle, helmet and boots arranged neatly in the front of the tent or auditorium as a kind of temporary memorial. Sometimes more than one dead soldier was recognized. We would then pass in front of the rifle, helmet and boots, perhaps pausing for a moment for a reflection or brief prayer or to touch the dog tag left behind. Some would leave small mementoes behind – a challenge coin, a military insignia of some kind, even a short note to pass on to the family.

The final part of the memorial service was what was called "the final roll call". Names would be called in alphabetical order, as if a role for the platoon was being taken: Adam, James Adams, the sergeant would call, followed by a reply of "here"; Carter, Neil Carter, the sergeant would call, followed by a reply of "here"; and all the way down the list.

Finally, the name of the dead soldier would be called. It would be called out once, followed by silence; twice, followed by silence; three times, followed by silence. Perhaps the name would be Scott, James Scott – followed by James Arthur Scott with a note of urgency. But again there would only be silence. And then one of the living soldiers in the platoon would shout out, "He is not here, sir. He has left us".

This would be followed by the final salute, a mournful rendition of *Day is Done* (more usually known as *Taps*) on a quavering solitary trumpet. And then the ceremony would be over.

The boots, rifle and helmet would still be standing at the front of the audience at the end of each ceremony. If more than one soldier had been killed, there would be multiple memorials. The notes, insignia and medals would then be gathered up and taken back to the US where they would eventually be passed on to the family.

You can't go through something like this repeatedly during the course of a year without being deeply affected by it. Some colleagues have been surprised when I told them that this happened dozens of times during those twelve months that I spent in Kandahar – Purple Heart ceremonies; ramp ceremonies; and memorial services. It was a repeated reminder of the price of war – the butcher's bill, as I sometimes imagined it.

So this too was part of my assignment in Afghanistan. Of course, the military was an overwhelming presence. As I mentioned, I attended all the briefings involving senior military staff, one at the beginning of each day and one at the end of it. I would have the opportunity to say something, if there was something useful to say on the civilian side. Of course, the diplomats in southern Afghanistan numbered in the dozens while the military numbered in the thousands and even in the tens of thousands. So we were a small presence, at least in terms of the numbers.

That said, there was still a strong civilian aspect to our work in Afghanistan. The military had their own civilian affairs teams and the Embassy civilians with whom I worked and for whom I was responsible were typically embedded within them. I also worked with the military on civilian outreach or, as we called it, "key leader engagement". Sometimes I would undertake such outreach on my own. At other times I would accompany one of the generals on their visits, providing both a military and civilian dimension to it.

At times the Embassy in Kabul had particular views that we would need to convey to the military commanders or to the Afghan civilians with whom we engaged. That was part of my role too, a role that quite often involved travel outside the confines of Kandahar Airfield.

I didn't realize at first that many American soldiers who were deployed never stepped "beyond the wire," never left the air base. Their entire year was spent on Kandahar Air Field. But my responsibility entailed a lot of travel. Early on, I tried to visit each of the fourteen places across southern Afghanistan where civilians under Chief of Mission authority were posted.

Work sometimes involved more typically civilian concerns. As I mentioned, in normal times we might have had a US Consulate in Kandahar and my role might have been more or less that of the Consul General. We reported what we observed to Kabul.

I also interacted with other diplomats – the Iranians had a consulate in Kandahar and I obviously didn't seek them out; but I did interact with staff from the Indian and Pakistani Consulates. I also attended a few events where Consul Generals from all three countries were also present. I met my UN counterpart who worked in Kandahar as well. If I remember correctly, he was from Uzbekistan.

By and large, the Indian diplomats were friendlier than the Pakistani ones though Pakistan was ostensibly our ally. I mention this because my first visit to the Pakistani Consulate involved a stand-off with my security detail consisting of armed US soldiers. We arrived and the diplomats at the Pakistan consulate basically said, "This is a diplomatic facility and your soldiers can't come in". I think in the end a compromise was reached, one that allowed our soldiers to sit in a small receiving area inside the Embassy compound while I met with the Consul General in his office next door.

By contrast, the Indians completely understood our situation and were sympathetic to the idea that I might be accompanied by armed soldiers in uniform. In fact, they invited my security detail to accompany me into their CG's office, offering them a cup of tea while we talked. Unlike with the Pakistan Consulate, it did not involve a standoff and we interacted well with each other, knowing that all of us shared a common danger in what can only be described as a war zone.

I do remember that I was in Kandahar at the time when the Indian National Day – perhaps it was Constitution Day – was being celebrated. The Indians had ordered catered food from a local Indian restaurant. I eyed the Iranian Consul General from a distance but talked to both the Indian and Pakistan CGs. Several senior Afghan military officers were also present.

I am still amazed about all I witnessed during that year. Another incident involved the repatriation of an Afghan sailor. Afghanistan doesn't have a coast. But this guy must have migrated to Iran and then got a job on a fishing boat. To make a long story short, he fell off his boat and into the Indian Ocean.

He must have been the luckiest sailor in the world that day. The US Navy happened to be in the area and a US Navy ship rescued him. He was flown back to Kandahar on a military plane. The governor met him, gave him a new set of clothes and sent him home. We were part of intriguing events like this as well.

We tried to keep the Embassy in Kabul aware of what was happening in our corner of Afghanistan. That is what all those reporting cables were about. Some became the raw material for cables that Political and Economic Officers in Kabul would send back to Washington.

Sometimes we would be asked for specific items of information, for example what could we say about a religious situation there or an extended family situation somewhere else. Of course, this was also partly what our "key engagements" were all about – to gather useful information, to know and report on what we knew about events in our area.

This leads naturally from a discussion about the military and civilian parts of my world to yet another one – the world of the Afghans with whom we also interacted. To my mind, this was the main reason I had volunteered to come to Afghanistan in the first place. As I observed it, the Afghans we met were much more willing to talk than outside observers

might realize. They wanted us to hear their narrative, they hoped we would write up their story and in this way bring it to the attention of others. They wanted their voices to be heard.

We also had quite a few visitors from Kabul. Of course, we were tasked with organizing those visits. Sometimes we could arrange them to include key leader engagements. Most visitors wanted to at least meet with one of the provincial governors. We might also arrange a visit to a nearby school, health clinic, office or factory.

We interacted with Afghans a lot more than people might realize. As I mentioned, I was never able to visit Daykundi because of bad weather. But I did travel to many other places, usually by helicopter. I counted it up afterwards. I think I took something like 100 flights, most but not all by helicopter

I had occasional trips to Kabul. In addition, the Senior Civilian Representatives (SCRs) serving across Afghanistan met with each other quarterly. We tried to host one of those SCR meetings in Kandahar but that never happened. In the end, I think all of our quarterly meetings took place in Kabul.

So the Kandahar assignment was completely different from anything I had ever encountered before. It was very intense. It involved a lot of demands. At times I worked with very little sleep. You do engage in self-reflection, you do ask questions about yourself. The emotional aspect is inevitably part of an assignment like this; it comes with the territory.

I was responsible for 140 people. At least, that was the number of civilians under Chief of Mission authority scattered across southern Afghanistan when I arrived in August 2012. We knew the numbers would decline during the coming months. As the year progressed, the drawdown became much steeper and some staff had their assignments shortened.

Some colleagues were career Foreign Services like me. Others were career officers from other US government departments or agencies such as Agriculture. But many were there on limited short-term appointments or on a contract basis. Most did not want to leave early.

Those of us serving in Afghanistan volunteered for a variety of reasons. For some, the motive might have included the salary, for others adventure, for still others a genuine desire to make a difference. More likely, we shared multiple motives, some stronger and more powerful than others.

But, again, the reality is that the prospect of terminating contracts and leaving early left almost everyone both disappointed and distressed. No one wanted to leave early. It became a big morale issue, one that played out among different people in different ways.

There was also an inevitable barrier between those of us serving in Kandahar and those assigned to outlying districts or in more distant provinces such as Zabul and Uruzgan.

The inevitable field vs. headquarters dynamic was being played out as well. At some level, their relationship with Kandahar was like our relationship with Kabul.

Everyone did their best. It was an intense year. Differences are inevitable but you attempt to work through them and resolve them as best you can. It was my year of living dangerously. Everyone else was living dangerously as well.

Q: When you were taking all of those helicopter rides, did you come under fire?

ADDLETON: No, I never came under direct fire while in a helicopter. However, the helicopters always had a gunner aboard. Some gunners were women. Early on I noticed one such gunner with blonde hair who couldn't have been much more than eighteen or twenty years old, not much older than my daughter Catriona who also had fair hair and was then a senior in high school back in Mongolia.

I had a colleague named Timothy Wilder, someone I knew quite well from growing up in Pakistan. He works for the State Department and his brother Andrew also tracked Afghanistan, in his case as a senior officer at the United States Institute for Peace located across from the State Department in Washington, DC.

Anyway, Tim spent a year as the senior State Department political officer in Tarin Kot, capital of Uruzgan province. He said that on one of his helicopter trips between Kandahar and Tarin Kot the helicopter had mechanical difficulties and had to land in the middle of the desert. He said it felt very strange when their helicopter landed. Of course, the soldiers formed a perimeter around the helicopter, as protection in case anything unexpected happen.

We did have occasional rocket or mortar attacks on Kandahar Airfield. The siren would sound and we would take shelter in a nearby bunker. That said, you would have to be very unlucky to be hit by a rocket. There were multiple mortar attacks but few if any casualties, at least at Kandahar Airfield. So some people might say, "Well I experienced multiple mortar attacks during my time in Afghanistan." But that didn't usually mean much. The biggest danger was from IEDs.

Another big danger also began to emerge – the so-called "green on blue" attacks involving Afghan soldiers who might turn their guns on ISAF forces with whom they rubbed shoulders. That made everything much harder. It also meant that the biggest danger wasn't necessarily "beyond the wire".

It was upsetting to think that one of your ostensible allies might attack you, something that as the year progressed seemed to be happening with alarming frequency. In that sense, even a mission to a neighboring province or district would not necessarily be safe. You might take a helicopter from KAF to a provincial governor's compound. You might remain inside that compound the entire time. But, even within that compound, you would have to remain alert because those around you, those ostensibly protecting you, might in the end attack you. And when that happens there is almost nothing that you can do about

it. It did not happen to me personally but it was a factor in our thinking. And it happened to ISAF soldiers all too often, as described in *The Dust of Kandahar*.

Early in my time in southern Afghanistan green on blue attacks killed both American and Australian soldiers. I remember in particular a green on blue attack in a small outpost that left four American soldiers dead. A Special Forces soldier was killed in Zabul in a similar attack – he was drinking a cup of tea and was shot in the back of the head. From my perspective, these were always terrible events and very demoralizing. It became an untenable situation when you couldn't even trust those around you.

Q: You had also mentioned the issue of making some suggestions through the dissent channel. And I wondered how that came out?

ADDLETON: Yes, let me provide a short version of what happened. I later described some of these details in a couple of *Foreign Service Journal* articles. And of course aspects of this story are included in *The Dust of Kandahar*.

Not too long after arriving in Kandahar there was the attack on Malala, the young lady in Pakistan who was blogging for BBC on the importance of female education and how much she enjoyed going to school. She was later awarded a Nobel Peace Prize.

She was riding a bus to school in Swat, a beautiful part of Pakistan that I am very familiar with. Members of the Pakistan Taliban attacked the school bus in an attempt to kill her. She miraculously survived with serious head injuries. She was taken first to a hospital in Rawalpindi and then flown to a hospital in England for further treatment.

One thing that most people don't know is that Malala is a very famous name in Afghanistan and especially in southern Afghanistan. It was the name of an Afghan heroine who became famous for resisting the British during a battle in the Second Afghan War that took place in Maiwand, near Kandahar. Occasionally our helicopter would fly over Maiwand and I was always fascinated by the area. A small fort, possibly built by the British, was still visible.

The event that made Malala of Maiwand famous occurred in 1880 on what was supposed to be her wedding day. She volunteered to serve as a nurse, providing water and tending to the wounded. The battle was going badly for the Afghans. But at a critical moment Malala ripped off her veil, waved it and rallied the Afghans to a famous victory, a victory that is remembered with pride by Afghans to this day.

She was killed near the end of the battle, cementing her status as a true Afghan heroine, a Joan of Arc figure, you might say. To this day there are health centers and schools named after her. She is well known in a country that benefits from having heroines.

Another thing that is not widely known is that the father of the contemporary Malala who grew up in the Swat Valley in Pakistan was a proud and well educated Pashtun, tapping into something else that is often not realized, the fact that there is a very progressive

strand in Pashtun politics that goes back decades and borders on the radical. In fact, Malala's grandfather was one of those Pashtuns who supported Gandhi, not Jinnah, during the struggle for independence -- he wanted to see a united India, not a divided one broken into two part on religious grounds.

Malala's father knew about Malala of Maiwand and explicitly named his daughter after her. According to a newspaper in Pakistan that I read at the time, Malala's father had even stated "I named my Malala after Malala of Maiwand because I wanted her to be courageous and brave. And she has been courageous and brave, exceeding my expectations."

As I reflected on the two Malalas, I saw this as a story that needed a broader audience, not only on account of its links to female bravery and female education but also because it might resonate on both sides of the border, in both Pakistan and Afghanistan. This was also a time when Pakistan and Afghanistan were at each other's throats. By writing about the two Malalas, it might also be possible to explicitly link a heroine from Pakistan with a heroine from Afghanistan in positive ways, perhaps even encouraging more positive views among Pashtuns living on both sides of the Durand Line.

At the same time, Pakistan being what it is, wild conspiracy theories were already emerging, in some cases linking the attack on Malala to the CIA rather than the Taliban. As these views had it, if an event like this seem to benefit the cause for which the US was fighting in Afghanistan, it very probably was arranged by the US. Such conspiracy theories are not unique to Pakistan. But they certainly thrive in Pakistan.

I wrote the article on the two Malalas with the idea of having it appear in the Pushto media in southern Afghanistan. The Afghans who translated the article loved it. I wondered if there might be an English language audience for it as well. In fact, months later the British author William Dalrymple wrote an article on the two Malalas that appeared in the *New York Times*.

Mostly my article was meant for an Afghan audience, especially a Pashto-speaking audience in southern Afghanistan, the place where we lived and worked and risked our lives every day. Apart from everything else, it attempted to affirm in basic but important ways the importance of female education, drawing on two heroic Pashtun women who were prepared to make the ultimate sacrifice for something they strongly believed in.

I dutifully sent the draft to Kabul to be cleared. The Public Affairs office in Kabul then dutifully sent it to their Public Affairs colleagues in Islamabad and Washington. My speculation is that the Public Affairs Office at our Embassy in Islamabad didn't much like the idea that their colleagues in Kandahar had "appropriated" the Malala story from Pakistan and were now trying to place it in the local media in Kandahar. To my mind it was yet another example of the US government simultaneously both shooting itself in the foot and losing an opportunity to contribute to a wider discussion. Looking back, we did far too much of that in Afghanistan.

Reading between the lines, my speculation is that other dynamics might also have been at work, linked in part to those conspiracy theories already circulating around Pakistan that referred to Malala variously as a CIA "plant" or the victim of an attack organized by the CIA to harm the image of the Taliban. So in a perverse and depressing way, our policy was shaped by conspiracy theories being concocted elsewhere, as far removed from reality as those conspiracy theories might be. To my mind, it was also another example of being cowed by Pakistani perceptions and views when at least in this particular situation the view from Afghanistan should have mattered more.

Predictably, the short answer came back from Kabul to Kandahar, dictated as I believe by the someone in the Public Affairs section in Islamabad: "Please no Malala stories now". And in the end the story of the two Malalas was spiked and never published in the local Pashto press in Kandahar at all. To my mind, this was a strong case of "overthinking" and "overreacting". We were putting our lives on the line every day – yet we were unable to take advantage of opportunities like this that were staring us in the face.

All this would have taken place in fall 2012. A couple of months later the recently appointed new Secretary of State John Kerry visited the US Embassy in Kabul. We listened to his remarks via video hook-up. And, among other things, he said something along the lines of, "I want to highlight the importance of public affairs and outreach. I also want to emphasize the importance of speaking your mind – there are channels by which to do it; but I do want to hear your perspective on issues that matter".

I was still disappointed about the fate of that op-ed on the two Malalas when I heard Secretary Kerry say those words. So when he put out this challenge about the importance of outreach and the need to stick out one's neck to defend one's perspective, it seemed to me that his words were directly relevant to me.

I quickly drafted what the State Department calls a "dissent channel cable," making my case. I sent it first to a few colleagues and also to Ambassador Cunningham in Kabul in email form, not asking for their approval to send it but rather asking them to comment on it. Ambassador Cunningham did not seem to mind at all. Some colleagues praised me for it.

Although perhaps not too explicit, it was written with a sense that the State Department – or at least our Embassy in Islamabad – all too often displays unnecessary deference to the radical Islamist narrative for fear that it might somehow also "antagonize" ordinary Muslims. Failure to publish the Malala article might be regarded as "Exhibit One" in a far too long list of "Missed Opportunities".

State is obliged to read ever dissent cable that is sent and respond to them. I did get a polite reply. Perhaps it also got a few people's attention. Of course, these issues always require balance. I was frustrated about how difficult it was to conduct outreach in my own small corner of southern Afghanistan. To my mind, the story on the two Malalas should not have been spiked, at least by those working so far away from our Kandahar reality.

The Christian Herter Award for Intellectual Courage and Constructive Dissent came a couple of years later. But the nomination was based on this experience in Kandahar involving of all things the two Malalas and an article that unfortunately never saw the light of day.

Q: Similarly, you had mentioned that you had sent a number of reporting cables to Kabul that did not go forward to Washington. Was that the same sort of thing or kind of a censorship because whatever was being reported did not fit at least from the point of view of the embassy in Kabul?

ADDLETON: Yes, let me reference a few things related to that as well. However, just before I get it into it, I want to say that in terms of outreach, it wasn't limited to that op-ed on Malala, I wrote several other op-eds during my year in Kandahar, some of which were published in the Pashto press or broadcast in Pashto on radio.

This was another touching story. Let me mention it briefly because it also speaks to that effort at behaving as if we were a Consulate in terms of our interest in American citizens who had lived and worked in the region.

Essentially, we received a query about the grave of a young American girl. Her name was Marilyn McBee. I believe she was nine years old when she passed away, a small kid who had been the daughter of an American contractor working in Kandahar during the 1950s. He was employed by the Kansas Department of Agricultural and was seconded to do irrigation-related work in southern Afghanistan.

This was before the Salk vaccine. While in Afghanistan she contracted a virulent form of polio. She died and was buried in a tiny cemetery in Kandahar. Her mother, now in her eighties, lived in Salina, Kansas. As her dying wish, she wanted to know if her daughter's grave could still be seen in Kandahar.

We shared the story with our Afghan staff and they visited the derelict grave, taking a few pictures. The grave was still there although by now it was fading into wilderness. It was protected by a small brick wall and included a few other "English" graves. We told Mrs. McBee and she seemed appreciative though by now the original marker had disappeared.

I wrote this story up as a short op-ed that was later published in Pashto in the Kandahar media and in English in a Kansas City newspaper. It made sense because our efforts in the health sector included an effort to eradicate polio in Afghanistan. Actually, it has almost been entirely eradicated around the world. The only place where it continues to exist is in parts of Nigeria and along the Afghan-Pakistan border. Even now those of us working in southern Afghanistan were involved in issues related to polio, the disease that had killed Marilyn McBee all those years ago.

I used this example of Marilyn McBee partly to illustrate the costs of polio and partly to show that the US-Afghan engagement in southern Afghanistan had gone back decades – after all, Marilyn McBee's father was working on an irrigation project in this same area more than half a century ago. They too had sacrificed, leaving their daughter behind. I also wrote up this touching story. Unlike the Malala article, it was published in the local Pashto press.

As an aside, a few months later when Fiona and I found ourselves driving across Kansas we contacted Mrs. McBee. We had dinner together, sharing something of our common experience in Kandahar. For me it remains as an incredibly sad story.

Public outreach and our ability to engage and report on what was happening in southern Afghanistan covered many areas, representing one of the more interesting aspects of our work in southern Afghanistan. One person we met with quite often was Shah Wali Karzai, the half-brother of President Karzai. He was titular head of the Popalzai tribe. He served dinner and always provided wonderful hospitality – pomegranate, grapes, pistachios, walnuts, *naan*, lamb, Kabuli *pilau*, whatever. He also held forth on his views of Kandahar – the Popalzai view of the world, if you will.

