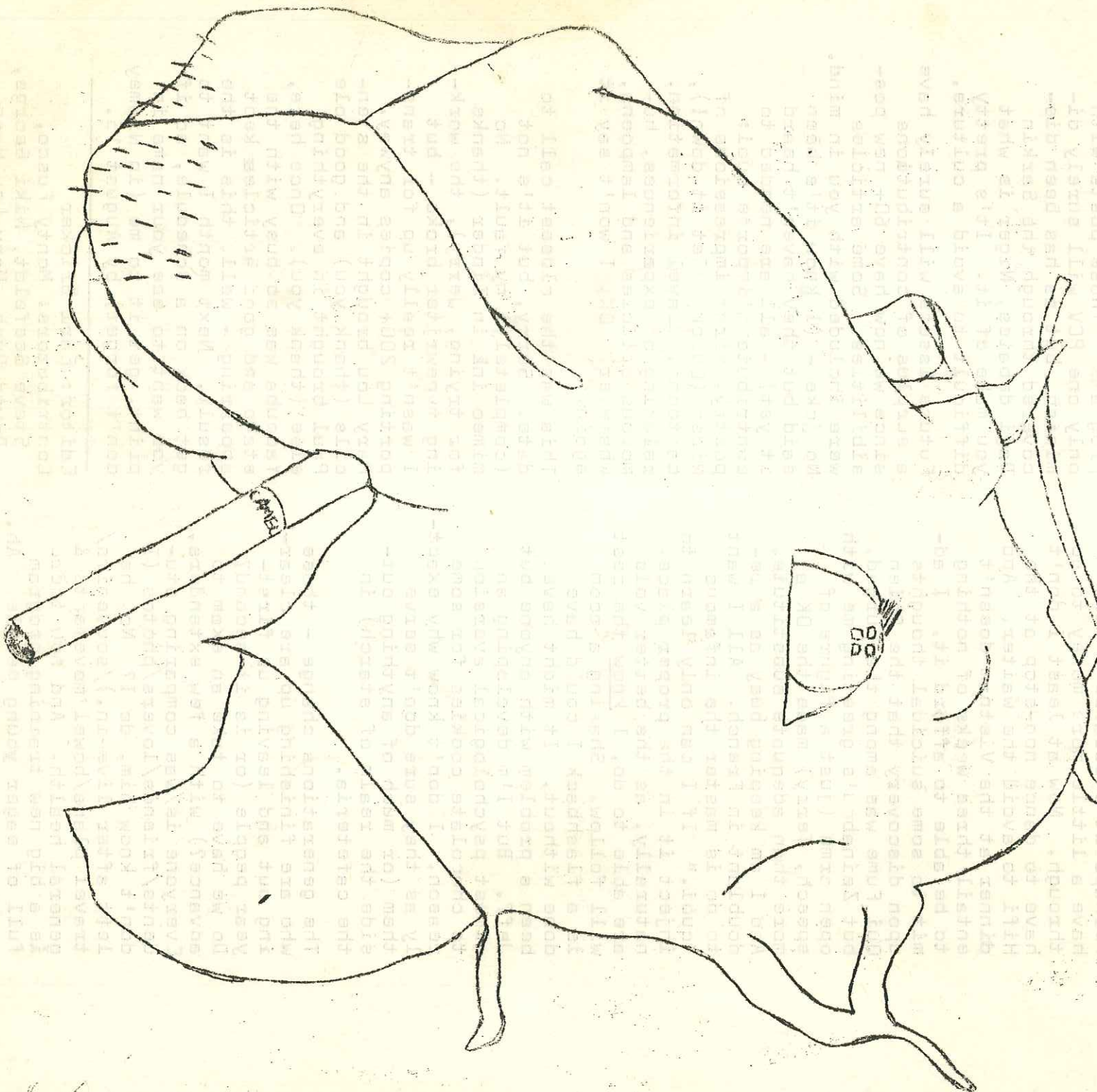


CAMEL EXPLOS



THE CAMEL EXPRESS

PC / NIGER

Zinder

Republique du Niger

June / July 1979

What's the difference? Why is Niamey a bearable, almost enjoyable place to live? Only last September I couldn't wait to get out of here, but now. Perhaps it's because I now have a little more money to go through. Now at least I don't have to dance non-stop at the Hifi to avoid the waiter. And dinner at the Vietnam doesn't entail three weeks of nothing to be able to afford it. I admit to some suicidal thoughts upon discovery that the Chien Qui Fume was among the purged, but Zeinabou's greeting me with open arms (just a figure of speech, Terry) made the OK a more than adequate substitute. And I am keeping busy as a redoubtant in French, All I want to do is master the infamous "quoi." If I can only learn to inject it in the proper place, naturally, as the better vols are able to do, I know the rest will follow. Sharing a room is a flashback I could have done without. It might have been a problem with anyone but Jeff. But I'm developing an almost psychological aversion to chocolate cookies for some reason. I don't know why exactly as they sure don't serve them (or much of anything outside the realm of starch) in the cafeteria.