One of Shah Wali Karzai's brothers had been mayor of Kandahar. His name was Ahmed Wali Karzai. He had been killed by a suicide bomber who arrived with a bomb hidden in his turban. Ahmed Wali Karazai's death lingered like a dark shadow over everything else associated with the Karzai family in southern Afghanistan.

Shah Wali Karzai also had a half-brother named Mahmud who was in private business, also in Kandahar. In some sense, all these family connections were a vivid reflection of the Pashto proverb that illustrated the nature of competitive power relations in southern Afghanistan – "Me against my brother; me and my brother against my cousin; me, my brother and my cousin against the clan; and then all the way up to the tribe".

There is no doubt that there were huge fissures within the Karzai family. Some of them were evident in our meetings with Shah Wali Karzai and to some extent with his half-brother Mahmud whom we occasionally met as well. Their competing perspectives also helped inform our reporting to Kabul, given that a Karzai was president and internal disagreements within the Karzai family could have national ramifications. We also reported on other issues such as the increasingly steep time line for ISAF withdrawal from Afghanistan and the possible consequences and impact that might have on ISAF credibility in Afghanistan.

We didn't necessarily get the story right all the time. However, we did hear a number of interesting perspectives and we reported on them. In fairness, some of our reporting was also fragmented, provided in e-mail form. Sometimes it was insufficient to serve as a stand-alone cable. However, we would pass on information to Kabul and Kabul would in turn collect material from all over the country, using it to help inform their consolidated reporting to Washington.

A possible defect was that it involved "mediated" reporting, in this case mediated by Kabul. And, given the several steps involved, the reporting could be changed or adjusted at different steps along the way. And perhaps by the end, like a game of "telephone," it might introduce a distorted and perhaps even an entirely new perspective. In that sense, Washington wasn't usually receiving much raw reporting from Kandahar, rather it was receiving edited, consolidated reports from Kabul that might or might not reflect a Kandahar perspective.

Of course, the country team needs to speak with one voice. We in Kandahar were part of that country team. This was reinforced by weekly conference calls involving the various Senior Civilian Representatives from across the country, including myself calling in from Kandahar.

A Foreign Service officer by the name of Lewis Gitter took the lead in much of our political reporting from southern Afghanistan. He is an outstanding Foreign Service officer and was doing good reporting. Here again, his reporting was meant to provide raw material for longer cables from Kabul, reflecting views from different parts of the country. At the same time, he would on occasion write longer cables meant to come exclusively from Kandahar. He would write them, Kabul would review them and then they would be transmitted to Washington.

One such cable focused on Aino Mina, a development scheme near Kandahar that was associated with both corruption and the Karzai family. It was based on input from multiple sources. This may be the cable you are referring to when you asked about certain cables not going forward from Afghanistan to Washington.

For some reason, this particular cable did not seem to be going anywhere – it just sat and sat. It seemed to be gathering dust. In the end I don't think it was ever sent at all. It just sat in someone "In Box" in Kabul. And that was frustrating because you wanted to inform the policy process in Washington and you wanted people to know what was happening in our part of the country.

It wasn't just those of us in Kandahar who were frustrated by this. My SCR colleagues in Helmand, Herat and Mazari-e-Sharif or wherever were experiencing the same thing. It seemed that their cables were being held in Kabul as well. All of us voiced our frustrations about it. When we got frustrated enough, some aspects of the logjam seemed to break, at least for a while.

Another matter of interest for us was General Raziq. He was viewed as the brutal security enforcer of Kandahar and we wanted to do a cable on him. However, we were advised to not bother, or words to that effect. In retrospect, I'm not sure if this was a case of "don't go there" or "that is strictly a military lane or "we have other sources" or "we already know anyway".

In order to do a cable like that we had to meet with General Raziq. In this case, the implicit message from Kabul was, "Don't meet with General Raziq; he is beyond the

pale". Of course, these are complicated issues and there are legitimate differences of views on what is right and what is wrong. That said, even as a career USAID officer, I have always felt you have to talk to people. That doesn't mean you give them a free pass or are not concerned or plan to look the other way. However, you are at least hearing another voice and getting another perspective.

As I mentioned, I briefly saw General Raziq on my first day in Kandahar. He was in his hospital room, recovering from the latest Taliban attack against him. He survived more than one suicide bombing. Throughout the year I saw him from a distance at various meetings.

I never actually met with him for any length of time, given that we had been advised not to. Partly the view seemed to be that my work should be focused on the civilian side, not the security side. Fair enough. But I did meet with General Hamid on occasion – he was a real professional and someone whom I did respect.

This is a long reflection in response to your initial question. There were definitely times when we felt we were expressing views that would not go very far back up the chain. Again, though, in fairness to the process, this is an inevitable aspect of any field-headquarters relationship. We were committed to our work. My colleagues thought our observations should feed into the system, should be taken into account, should eventually make their way back to Washington, one way or another. Some of this is covered in *Dust of Kandahar*. It definitely did become an issue from time to time.

Q: From any of the other questions that I noted, were there any that you particularly wanted to return to?

ADDLETON: Yes. One thing I mentioned is that ISAF had few partners and almost nobody that they could really truly trust. Partly, that was because of those green-on-blue attacks that happened much too often throughout my year in Afghanistan. Partly, it was on account of the challenges involved in working in a tribal environment with its ever-shifting alliances. It was hard to figure out exactly who was where politically, much less who might be where three months from now. So trust was an important aspect of our work, accentuated by those devastating green-on-blue attacks. It was a fact of life and it was a huge concern during the year that year.

Another issue relates to the development aspect of our work, especially the sustainability part of it. One big issue here was the subsidy provided to the government-owned power entity that ensure that electricity was provided, that Kandahar was lit up night. As I saw on my occasional helicopter flights over the city, mostly en route to Gecko, Kandahar at that time did not have real power issues, electricity was being provided to everyone, albeit on a heavily subsidized basis.

Perhaps that changed after the ISAF military drawdown. Perhaps the subsidies were gradually reduced, leading to power shortages and load shedding. I did understand that other power solutions were also being considered. But I had little doubt that the subsidies

were being phased out. Afghanistan would have to take responsibility for paying its own electricity bills, at least over the long term.

If you want to be optimistic, you might say that there is this swamp that the Afghans have to go through before reaching the other side. In the case of power, that might mean an end to subsidies, even if it involved load shedding, even if electricity coverage shifted from, say, 80 percent of the demand in Kandahar to, say, just 20 percent.

Cell phones were another aspect of change in southern Afghanistan. Very likely, they represented the biggest technological change of all. Cell phones make a big difference in any society. That is why, no matter what happens in Afghanistan, whether the Taliban wins in the end or not, Afghanistan will never go back to the way it was in 2001. It is now a very different place. Everybody uses cell phone. It is a fact of life, one that ultimately changes everything. Of course, the Taliban now also use cell phones. It may be that both sides have ways to listen to their opponent's phone conversations.

Another thing I noticed was the tendency of Afghans to refer to what in effect was a dichotomy of "Taliban as good Muslims" and "Taliban as bad Muslims". From what I saw, many if not most Afghans had as a default position that the Taliban were devout and observant and thus "good Muslims," until their actions proved otherwise.

Not surprisingly, that also resulted in a disconnect between some of the truly horrific suicide bombings that the Taliban launched that would kill women and children and this other view of the Taliban as somehow being pious and observant Muslims. Looking back, perhaps that was the only way locals could handle the fact that seemingly devout Afghans with whom they lived alongside performed such horrendous deeds – some were "good" but others were "bad". That too was part of our continuing conversation throughout that year in southern Afghanistan.

There was also the issue of government payments to religious leaders and school teachers. Often these were in arrears. The locals would ask us to reach out to Kabul and request that they send the necessary payments. It sometimes became a big problem. Our approach was always to try to maintain communications and, when it came to salary payments, help facilitate what the Government of Afghanistan should clearly be doing on its own.

Human rights were another part of the conversation. We talked about issues such as child brides and domestic violence. We talked to members of local women's groups. We talked to members of various local human rights commissions that had been established in various places in Afghanistan. For example, the head of one such commission in Uruzgan was named Abdul Stanikzai. He was truly dedicated and gladly talked about these concerns. Later I learned he had migrated with his family to Australia. I don't doubt that he would have feared for his life had he remained in Afghanistan.

I learned about some of the cases that he was tracking. At times especially egregious cases were written up in the Afghan media, in this way gaining national prominence. Some of the cases involving domestic violence were truly horrific.

Then there were issues linked to the upcoming elections. Inevitably, we sought information on local views regarding these elections. We stated over and over again that these elections should be "free and fair". That was the objective when we started the conversation, to emphasize the importance of such elections for Afghanistan. Then, part way through the election campaign, the word came down from Kabul that we should start using another phrase instead of "free and fair" – rather, we should use the phrase "credible and transparent".

That new phrase can be interpreted in different ways. It is true that "free and fair" might reflect overly ambitious over-reach in the context of Afghanistan. Perhaps it is also true that more modest goals were needed, goals that might have been more realistic. In that sense, "credible and transparent" was probably the phrase that we should have used in the first place. For Afghanistan, even "credible and transparent" would have been an important step forward.

You also mentioned the so-called CERP programs. Actually, I looked online last night and saw that the IG, even as recently as a few weeks ago, was still issuing reports about CERP. So they did continue, even after my departure.

Of course, SIGAR was another aspect of the IG. I could go on an entirely different tangent on that one. From my perspective, aspects of SIGAR were quite problematic. The press gives a lot of attention to SIGAR reports and SIGAR loves the attention. As far I can tell, they wrote their reports more with the media in mind than anything else. Certainly, they did little to improve programs or strengthen project management and implementation in Afghanistan. John Sopko who headed SIGAR for years visited Kandahar at least once. After that meeting, I did wonder – who watches the watchdog?

While serving in Kandahar, I read an article about SIGAR and Sopko in the *Washington Post*. It was a fawning piece, as the *Washington Post* tends to do for people it likes. I'm not sure if it was in the headlines or in one of the early paragraphs. But the *Washington Post* statement was along the lines of "Meet the man with the hardest job in the world".

I had to laugh at that one. My first thought was, "You've got to be kidding. Whatever else may be said, this is not the hardest job in the world. Actually, finding corruption in Afghanistan is like shooting fish in a barrel. The people that have the hardest job in the world are those attempting to implement effective programs in a war zone, not those who occasionally fly in and out of a war zone to see what is happening and then return with some pithy and impressive sound bite."

That said, one does have to respect the process. John Sopko and everyone else is given a mandate and that is what they attempt to carry out. If you have a hammer, you use it. If you have nails, you pound them. Of course, IG reports do sometimes make useful and

important observations. At times, they can even be helpful. But that is a conversation for another time.

In fairness, not all SIGAR reports have been entirely negative. I did see a report recently about health units in Afghanistan. Basically, the report was saying, three years on, that most health units in Afghanistan were still appreciated and some were still being used. So amidst all the criticism and disasters and corruption, there is also from time to time positive news, especially in health and education. Donors did make a difference in these two areas, at least.

Moving on quickly, I also think of the Pakistan relationship as another interesting aspect of my time in southern Afghanistan. Despite what I said earlier, I did have a good relationship with the Pakistani Consul-General in Kandahar. I also met a couple of times with the Pakistani military liaison officer that had been assigned to southern Afghanistan. We seemed to get along fine and I appreciated the opportunity to use my Urdu.

I also came to realize is that there is a Pakistani narrative about events in Afghanistan and there is a diametrically different Afghan narrative. Neither much appreciates or believes the other. It is an incredibly antagonistic narrative on both sides. And yet Pakistan and Afghanistan have to live alongside each other. As I must have mentioned earlier, many Pakistanis don't realize the depth of anger that many Afghans harbor toward them, the view that training and materials from Pakistan are behind so many horrific suicide attacks in Afghanistan.

A couple of other issues also come to mind. One is the issue of Afghan casualties, Afghan amputees. Given the deadly toll that IEDs were taking on American soldiers, I did notice that the American military felt a strong empathy for the Afghan security forces they worked alongside who were also taking heavy casualties. In fact, during my time in Kandahar about 80 percent of the security-related injuries and deaths involved Afghan security forces, not ISAF.

On occasion American officers voiced their concern about the fate of wounded Afghan soldiers. For many Afghan families, the fact that their husband or brother or son served in the military was a lifeline. If he lost an arm or a leg, it was devastating. Perhaps the wounded former soldier would end up as an amputee, begging outside the mosque or market square, trying to make a living. This is just one example of the huge costs involved in the war, costs that continue to play out for years afterwards.

There is also the issue of the US military attempting to capture "lessons learned" from their deployments, to come up with a list of what went right or what went wrong during their deployments abroad. One aspect of this is that a military historian actually visits the battlefield while the war is still going on, interviewing people and writing up something about it. Perhaps more than any other institution I've worked with, the US military consciously records what happens. I was even interviewed. The video type of that one must be on file at Fort Myers somewhere, waiting for the inevitable official history of the

US military in Afghanistan or the Third Infantry Division in Kandahar. These interviews will become the raw material for those histories.

Maybe this is the time to conclude with that horrific day in Zabul – April 6, 2013. I think about it all the time. I can't ever forget it. When terrible things happen, it is your colleagues, your friends and your family that you rely on – not the institution and not the bureaucracy, which will always let you down.

What prompts these reflections now as we move toward this last story of what happened in Zabul is that there are two names related to Afghanistan on the AFSA memorial wall at the State Department in Washington, DC. One dates to 2012, the year I arrived in Afghanistan. The other dates to 2013, the year I left. I sometime think my name should have been included as a third.

The first incident occurred in August 2012. It involved a USAID officer, Ragaei Abdelfattah. His family originally came from Egypt. He was killed in the north of Afghanistan, in the Kunar Valley. A suicide bomber was also involved. Ragaei along with three soldiers died that day. One soldier was later awarded a Medal of Honor for preventing even more casualties.

The second incident occurred in April 2013, resulting in the death of a young State Department Officer, Anne Smedinghoff. I was with her that day, walking a few yards ahead of her. Three soldiers were also killed in the attack along with my Afghan-American translator.

So two Foreign Service names are included on the State Department memorial wall. It is perhaps surprising that there are not more, considering that this is America's longest war, that thousands of Foreign Service Officers passed through the doors of the Embassy during that time, some of them also serving in other places such as Kandahar or the Kunar Valley.

Perhaps there should be other names on that wall. One of them might be Michael Dempsey, another USAID officer. As I understand it, he was on leave when Ragaei was killed in Kunar in August 2012. He was 33 years old and he committed suicide back in his home state of Michigan. I think it was exactly one year later. If you Google the name, you will see references to the emotional burdens from Afghanistan that seemed to have played a role in his decision to kill himself.

I was in Kandahar and I read some of the statements coming out of USAID at the time – we can't let this happen, we will take care of our people better in the future, etc., etc., etc. And perhaps at some level this was an honest effort on the part of at least some people in USAID and in State in Washington to understand what happened.

But based on what I saw in the aftermath of Zabul, I am a lot more skeptical. Ragaei left a family behind. I think Michael was single. My reaction is perhaps also connected with another suicide that I was aware of, this one linked to my own childhood. It involved

Andrew Chelchowski, a schoolmate during my time at Murree Christian School in Pakistan all those years ago. Unusually, his father was a Polish diplomat, assigned to the UN peacekeeping force in Kashmir. After Andrew graduated from MCS he moved to the US, became a US citizen, and joined the police force in Alexandria, Virginia.

This is a long story. I don't know if you were living in Washington at the time. However, at one point Andrew and his police partner were involved in a hostage situation that also involved drugs. It was later written up in *Reader's Digest*. Andrew's partner who had a family was killed. Andrew was severely injured but survived. What played out later was a dynamic perhaps somewhat similar to what Michael Dempsey faced years later. In any event, Andrew also later killed himself, perhaps in part because of the guilt of living while his work partner died.

Andrew's name will never appear on any police memorials in Virginia or Washington, DC or anywhere else listing those killed in the line of duty. But at some level he is directly linked to the events that killed his police partner, just as Michael Dempsey's death is part of Ragaei Abdelfattah's story.

One reason I wrote *Dust of Kandahar* was to try to document and capture and preserve the memory of those who served in Afghanistan during those years. I also wanted to affirm the civilian sacrifices involved. Some of those sacrifices have been recognized but not all of them. I'm not sure how you want to handle this. I could give a short version of what happened on that day in Zabul on August 6, 2013, if you are interested.

Q: Yes, absolutely. Anything you believe is appropriate for the oral history. Go right ahead.

ADDLETON: I think I've covered in a broad way the background of that year in Kandahar. Some of this is also documented in *The Dust of Kandahar*.

At a personal level, Fiona and Catriona had stayed in Mongolia while Iain was in the Air Force in Arizona and Cameron was a student at Georgia Tech. We converged in Macon, GA for Christmas in December 2012.

Like all Foreign Service officers serving in Kandahar, I could look forward to three leaves during my twelve months in Afghanistan. The first was this Christmas meeting in Macon. The second would be Fiona and I only, meeting in New Zealand, a place that we had long wanted to see. The third would be back in Mongolia in May, to attend Catriona's high school graduation.

I departed for that second leave in New Zealand in late March. Fiona flew to Christchurch from Ulaanbaatar via Seoul and Auckland. I flew to Christchurch from Kandahar via Dubai and Singapore. We arrived within 45 minutes of each other. We had a wonderful time together, travelling around the South Island, even as we realized I would soon be returning to Afghanistan.

I returned to Kandahar on Thursday, April 4. Prior to my departure for R&R a particular outreach program was being planned for Zabul. The embassy had been talking about it. We would have a book distribution involving Scholastic Books, a well-known American publisher producing books for schools in Afghanistan.

We had already done one such distribution involving the provincial governor in Kandahar. The plan now was to also do a distribution in Zabul as a way to highlight that governor's commitment to and interest in basic education. Two Embassy officers would fly down from Kabul to participate. This event would have happened, with or without me. But I had agreed to be part of the group visiting Zabul that day.

I returned to Kandahar on a Thursday afternoon. On Friday we had a meeting to talk about the trip. I confirmed that I would go. An Australian colleague had thought about going with us – it would be a chance for him to get out and see something in the field. However, in the end he decided against it. Lewis Gitter who I mentioned earlier was another possible participant, an outstanding political officer who could perhaps help write up the visit afterwards. But at the last minute we decided that we had enough people already – there was no need for him to go.

In the end there were five of us on the tarmac at Kandahar that Saturday morning, waiting for our helicopter. I was there along with Kelly Hunt, our public affairs officer based in Kandahar. She had herself formerly been in the military, serving in Afghanistan previously in a public affairs role. Now she was back as a civilian, coordinating with the Embassy public affairs office in Kabul.

Nasemi was also there. He was my translator. Of course, you get very close to your translator on assignments like this. You share life and you share dangers together. There was Anne Smedinghoff, age 26, the young second tour State Department officer. We were meeting on the tarmac in Kandahar for the first time. She had looked forward to the opportunity to travel beyond the Embassy and see another part of Afghanistan. She was accompanied by Abbas, an Afghan-American who also worked in the Embassy public affair section in Kabul.

So basically there would be two from Kandahar, myself and Kelly; and there would be two others from Kabul, Anne and Abbas. And there was Nasemi, our translator.

We flew up to Zabul that Saturday morning, on a clear day with a perfectly blue sky. We met the rest of our civilian team there including Tim Bashor, head of the Zabul PRT. He briefed us on the situation in Zabul and he was quite optimistic, perhaps in retrospect overly so. No doubt those in the PRT wanted to be leaving the area in a better place than where they found it. So we basically reviewed the situation in Zabul and we briefly went over security plans as well.

It is hard to go through the lay of the land without a map. But basically the PRT was a walled compound surrounded by concrete blocks, barbed wire and at least one guard

tower, maybe more. Usually we departed outside the north entrance to go the provincial governor's office. This time we would take the south entrance.

Across the road from the PRT is a school. Around the corner is a hospital. Next to the school and also across the road and slightly around the corner is a provincial agricultural office. I had never departed from this gate before but my PRT colleagues said that this was their usual exit when visiting the school, hospital or agricultural center. Some of these sites had been visited previously by guests from Kabul including if I am not mistaken the wife of Ambassador Ikenberry.

So we left the safety of the compound for our school visit. And this is the place where you second guess yourself all the time, where you think I wish I had taken the command decision to cancel the entire mission and in that way change the fate of the universe. Looking back, it might be possible to read a premonition into this situation, to think I had a bad feeling before we even left the door. Only it is not a premonition if you think the same thing at the start of every mission, when you prepare yourself for that first step beyond the wire.

It is a very human reflection. You think, this is Afghanistan – this is where I am at this place in time. The reality is, whatever I felt at this time was not much different than what I felt at any number of previous occasions. This was now my reality. We had our small protective detail of soldiers. We had the five civilians that had flown up from Kandahar that morning, joined by a couple of people from the PRT including Tim Bashor and an Afghan staff member. There must have been about a dozen of us in all.

We stopped briefly as we stepped outside the PRT. As I remember it, there was a sedan outside the wall and the soldiers were saying "Move on, move on – you can't park here, move on".

This is the place where I think, if I had really been the target, the suicide bomber would have exploded his car then and there. Because I was so close to what turned out to be the suicide bomber's car. I could have reached out and touched it. Perhaps he was hoping for a larger group of people, was waiting for everyone else to walk out of the PRT. Maybe he didn't realize that I would be one of the first people to walk out the door.

In any case, he followed the instructions from the soldiers when they shooed him away, turned around and parked his car on a nearby street near the hospital. As the *Dust of Kandahar* describes it, we walked out and rather than right and cross the street directly, we turned left, attempting to access the school through the agricultural office which I was told was also one of the routes which those working the PRT sometimes took. I think it was a somewhat longer route.

We walked the short distance to the provincial agriculture office. But when we arrived, we were told, "No, no, this is the wrong entrance, you can't take this route." I do not believe there was anything nefarious about this or that we were being set up. But for some reason this route was closed off and we had to retrace our steps and go back out

into the street. The distances in any case were small, perhaps a hundred yards or so, maybe less. So we returned the way we came, attempting to access the school from another direction.

This is where everything flashes before your eyes and you repeat in your mind what happened, again and again. A jeep sped by, filled with Afghan soldiers who were waving and shouting. Or at least that is how I remember it. Then there was a small explosion and we all fell to the ground. I can't even say that I distinctly remember either that first explosion or a larger second one that followed. But I am told that there were two explosions, one involving a five pound IED hidden in a pile of wood pallets and the second involving the suicide bomber in the sedan carrying 50 or 100 pounds of explosives in each door. He ploughed into our small group a few tens of seconds later.

I was walking in the front of the group. Nasemi was walking toward the middle with Anne Smedinghoff. I threw myself into a shallow ditch right outside the PRT. I really believed that this was the end of my life. I thought that this was the first part of a coordinated Taliban attack, something they had done in the past – launch an attack with a suicide bomber but then follow it up with several more Taliban fighters, armed with AK-47s, a sort of Taliban commando attack, if you will.

Afterwards I did tell people that it really is true, at times like this your life does flash before your eyes. You also think about your loved ones. You think about how they will be told and what they will be told. But you also consciously think to yourself, "This is how my life ends, for me at least, on this dusty road in southern Afghanistan".

Maybe it is my age but I did not actually experience terror. And in some sense this is one reassuring aspect of what happened, this peace and calm that I somehow experienced, this modest recognition that at a time like this I am prepared to die.

I don't know how much time elapsed. Perhaps it was only a minute or two. But we did get the all clear signal to go inside the PRT. And then there is the chaotic scene of everything that follows.

As I came to understand it, two soldiers were killed immediately. Sergeant Christopher Ward who headed our security detail initially survived and was taken to a better medical facility at Apache, not too far away. The other two – Kelly and Anne – were first brought inside the PRT to a triage room. I went there also and saw everything awful that you can imagine. I saw Nasemi at the other end of the room. He was already dead. His legs had been blown away. I didn't recognize him at first or maybe I didn't want to recognize him.

Meanwhile, Anne and Kelly were being stabilized. Then the helicopter arrived to take them the short distance to Apache where better medical help was waiting. And I thought as they departed, well at least they are going to survive, they are going to make it. I held their hands as they were being taken on stretchers, first from the scene of the explosion to the triage room and then from there to the helicopter. "You are going to make it, you are going to make it," I repeated, to both of them. I think they were both unconscious.

Around 45 minutes later a soldier came up to me and said, “We’ve got to tell you something in headquarters”. The PRT is a small place and the command center isn’t large. But basically I was told that Anne had passed away. This was devastating news. I had a lot of time to think about it as I waited for the helicopter to take me back to Kandahar. I also made a couple of phone calls to Kabul.

Somehow Kelly miraculously survived. She was unconscious for a long time and her life has obviously been hugely affected. Meanwhile, Abbas was wandering around with a huge gash in his leg. He was also medivaced and taken to KAF and then Kabul and then the US where he faced a long recovery.

So of the five of us standing on the tarmac that morning in Kandahar, I was the only one to walk away from the two explosions without a scratch. Nasemi was dead. Anne was dead. Kelly was critically injured. Abbas was very seriously injured. I’m sitting here thinking, my clothes are shredded – but here I am, alive.

The helicopter arrived to take me back to Kandahar. I think it was the same helicopter that brought us up that morning. The crew chief jumped out and looked at his flight manifest. Maybe it had as many as seven names on it because a couple of people had been dropped from the list at the last minute. The crew chief looked at me and then looked at his flight manifest and he basically said, “Is that it, are you the only one”? I recall it the loneliest journey of my life.

Our security officer in Kandahar was named Diana. She told me later that she tried desperately to come up on that helicopter that picked me up, to accompany me back to Kandahar. But the military had said that wasn’t possible. As for me, I wanted to be on the helicopter taking the remains of Anne and Nasemi back to Kandahar. I was told that wouldn’t be possible, either.

So I returned to Kandahar alone, this time to get in touch with my family. I sent an e-mail to Fiona in Mongolia that basically said, “You are going to hear about an explosion in southern Afghanistan. However, I am okay”. Of course, I didn’t provide enough information for her to know that I was at the scene when it happened, not too many yards from the explosion. My family still wonders how I survived.

A lot of people including Ambassador Cunningham and the head of the Embassy Public Affairs office flew down to Kandahar for the ramp ceremony that would take the remains of our colleagues home – Anne, Nasemi, and the three soldiers, Sergeant Christopher Ward, Sergeant Delfin Santos and Corporal Wilbel Robles-Santa.

We held our regular Sunday staff meeting in Kandahar the next morning. I told colleagues what had happened, using my favorite quotation, one that I often evoke: “Be kind to those you meet for they too are involved in a hard struggle”. Basically, this has been one of the mottos of my life and I have often used it, especially in difficult circumstances.

It was a hard meeting and then we had the ramp ceremony involving those of us from Kandahar as well as our colleagues from Kabul. Obviously, you feel responsible. I mean, what happened? It was on my watch and it happened and I did not prevent it from happening. I let everyone down. I was there and it should have been me instead.

Yet, in spite of everything, at some level it was right that I should have been there, to share to at least some extent in this horrific event rather than being told about it later in the quiet of my office in Kandahar. It would have been harder to hear the message while sitting at a desk in Kandahar, for someone else to tell me about it second-hand.

I mean, you are supposed to lead by example. And on this occasion I was there, at the front of the group. We were a bit spread out on our walk and some people said later that this might have saved some lives because we weren't all clustered together when the suicide bomber drove into the middle of the group. We were spread out over maybe 20 yards, 30 yards. I don't know for sure.

I did say at the outset that I wanted to go back to Dover with the remains of my colleagues. And so we had the ramp ceremony, all too familiar to me by this time but perhaps new to at least some of those who had flown down that morning from the Kabul Embassy. At the end of the ceremony, rather than return to my quarters, I boarded the plane that would take me to Dover.

We flew to Bagram first where another ramp ceremony was held. At Kandahar the song played had been *Amazing Grace*; in Bagram it was *Abide With Me*. It was sad, so sad. Several other Americans had also been killed that day in other parts of Afghanistan. I think there were four others that were placed in the plane in Bagram, added to the five from Kandahar. We went on to Frankfurt where another ramp ceremony was held. Then we continued on to Dover.

When I relate this, I often tell the story of what happens when a plane like this enters the air space around Baltimore, very crowded air space with several nearby airports including Dulles, National, Baltimore, Andrews and Dover, among others. Basically, when an Air Force plane carrying remains of the fallen arrives in this air space the pilot requests clearance to land at Dover, mentioning that his airplane is carrying the remains of "fallen heroes". And the control tower comes back more or less immediately, no matter what other planes are flying that day: "Flight such and such cleared for landing, American heroes coming home".

I was not the only civilian on that flight – a senior public affairs person from the Embassy in Kabul named David Snepp was also traveling with me. We met Anne's family, a wonderful family. It was devastating, heartbreaking.

Nasemi as an Afghan American was also coming back home. His parents were recent immigrants to the US. I think they lived in New Jersey. They didn't speak much English and didn't attend the ceremony. He was represented by the company that had employed

him, a company that hires translators for work in both Iraq and Afghanistan. The company representative said that he attended several such ceremonies each year.

We were also introduced to Fisher House, an institution that most people outside the military don't know about. Basically, it is a private initiative that provides hospitality and a place of refuge for families meeting their loved ones coming home.

Sergeant Ward who had led our security detail had ties to Florida and Tennessee and I think some of his family members attended. Sergeant Santos was originally from the Philippines, the youngest of seventeen children. Corporal Robles-Santa was from Puerto Rico. In some sense all nine of the "fallen heroes" received in Dover that day reflected our country. Whatever you may think about Afghanistan, it really brought close to home the sacrifices made by those who served.

I had breakfast in Dover with Anne's family. Her father was a lawyer in Chicago. Her mother and her sister who was a college student also came. It was so hard and yet they hugged me when I arrived. They understandably wanted details about everything. They were somehow relieved that I had held Anne's hand when she was being carried in the stretcher, that she was not alone when she died.

Later I visited the State Department. Deputy Secretary Bill Burns had asked to see me. He saw me right away and I described to him what happened. He was scheduled to travel to Mongolia soon. When he took that trip a few weeks later, he sought out Fiona who was safe havening there with Catriona. They had a cup of coffee together. I think the people in the Embassy in Ulaanbaatar were surprised that he had requested this meeting with Fiona.

Of course, this is yet one more reason why I admire Bill Burns so much. I mean, you won't get this human touch by many people in the State Department or USAID for that matter. And it wasn't just his request to meet me before I returned to Afghanistan; realizing that he would be visiting Mongolia, he had also reached out to where Fiona was safe havening and asked to meet with her as well. Just amazing.

The USAID part of my brief return to Washington was more problematic. I called up USAID and everything seemed to be on hold. A meeting with the USAID Administrator was scheduled and then it was rescheduled and then it was rescheduled again. In the end, I did get my few minutes with Raj Shah. He shook my hand and gave me a challenge coin. The Deputy Administrator, himself a former ambassador, stuck his head into the sitting area briefly to say that this was an especially busy day, that he was sure that I would understand. And I have to say that on this particular occasion the newly introduced USAID slogan – "One Mission, One Family" – had a very hollow ring to it.

I hate to mention this in an oral history. But that was reality as I lived it. As always, it is your Foreign Service friends and colleagues that get you through something like this. Jim Bever, a long-time colleague starting with my first assignment in Islamabad in 1985, was

one of those colleagues. I also talked to Tim Wilder in the State Department, someone who I knew from Pakistan and someone who also knows Afghanistan well.

I stayed in Washington for one day and then returned to Kandahar on a commercial flight via Dubai. There was some talk that perhaps I should stay longer to attend Anne's funeral. But in the end it seemed that I should return to be with my colleagues in Kandahar. My parents had flown up to Washington and we met for dinner with a couple of close friends – Richard and Sadia Adams who were fellow Foreign Service Officers on the State side; and Steve and Zeba Rasmussen; I had grown up with Steve in Pakistan and he was best man at my wedding.

I returned to Kandahar for the remainder of my assignment. Of course, the situation had now changed. Security, already tight, became even tighter. The Zabul PRT closed down. I did return for the memorial service for the three soldiers killed. That was hard and brought back a lot of memories.

I can't say that I now think about what happened in Zabul every day. But for years afterward, Zabul was the first thing that I would think about when I woke up in the morning and the last thing I would think about when I went to sleep at night. I relived what happened often, as if I were part of a continuous movie reel that I would somehow never be able to rewind and change.

Later Deputy Secretary Bill Burns visited Afghanistan. I think it was part of the same trip in which he visited Mongolia. Apart from everything else, he had said "I'll make sure to say hello to Fiona when I am in Ulaanbaatar". It was very touching and it is something I will never forget.

Other memorable moments still lay ahead, even during those last months in Afghanistan One of them was the citizenship ceremony for many dozens of people, mostly soldiers, held in a hangar in Kandahar. An INS guy who originally came from Haiti flew in from somewhere to swear everyone in as new citizens.

One of my USAID colleagues, Ken Yamashita – we called him "Zen Ken" -- flew down from Kabul to provide a few remarks. He was born in Japan and became a US citizen as an adult. His remarks were both touching and appropriate.

It was also touching to see all these soldiers in uniform sworn in as new American citizens. Some had flown up from Helmand from the event. You don't have to be an American citizen to serve in the US army. You do have to have a green card and be on the path to citizenship. So the people who attended that ceremony came from many places including the Caribbean, South Pacific Uzbekistan, Canada, from all kinds of places. So it was a very very meaningful day in Kandahar, when that diverse group of soldiers became American citizens, reflecting the diversity of our country.

Other issues also came up during those final months in Kandahar. One potentially big issue was the route that people use upon completion of their assignments. Perhaps

surprisingly, there was a direct commercial flight from Kandahar Air Field to Dubai, that was one way to exit the country. For a time, we used that route. But then the word came from the Embassy in Kabul, "You can't take that flight anymore, we want all our people to route themselves through Kabul first."

This new policy was demoralizing for our staff in southern Afghanistan. Many felt that the most dangerous place in Afghanistan was on the road between Kabul airport and the Embassy and now they were required to take it even when it was unnecessary. After I left Afghanistan, the Embassy changed this policy – even Embassy staff were no longer authorized to travel on that airport road, rather they were required to go by helicopter.

I had my own experience involving some degree of angst in taking the airport road. In this case, I was in an Embassy vehicle driving me to Kabul Airport for a return flight to Kandahar. We were stopped at a makeshift checkpoint by an Afghan security guard who said, "No, you can't go this way – you have to go that way".

The Embassy driver was surprised but of course we followed the instructions given by the Afghan security guard. In light of what had happened a few weeks earlier in Zabul, this was a high anxiety detour for me. Was something about to go drastically wrong? But we made it safely to the airport, albeit by travelling on a different route than usual.

Looking back, it was interesting to have this opportunity to view Afghanistan from the vantage point of Kandahar rather than Kabul. People in Kabul did think that those of us assigned to the south lived in the most kinetic part of the country. And yet for our part we somehow perceived that the airport route in Kabul was especially dangerous. Perhaps it is a case of becoming familiar with your surroundings and then being uncomfortable when you leave them and are faced with having to drive through unfamiliar territory. Somehow it was unfamiliar territory that seemed more dangerous.

Q: You said that this was going to be a one-year tour, but I think you also reflected on whether one year tours were wise as a policy.

ADDLETON: That's true. At the same time, it is tough to ask people to stay in a place like Kandahar for more than one year.

I often heard the statement, it became so common it was almost like a cliché – this is not a 15, 16 or 17-year war in Afghanistan, rather it is the same war being fought for 15, 16 or 17 consecutive times. Because when people are in Afghanistan for only one year, each new group that arrives has to experience and learn the same things, over and over again.

This is a hard one because, again, it is hard to ask people to stay in a situation like this for a long period of time. That said, the reality is there were actually plenty of people in southern Afghanistan and elsewhere who *did* stay in Afghanistan for more than one year. Many of these people were serving under Foreign Service Limited appointments that could not exceed five years. And so those who stayed longer were able to provide a higher degree of continuity on the civilian side than perhaps some people realize.

As for the military, although their assignments did not usually exceed one year, the reality is that many soldiers were doing multiple deployments. They already knew something about Afghanistan when they returned for a second or third or even fourth time. For example, the generals I met had served previously as colonels. So at the end of the day it isn't true that everybody served in Afghanistan for only one year.

Of course, such assignments always involve family separation. I did two separated assignments during my Foreign Service career, one for fourteen months in Pakistan after the earthquake and the other for twelve months in Afghanistan. While in Pakistan I was asked to consider staying for a couple of extra months and I agreed to it. In the case of Afghanistan, if I had been asked to stay one or two extra months, realistically I don't think I would have been able to do it.

That said, my predecessor in Kandahar -- Andrew Haviland -- had stayed for two years. His brother had actually been killed in the Twin Towers on 9/11 but I don't necessarily think that is the only thing that motivated him.

I'm not sure if this is the right place to pause for a moment and speculate about the future of Afghanistan. For sure, a lot of people think it is time to leave after all these years. And maybe that is what will happen. But I do think what this view misses is the ebb and flow of the war over time, of the changing nature of that war, of the surge that in the end didn't actually last all that long.

The reality is, we were in Afghanistan in a very big way for a relatively short period of time. It was during my year that our engagement entered into a period of steep decline. The number of US soldiers in Afghanistan is now perhaps only ten percent of what it was when I served in southern Afghanistan during 2012-2013, at what turned out to be the end of the surge.

Looking ahead, I can't help but voice a personal concern. Our second son Cameron is in Special Operations, among those units most likely to deploy in dangerous places such as Afghanistan. So part of me does say that I wish this conflict was finally over.

At the same time, I have this view that in the US we sometimes think that we have to be either "all in" or "all out," setting aside the possibility that there can be some kind of "middle ground". Without doubt, Afghans have to determine their own future. But at the same time -- and maybe it is presumptuous of me to say it -- there are certain alternative approaches where we can potentially still have a positive impact, albeit in more modest ways.

This approach doesn't imply that we should handle everything or do everything ourselves. Actually, I'm more or less okay with where our policy is right now. I realize that there is a strong impetus to leave. In some ways, that is what the Obama administration attempted to set in motion. Basically, the president simply announced – "We're out of here by 2014". Strategically, perhaps, a case could be made for this

approach. But tactically it led to some very difficult conversations with Afghans on the ground. I heard real concerns expressed by Afghans who had already made huge sacrifices, even to get to where they are now.

Q: Now throughout this whole 12 year period or now it's more than 12 years, has there been enough development among the tribes to have enough of a commitment to the nation that it can survive?

ADDLETON: Yes. I mean, the interesting thing is that as divided as the country seems right now, it still somehow coalesces as a nation around something called Afghanistan. Of course, central governments in Afghanistan have always been relatively weak. But even the warlords, when they take over a certain part of the country, don't say, we are going to be an independent country, we are going to be an independent Kandahar or we are going to be an independent Mazar-i-Sharif or Herat or whatever. They still believe that they are part of this bigger whole called Afghanistan. And somehow it all manages to stay together or at least it has so far.

On the development front, there actually has been some progress. In my view, these figures do mean something, do point to change. For example, in 2001 life expectancy in Afghanistan was in the low forties. Now, all these years later, it is more like the low sixties. That improvement came about mostly because of lower infant mortality rates and higher child survival rates. And the reality is, despite the continued violence, Afghans are living longer than ever. This at least is a positive side of the development story in Afghanistan.

The Afghan economy is a matter of concern, especially in terms of its ability to sustain the security effort. But here again the reality is that there is now more economic activity in Afghanistan than ever. Kabul is a vibrant place and migration into Kabul is huge. You see the pictures of Kabul before and after and it is amazing.

Some of those changes are also evident in Kandahar. The Afghans I talked to during 2012-2013 remembered Kandahar as a completely different place. Some of the Americans I talked to remembered it from 2001 in similar ways – a place that was almost like a ghost town with destroyed buildings and not much happening. I took many trips to Kandahar and saw it as a very different kind of place, with shops, markets and new housing developments. Kandahar today is a very different place than it was fifteen or twenty years ago.

But the required political agreement still isn't there. I can speculate about possible future scenarios. One is that the current government holds. That seems very much open to debate. Another scenario is that the Taliban takes over. That is also hard to imagine, at least immediately or at least a Taliban that is identical to the Taliban that took over during the 1990s. And then there is a sort of middle ground scenario, one that has the country breaking into various centers of power and involves the so-called warlords. Eventually this could happen, given that Afghanistan throughout its history has often

been a very decentralized place. Then there is that fourth "wild card" – a government of national unity that somehow also involves at least some elements of the Taliban.