The generations change - those who are finishing up are clearing out and leaving us first-year people (or is it second? Do we have to take an exam to advance?) with a few extenders. Everyone is/was comparing students/friends/lovers/photos (I don't know him, do I? No, he left after live-in.)/souvenirs/travel plans/bowel movements & general health. And now there is a big new training program full of eager young people. Ah,

the p tier - patter of little feet around the dormitory has brought out a paternal instinct, I never knew existed. The fact that not one of them bothered to thank me for staying up all night, drinking beer to keep my eyes open, just to meet them at the airport hasn't kept me from being très gentil to the little ingrates. PC/Niger is growing larger, expanding both in volunteers and programs. Those posts with only one PCV will surely diminish, but as has been discussed through the Sarkin Daji debates, Niger is what you make of it. It's pretty difficult to avoid a culture.

Future issues will surely have a surplus of contributions since we now have 60+ new possibilities. Some articles were included with you in mind. No joke - (I know it's been said but they haven't heard it yet) - all are needed to contribute n'importe quoi: poetry, first impressions of Niger (Quick! Get it down!), cartoons, travel information, relating of experiences, humorous articles and lampoons, whatever. OK, I won't say it again.

This was the closest call to date. Sorry, but it's not (completely) my fault. No mimeo ink in Zinder (thanks for trying, Jerry), the working typewriter broke - but I wasn't really up for transporting 200+ copies anyway. Mary Lou brought in the sten-cils (thank you) and good ole Paul brought in everything else (thank you). Once here, Yacouba was so busy with the stage and good articles kept appearing - well, this is the result. Next month I want to get back on a schedule, so if you want to see your name in print, get it to me (in Niamey don't forget) by August 15.

Editor: Earl Bricker

Contributors: Monty Fusco,

Steve Seefeldt, Niki George,

David Bush, Mary Lou Haag,

Joel Mayer, Phyllis Dichter,

Merre McGehee, Jeff Drumtra,

EDUCATION

Keron Allegria
Paula Bryan
Margaret Duaney
Amy Fitzpatrick
Karen Godley
Jeanne Harper
Marsha Keener
Eileen Larkin
Deborah Love
Alethia Lyman
Nancy Roberson
MaryKay Fox

Bucyrus, Ohio
Baltimore, Maryland
Gallatin, Tennessee
Toledo, Ohio
Washington, D.C.
Bakersfield, California
Portland, Oregon
Portland, Maine
Montpelier, Vermont
Chicago, Illinois
North Kingston, Rhode Island
Greenwich, Connecticut

RANGE MANAGEMENT

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Bruce Wylie

Decatur, Georgia
Missoula, Montana

U.M.C.C.

Larry Phillip Bevan
Thomas Daley
Tony Hixson
Paul Libiszowski
Frank Lusby
Steve Steigleder
Robert James Taylor
Wayne Urbanas

Kansas City, Missouri
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Newport News, Virginia
Malverne, New York

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Steve Nelson
Thomas Howell Porter
Craig Rosenbloom
Belle Ann Verbics

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Minneapolis, Minnesota
Atlanta, Georgia
Syracuse, New York
Paterson, New Jersey

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Wayne Butscher
Hank Winkenwerder

Baltimore, Maryland
Charlotte, North Carolina

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Judith Ann Peichat
Sam Pett
Mark Douglas Scott

Massena, New York
San Francisco, California
Coventry, Rhode Island
Birmingham, Michigan
Colorado Springs, Colorado

Not what we give, but what we share,

For the gift without the giver is bare.

- J.R. Lowell

Never measure your generosity

If all else fails, immortality

by what you give, but rather by

can be achieved by spectacular

what you have left.

error.

- Fulton J. Sheen

- John Kenneth

OK, Gang. The official announcement is as follows:

As of the 7th of June at 1:30 PM I will no longer be a member of PC/Niger. I'm sure this is no surprise to the masses, but before leaving I'd like to address a few people personally.

George: Glad we said our good-byes in Dossco. Hang in there, champ. You're the big man once Bill's gone. See you in Denver.