Probably, we will negotiate our way out of Afghanistan at some point, leaving the Taliban to eventually claim victory. At the same time, I wonder if even a small continued presence might prevent that from happening. I also remember my thoughts in the immediate aftermath of 9/11, when I commented "this will be like one of those 100 year wars"; not a hundred years of perpetual warfare, rather a long period of uncertainty that ebbs and flows over time, occasionally involves low-level violence and also has an ideological aspect to it.

The US has stayed in Germany for 70 years and in Korea for what, 60 years, all because that presence provided a certain kind of stability – a stability that eventually provided a foundation for both Germany and Korea to prosper. Sometimes a mere presence can provide that stability. During my time in Afghanistan, I heard more than one Afghan say to me, "If just one American stays in Kandahar, we will be okay with it". They did not look forward to the departure of every American. Rather, they felt that even a slight presence was an indication of support that might actually make a difference.

Q: That ends the questions that I have, but is there anything you want to say to sum up the 12 months that you were there?

ADDLETON: That's probably enough. We have what, two more interviews left. Hopefully if everything works out, we'll have those final two sessions, covering my final two assignments as a Foreign Service Officer – Central Asia and India. It was basically a kind of coda, a sort of postlude to my career. I feel very comfortable in both Central Asia and South Asia and it was nice to finish my Foreign Service career in this way. Both assignments had a lot of good moments.

And maybe it would be worth concluding with some overall reflections about both USAID and the Foreign Service. The development world has changed a lot during the last three decades. Of course, it would terrible if things had *not* changed. It would not be good if we were at the same place now that we were thirty years ago. So perhaps it will be possible to comment about changes in the development world as well.

Q: Alright. So I guess we'll pause here and then when we pick up we'll go to the last.

ADDLETON: Yes, this is probably a good time to call it a day. It has lasted for the usual two and a half hours. Perhaps one more session will be enough.

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Q: Today is Friday, March 16. We are going to resume what looks to be your last session. But we will continue and see how it goes.

ADDLETON: Should we just pick up on the departure from Afghanistan? I can then cover those last two USAID assignments. For me it meant going back to Central Asia and then going back to South Asia. And I can provide some final reflections at the end.

Q: Yes, that's fine. What I will do is I'm going to mute my side and so if I have a question, I'll just raise my hand and then I'll unmute. Okay. So go ahead.

ADDLETON: Okay. So the next question for me as the Afghanistan assignment came to an end was, what next? I had completed two assignments on detail to State, first as Ambassador to Mongolia and then as Senior Civilian Representative to southern Afghanistan. I had been away from USAID for four years and wasn't certain I would ever return.

There was a suggestion from someone in State that perhaps I should consider serving in a POLAD assignment, as a political advisor in some military command. Former ambassadors sometimes do assignments like this. And of course I had served with the US military, as a kind of liaison with the Third Infantry Division in Kandahar. I was also potentially interested in such an assignment.

Q: Let me ask a quick question here. I don't think I have ever heard of a USAID officer becoming a POLAD. So that alone, that you were being considered seriously for it, says a great deal about the versatility and skills and talent you acquired through your career.

ADDLETON: A number of USAID officers have actually served with various military commands, usually as advisors on development issues related to Africa or Asia or whatever. I guess they would mostly have been considered development advisors, not POLADs

However, my Afghanistan experience as well as my ambassadorial experience would probably have been helpful as a POLAD. I had spent a year working closely with the Third Infantry Division in Afghanistan. Some of my military colleagues had said, "Oh, Jonathan, you should consider something like that, this would be a good follow-on assignment for you."

Other factors were also work. I had served in countries like Jordan, Yemen, Afghanistan, Kazakhstan and Pakistan – all places involved in the ongoing "War on Terrorism". I spoke Urdu. There was interest in the connections between defense, diplomacy and development. I had covered a lot of ground. So that was probably another reason I was encouraged to consider a POLAD assignment.

I had some discussions at State about going this route rather than returning to USAID. The idea was that I would be assigned as POLAD to CENTCOM based in Tampa, covering many of the places where I had served in the Middle East, Central Asia and South Asia. However, to be seriously considered for CENTCOM, I had to have support from USAID. And it soon became clear that USAID was not at all interested, it was a matter of either returning to USAID or retiring from the Foreign Service.

As an aside, I also had family reasons for considering an assignment in Tampa, one that would place me within driving distance of my parents after all these years. So I was disappointed that conversation with USAID on this subject did not seem to be getting anywhere. Even after Zabul, approaching the USAID front office about anything seemed like approaching a brick wall.

That said, I have always thought of myself as a resilient person and a resilient Foreign Service Officer. So one door closes and you look for another one. By this time the USAID Mission Director position in Central Asia was beginning to emerge as a possibility, one that I welcomed.

Keep in mind that I had never served in Washington. The precept was to return to Washington every eight or ten years. But the precept was also that if you had served in Afghanistan, you didn't have to return to Washington if you didn't want to. So yet again, after early thirty years in the Foreign Service, I managed to avoid the ultimate hardship post – Washington, DC.

The Central Asia I returned to in the fall of 2013 was very different than the Central Asia I had been assigned to in the fall of 1993. Arguably that earlier assignment in Almaty was the hardest of my career, at least for the family. Kazakhstan had just become independent, everything had collapsed and we were about to experience one of the coldest winters ever.

Returning twenty years later, there were now just two of us. Our youngest Catriona had graduated from high school earlier that year and was now in her first year at the University of Victoria on Vancouver Island in British Columbia.

Fiona and I welcomed the opportunity to return to Almaty, given its beautiful setting and the wonderful views toward the Tian Shan mountains. We were assigned a wonderful house in a great location. We also saw some of the places we had first seen all those years ago including our old house on Djerzhinskova. It was an old Soviet-style apartment. When we returned in the fall of 2013 we thought, "Did we really live here, did we really take the kids on a sled through that harsh winter, did we really go foraging for food"?

My new assignment covered most of Central Asia, not just Kazakhstan. Kyrgyzstan had by now emerged as a separate stand-alone USAID Mission but we still handled their contracting and financial accounting. We also directly managed USAID programs in Uzbekistan, Tajikistan and Turkmenistan as well Kazakhstan. While our headquarters was in Almaty, we were responsible for separate country offices in each capital city: Dushanbe, Ashgabat, Tashkent and Astana. Or, as our new slogan stated, "One Mission, Multiple Locations"!

Q: *So, just a quick question here. You're talking about Almaty, but had they moved the capital to Astana yet?*

ADDLETON: Yes, good question. In the interim, Kazakhstan's capital had moved from Almaty to Astana. The US Embassy had also moved. However, there was now a US Consulate in Almaty. USAID stayed behind and for a lot of those years the USAID Mission Director in Almaty served as the senior US diplomat at post. But more recently a Consul-General position had been established in Almaty. USAID was located in a separate building and dwarfed the Consulate in terms of both size and number of staff.

So that was another change, the fact that Almaty was no longer a capital city. However, the main office of the USAID Regional Mission to Central Asia was still located in Almaty. Given the fact that we were a regional mission, it actually made a lot of sense – it had better links to the rest of Central Asia than Astana; unlike Astana, there were flights directly from Almaty to each of the other Central Asian capitals.

One important reality that needed to be restated often was that we were the USAID Mission to Central Asia, not the USAID Mission to Kazakhstan. Even our USAID colleagues in Washington often seemed unable to understand this essential point. A cable would arrive to say, "We are coming to visit the USAID Mission to Kazakhstan". And our inevitable reply was, "No we are not the USAID Mission to Kazakhstan; in fact, Kazakhstan is now only a tiny part of our program because in at least economic terms Kazakhstan has been very successful and has moved to a different place".

This too was a big change from the Kazakhstan I first experience back in the early 1990s. At that time, Kazakhstan did indeed receive the largest share of USAID resources provided to Central Asia. Now Tajikistan had emerged as the single largest recipient of USAID funds in Central Asia. The Kyrgyzstan program was also large and by this time had been spun off as its own separate, stand-alone USAID mission – though as I mentioned Almaty still provided Bishkek with important services including contracting and controller support.

Given that Kazakhstan was now only a modest part of the USAID program in Central Asia, an argument might have been made that Tashkent or even Bishkek should become the preferred location for a USAID regional mission to Central Asia. Tashkent in particular could have made such a case, given that it is the largest city in Central Asia; is centrally located; has good connections with the rest of Central Asia; and is the only country in Central Asia to border all the other ones.

But political relationships made that proposition difficult to consider. Karimov was president for life. Although 9/11 moved relations between the US and Uzbekistan to a closer place, at least for a time, the continued dictatorship in Tashkent was a problem.

Actually, Bishkek could probably make a better case for becoming the new USAID headquarters in Central Asia. In my view, it was a mistake to designate Kyrgyzstan as a stand-alone USAID Mission. Rather, Bishkek should have replaced Almaty as the new center for USAID programs across Central Asia, given the size of its program and the fact that it gave the impression that it was at least trying to become a democracy.

As for me, I had reached the stage that I had spent so much time in the Foreign Service that I was coming back to countries for a second time – Pakistan, Mongolia and now Kazakhstan all fit into that category.

Those second tours in the same place also came with certain advantages. In the case of Central Asia, it meant that I was more aware of the changes that had taken place during the intervening years. Some countries had been relatively successful in an economic sense including Kazakhstan and Turkmenistan, countries with a lot of natural resources including oil and gas.

Of course, Turkmenistan is also a bizarre and strange place from a political point of view. But in economic terms it had become a very wealthy country. As for Kazakhstan, Nazarbayev -- the ruler that emerged out of the debris of the Soviet Union – was still in place. Indeed, in every case but Kyrgyzstan the Soviet era rulers seemed destined to remain as rulers for the rest of their lives, emerging as an almost permanent fixture in the post-Soviet Central Asia landscape.

That situation made comparisons between the five "Stans" of Central Asia and Mongolia both interesting and inevitable. Because arguably Mongolia is part of Central Asia yet has taken a very different political path. It also has a very different history and religious tradition. Taking all that into account, the reality is that my return to Central Asia strengthened my admiration for Mongolia in terms of the path it had taken, at least as far as its commitment to democracy is concerned. Other countries had talked about democracy but Mongolia had actually been able to install it and somehow make it work.

Countries such as Kazakhstan had succeeded in an economic sense and by now were much wealthier on a per capita basis than Mongolia. But when it came to democratic governance and human rights, Central Asia was still a problematic place. The other countries in Central Asia also seemed to be returning toward a Russian orbit, even as Mongolia continued to try and make its "Third Neighbor" policy work.

So it was interesting to return to Central Asia and see something of what happened during the years that we had been away. The new reality was a much more assertive Moscow, one that under Putin bitterly resented the break-up of the Soviet Union and to some extent also the return to a market-based economy and the hardships that the transition had brought about.

Events in Ukraine also had an impact, especially when Russia took over Crimea. After all, it was Khrushchev who had "gifted" Crimea to Ukraine a few decades earlier, just as Khrushchev had broken off parts of Siberia and "gifted" them to Kazakhstan, not imagining that Kazakhstan would one day emerge as an independent country and that these parts of Russia might be lost forever..

One of the reasons why Nazarbayev had moved Kazakhstan's capital from Almaty to Astana was because he wanted his new country's capital to be in a more central location.

So geopolitics was being played out in Kazakhstan, just as it was being played out in other parts of the world including Ukraine.

There was also a reality check as far as democratic progress in Central Asia is concerned. Back in the early 1990s it seemed that Francis Fukuyama's *End of History* theory did indeed have some weight. At least superficially, each country in the region had made a pretense to support democracy and launch the transition to a market-based economy. Coming back twenty years later, much of that rhetoric seemed very hollow. Only Kyrgyzstan continued to use the language of democracy and its efforts in that direction had at times foundered. It also seemed increasingly interested in renewing and rebuilding its historic links with Moscow.

Inevitably these change in Central Asia led to a different kind of USAID program than the one first launched across Central Asia during the early 1990s, when the main intent was to establish newly independent countries, promote democracy and build market-based economies. Now Tajikistan received the largest share of the USAID regional budget, in part because it remained the poorest country in Central Asia and perhaps also in part because of its long border with Afghanistan.

I was only in Central Asia for two years this second time around. But I travelled extensively, revisiting some of the places I had seen before and also visiting new ones. It was professionally very rewarding.

Again, Tajikistan was an area of special interest. Our programs there included an initiative called “Feed the Future”. Twenty years earlier, I had been assigned by the then USAID Mission Director Craig Buck to focus on Tajikistan. At the time it was almost a crisis situation, at least as far as the humanitarian situation is concerned. Basically we were tracking bags of wheat, assessing relief requirements and visiting burned-out villages destroyed during the recent civil war. By now the country had transitions from an emergency relief and humanitarian assistance situation to a true development program.

One of my first field trips on returning to Central Asia in the fall of 2013 was to visit the area south of Dushanbe, a part of the country that had been heavily involved in the civil war two decades earlier. Now it was returning to its status as a sort of bread basket for Tajikistan, producing not only wheat but also fruits and vegetables. The USAID program had also moved beyond emergency relief; it could now focus on building up Tajikistan’s agricultural economy, strengthening its ability to produce its own food. So that was a gratifying aspect of returning to Central Asia after all these years.

Health remained as an important part of our USAID program, just as it had been twenty years earlier. Not just HIV/AIDS but also TB as an infectious disease – and, in the case of Central Asia writ large, as an increasingly drug-resistant infectious disease. We did some very innovative programming in this area.

As for democracy, during the early 1990s we had waved a big flag for democracy across the region. Now, twenty years later, we still waved a flag for democracy – but it was a

much smaller one and focused mostly on civil society. There had been a lot of disappointments in this area during the intervening years. Still, we continued in our efforts to open up at least some small space for civil society at a time when such spaces seemed increasingly hard to find.

Turkmenistan was the most problematic place of all. It was a huge challenge. Our USAID program in Turkmenistan by this time was very small and more than a few people questioned why we even maintained a USAID office in Ashgabat at all. After all, Turkmenistan was by now a wealthy place and didn't need development assistance. Also, its human rights record was abysmal.

But in modest ways we did attempt to make a difference, partly through exchange programs and youth centers that sought to make young Turkmen more aware of the wider world. This made sense, given Turkmenistan's isolation and given efforts on the part of Turkmenistan's great leader to control his population.

One USAID activity related to youth involved Junior Achievement, a group that works with high school students to promote entrepreneurship, in part by forming business clubs. Maybe you have heard of Junior Achievement? For us, this was part of an effort to open at least one tiny window for Turkmen students on the rest of the world.

Some of the Junior Achievement clubs we helped organize were quite successful. Some members attended the Asian Junior Achievement congress in East Asia and proudly came back with awards for their performance in demonstrating entrepreneurship and presenting business plans. We took pride in their success, as did the country and government of Turkmenistan. I enjoyed meeting the students, visiting with them and hearing about their experiences. In a hard place, we looked for a glimmer hope.

One thing that was clear on returning to Central Asia was that the countries were more disparate than ever. Each one had taken a different path. As I mentioned, Nazarbayev was still in place in Kazakhstan. Economically, it was a relatively successful country. The Kazakhs were making what turned out to be an unsuccessful pitch to host the next winter Olympics. Even the thought that they would ever host the Winter Olympics in Almaty would have been considered ludicrous in the early 1990s. Meanwhile, Astana as the new capital had been transformed into this amazing Las Vegas on the steppe. In addition, one of the projects that we launched during the middle 1990s such as KIMEP, the business school in Almaty, had met with success and was now thriving.

I might have mentioned earlier the story of our former nanny who was now a millionaire. She personified some of the dramatic changes that had taken place. She had knocked on our door in Almaty and said that she would look after our children, hoping to learn English along the way. She had studied architecture and also been a hair dresser. She was terrific and quickly learned excellent English.

When we left in 1996, she bought a computer and for a time made money helping others apply for the visa lottery. She later worked at the Embassy, first as a telephone

receptionist and then in the Defense Attaché's office, travelling to NATO headquarters in Brussels and also to North America. Later, when she wrote up her resume, she described her work for the Addleton family as being employed "by a small American company," which as about right.

She also reflected other aspects of Kazakhstan. For example, she identified as Russian though her family tree including Uzbek and Baltic connections, reflecting the diversity of the Soviet Union. She also became increasingly aware that the future of Kazakhstan was probably more Kazakh than Russian.

She greeted us warmly when we returned to Central Asia for a second time in the fall of 2013, picking us up in her new Lexus, talking about a recent trip to the Caribbean and a new vacation apartment she had recently bought in Turkey. Her husband had attended the Sochi Olympics. Mostly, they had made money by "flipping houses" during the Almaty real estate boom. She had also become an interior designer and was very good at it.

Nonetheless, they decided that their future did not lie in Kazakhstan. During our second time in Almaty, the family was in the process of moving to Minsk. They thought that Minsk was like Almaty years earlier – which meant there were opportunities to be had in real estate. They bought a foreclosed set of townhouses in Minsk and planned to turn them around. So, looking back, it is an amazing story. Again, that was one of the privileges of life in the Foreign Service, to be a small part of stories like this. She attributed all her success to the Addletons – to Fiona for teaching her English; and to me for saying things in Kazakhstan would eventually get better.

Now Kazakhstan faced a new challenge. Nazarbayev had played a very good balancing act thus far, but Putin was reasserting himself at a time when Kazakhstan was growing very comfortable in its own independent status and wanted to deepen and even expand it.

Meanwhile, Karimov, the Soviet era leader in Uzbekistan was still in place though aging. Uzbekistan was the natural leader for Central Asia but it just wasn't happening. Uzbekistan has the bigger population but, economically, it was being left behind. Karimov also had health issues and was nearing the end of his life. He was always more cautious and constrained than Nazarbayev, not only with respect to democracy but also when it came to economic reform.

Still, we maintained contact with Uzbekistan and had a modest but interesting aid program. In particular, we supported interesting agricultural programs in the Fergana Valley, an area with great horticultural potential that exported fruits and vegetables to Russia and elsewhere.

It was interesting to take field trips into the Fergana Valley. Of course, it had also been the place that experienced a sort of Islamist uprising that had been brutally squashed by the Uzbek government. From a development standpoint, our program focused on agriculture as a way to provide jobs and expand exports. It was an area in which Uzbekistan seemed to have a comparative advantage despite the catastrophic decision

during Soviet times to focus on a single crop – cotton. We also had a number of health programs in Uzbekistan.

Turkmenistan seemed like a place from out space. You could never fully understand what went on there. However, I did have opportunities to travel around. One interesting tourist site is called the "Gates of Hell". Basically it is a huge oil sinkhole. Maybe you have seen pictures of it? It is an amazing place. Apparently the Soviet oil prospectors lit a fire and all these decades later the fire was still burning. It just never died out. Looking into the embers from above, it does indeed look like the gateway to hell.

Turkmenistan is also famous for its horses and I appreciated getting a sense for that part of the country's history. The best carpets come out of Turkmenistan as well, amazing designs. That history is still alive. If I am not mistaken, Turkmenistan has both a Ministry of Horses and a Ministry of Carpets. I also visited Turkmenistan's portion of the Caspian Sea where the government was trying to launch a tourist industry

I visited our USAID office in Astana on a few occasions. John Ordway was serving as charge -- he had previously served as Ambassador and had been brought back to help out Our relationship with Kazakhstan mattered, even if the USAID program was small. In large part it was about relational issues, especially as Kazakhstan sought to develop an aid program of its own as it worked to establish a stronger international presence.

That is another interesting aspect of today's development world, that former aid recipients have been looking for new ways to interact on development issues, this time as a donor rather than a recipient nation. That transition was taking place in Kazakhstan and also in other countries. Lawrence Hardy, a USAID colleague with whom I had worked in Jordan, was now USAID Mission Director in Brazil and was heavily involved in this kind of aid transition planning. So based on his Brazil experience he provided advice on engaging with Kazakhstan as it worked on setting up its own aid agency.

Now that I think about, Lawrence visited Central Asia prior to my arrival and talked with a Kazakhstan counterpart about their ambitions. The idea was not to set up a new Ministry of Foreign Assistance, rather it was to set up a department that Kazakhstan would use to plan, manage and implement their new aid programs. Ultimately the idea was to establish a new agency called "KazAid".

One final area of our involvement in Central Asia relates to China's dramatic new initiative called "One Belt, One Road", a sort of revival of the Silk Road that would link China to Eurasia and strengthen access to Europe. Of course, Central Asia and especially Kazakhstan given its huge land area was central to that proposition.

The USAID Regional Mission in Almaty became a focal point for conversations on One Belt, One Road as well as the US response to it. Both Secretary Clinton and Secretary Kerry referred to this as the "New Silk Road Initiative". We added a South Asian dimension to it, the idea being to increase connectivity between Central and South Asia.

The initiative was given some impetus because of its links to future possibilities in Afghanistan. For Afghanistan, this could potentially be a new economic opportunity;, representing as it did the nexus between South and Central Asia. As it happens, Afghanistan is the one country in the region that can claim to be part of both Central Asia and South Asia.

Given my prior background in both Central and South Asia, this proved to be another interesting aspect of our work. USAID was viewed as the "secretariat" for the New Silk Road Initiative and also for CASA 1000 – the proposed new Central Asia/South Asia power link that would make cheap hydro power produced in Kyrgyzstan and Tajikistan available to energy-starved Afghanistan and Pakistan. It sounded unrealistic and there were many skeptics. But something along these lines actually makes a lot of sense and will eventually happen when the various security issues are resolved.

Water issues are also part of the mix. We supported interesting water programs on Kazakhstan's borders with both Kyrgyzstan and Kazakhstan. Water is a huge source of potential conflict and will be an even bigger issues in the years ahead. So we were attempting in modest ways to lay the groundwork for future cooperation between Central and South Asia in a variety of areas including power, water and trade.

We arranged periodic consultations and conference calls involving ambassadors and embassies in the region. This included an annual meeting of ambassadors and USAID Mission Directors hosted in Almaty. We also linked with the various USAID missions which understandably were more interested in their bilateral programs. Nonetheless, on an extremely modest budget we managed to organize some useful programs related to water and power. We arranged for an annual trade show that included Afghanistan and got bigger every year. We also engaged with other donors. We even launched modest civil society programs involving NGOs from both Central Asia and Afghanistan.

Q: When you said that Kazakhstan was developing its own AID mission, I'm a little confused. In other words, the concepts themselves are creating a fund or an assistance program for others in Central Asia or is the US considering going back into Kazakhstan in niche areas.

ADDLETON: Good point, let me provide a clarification. This engagement with Kazakhstan was very much about Kazakhstan setting up its own aid program, one that meant Kazakhstan was transforming from an aid recipient to a donor country.

We will talk about a similar dynamic when we get to my final USAID assignment in India – here, too, was a case of a country that once received large amounts of foreign assistance now providing aid of its own, especially to nearby neighbors such as Nepal Bhutan and Afghanistan and in some cases even to certain African countries.

As I concluded my USAID career, it was gratifying to get involved in efforts like this, to see some of the countries in which we were historically active begin to launch aid programs of their own – adding, if you will, new tools to their existing foreign policy

"tool box". Put another way, as these countries moved to a new place economically and to some extent even politically, they came to realize that development offered another way to engage with the world.

So, yes, certain elements of the Kazakhstan government seemed to welcome the idea of engaging with USAID on their own prospective development program. In fact, Kazakhstan was already engaged in some modest aid efforts in both Kyrgyzstan and Tajikistan. They were also beginning to look beyond Central Asia for potential development partners, for potential ways in which to expand their aid effort further.

Q: One other question, since you had mentioned the One Belt, One Road. How did you understand the Chinese aspirations or the plans for Central Asia while you were there? What was expected to happen?

ADDLETON: Right, let me get into that. This is interesting because one of the assignments I was given during my two years in Central Asia was to accompany Acting Deputy Assistant Secretary Richard Hoagland on a trip to Beijing focused entirely on China's One Belt, One Road program.

Richard had previously served as US Ambassador to Kazakhstan. As it happens, we also worked in Islamabad together during the late 1980s at the start of our respective careers, he as a new Embassy Public Affair Officer and me as a new USAID officer assigned to Pakistan. So we formed a team to go to Beijing together, talk with the Chinese and compare notes. My role was to provide a USAID perspective.

Of course Central Asia was only one part of China's One Belt, One Road program. As I mentioned, it also fit in with Secretary Clinton's and later Secretary Kerry's efforts to bring South Asia and Central Asia together, a goal that made a lot of sense. But there was a lot of skepticism as well, perhaps because of the obvious issues with Afghanistan.

I served in Almaty between 2013 and 2015, a time when the future of Afghanistan mattered a lot. You begin to think ahead and you realize that a viable Afghanistan needs to be linked to other countries. And those connections should include links north, to Central Asia. CASA 1000 related to the export of electricity from Central Asia to Pakistan was part of the conversation, as was the proposed TAPI pipeline involving natural gas from Turkmenistan going to India via Afghanistan and Pakistan. On the one hand, some regarded both proposals as highly unrealistic; others thought it at least provided a vision for the future, one that necessarily involved economic cooperation.

Despite huge skepticism, progress is actually being made in some areas. At some future point, I am convinced that some of these ideas will come to fruition. In any case, I came to think these were objectives worth working toward, as difficult as they might seem.

A power line through Afghanistan? People immediately begin to think, "Oh, that can never happen". But then people don't always realize that not all of Afghanistan is up in flames all the time. Even if a Taliban government emerges in later years, it will still need

an economic base and would probably welcome the revenues provided by a power line passing through northern Afghanistan to Pakistan with its insatiable demand for energy.

So despite the skepticism we were still funding some of the studies and other work needed to eventually turn the CASA-1000 dream into reality. As I said at the time, if all this effort results in even a single kilowatt of power going from Uzbekistan to Pakistan, it will have been worth it, it will have been a triumph, it will have meant that we had at least attempted to help these countries to cooperate and work together.

As I mentioned, water was another important part of this effort. Arguably, water will be *the* issue of the twenty-first century, potentially involving conflict. In the case of Central Asia, Tajikistan had its eyes on completing the large Rogan Dam in the Pamirs – and neighboring Uzbekistan has announced that if the Rogan Dam is built, they will bomb it to pieces unless a water sharing agreement is reached beforehand.

Afghanistan is also part of this water equation, given that some rivers in Afghanistan flow south into Pakistan and Iran while other rivers flow north to Central Asia. So, again, the attempt was to launch certain confidence-building measures that would initially provide information on the subject and then encourage people to begin to talk to each other about it in more constructive ways.

As part of this conversation, we could point to the Indus Water Treaty dating from the 1960s and involving India and Pakistan as an example of how even the bitterest of enemies could at least agree on water issues. In that sense, we could take a "high road" position, applying what seemed like positive examples to the Central Asia situation. Pakistan and India have fought wars with each other – but they have never bombed each other's dams, setting in motion events that could have catastrophic results.

Inevitably, geo-politics enters into these kinds of discussions. You are talking about issues in which there are a lot of uncertainties. You are also talking about over-the-horizon issues, serious concerns that may well be played out in the decades ahead. At the end of the day, if there is ever serious cooperation on issues related to water, power, trade and pipelines, USAID should be given some of the credit for laying the groundwork.

And yet such work is typically considered unglamorous and comes with a lot of skepticism and at times even derision. Some people think you are wasting your time and some people think you will fall flat on your face. But I also had support including from a colleague named Andrew Segars who worked with USAID on a Personal Services Contract, spoke Russian and had lived in the area for years. He was a very good guy and was kind of my right hand colleague in this complex and at times frustrating effort.

For my part, I was very aware of the historical angle, possibly in ways that might have bored my colleagues to tears. For example, I would evoke the fact that Babur, the founder of the Moghul Empire, was born in the Fergana Valley in what is now Uzbekistan; founded an Empire in India based in Delhi; and is buried in Kabul. I viewed this was as a

poignant example of the historic connections between Central Asia and South Asia that had languished for far too long

For me, the challenge was to play a small part in reviving such connections after all these years. So we made an effort to connect people working in the civil society space in Pakistan, Afghanistan and Central Asia and bring them together. We worked on water and energy programs involving multiple countries, not just one or two. We sponsored that annual trade conference, bringing business people together from across the region. Over time it became an important event, increasingly taken over by counterparts. Afghanistan was part of it but it was also extended to involve businesses from India and Pakistan.

In some sense, programs like this only scratch the surface in terms of what is possible. But we did look for creative ways to bring Central Asia and South Asia together. Historic links had been broken for any number of reasons and we wanted to help restore them.

I enjoyed working on these kinds of programs. Maybe the legacy of that work will only be a pile of useless memos and papers. But maybe, taking a long term perspective, it will prove that we ultimately did make a concrete difference in a number of areas, helping to set the stage for other initiatives that might come later.

In that sense, we were making the case for some of the same things emphasized in China's One Belt, One Road initiative. Unlike our program, China's initiative had a lot more funding behind it, billions of dollars, in fact – in contrast, our funding levels can only be regarded as pitiful. China also had a maritime dimension to their program. Among other things, it seeks to connect China to the Indian Ocean via Pakistan.

China also seemed most interested in connecting East Asia with Central Asia and on to Europe. In contrast, our wrinkle focused on links between Central Asia and South Asia, arguably in ways that would ensure the two initiatives would complement rather than compete with each other.

From a USAID standpoint, I was perceived as taking a lead on aid programs related to this area while also seeking to complement diplomatic efforts on the State side. Occasionally there was a media dimension to this work, especially when reporters had this idea that China's One Belt, One Road program was in direct competition with American ideas of what a new "Silk Road" should look like.

I never saw it in this way. And that is how I responded whenever I was asked this question. My sound bite response was always that everyone benefits when there are "multiple widows and multiple doors," especially when you are a landlocked country as was the case in Central Asia. The point was to reduce Central Asia's isolation.

At an unstated level, this was perhaps also about decreasing dependence on Russia. Over the last several decades, Central Asia had been part of the Soviet Union and firmly within the Russian orbit. Now our modest effort to connect Central Asia with South Asia offered other possibilities while China's much larger program promised a much higher degree of

connectivity with East Asia. A Caspian route even offered Central Asia connections to Europe via Turkey, bypassing Russia entirely. In that sense, the individual Central Asian countries could now engage with multiple partners, not only with its one big neighbor to the north.

Part of the coordinating effort involving these complex initiatives involved talking to each other. The World Bank and the Asian Development Bank were part of the conversation and were also funding a lot of infrastructure in Central Asia including roads.

We tried to engage with China at a field level, even before Richard Hoagland's trip to Beijing. At the least, we each needed to know what the other was doing. Perhaps there were even places where our efforts might complement each other. Of course the Chinese are hard to work with. I mean, China is a donor nation, it has its own aid programs in Central Asia. China was also finally beginning to make an appearance at donor coordination meetings hosted by the UN. One of the UN country directors was from China, another indication of its efforts to interact more visibly on the international stage.

In fairness, the US was mostly transparent about the details of our objectives and programs in the region. We would meet with Chinese officials, anytime, anywhere. We encouraged our USAID country directors to open up channels of communications with Chinese counterparts. Our regional mission was based in Almaty but we had offices in Tashkent, Dushanbe, Astana and Ashgabat, all effective and all familiar with the various actors involved. So we encouraged dialogue with China, just as we encouraged dialogue with any other donor.

Q: What sort of AID programs did China take part in? Were they principally just infrastructure or do they actually do things like civil society building--which seems unlikely? I'm curious as to what was the nature of their programs?

ADDLETON: Yes, that's another good question. In Tajikistan in particular China was heavily involved in infrastructure including roads. They built other things but at times China seemed to specialize in roads. In fact, that was one of the big changes on returning to Central Asia after twenty years away – the road systems were much better and many of those roads had been funded by China and built by Chinese construction companies.

I think I described earlier one of the best trips of my Foreign Service career, that long road trip down the Pamir Highway from Jalalabad in Kyrgyzstan to Khorog on the Tajik border with Afghanistan. It was a fantastic trip. I was unable take that trip a second time but I did take other trips in Tajikistan including to places I had not seen before. That included a road trip to the Rogan Dam where it was obvious that new and better roads were being built. So, yes, the Chinese aid program in Tajikistan was very much about infrastructure.

At the same time, it is probably fair to also say that the Chinese were becoming more interested in other aspects of development beyond infrastructure. Certainly, that did not include civil society. But it did involve looking at broader areas of economic growth. And

it did mean that China became a more noticeable presence at donor coordination meetings. At least initially this played out in very rudimentary ways, for example as a kind of "show and tell" about what their various aid programs involved. We would each share about the areas we worked in and the types of projects that we were funding. When it came to infrastructure in Tajikistan, the levels of funding the Chinese were talking about were far, far beyond what we could ever hope to make available.

That trip to Beijing with Acting Assistant Secretary of State Richard Hoagland was emblematic of our willingness to engage with China. He had retired but had returned to the State Department to play a lead role in this particular effort. The decision to make this trip would have been made in Washington. But then Washington reached out to me and basically said, "Well, Jonathan, why don't you represent a USAID perspective and a Central Asia perspective at those Beijing meetings".

It turned out to be a fascinating trip. I don't know China well and I expect our relations with China have involved a lot of complicated interactions, some more positive than others. This visit involved meetings with the Chinese government. It also involved meetings with Chinese "think tanks," some staffed by retired Chinese ambassadors.

For much of my career I had worked at the periphery of China, in places bordering China or relatively close to China – including Mongolia, Kazakhstan, Pakistan and Cambodia, probably China's number one ally in South East Asia. So it was an eye-opener to be part of this delegation led by Richard Hoagland, hear the Chinese perspective and compare notes on various aid programs.

My job was to explain and describe the USAID effort in Central Asia. Of course, the Chinese "think tanks" were more or less government entities, staffed by a combination of academics and former diplomats. Still, they were at least involved in research and perhaps took a more long-term perspective. China is always a nice host and the lunches and dinners in Beijing were terrific.

One interesting takeaway for me that was that the Chinese assessment of Central Asia was not all that different from our own; somehow, they seemed to view the individual countries -- their strengths, their weaknesses, their challenges, their problematic aspect – through lenses that were quite similar to ours.

This isn't to say that our actions and our policies were similar. But this was something that went beyond ideology. As I witnessed it, our perceptions on issues such as corruption or the strengths and weaknesses in the leadership and approaches of different Central Asian countries were broadly similar. In that sense, it was a very professional exchange of ideas and observations, covering a range of issues including the leadership succession anticipated in Central Asia during the coming years.

Looking back on those couple of years, I have to think that the reporting coming out of Central Asia from Chinese embassies was not that much different than our own, at least

as far as reporting on these types of issues is concerned. So it was fascinating to engage with China.

It also provided yet another perspective on how much Central Asia had changed in terms of both China and Russia. I had seen the various Central Asian countries emerge as newly independent nations. I had seen Central Asia when it had hit rock bottom economically. And now I was seeing something of their increasingly complex relationships with the rest of the world.

Q: Interesting. You've talked a lot now about the basic way China was interacting in Central Asia. What about Russia and in what ways, if any, was it interacting? Either for good or for ill?

ADDLETON: Yes, I guess I would maybe use the phrase that you used, "for good and for ill". We discussed these types of issues with our visitors from Washington. One big difference was the emergence of China as a serious competitor to Russia in Central Asia, just as in Mongolia. Another big difference was the reassertion of Russia in what it perceived as historically its own "space," its own "near abroad".

There are multiple interpretations of this dynamic. Some think that Russia has a weak hand that it plays well. Of course, Russia has been part of the history of both Central Asia and Mongolia and it is still actively involved. But it is also involved in other areas bordering its large land mass including Ukraine, Georgia and elsewhere.

For Kazakhstan, what was being played out in Ukraine was a matter of special concern. Nazarbayev had come out of the Soviet system and knew it well. If the Soviet Union hadn't fallen apart, it is likely that Nazarbayev would have succeeded Gorbachev and become the first non-European to head the USSR. In the end that didn't happen. Instead he got his own country to become the father of. And that became his new aspiration, to go down in history as the successful founding father of a successful new country.

Nazarbayev has now ruled Kazakhstan from independence to the present day, a long time for any leader to remain in place. As Russia under Putin became more assertive, my sense is that he could see that his own legacy was now under threat. Looking at a map, you can see that there is a Russian ethnic majority in perhaps two of those Kazakh oblasts bordering Siberia. So if Putin's policy was to bring under its umbrella areas of Russia's "near abroad" that had large Russian populations, that threatened Kazakhstan's sovereignty and was something to be concerned about. Kazakhstan under Nazarbayev absolutely wanted to have good relations with Russia. But they also wanted some space as well as the opportunity to engage with other countries, not only Russia.

There was also an obvious concern about China, given its size, power and overwhelming demographics. It isn't necessarily an existential threat for Kazakhstan in the same way that Mongolia sees it. But China's Central Asia neighbors do view the unchecked rise of China with more than a little concern. And, like Mongolia, they seek to "balance" both China and Russia, in part by also strengthening ties with their so-called "third neighbors"

including Japan, Korea, India, Europe and North America. The reality is, none of the countries in Central Asia much like the idea of replacing this overwhelming hug from Russia with another one, just as overwhelmingly, from China. Rather, they want multiple relationships involving multiple other countries.

Now that you brought it up, I do remember an engagement I had with a Mongolian official that echoed similar comments I heard in Kazakhstan. Basically, the Mongolian was saying that his country wanted good relations with Moscow and wanted a successful Russia as its neighbor – it did not want to see a Russia that was either too powerful or too weak. In his view, Mongolia wanted peace with Russia but did not want to be dominated by it. This same perspective was evident among at least some officials and academics in Kazakhstan as well.

For Nazarbayev, the challenge was to maintain good relations with Russia without having to bend over backwards to placate and appease it. I also remember another conversation, this time with an academic at a Kazakh university. I'm not sure if his comparison is accurate – but he essentially said that Kazakhstan was making a mistake by staking too much of its future on Russia, an economy with a GDP comparable to that of "Bangladesh". That may be an exaggeration – I remember looking up the figures afterwards and seeing that Russia's GDP was more comparable to that of Spain. But it still is a sobering thought, that Russia which looms so large on the map has both a small economy and a diminishing population.

For this Kazakh academic, Putin's proposal of a common market linking all the former Soviet republics together was less than compelling. He saw no merit in tethering Kazakhstan's economy to such an arrangement, one in which an economically weak Russia would set the rules and call the shots. He was very concerned, mostly because he saw Russia as an economic loser. And, in his words, "Why would we attach ourselves to an economic loser"?

In the Introduction to International Relations class that I now teach at Mercer University I hand out this map that compares the size of state economies to that of particular countries. I think it is by now well known that, for example, California's economy is comparable in size to that of France or that Texas has an economy the size of Canada. I passed this map out to my class a couple of weeks ago and if I am not mistaken the economy of Russia was roughly the size of New Jersey.

So, when I talk of Russia playing a poor hand well, a comparison like this does come to mind: economically, the GDP of Russia is comparable to that of Spain or New Jersey and yet it exerts a big influence. At the same time, someone in a place like Kazakhstan would look at the economic figures and wonder about the wisdom of tying their country too closely to Russia, given its weak and stagnating economy. By contrast, China was perceived as an economic dynamo, a country that Kazakhstan should have dealings with.

I say this simply to underscore that Kazakhstan wanted to have multiple relationships with many countries. They also wanted to look beyond the competition between Russia and China to interact with other countries including Europe and the United States.

Another reality for Central Asia is that it covers a huge land area but is home to a relatively small population. Demographically, the entire population of Central Asia is well under half that of Pakistan. At the same time, Central Asia has a lot of natural resources and is potentially an energy powerhouse. Moreover, the demand for energy and natural resources is almost insatiable, both in China to the east and in India and Pakistan to the south.

Against this backdrop, I do think that we were doing the right thing in terms of attempting to facilitate Central Asia's connections to the rest of the world, allowing them to look beyond Russia and even China as neighbors to also engage with its southern neighbors, as it had centuries ago.

All that said, some of these connections will take a long, long time to develop. Even China's One Belt, One Road initiative is facing skepticism, both within China and beyond. At the time we were reading cables to this effect from other embassies. The underlying message was, China is talking a lot but early indications are that the implementation of their One Belt, One Road policy will be much less successful. As always, economic reality and human nature will also come into play.

Central Asia's small population makes it a small market, reducing interest among potential foreign investors. Those engaging in Central Asia necessarily have to think long term. And it may be that the Chinese are especially good when it comes to taking the long view. It will be interesting to see how geo-political diplomacy plays out in the years ahead. Given my background in South and Central Asia, this was a fascinating assignment and I appreciated the opportunity to gain a better sense for what had happened in Central Asia over the last two decades and where it might be heading.

As a family, our thought after Afghanistan was that I would spend three years in Central Asia and then retire from the Foreign Service. I imagined that this would be how my Foreign Service would end, as USAID Mission Director for Central Asia.