Debbie: Offer's still open for dinner at the Hyatt Regency once you're back in Frisco. Keep in touch.

Ray: As difficult as it may be, see if you can't pick up the slack now that I'm gone. I'll keep you posted on baseball 1979 -- year of the Philistine.

Terry: Atlanta got lucky but I'll pay off anyway. See Jerry when you come in. Maybe now you or Ray might win a game of dominoes.

Sharon Amy: From Maradi through the highs & lows, it's been quite a ride. Give 'em hell in Washington and take care of your health. It's been real.

Scoop Earl: Keep up the letter-writing and brown-nosing. I'm sure you will make an excellent Country Director someday (if you don't get punched out firstst).

Jan: Never got around to your short story. It was short and sweet together but nice. I'll be in touch.

Mustapha? Told the guardians to leave you alone or I'll be back so you'll be safe now. Take care of the wife.

Beth: Thanks for taking care of my sister. Keep on shakin' your booty.

Bill: Hope the new bunch does better than we did. Can't see how they could do worse! Send the sneaker money par avion since you slipped away.

Ruth Marie: Go easy on the 6 NO's.
Jerry's heart can't take the strain.

Patron Brown: Too bad it didn't work out. Will keep you informed as to what happens. Also, keep Mustafa away from eating at stage or your food supply will run out by August.

Phyllis: Thanks for the extra days while my sister was here.

If anyone is in the Philadelphia areas, feel free to get in touch for either a night on the town or a place to crash. Address: Dana Howe, 336 Maple St., Ambler, PA 19002; phone: (215) 646-3783.

On 11 in the Denver area check and see if I'm in town, call: (303) 861-0074

Later...
Dana

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Yesterday a friend asked me if I felt I'd changed any in the last two years. I think that unless a person has been comatose, he would immediately reply YES to that question -- so many changes in emotional, cultural and personal ways.

And so many memories...

flooded Johns in Gaya
sunrise at Birni Zinder
the Kennedy Bridge at sunset

camel
ride

Christ's masses shared

ball mouse

44-1612

litron pressed with gin
(I refuse to mention

to mention

Ministera cadetux...
Chien Qui Fume (P.I.P.)

market days

Index

shots

Grand Falls

And most of all, close and dear friends. The friendships I've made during these last two years are the most precious part of Niger that I'll be taking home with me. Thank you all for becoming my friends, for sharing so many experiences and memories (for being part of so many experiences and memories). And thank you all for helping to change my life. Sai wata rana.

Mary Lou Haag
Dakota

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Love is only chatter,
Friends are all that matter.

Gelett Burgess

IN CONGRESS JULY 1, 1979

A DECLARATION

By the PEACE CORPS VOLUNTEERS of the WEST BANK of the NIGER RIVER

When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one group of PCV's to dissolve the bands which have connected them with another, they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all volunteers are created equal and are endowed with certain unalienable rights, that among these are visitors, functioning frigos, and a chance to satisfy basic human needs.

The history of West Bank volunteers is a history of the usurpation of these rights as the following facts will show:

- Volunteers working in Parc W have gone for weeks and months on end without any visits from East Bank volunteers or staff members.
- Volunteers working in Say have been exposed to exploding frigos that pose a threat to life, limb and beard.
- Volunteers in Gotherye have denied such needed items as CAT-scanners, 200 bed hospitals and automatic bed-par-changers.
- Volunteers posted in Mekalondi have been detained against their will in Paris and forced to stay in hotels at government expense.

Furthermore, over 70 have been quartered on the West Bank without the permission of the residents and without compensation being made to the same. The presence of so many anasaras will:

- 1) Raise the prices of all commodities such as moutons, houseboys, rice and sauce, etc.
- 2) Interfere with the normal supply of cokes, Nido, etc. to West Bank posts.

Also, there is no planned increase in the number of West Bank volunteers, thus worsening our minority status.

We volunteers there are solemnly publish and declare that we are FREE and INDEPENDENT and absolved from all allegiance to Le Bureau du Corps de la Paix in Niamey. To prove our dedication to our jobs, we will continue to fulfill our obligations at our posts. However we demand that we receive reparations for these past transgressions. Specifically, each of the undersigned must receive 55,000 CFA plus the CFA equivalent of \$18 every month.

For support of this Declaration with a firm Reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we pledge ourselves to this noble and just cause.

FREEDOM FOR THE WEST BANK 4/11

DOMAINE DE L'EDUCATION

DOMAINE DES LA SANTE

DOMAINE DU DEVELOPPEMENT RURAL

MESSAGE FROM YOUR MAN IN WASHINGTON:

Richard F. Celeste, appointed by President Carter as the new Director of the Peace Corps, says the development assistance agency "needs fresh strong leadership. . . its enthusiastic spirit must be rekindled."