However, it turned out that we unexpectedly stayed in Central Asia for only two years rather than the anticipated three. Out of the blue I got this phone call from the USAID Assistant Administrator for Asia. His name was Manpreet. He had gone to school with USAID Administrator Rajiv Shah. He was a political appointee and a very nice guy – a political appointee I could look up to and admire, both for his professional qualifications and his effective way of interacting with people. Unexpectedly, he asked if I would consider becoming the next USAID Mission Director in India.

India at the time was not a big USAID program in terms of funding. But it was important in terms of relationships. It was a country that truly mattered. And it turned out to be my

final USAID posting, an assignment that in many ways was a fitting way to conclude my Foreign Service career.

I had expected to spend one more year in Central Asia. We had a great time. Two of the three kids came out to visit us. Fiona renewed our old contacts and we met some wonderful people. It was a good assignment and it was nice to see some of the ways in which Kazakhstan had moved on during the years we had been away.

The first time around, Almaty had probably been the toughest assignment in my career, given that the economy had imploded and everything hit rock-bottom during one of the worst winters in memory. But when Manpreet made that phone call, we thought seriously about leaving Central Asia early and taking on this one last assignment. It would provide an unexpected opportunity to return to a part of the world that I knew well, the region in which I had been born and raised and still feel very comfortable in.

And so after these conversations a direct transfer was arranged. Fiona and I took possibly my favorite flight in the world, from Almaty to Delhi, across all those mountains that I know and love –the Tian Shan, Pamirs, Hindu Kush, Karakoram and Himalayas. It is not a long flight but on a clear day the mountains are spectacular. Five amazing mountain ranges and then you land in Delhi to start another new life.

At the time Manpreet had asked me to commit to stay at least through the duration of the Obama administration – two years. I promised him that I would do this. And in the end that is what happened. I retired on January 20, 2017 – Inauguration Day. India turned out to be a good assignment, both personally and professionally.

India was the biggest Embassy I served in, possibly the largest American embassy in the world. Virtually every department and agency in Washington is represented at the country team. Having served as Ambassador in a small country, I perhaps also was able to take a broad perspective, looking beyond USAID to the larger importance of the US relationship with India and the role that USAID might play in strengthening it.

And so I stepped into what was widely perceived at the time as an especially innovative USAID program, one shaped in positive ways by my predecessors who I appreciated and respected. Of course it also involved the inevitable question: “Why is USAID in India at all”?

It was a fair question, given the ways that India had moved on. Of course, India can be viewed as consisting of multiple countries, each at a different stage of development. Many Indian provinces are larger than entire countries. Some Indian districts are larger than certain African nations. On the one hand, India has a space program. On the other hand, it has large numbers of very poor people living in abject poverty.

Having been born and raised in Pakistan, the assignment in India also gave me a much better perspective on South Asia in its entirety. At the same time, it gave me a ringside

seat into how India was transforming, how India was moving into a new role both regionally and globally.

It was a place where I felt culturally very comfortable. On occasion I would recite Hindu proverbs and Urdu poetry at staff meetings. Delhi is another of those USAID missions that includes an outstanding national staff that could probably run programs easily, in the absence of expatriate Foreign Service Officers.

The USAID program had changed markedly since the 1960s, the heyday of donor assistance to India. It had also changed since the 1980s when I served in Pakistan and became vaguely familiar with some of the more recent developments, both in India and in USAID programs engaging in that country that put a new emphasis on science, technology and innovation. I had visited India several times over the years and had tracked some of these changes in more personal ways.

Technologically, India was now in an entirely a different place. It was experiencing more rapid economic growth than ever. Modi was Prime Minister, evoking a kind of Hindu nationalism that mirrored a broader trend toward nationalistic approaches in other parts of the world. As I mentioned, India also had its own nascent aid programs. Apart from everything else, it was now a useful and constructive donor in Afghanistan. India was also heavily involved in Bhutan, again for geo-strategic reasons.

While in Almaty, we had sought to encourage the export of hydro electricity generated in Central Asia to Afghanistan and Pakistan; somewhat similar, efforts were underway to export hydro power from Nepal and Bhutan to India and Bangladesh. In fact, one of our programs in India provided an opportunity to officials from the power sector in Nepal to visit Bhutan and observe the success that country was having in exporting power to India. In fact, Bhutan's development plans are now based very largely on the export of hydro power to India.

As in Central Asia, power issues were therefore part of what the USAID program in India was about. In India, the power connectivity we promoted was mostly with Nepal, Bhutan and Bangladesh. There are a lot of pluses when power grids are compatible and connected – sometimes you buy, sometimes you sell; above all you have a lot more flexibility when it comes to managing power systems. This was true in Central Asia and it was also true in South Asia.

Another interesting aspect of the USAID effort in India was to promote aid partnerships between India and Africa. Once again, it reflected the fact that countries that once received donor assistance were now offering it to others.

For example, we worked with the Indian company Mahindra to support tractor technology that seemed relevant for Africa. Similarly, we established a partnership with agricultural training institutes in Hyderabad and Jaipur to provide scholarships for mostly African students. USAID was funding dozens of such scholarships. Most students were

from Africa but some came from other places including Mongolia. On one field trip I visited Hyderabad and met some of the Mongolian students studying there

Ambassador Verma was supportive of our efforts. I also attempted to engage with a wider audience. For example, I wrote an op-ed for the *Deccan Herald* on shared efforts by the US and India to assist Africa, citing the Hyderabad training program. This was also part of our "soft diplomacy". It represented a relatively new area of USAID engagement, one that may become more important in the years ahead.

Q: When you spoke to your Indian counterparts, let's say, who were either in economic development or in any of the assistance programs as they understood them. What was their take on China and China's continued interest in that whole region?

ADDLETON: A lot was probably left unsaid. As diplomats and even as USAID officers, you don't tend to talk about what third countries are doing. That said, you do sometimes read between the lines and references were sometimes made to the work of other countries including China. Perhaps I should have asked more questions about this, given that it is an important issue.

Undoubtedly, though, there was and is a sense of competition between India and China. The borders between India and China are also disputed – from at least China's perspective, the demarcation of those borders remain unresolved. In 1962 the two countries fought a high altitude war in the Himalayas. During my time in India, the Ambassador visited Arunachal Pradesh on an official Embassy trip, seeing parts of that province that are claimed by China. If I remember correctly, China registered a diplomatic protest afterwards. As for the Indians, they were pleased and appreciative that the ambassador visited an area claimed by both sides.

At this point, there are two very different dominant countries in Asia, each representing a "great civilization" – India and China. Rivalry between the two is almost inevitable. Not surprisingly, other countries get caught up in it. For India, Pakistan is the big adversary, the country which in India's view should not have come into existence at all. Kashmir has been the running sore in terms of relations between India and Pakistan ever since. China and Pakistan are long-standing allies and India is also concerned about that.

Rivalry between China and India plays out in other ways. Having served in Cambodia, we realized that the region consisting of Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos is not called Indo China for nothing – the historic influence of India and China on those countries is obvious and enduring. Angkor Wat is essentially a Hindu monument. At one time India played a big role in the region. Now China is much more dominant.

As the US role in Asia diminishes, this historic competition may play out in other ways and in other places. At that point, the differences between India and China will become more obvious. Like the US, India is a "messier" country in the sense that democracies are always "messy," preferring as they do decentralized approaches and checks and balance

rather than relying very largely on mandates from on high. China is very different, given its long tradition of centralized, top-down governance.

At the same time, Modi's election suggests that India may take a different path in the years ahead. India is a secular society or at least its constitution claims that it is. But Modi's party champions a nationalism deeply rooted in Hindu mythology, a reassertion of Hindu history if you will. And that understandably causes concern, especially among those minorities which see India – including Indian history – as much more complicated than Modi suggests. I tend to have a positive take on India, given its diversity and seeming tolerance. But like any country, its history also contains dark pages.

At one point the CEO of a big American IT company visited India. Ambassador Verma hosted a dinner, providing an opportunity for a wide ranging discussion on India as a potential place to invest. Most visitors are impressed with what they see. But India also faces big problems including a latent xenophobia that under Modi has become more obvious and arguably more threatening. For sure, it will be interesting to see what unfolds in terms of relations between India and China during the coming decades.

That said, India is an endlessly fascinating place. The tourism slogan it has adopted – "Incredible India" – is accurate. I appreciated the fact that my time in India gave me a much greater appreciation and a much wider view of South Asia in all its incredible diversity.

We visited a lot of places in India that were new to us during our two years there including Darjeeling, Nagaland, Kerala and other places. Some of these trips were personal and some of them were related to work. Coming from a Baptist background, it was interesting to see all those Baptist churches in Nagaland. We attended the Hornbill Festival in Kohima and one part of the festival involved a competition among church choirs. As a result of this legacy, some of the best rock bands in India also come out of Nagaland.

As for USAID, we had a number of interesting programs ranging from health to forestry. Regional programs such as those connecting India with Africa or those focused on connecting power grids in India, Nepal and Bangladesh were also interesting. At the same time, we had worthwhile bilateral programs in areas such as health, basic education, renewable energy and the environment.

Taking health first, the challenges are enormous. Everything in India is huge. A state like Uttar Pradesh, if it were an independent country, would be one of the largest countries in the world with a population exceeding 200 million. As I mentioned, a suburb of Delhi or Mumbai or Kolkata might have three million people – more than the population of Mongolia. So the demographics in India are astonishing. It won't be long before it is the largest country in the world with a population exceeding that of China.

Health issues matter. Our focus was mostly on infectious diseases including HIV/AIDS and TB. As in Central Asia, drug resistant TB was a matter of special concern. We

worked creatively in a number of areas, forging partnerships with groups like the Centers for Disease Control and the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation.

Part of our health program involved outreach and public awareness, especially related to TB. Almost nobody in the US has heard of Amitabh Bachchan, the great Bollywood film star. But in India he is an iconic figure, very possibly one of the most famous faces in the world. As it happened, at one point in his life he had contracted TB, a disease that has huge stigma in India.

He agreed to launch a radio campaign aimed at informing Indians about TB. When he spoke on the issue, he started with this line: "My name is Amitabh Bachchan and I am a TB survivor." He had instant credibility and it was gratifying when he agreed to become part of this TB outreach campaign.

I met Amitabh Bachchan on a number of occasions including in Mumbai and in Ambassador Verma's residence. Years ago he had been the star in one of my favorite Bollywood films, *Kabhi Kabhi*. He must be in his sixties by now, perhaps even in his seventies. We appreciated the fact that the most famous Bollywood actor in India took an interest, not only in TB but also in USAID's efforts to help India confront it.

We were also involved in Indian philanthropy in intriguing ways. It was huge, just huge. As an aid program in transition, we tried to tap into it and we actively looked for partnerships. Much of this philanthropy was centered in Mumbai and I visited that city a number of times.

Some Indian charities were huge. For example, the Tata Trust controlled millions and perhaps billions of dollars. That represented old money, going back decades. New money was also sloshing around including that generated by Indian expatriates who had made their fortunes in Silicon Valley. Now some were returning or at least visiting India with the idea that some of their money should be channeled back to their home country. So we had a lot of interesting conversations.

As I mentioned, the USAID program had gotten much smaller over the years. It had by now drifted down to around $80 million a year. This is a drop in the bucket or maybe a drop in the ocean in a country as large as India. Realistically, our aid program didn't matter much in terms of the dollars it made available to India. Yet, if we could think strategically, we might make a difference – not only in development terms but also in terms of broader diplomatic relationships between India and the United States.

The fact that we had a relatively large health program was mostly related to the fact that Congress had earmarked our funds. That said, private Indian philanthropists typically targeted health and education as their own two areas of special concern. The Gates Foundation also focused on health.

Q: I meant to ask you -- literally, you just mentioned the Gates Foundation. I know that they have been very active in health issues and I wondered if they were also having some successes in some areas, even independently of USAID.

ADDLETON: To be honest, I forget the amount of funding that the Gates Foundation has provided to address health issues in India. But we did have a good relationship with the Gates representative in Delhi and we did try to make sure that our programs complemented each other.

You can't work on aid issues in India without being controversial and without being criticized. The Gates Foundation has received its fair share of both. Nonetheless, we shared a common perspective about many health issues and we did look for ways to work together, just as we sought to work with the Indian private philanthropic sector.

In fact, India had a law that mandates that companies put "x" percent of their profits back into charitable causes. For this reason, almost every large Indian company has its own private foundation or trust that focused on health or education or other areas of concern. Our health investments were dwarfed by those provided by the Indian private sector. So that too was part of our job – to demonstrate to Washington that we did not work in isolation. Ultimately, the idea was to demonstrate that for every "x" dollars we provided, we leveraged "y" dollars from other donors.

Always, it seemed, the USAID program in India had to justify its continued existence. If we could not do this, we would be zeroed out, despite the other diplomatic and strategic considerations involved.

Our efforts in this area attempted to demonstrate that India and the United States working together could be more than the sum of our individual parts. I often used the Hindi proverb – which is also the title of a Bollywood Film, *Ek aur Ek Gyarah,* one plus one equals eleven. It is a nice way to present this point and I used that proverb any number of times.

At times Afghanistan also entered the discussion. There are plenty of historic connections between India and Afghanistan. At some level, Pakistan fears any indication of friendship between the two countries, concerned that an Indian-influenced Afghanistan will cause problems on their western frontier. At the same time, India watches what happens in Afghanistan with obvious concern. India also has an active aid program in Afghanistan, supporting for example training in India for Afghans as well as infrastructure such as a dam in Herat. India also built Afghanistan's new parliament building in Kabul, a visible indication of Indian concern and support. If I remember correctly, the Indian government offered 1,000 scholarships each year for Afghans to study in India.

Even outside government channels, Afghans looked favorably toward India. For example, wealthy Afghans often go to India to meet their health needs. Similarly, many privately-financed Afghan students attend Indian universities.

Many Afghan refugees have made their way to Delhi and elsewhere. Fiona actually got involved with a number of Afghan refugees during our two years in India. For example, she helped organize a catering group involving Afghan women that received UN support and was later written up in the *Guardian* newspaper in the UK. She also met a young Afghan lady called Shakila whose husband had shot most of her face off. Shakila eventually was able to emigrate to Canada with her mother and younger sister as part of an amazing story that continues to this day.

We also met another Afghan family that recently received refugee status and will shortly move to Vancouver. While in Delhi, we paid for the education of one of their children; we also covered the training cost for the wife to take course in hairdressing to ensure that she has a skill to take with her to Canada. When we left Delhi, this Afghan family gave us a samovar that they said had been in their family for years. We are now looking for a way to return that samovar to them in Canada.

Another idea that came up during my time in India was to establish an "annex" for the USAID Mission to Afghanistan in Delhi. The thought was that some functions such as contracting and financial management could just as easily be handled from Delhi as from Kabul – and Delhi would be a lot safer. I was never very optimistic that this would happen. But it was something that we were tasked with trying to figure out.

I don't know if this went forward after I left Delhi or not. There are direct flights from Delhi to Kabul. India did seem to be playing a constructive role in Afghanistan. Probably the idea that USAID was contemplating opening an "annex" to the Kabul Mission in Delhi would have driven Pakistan nuts, further fueling their view that India was the ultimate enemy. But then USAID had also considered developing an "annex" to the Kabul Mission in Almaty. Like so many other issues connected with Afghanistan, this in the end seemed to be another half-baked idea that never got off the ground. It is one of those situations in which you are tasked by Washington with putting a lot effort into a particular area that in the end will likely to prove to have been a wasted effort.

As you can see, we dealt with a lot of issues in India and I was fortunate to be there during an interesting and dynamic time. We also sought to engage with the large Indian diaspora population in the United States. I mentioned earlier that some second generation Indians who had made their fortunes in Silicon Valley were beginning to return. There were even cases involving Indian orphans who had been adopted by American families who as adults were now returning with the idea of offering something back to their country of origin. So we met with a number of American citizens of Indian origin who expressed interest in USAID and sought our advice on how they might become involved in India in their private capacity.

By now a number of second generation Indian Americans and to a lesser extent Pakistani Americans were joining the Foreign Service. Unfairly, problems sometimes emerged – if an Indian American was assigned to our Embassy in Islamabad, the Pakistan government would ask questions about it, even as the Indian government would ask questions if a Pakistani American was assigned to Delhi. Sometimes visas were delayed or denied,

despite the officer in question having a diplomatic passport. To its credit, the State Department challenged such cases. As far as the US is concerned, anyone holding an American passport should be regarded as an American citizen.

Perhaps I am being too ambitious or too unrealistic in saying this – but when serving in India and Pakistan I often thought that I could play at least a small role in building bridges. I don't look like I am from South Asia. But I spent much of my childhood in South Asia and am only too aware of the clichés and stereotypes that exist on all sides. As a Foreign Service Officer serving in India and Pakistan I tried to challenge at least some of them.

As for the notion of not accepting an American diplomat because of their family heritage, this would have to be regarded as anathema. Our narrative always has to be, American citizens come from everywhere and our diplomats come from everywhere. I mean, the reality is that at this point second or even third generation Indian Americans are making an imprint on the Foreign Service, as well they should. Some are going back to South Asia to serve in embassies or consulates. Looking back, it is just one of the dynamics that I observed, a changing Foreign Service that should make us even more effective in the years ahead.

The fact is, I enjoyed many aspects of those final two years as a Foreign Service Officer in India. It was very interesting, both inside and outside the office. The downside was the pollution in Delhi, a big concern for those with families. But by and large we were enthusiastic about this assignment. At the same time, we remembered the approach that Deputy Assistant Administrator Manpreet had taken when he asked us to come to Delhi in the first place– "Just stay through the Obama administration".

Before leaving India completely and finishing this oral history let me also touch on a couple of other aspects of the USAID program in India.

One involved assistance to Tibetans in India as part of a Congressional mandate. It was an interesting program and provided me with opportunities to visit Dharamsala. On one of those visits I met the Dalai Lama. We also became quite friendly with the person regarded as the Prime Minister of the Tibetan diaspora. He had a degree from Harvard Law school and was an interesting guy. His formal title was Sikyong of the Central Tibetan Administration and his name was Lobsang Sangay

Increasingly, the Tibetan community feels isolated and abandoned. Certainly, when we had a visitor from Washington who wanted to meet with other donors about the work they might possibly be doing related to the Tibetan population, the response was underwhelming – very few European donors were working with the Tibetan community at all. They just weren't interested or perhaps they didn't want to deal with the inevitable push back from China.

However, we had a modest program of a few million dollars annually that supported health, education and cultural preservation for the Tibetan population in India numbering

only a few tens of thousands. When I visited Dharamsala to observe the USAID-funded activities underway, I was greeted warmly. The program put on for Fiona and I included an amazing cultural performance. We also visited several Tibetan schools. It is hard not to feel sympathy for Tibet on occasions like this.

I was never able to visit Bhutan. However, we also launched some modest programs there. One involved an exchange of young people and parliamentarians from Mongolia. Another related to energy, supporting efforts to connect the power grids and encourage the sale of hydro power to India. Bhutan and the United States still don't have formal diplomatic relations. But at some point we will take that step. And, in small ways, it can perhaps be said that USAID helped move the relationship forward.

One other thing that I should bring up related to our final assignment in India is renewable energy, a promising area for the future. A number of fascinating developments are taking place, developments in which USAID is also involved. This included an annual strategic consultation on renewable energy in which our Department of Energy played an important part. These annual consultations rotated between Delhi and Washington, DC.

When it comes to renewables, India is an interesting test case for many reasons including the fact that it has done a lot of research on its own. It has significantly increased the use of wind and especially solar power. For example, when Indian Railways announces that it will use railway station roofs as a platform on which to place solar panels, that can have a big impact, given the number of railway stations that Indian Railways maintains throughout the country.

There is also the issue of off-grid renewable energy, something that India is actively pursuing given the number of widely dispersed villages as well as its stated policy of electrifying as many of them as possible.

At the same time, there is the issue of adjusting on-grid systems to take into account fluctuating sources of power, especially when renewables are involved. The cost of renewables is getting much, much lower. But if the sun isn't shining or if the wind isn't blowing, the grid has to be flexible and has to adjust to provide power from other sources. I guess the term "smart grid" is sometimes used in these circumstance. And in this area we facilitated a number of interesting exchanges between our Department of Energy and comparable Indian institutions.

All this was interesting, enjoyable, challenging – and a lot of fun. For perhaps the first time in my career, I had a seriously interesting window on the changing world of energy. For the US, shale has been a big game changer, leading the US to become possibly the biggest producer of both natural gas and petroleum in the world, both fossil fuels. Yet over the long term it is perhaps the lowered cost of renewable energy and the increasing use of renewable energy which will ultimately make the biggest difference.

As it turned out, USAID in India was also part of this shifting energy landscape. And, looking back, I appreciate the fact that I was even a small part of a process that involved renewables as well as India and the United States working together on both technology and policy issues in unusual and creative ways. Apart from everything else, this work also marked a shift away from traditional donor/recipient relationships. Increasingly, we interacted more as partners, exchanging ideas and information and working together on big issues that could ultimately have global impact.

Reflecting on a 32-year Foreign Service career, most of it spent at USAID, it was gratifying to have my career conclude in places like Kazakhstan and India, countries where traditional aid relationships were being transformed.

It must have been during the summer of 2016 when I made the decision to finally retire from the Foreign Service. Family considerations were one factor. My parents were by now in their late eighties and not getting any younger. We also did not much like the idea of a future in which it was hard to see our children only once a year.

Beyond that, I became increasingly frustrated and tired of some aspects of mission management, especially those involving staffing and personnel. In both India and Kazakhstan, I had to deal with challenging HR concerns that suggested to me that the workplace really was changing, that perhaps it was someone else's turn to figure out how to maintain the right "balance" against competing claims that sometimes involved race and gender and conflicting narratives involving people who just couldn't seem to get along. It seemed to me that government workplaces were turning into increasingly nasty places. I was also more frustrated than ever with certain aspects of the bureaucracy. Again, it seemed clear to me that the time had come to move on.

I gave my bosses in Washington a "heads up" that I intended to retire in January 2017. I also informed Ambassador Verma. I made the decision before it was clear who would be the next president though I wasn't very enthusiastic about the prospects of what might lie ahead. Whoever won, it would be a new administration with all the challenges that new administrations bring. I did not really like the idea of adjusting to yet another parade of new political appointees, some competent and others awful.

I attended the event organized by the Embassy in Delhi for Indian contacts on Election Day in early November 2016. Everyone that attended thought that Hillary Clinton would be the next president. We watched the returns come in and then we realized that this might turn out to be a longer day than expected. Some were incredulous. I thought back to another election when we served in Jordan and the results coming in from Florida seemed ambiguous at best. That election involving Bush and Gore ended up in the Supreme Court.

It was night time in the US but day time in India. Later in the day we realized that Trump would become president after all, mostly because several Midwest states unexpectedly went his way. It came as a shock. For my part, I was pleased that I had already set my retirement day as January 20, 2017 – Inauguration Day.

I told my family at the time that the next four years would be one big circus. Perhaps in my younger days I might have been able to put up with it. Not now. I think Ambassador Verma expected to stay in Delhi for at least another several months under a Clinton administration, until a new appointee was in place. But now that wouldn't happen.

As an aside, Rich Verma was a wonderful ambassador and I wish he could have stayed in India for longer. Looking back I would rank him as one of the best political appointees under whom I have served, even as I would rank Ambassador Bill Burns as the best career officer under whom I have served. Both were wonderful, both personally and professionally.

If the new administration had wanted to make a point and start off well, it might have said to Ambassador Verma, "Why don't you stay on, at least until the summer". But of course the message that arrived was, "We expect you to depart by January 20 at the latest." As with so many Foreign Service families, it also meant withdrawing his kids from school at mid-year. There is nothing family-friendly about any aspect of the US government in this day and time.

We talked about the Foreign Service, about Mongolia, about children in school and about whether he should stay in India in an unofficial capacity for a few months, if only to see his kids through the rest of the school year. Of course it is always awkward for a former ambassador to stay in the country to which he has been assigned, even as a new chief of mission is arriving. But this would never be an issue in this case – the ambassadorship in Delhi would remain vacant for a long, long time.

Fiona and I had already experienced the school age children part of this kind of transition more than a few times. I basically said that I wouldn't hesitate for a minute to stay in India, at least until the end of the school year. We had done something similar in a somewhat different context in Mongolia. Several years earlier, Fiona had moved from the Ambassador's residence in Ulaanbaatar to a nearby apartment, in part to ensure that Catriona could finish out her senior year. It worked out fine.

Ambassador Verma did the same thing and remained in India as a private citizen well beyond the elections. He had wonderful people skills. In terms of leadership, in terms of the difference a single individual can make, Bill Burns and Rich Verma had the essential human skills that are all too often lacking in the Foreign Service.

I wonder if a President Clinton might have kept Ambassador Verma on in her new administration, at least for a time. Perhaps he may yet return in a different presidency. He is an interesting guy. An Air Force veteran, he had grown up in Pittsburgh and was proud of Pennsylvania and its sports teams. But he was also aware and proud of his Indian heritage, of his origins in the Punjab.

Maybe this is where we leave India behind and turn toward final reflections on family and on people with whom I have served. Hands down, though, Bill Burns and Rich

Verma rank among those ambassadors whom I admire most. Interestingly, at least two State officers with whom I served in Delhi later became ambassadors -- DCM Michael Pelletier became US ambassador to Madagascar and Management Counselor Craig Cloud became US ambassador to Botswana. Also DCM Michael Klecheski whom we knew in Kazakhstan subsequently was appointed as US Ambassador to Mongolia. All of them seemed like good officers to me and we were happy for them.

Perhaps I should extend these reflections to include some of the various USAID Administrators I witnessed in action. Andrew Natsios seemed outstanding to me and there were others, going further back. There have also been some really lousy ones. The last administrator -- Gayle Smith, selected by Obama – might have turned into a good administrator but in the end was there far too briefly. The same might be said of Henrietta Fore, the last USAID administrator during the waning months of the Bush presidency. She was quite effective as well. I will also always appreciate the fact that it was under her leadership that my name was put forward to be US Ambassador to Mongolia.

Perhaps I will add into the transcript later a few more details about this aspect of my career. I don't have my notes with me now but I can do a quick calculation and it seems that my thirty plus years at USAID spanned something like two-thirds of all the USAID Administrators who have ever served. Early on I was impressed from a distance by the likes of Peter McPherson and Alan Woods who helped introduce USAID to the private sector. Brian Atwood left a mostly positive impact as well.

I have to smile when I think of my interactions with Ron Roskens, one of Bush senior's appointees. He spent most of his career in a university environment, at Nebraska I think. He visited us in South Africa. When he returned to Washington, we were sent a series of photographs – Roskens with De Klerk; Roskens with Buthelezi; Roskens with Mandela, Roskens with Archbishop Desmond Tutu – accompanied by instructions to obtain signatures, along with a note on what the couple of sentences accompanying the signatures should say: "to my good friend" or "with respect" or whatever. Perhaps this was a case of his staff member being either incredibly officious or far too detail-oriented.

Some USAID Administrators were very good. Again, Andrew Natsios falls into this category. He had grown up in Greece and as a kid had been at the receiving end of food donations. That was when he first saw the USAID handshake symbol, on a box of relief supplies. It meant something to him. He knew that USAID could make a difference and that was reflected in his leadership style as well.

There were others also. But basically it is a problem when an ambassador or a USAID Administrator thinks, "It is all about me". Conversely, it is a good thing when an ambassador or a USAID Administrator thinks, "It is all about us". Those that fall into the latter category are the ones you look back and remember, appreciate, and consider effective in motivating you to work hard and deliver in your own little sphere of activity. So I have served with some good leaders and some who were not so good along the way.

Q: I did want to ask you one general question. You've talked about all of the AID programming, direct AID activities; did you ever also work with the Millennium Challenge Corporation (MCC) or see it's level of success?

ADDLETON: I did work directly with MCC. The first time it was in Mongolia when I served as USAID director. MCC was still relatively new and was just emerging as a factor. So even early on I was able to give some thought to how MCC would work in a place like Mongolia. It may be that the first MCC team arrived later in 2004, after I had left post for Cambodia. But our small mission in Ulaanbaatar definitely spent quite a bit of time preparing for them. We were asked to brief Mongolian counterparts initially on what the MCC involved and were also asked to suggest possible activities for the future.

When I returned five years later as Ambassador, I was heavily involved in the MCC programs that had materialized after those initial discussions. By this time, the MCC effort was far, far larger than the annual USAID program in Mongolia. In fact, within a space of only five years the first MCC compact in Mongolia implemented programs of around $250 million, exceeding in monetary value those provided by USAID throughout its twenty-year history in Mongolia.

So MCC remained very active in Mongolia, even as USAID was moving toward the exit door and preparing to turn out the lights. I do give the MCC program high marks. At the least, they selected a few areas that represented real priorities for Mongolia – land titling, public health, vocational education, renewable energy and a major infrastructure project. The effort must have been successful because now there is a second MCC compact, this one focused on water. As Ambassador, I enjoyed meeting with MCC staff and made a number of field trips organized around various MCC programs.

Ironically, since you asked the question, I was also involved with MCC to some extent during my time in India as well. In this case, it wasn't because India was viewed as a potential MCC candidate, rather it was because of the regional implications of a prospective MCC compact related to the power sector in Nepal. Our USAID program based in Delhi had already done some work in this area as part of an effort to export hydro power from Nepal to neighboring countries. So when MCC staff passed through Delhi, we briefed them about our regional activities. At the time MCC was at least considering launching a regional effort of their own.

On different occasions I met with MCC staff in both Washington and the field, perhaps precipitating a mix of views. No institution is perfect and all institutions stumble at one time or another. But I will say that I mostly have a positive take on MCC.

In fairness, it is also true that MCC, by its very nature, tends to get involved in the "easier" development programs. This is because a country has to reach a certain threshold, has to demonstrate a certain measure of success, before it will even be considered for an MCC compact. So a certain process of self-selection is already at work and MCC won't enter into situations in which the country involved is already failing miserably.

In contrast, USAID's mandate is like having to work in a swamp or a sewer, simply because there is a job that has to be done. We don't pick and choose our countries of operation, we are given them. Much of our funding is earmarked in terms of sectors of involvement as well. In that sense, it is probably not helpful to compare the two, to set up a MCC versus USAID situation. In reality, their functions and their objectives and their assigned responsibilities are different.

MCC also faces its own challenges. Here I'm thinking about recent discussions on whether aid should be provided to countries that vote against the US in the United Nations. There is no question that USAID is a foreign policy tool. Of course, MCC is a foreign policy tool as well. But its mandate differs from USAID and it works within a framework that perhaps makes success more likely, at least in the development arena.

All that said, at a field level it seems to me that the exchanges with the MCC were usually both positive and constructive. There are always well-meaning people on both sides, people who want to make a difference. At least for my part I never felt a sense of competition between USAID and MCC. In the case of the Nepal program, there was this idea that India could perhaps also become involved in the MCC program there. And, given that we worked with India and were looking for new ways to interact with Indian institutions in both the public and private sector, it made sense for the two of us to be talking to each other. And I think it was a constructive conversation.

Mongolia is a small country by comparison and an MCC program there could make a big difference. I do remember highlighting to MCC in Mongolia the precept that I mentioned earlier, that the first part of any strategic decision is to ensure that you are at least working in the right areas. And I would definitely say that in Mongolia MCC made the right call in terms of the areas in which they became involved. Implementation challenges never end, there will always be a combination of some steps forward and some steps backward. But if you are at least working in the right areas, in areas that are important, you are positioning yourself to be helpful and ultimately make a difference.

Q: Since you mentioned that AID sometimes has to work in the swamp and in the sewer, was there any advancement of the ideas that the Gates Foundation had for flushless toilets in India?

ADDLETON: Oh, absolutely. Maybe when we revise this interview I should say more about it. Because, definitely, we were also involved in these issues in India.

Since you brought up the subject, I have to say that I am sort of abashed that I never visited the toilet museum in Delhi. It wasn't too far away from where we lived. But it is true, there is a real toilet museum in India. I heard from others that it is quite interesting and informative. I kept telling myself that I should visit. But I never got around to visiting it.

Sanitary concerns are huge in India, given the dimensions of the country – well over a billion people and still growing. Hundreds of millions don't have access to clean toilets. No one person and no one approach is going to solve the issue, it requires many people and organizations to become involved. Modi made it one of his big campaign issues and understandably so.

As you might imagine, there were on occasion certain scatological office conversations on this subject. But, yes, issues related to sanitation and toilets in India are part of what you talk about when you are involved in development programs in India. I had plenty of briefings on the subject, some of them quite interesting

Perhaps it was in Kolkata or on another field trip when we consulted with the leaders of a small village about the use of toilets. One of them mentioned the importance of "shaming" people to use toilets rather than go each morning to the open fields. I had never encountered the phrase until I got to India. But the phrase used in this context was "open defecation". You add to your aid vocabulary in every country in which you serve. This is one of those catch phrases that I learned while in India and it was also part of our everyday conversation in Delhi at the time.

Q: So at this point, is this a good moment for you to sort of look back on your career and talk about how USAID changed, evolved, and what evolutions were good or bad? Sort of take stock of the organization and what you would recommend for the future.

ADDLETON: That's a good idea. Mostly so far my comments have been structured around the ten countries in which I served. When these comments are written up, each country will probably have its own section, some of them twice. Probably I will look back at the manuscript and make changes and then provide some final reflections including some covering this area.

As far as India is concerned, we made the decision to stay for two years and then leave at the end of the Obama administration. I scheduled my retirement for January 20, 2017. It seemed that there was some sort of poetic justice attached to this date. I didn't produce some final farewell letter cataloging my concerns, rather I limited myself to private conversations. But of course I did have more than a few private conversations, explaining my rationale and giving my perspective on why it was time to leave when I could have stayed on for five or six more years. I joined USAID as an International Development Intern (IDI) in March 1984 and I retired in January 2017. I guess that means my Foreign Service career lasted for just under 33 years.

Fiona and I returned to the Macon, Georgia and I flew up to Washington, DC for my final close-out the day before the Inauguration. It was sort of ironic because eight years earlier, I had also been in Washington for the inauguration of a new president, this one involving Obama.

Most Washington offices were closed the day before Trump's inauguration when I briefly passed through town. But a couple of people had agreed to come into USAID for the final

processing of my retirement papers. By the way, the entire retirement process that had started months ago in India was pretty horrible. Apart from everything else, at one point my papers had been lost in Washington and I had to start the entire process all over again. It was hugely frustrating.

But now the day arrived and I faced it with mixed emotions. The Ronald Reagan building was more or less empty. I did appreciate that those HR people came into the office that day so that I could sign any final documents and take care of any loose ends. But the building was basically empty and closed. I didn't really have an opportunity to say my final goodbye to colleagues in Washington, that came later in the spring, when I returned for my flag ceremony at State and final remarks at USAID.

The experience was sort of a bittersweet. It precipitated a lot of thoughts about my USAID career and my Foreign Service career. It was wonderful in almost every way and of course that is a big part of your reflections at times like this, you remember the good times especially. I had joined the Foreign Service in March 1984 at the age of 26. I had not yet completed my PhD dissertation at the time but was finishing up at graduate school, finalizing my research for it. I was still single.

So I joined USAID in the spring of 1984 at a time when Ronald Reagan was president and the Cold War was still very much a dominant diplomatic fact of life. My first TDY, my first field trip, was to Bajaur, one of the tribal agencies along Pakistan's border with Afghanistan. I was part of a small joint State/USAID team to figure out if the Soviet invasion had precipitated a famine in Afghanistan along the lines of what was then occurring in Ethiopia. Louis Stamberg from the Food for Peace office was part of that same team – his wife Susan was well known even then as the host of National Public Radio's *All Things Considered*. Even at that time, some of the big issues of the day revolved around what to do in Afghanistan and what to do in Pakistan, for that matter. I had grown up in Pakistan and was selected by Fred Fischer to be part of this team partly because of my background in the country.

Another thing I remember is that before I arrived in Pakistan to join the USAID Mission I was asked by Larry Crandall -- the new USAID mission director for cross-border program in Afghanistan, also based in Islamabad – to work there instead. It was briefly tempting. But I preferred to stay with the assignment I had been given and stick with matters related directly to Pakistan. It was a huge program with activities taking place throughout Pakistan.

Unusually for USAID by that time, the USAID/Pakistan program also included a number of infrastructure projects. Now that I think about, the USAID/Jordan program where I also worked for four years also included infrastructure projects, in this case related to water. Both programs might be viewed as "traditional" USAID Missions with relatively large staffs and a number of different offices.

That said, I was also involved in a number of less traditional USAID programs throughout my USAID career. One was South Africa in the early 1990s during its

transition from apartheid to democracy. It was clear that South Africa was moving to a very different place, that DeKlerk had reached out to Mandela and that the two of them had reached an agreement that would have historic consequences, both for South Africa and for the region. Yet as long as an apartheid type government was in place, we could not and did not work directly with the government in Pretoria. Rather we worked entirely with non-governmental organizations working to build a post-apartheid South Africa.

We moved from there to Central Asia, once again becoming involved in what was for those days another pioneering, non-traditional USAID mission. Again, political transition, civil society and democracy were the buzzwords of the day. It was an optimistic time.

Now that I am teaching international relations, I realize that the mid 1990s were probably a time of undue optimism. Even the leaders were referring to George Washington and Abraham Lincoln as part of the rhetoric of their supposed transition to democratic governance. For some people, there might have been a note of triumph, a sort of "end of history" paradigm that suggested that liberal democracy had prevailed over all other possible political systems. After all, the US had won the Cold War. Now it was reaching out to establish a new world order, one that all too quickly proved to be illusionary.

Now there is the realization that this brave new world order was not achieved and will never be achieved. I recently read a *Wall Street Journal* article that covered some of this same territory. It basically said that we have now moved to a different kind of world, one that involves competition rather than cooperation between sovereign countries. Some might have thought that the age of nation-states had come to an end. But at this stage, that seems unlikely -- rather, the nation state has returned with a vengeance.

Looking back, I do see that my own career straddled a number of interesting phases of history. As I mentioned, I joined USAID in March 1984. The 1980s in some sense involved the last of the old-style USAID missions as well as some of the more traditional USAID approaches. By contrast, the 1990s were about the breakup of the Soviet Empire and what might follow along with some "cleaning up" of untenable situations such as a racially based apartheid South Africa. And then there was a third phase, a post 9/11 era that once again changed everything. That too resulted in a very different global environment. In some sense, those three phases of history also marked three distinct phases of my own USAID career.

Perhaps one of the reasons I liked Mongolia so much was that it brought a brief respite from the post 9/11 world with all its security concerns and potential for violence and, for Foreign Service officers, family separations. In that sense, it was a kind of "bubble," separate from what was taking place in the rest of the world. I later faced those security concerns, potential for violence and family separation in Pakistan and Afghanistan. So I was very much part of the post 9/11 Foreign Service world. But I also had opportunities to briefly escape from it.

Returning again to those phases of history that also became phases of my Foreign Service career, I might say that I joined USAID in the mid-1980s when the Cold War was still the dominant paradigm in terms of both diplomacy and development. That lasted for five years. Then there was a ten-year period of relative optimism launched by the demise of the Soviet Union and accompanied by the idea that the various countries of the world could finally work together in pursuit of a liberal, market-based democratic political and social order.

That phase ended with 9/11 and the attack on the Twin Towers in New York. Then for the next fifteen years – for all practical purposes, the second half of my Foreign Service career – it was the post 9/11 War on Terrorism that dominated everything.

USAID had to adapt and change during each of those phase, just as other institutions had to adapt and change. And we who worked in those institutions had to adapt and change as well. The degree to which we were successful and the degree to which we failed will be for history to judge. Probably, it will be viewed as a mostly a mixed picture involving both failure and success.

I managed to experience the world from a number of different vantage points – southern Africa; East Asia; Central Asia; South Asia; and the Middle East. Then there was that Brussels assignment, in the heart of the European Union. But it also involved dealing with global issues, some of them related to the collapse of the Soviet Union and others directly involving the Global War on Terrorism. However, I missed out on anything related to Latin America – that is the main blank spot on the USAID map for me. More than anything, my career has been about Asia.

From my perspective, that was a good thing. When I joined USAID, I signed on to a commitment to work anywhere in the world where USAID might send me. But Asia made sense, give that was a part of the world where I had lived previously and also studied about in university. For sure, it was the part of the world that I knew best.

I also had the privilege of working in a wide spectrum of USAID missions. The bilateral USAID programs that I was involved in ranged from $10 million a year in Mongolia to $300 or $400 million a year in Pakistan. Arguably, Mongolia was the most successful USAID program I was ever part of, dollar for dollar. And, now that I think about it, Pakistan may have been the least successful. Though I will make the claim that our earthquake reconstruction program focused on the northern areas of Pakistan was among the most successful of its type anywhere.

You want to recognize some of the good things that happened. But you also want to have your eyes wide open about the failures. Political context matters and sometimes those political contexts result in real challenges. Certainly, corruption was an issue in many of the places where I served, sometimes corruption on a massive scale.

When I say that, I don't necessarily mean corruption directly related to USAID dollars – controls are usually in place; they cost a lot but they also provide a strong sense for where

the funds actually end up. You end up paying a lot of overhead to ensure some measure of accountability. Arguably, some might claim that USAID ends up paying too much overhead, that in some cases it spends far too much time and money measuring impact and not enough time and money ensuring that your programs and projects are implemented properly and have any impact at all. But at the end of the day you are responsible for tax payer dollars and you do have to be accountable for how they are spent.

Of course, you are also often working in places where corruption is rampant. That has certainly been the case for most of my assignments. Again, I would not say that most of the USAID dollars in the places where I served were being siphoned off. But corruption was part of the sea in which we swam – and in some places it was a very corrupt sea.

Perhaps there is some time left for reflections on family. I would certainly encourage our kids to consider a Foreign Service career. But at the end of the day I'm not sure if that extends to being a USAID officer, given how dramatically the development world has changed. There was a kind of consistency and rationale to my own career. But I'm not sure if that would be the case for someone just starting out now and then sticking it out for thirty plus years, as I did in my own time. I'm doubtful that there will even be an institution called USAID three decades from now.

The importance of soft power will certainly be part of the discussion and that is something that USAID has always brought to the table. Very possibly issues related to health and the environment will also be part of the discussion, perhaps along the lines of the kind of dialogue that we carried out in India.

That said, the traditional "donor/recipient" relationships of the past are probably phasing out and that is largely a good thing. If donor institutions are still part of the development landscape thirty years from now, there will probably be a lot more players, both inside and outside government.

New bilateral players would include countries that have themselves moved to a different economic place such as China or Kazakhstan or eventually even India. Perhaps USAID as it is traditionally understood will be entirely phased out. But, again, there will still be a need for global dialogue and action on, for example, issues related to health and the environment. And, again, the tools of "soft power" that USAID provided will still be needed, in one way another. It is fine to talk about issues. But an agency that delivers programs and implements projects aimed at addressing those issues in concrete, programmatic ways will surely still be needed.

Q: I would say that we're probably at a good point to break, to end the interview; what will happen now is we'll get all of the transcripts ready for you and send them to you in a word format so that you can edit them however you like. You can put things in or take things out.

ADDLETON: Thanks. I will probably do a lot of editing, possibly adding names where I might have forgotten them. I may spell out some of the acronyms. And I may amplify and discuss further some of the thought included here, especially when I've left something out.

However, I would like to conclude with a final reflection on family. I partly talked about the kind of world our children might live in, what the development world might look like thirty years from now. But let me also take about 10 or 15 minute to comment on the importance of family to the Foreign Service. This is important to me and I want to make sure that it is not left out, given that these are "for the record" comments that are being left behind somewhere.

I met Fiona at the beginning of my first Foreign Service assignment in Islamabad. And in the years that followed family situations have changed, in some cases dramatically. At the beginning of my career we would not have dreamed about the increase in family separations that would be taking place in the post 9/11 world, involving as they have separated assignments in places like Afghanistan and Pakistan. Our children are grown up. But it seems to me that raising in a family in the Foreign Service is probably harder than ever.

I guess we would be viewed as having a traditional family life. Fiona is a school teacher by training and sometimes she worked in international schools at our various assignments, especially early on. But for the most part we have been a one-income family, raising three children and devoting much of our time to family concerns.

There is no question that I lucked out when it came to marriage – I married someone who wanted to see the world and has been a hugely supportive part of everything I have ever done. If I might say it, she was a fantastic ambassador's wife, a fantastic USAID Mission Director's wife and a fantastic Foreign Service Officer's wife, reaching out in all of our posts and doing many amazing things.

She connects with people in a very human way and she reaches out and touches them, especially in difficult situations. Other than in India and Pakistan where I arrived already knowing how to speak Hindi and Urdu, Fiona learned and spoke the local languages much better than I ever did. Of course, spouses will never get paid and all too often are not even acknowledged for their service.

But the US government got a very good deal as far as Fiona's contributions in many countries over more than thirty years are concerned. Our family also managed to survive intact after two separated assignments, one to Pakistan lasting fourteen months and one to Afghanistan lasting twelve months. And that doesn't include the evacuation from Yemen before our oldest son was born on the eve of the First Gulf War, when all families were ordered out of Yemen.

But somehow we made it work in terms of raising our family overseas. Of course, there were a lot of benefits along the way, benefits that I think our kids came to appreciate. We

also had spiritual resources on which to draw, based on our family backgrounds and the example given to us by our parents. But there is a cost involved as well.

Perhaps the final family reflection here involves our three kids. It comes out of a recent trip to Washington when a colleague commented briefly to me: “Jonathan, do you realize that your three kids are each involved in one of the three elements of international engagement – diplomacy, defense and development”? I was surprised that I hadn’t thought of this before. But it did make me think that somehow things had worked out after all.

Let me start with our youngest. Catriona is 24 years old. She attended a variety of international schools including in Jordan, Cambodia, Belgium and Mongolia. In the end she decided to go to university at the University of Victoria on Vancouver Island in British Columbia, just a beautiful place. She has always been attracted to the outdoors. Perhaps that is based at least partly on the seven years she spent in Mongolia. That experience left a lasting mark. Her fiancé Harley is Canadian and was head of the University of Victoria Outdoor Club. He is a smart guy and is getting his PhD in plant bio-chemistry. She may become a Canadian citizen at some point.

Catriona graduated from the International School of Ulaanbaatar in May 2013 and she only applied to schools in Canada. She was accepted by of all of them – McGill, Toronto, Dalhousie, University of British Columbia and University of Victoria. When we asked, “Why Canada”?, she replied “Well, my Mum is from Scotland and my Dad is from the United States; Canada is halfway in between, like me”.

She studied biology and psychology at the University of Victoria, considering a possible future health career. She had played soccer and basketball in high school and at university she briefly joined the rowing team, training as a coxswain for the University of Victoria Vikings. She has also had some interesting work experiences along the way. For example, she edited and produced the weekly Embassy newsletter -- the *Nomad News* -- in Ulaanbaatar. She also worked in the USAID health office in Almaty one summer, spending part of her time in Tajikistan.

She graduated from the University of Victoria in only three years, mostly on account of the credit she received for her IB program as a high school student in Mongolia. But these days, finding that first professional job after graduation from university is often quite difficult. She worked at a dog kennel and she worked as a receptionist. And then she responded to an advertisement from Islamic Relief Canada, a faith-based aid organization that receives both private donations and funding from the Canadian government.

She was hired as a Program Officer, becoming the first non-Muslims to work for the organization. Probably it partly reflected a desire on the part of IR Canada to demonstrate that they are a broad-based organization including in their hiring practices. Apart from the international work she is doing, she is also getting a front row seat on the differences between an older generation of Canadian Muslims who migrated from outside the

country and a younger generation of Canadian Muslims who were born there. She is also getting an unusual and highly informative cultural experience.

IR Canada has given her amazing responsibility early on. I don't know how long she will end up working there. But her first field trip was to South Africa. She had worked in community centers in Canada on suicide prevention programs as a volunteer and the IR Canada program in South Africa involves community centers – so she was tasked with looking into them.

While in Johannesburg, she looked up Faarooq Mangera, an old friend from our USAID assignment in South Africa and one of those absolutely outstanding Foreign Service National colleagues we have been privileged to know in all of our many assignments.

Faarooq had worked in the USAID program office in Pretoria and we worked closely together, traveling the country and meeting with people like Govan Mbeki as part of our strategic planning effort related to what a post-apartheid South Africa might look like. He was active in the political opposition to apartheid and he was also active in South Africa's LGBT community. A very interesting guy. And of course he wanted to meet Catriona. Afterwards he said, "What a young being is she" and "such an interesting being is she," expressing surprise and admiration at what Catriona had become. At some level, we can't believe it either.

Her next trip for IR Canada was to South Sudan, Darfur and Kenya. I mentioned it to colleagues at both State and USAID that she would be going to South Sudan and the alarm bells went off all over the place. Of course your kids do what they do and you are not exactly in a position to stop them, especially considering some of the decisions that you made at their age.

She was travelling alone, both on commercial flights and in UN relief helicopters. South Sudan is a largely Christian and Animist country and she was representing Islamic Relief Canada. And so she took that World Food Program helicopter up to the north of South Sudan, met local villagers, conducted interviews, spent the night in a thatched hut. She then returned to Juba and travelled by jeep to the southern part of the country, accompanied by an armed escort. She then flew to Khartoum and Darfur for more meetings and more interviews.

Later she arranged a summer volunteer program in Malaysia for young Canadian professionals who wanted to spend time working with Rohingya refugees. This involved a brief teaching assignment in schools established for the refugees. Catriona was younger than most of the young Canadian volunteers she met on arrival and helped orient to the country. Later she visited both Myanmar and Bangladesh, again on an assignment related to Rohingya refugees.

Like most development organizations, IR Canada works through local partner organizations. As a Program Officer, Catriona writes proposals, responds to questions and conducts site visits. She seems good at what she does. She is physically small but

played sports and loved the outdoors when growing up in Mongolia and elsewhere. We used to call her “Small but Mighty”. And that is what she has proved to be. So that is Catriona, our youngest, for now at least deeply involved in ***development***.

I may have already talked about our second son Cameron. He is 25 years old and enlisted in the Air Force. He has by now received his red beret as a Combat Controller, one of the particularly challenging assignments in Special Operations. He has his combat diving badge and his free fall parachute badge. He is now awaiting his first assignment and may well eventually deploy into a war zone.

Combat Controllers are one of those Special Operators that nobody knows about. Their slogan is “First There”. I’m not sure if you saw the movie *Twelve Strong*, about one of the first group of Green Berets to deploy in Afghanistan after 9/11. As it happens, the movie deleted a role for the Air Force Combat Controller who deployed with this team. He was actually the thirteenth guy in that deployment, depicted as “horse soldier” in some of the photos from that time.

Probably it made the storyline too complicated. But it was Air Force Combat Controllers who called in the air strikes that made the first phase of US operations in Afghanistan immediately after 9/11 so successful.

A few months later it was John Chapman, another Air Force Combat Controller, who was years later was posthumously awarded a Medal of Honor for his heroism as part of a small SEAL team ambushed on Robert’s Ridge in eastern Afghanistan. He was unconscious but his comrades thought he was dead. Somehow he came to and fought the Taliban from a bunker alone for another hour or so before he was killed as a helicopter attempted to land to extricate him.

Combat Controllers are also called upon to open air fields, as several did after the Haiti earthquake -- when the US military is involved in humanitarian relief operations, they usually have a role to play. Combat Controllers can also quickly turn a four lane highway into a temporary airport. But mostly they deploy as part of another Special Operations unit, perhaps a SEAL unit or perhaps one involving the Green Berets. Basically Combat Controllers have two years of very intense training and then they are deployed.

Cameron’s degree is in aeronautical engineering from Georgia Tech. But he wasn’t especially interested in flying airplanes, he was more interested in jumping out of them. He has always thrived on adventure, something that perhaps also has its origins in his life as part of a Foreign Service family.

During our final assignment in India he came out one summer and drove a retro Royal Enfield motorcycle into Ladakh, crossing the Khardung-La Pass, at 18,000 feet the highest motorable pass in the world. As an undergraduate at Georgia Tech, he participated in the Mongol Rally, driving a very old Skoda with a one liter engine from London to Ulaanbaatar via the Balkans, Caucasus and Russia.

He finished his Georgia Tech degree and worked for a few weeks as a contractor at the local Air Force Base. But he was bored out of his mind and basically said that he couldn't spend his twenties behind a desk. And so he takes the required test to enlist into the Air Force and then signs a six-year contract with the idea of working in Special Operations.

This was the start of an incredible journey. After basic training, he joined ten other aspiring Special Operators to become a Combat Controller. On day one person quit; on day three, three people quit; on day four, three people quit; and on day one person quit. Within a week, only three of the eleven people who started the course were still left standing.

According to Cameron, the water is what got most people to say "I quit". He said it was like being water boarded every day. Among other things, they are thrown into the pool with their hands and feet tied. They also have something called the "Mogadishu Mile". It is actually several miles. You start with a gas mask, a 60 pound pack and a jerry can of water in each hand. After each mile, you can throw one item away.

It seems unbelievable to us. But he survived the two-week selection course and went on to complete air traffic controller training in Mississippi; search/evasion/rescue/escape (SERE) training in Washington state; and combat training in North Carolina, after which he was awarded his red beret.

The one picture that we have of Cameron after SERE training looks like he might have been part of Scott's expedition to the Antarctica – he is wearing snowshoes in deep snow but looks supremely happy. He later told us that the best part of training is the high altitude/low opening part – jumping out of a plane with an oxygen mask at 18,000 feet and free-falling to 3,000 feet before pulling open the parachute.

Cameron's first assignment was to Hurlburt Field on the Florida panhandle, home of Air Force Special Operations. One of the buildings there is named after John Chapman, the Combat Controller who received a posthumous Medal of Honor for his actions in Afghanistan. During the official ceremony marking the opening of the building, Cameron was asked to accompany Chapman's daughter and also Air Chief of Staff General David Goldfein's wife.

So Cameron has chosen a path that involves ***defense***. He is enlisted. He told us he didn't want to be an officer because officers order other people to do things; he wants to be doing them himself. He hopes to train with the British Special Air Service and Special Boat Service. He hopes to participate in exercises on Arctic islands with the Norwegians or with special operators from other countries in other remote places. Supposedly US military projection today involves a combination of air power and special operations. If that is the case, he will be living dangerously in the years ahead. Or he may decide to fulfill his six-year Air Force contract and then move on to something else.

Like all parents, we are proud of our kids, no matter what they end up doing. We did say, if you don't make it to the next step in your chosen path, we're fine with that, we are still

proud of you. You've already done amazing things. Perhaps we shouldn't joke about matters like this. But we also said that perhaps Catriona will get into trouble on one of her trips to Africa and perhaps Cameron will be part of the team that ends up rescuing her. At a superficial level it seems that they have chosen very different paths. But there it is – ***development*** and ***defense.***

Our oldest son Iain is 27. He is a graduate student at my old school, the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy at Tufts University. This covers the ***diplomacy*** base, at least for now. He is making his way through the written and oral Foreign Service test process right now but in the end I am not sure he will take that route.

His wife Andrea, originally from Chile, also went to Fletcher. They met when they were both undergraduates at Davidson College in Davidson, North Carolina. For a Foreign Service kid who grew up in small international schools, Davidson turned out to be a wonderful experience.

Iain surprised us by signing up for the Air Force ROTC program at the University of North Carolina-Charlotte. He didn't need to do it for the scholarship because he already had one. But he enjoyed his four years as an Air Force Intel officer, spending most of it in Tucson, AZ and in the Defense Attaché's office at the US Embassy in Bogota, Columbia. The GI Bill that he received at the end of his military service also made graduate school much easier. He has thrived at my old school, the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy at Tufts University.

As I mentioned, Iain met Andrea at Davidson College. Her mother was from Massachusetts. Her father was from Chile and she was born and raised there. Later the family moved to Miami. She brings a very welcome Latin American dimension to our lives. She has a wonderful personality and is someone who everyone falls in love with. She is bilingual in English and Spanish and very much interested in environmental issues.

So at the end of one's career, family remains important, perhaps more important than ever. I'm still working on my post Foreign Service life.

We decided to return to Macon, GA where my parents live and also where my brother and sister live. That is unusual in this day and time. Many Foreign Service Officers stay in the Washington, DC area where they have a home. I never had a Washington assignment, despite my 32-year career as a Foreign Service officer. We now live just outside Macon, in the area that was once the farm where my father grew up. On occasion he points out the cypress tree that he planted when he was ten years old, the cement slab where his mother once milked the cows.

I teach Introduction to International Relations and Introduction to Development as an Adjunct in the Department of International and Global Affairs at my hometown university, Mercer University. I've always wondered if I would like teaching and now I am finding out. It is also a nice opportunity to reconnect with the United States and especially the younger generation.

Beyond that I've taken on, at least for now, a halftime job as Executive Director of the American Center for Mongolian Studies. I'm not sure how long I will remain involved. It takes a lot of work, much of it by internet.

Our main office is in Ulaanbaatar where we maintain a library and sponsor various research fellowships and cultural heritage programs. We are part of a network of 27 such centers, all under the broad umbrella of the Council of American Overseas Research Centers (CAORC) with offices in the Smithsonian. In fact, seven of the ten countries where I served as a Foreign Service Officer had CAORC-affiliated research centers.

I am also serving on a couple of boards. One of them is the consulting company QED that focuses on monitoring and evaluation. This keeps me involved in a small way in development.

Also, I am on the board of "Friends of Forman College," an interesting college in Lahore, Pakistan with roots in the Presbyterian Church. It has an amazing alumni list. It is also one of the few institutions that provide a space for minorities to thrive and bridges a lot of divides in a deeply divided country. Students come from both the Muslim and Christian community; there is also a relatively large contingent from Balochistan and from the northern areas of Pakistan.

Forman was nationalized during the 1970s when Zulfikar Bhutto was Prime Minister. Basically, the new leadership nearly destroyed it as an effective institution of higher learning. When Forman hit rock bottom, it was given back to the Presbyterian church who somehow managed to revive it. Actually, the Presbyterian Church initially wasn't interested, at least at first – the missionary era has moved to a different place and they didn't have either the money or motivation for it. But in the end they did step in, launching what has become a remarkable story.

The first post nationalization rector was the retired former head of a private college in Florida; he also happened to be the brother of Ambassador Armacost, the late diplomat. In recent years Forman has received funding from a number of sources including the American Schools and Hospitals Abroad (ASHA) program managed by USAID.

So a number of the interests connected to the Foreign Service and my life prior to the Foreign Service continue to this day. We have always loved spending time in Mongolia and we continue to visit from time to time. Pakistan has been part of my life for a long time and participation on the Friends of Forman College board allows me to remain engaged. For the time being, my work on the QED board also ensures that I get back to Washington, DC from time to time.

We will see what happens next. I have now entered into my sixties. Perhaps I still have a few years left. I was a Foreign Service Officer for nearly 33 years and am not sorry to say goodbye to some of the management responsibilities that were part of that life. Embassies are 24/7, the challenges never end. At the very least, I now have greater control over my

day-to-day schedule. We also see our kids more often than would be the case if we still lived overseas.

We have now entered a different chapter of our life, one that involves travel and grown up children and some more unstructured kinds of work. Looking back, I have a sense of appreciation and gratitude for those Foreign Service years, despite the ups and downs involved. I've been assisted by a wonderful family that has been incredibly supportive, perhaps aided by a certain amount of luck and good fortune. At the end of the day, I am very grateful for the opportunity to have served my country abroad for more than 30 years.

Q: Okay. Jonathan, that's outstanding.

ADDLETON: I didn't want to go on for too long about all the family details. But I also wanted to make them part of this official record.

Q: Absolutely, because part of this oral history is your history, you know, for your kids, your grandkids and so on. It's not just for USAID. So this is a perfect way to end. Of course, you can always add more. So there are no worries if you think of something later or if there is a detail that you want to change or modify or whatever. So we will end here. The next time you hear from us, it will be with the transcript that you can begin to edit.

ADDLETON: Thank you. I really appreciate this journey. You get to know people up close and personal while producing an oral history like this. You have probably had some interesting conversations. But, if I may say so, you are also a wonderful facilitator for conversations like this.

Q: Well, I love it. And the wonderful thing is that with each person I get to be a better interviewer because I learned more about how you've interacted within USAID, the kinds of activities you've done. It gives me, an opportunity to think, oh wow, I should probably be asking other people about this too. So for me, it's, it's more than just listening to wonderful stories. It's also a real help for the craft that I do. So, yes, I also really appreciate it.

ADDLETON: Before I left Kandahar I was interviewed by a military guy from the Office of the Army Historian. It was nowhere near as long as this but it was still interesting. I guess the military will eventually have its history of their campaign in Afghanistan, their longest war. And already they were collecting the raw material for it. I'm not sure if the Foreign Service is as interested in its history. But the ADST oral histories are important and will hopefully help make a contribution to that long-term history.

End of interview