Celeste told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in his confirmation hearing that "the strength of the Peace Corps in the past, the present and the future can be summed up in one word: volunteers."

"Everything the Peace Corps does - from recruiting and training to program development and supervision - must serve the single purpose of placing dedicated men and women in situations where they can help the people of the Third World nations help themselves in building economic and social justice. The volunteer is what the Peace Corps is all about. The Peace Corps is about a 20-year-old from New York City organizing the construction of a bridge in a small village in Paraguay. . . a volunteer teacher in Gabon working after school to teach her students to grow vegetables. . . two volunteers working to build a well in a village in Upper Volta. . . a volunteer teaching Fiji Islanders about basic hygiene and nutrition.

The continued success of the Peace Corps, Celeste said, hinges on its ability to grow with change. "We cannot strengthen the Peace Corps by trying to remake it in the image of the 1960s. Rather we must build on the accomplishments of the past to chart a clear and distinctive course as we move into the 1980s.

I see the Peace Corps getting the most out of its own particular strengths by the careful selection of volunteers and sound training to equip them with the tools they will require in the field. . . I see the Peace Corps reshaping itself to reflect more accurately the diversity of our own country in the eyes of every nation in which we work," he said.

"And beyond these dimensions lie the challenges of building increasing opportunities for serving a part of the multinational volunteer efforts, even working side-by-side with host country volunteers as more and more

DUNG FLING IN OKLAHOMA SETS RECORDS

Beaver, Oklahoma, April 22, 1979 (UPI)

Ieland Searcy of Forgan, OK, sailed a dried "meadow muffin" 182 feet, 3 inches yesterday to win the 1979 World Championship Cowchip Throwing Contest and set a new record in the annual event.

For his effort, which exceeded the old mark by more than 3 feet, Mr. Searcy was presented a bronze-based trophy topped with a genuine gold-sprayed cowchip.

The softspoken new world champion dung flinger said simply he was glad the trophy was staying near the Panhandle town where the mature toss originated.

Contestants from 15 states and 5 countries were entered in the meet. Many of them qualified by competing in state or regional throws.

(Found by Joel Meyer chez Jamie Thompson. In any case, dear Editor, it must be true - who could possibly make up something like this? The article did not mention how many politicians were involved in the shit-flinging contest. Perhaps they were doing it in the fall rather than in the spring, and probably not in Beaver, OK.

By the way, there used to be a volunteer here from Beaver - Peggy Dace who was a TEFL teacher in Nigeria from 1973-1975. She moved to Alaska soon after returning to the states: from 100 above to 100 below in the space of six months!)

#####

JONES' LAW: The man who can smile when everything goes wrong has already thought of someone he can blame it on.

RUDIN'S LAW: If an organization carries the word "united" in its name, it isn't - e.g.; United Nations, United Arab Republic, United Kingdom, United States.

Mid-Term Report : Home

Ma chere Denise,

Well, here it is June 14 and I just had a Merry Christmas! Your November package arrived yesterday with soap, gum, etc. (the perfume didn't make it through customs). I have already eaten the pistachios, half the macadamia nuts have disappeared and the jello is at this moment happily digesting in my tummy.

I really appreciate your thoughtfulness in sending the package. It really touched me and made me realize how much I miss having you nearby for a good talk and good times.

School has finished and I hope to be meeting my parents some time at the end of this month, latest word being Morocco.

I'm glad school is over although I'll miss the girls this summer. They're heaven and hell for me, giving me my best times and my worst. Even though I've learned so much, I can't say I understand them or really deal with them effectively as I should.

Just recently they had "griots" come to school with their drums and the girls did all sorts of traditional dances which are both shocking in their sexual vulgarity and beautiful in their elegance. The rhythms were also quite unlike anything we got from The Beatles or Fleetwood Mac.

In sum, the moments I spend with these teenage girls are like playing a game of roulette--sometimes it's so fun and exciting you win big; other times, so depressing you feel as if you've been shot through the heart. I still don't have the relationship I'd like to have with them but perhaps it is impossible. Being 24, I'm still too close to their age, mentally if not physically. I like to joke, dance, gossip--conduct definitely unbecoming to a professor. But hell, I really didn't come over here to be a classroom teacher.

You know, I've decided I want you to know what's really happening over here so you don't have some misconception of two tortured years. It's oh so tempting to let everyone in the States think you're sacrificing so much--you know, the martyr image. To tell the truth, I let most people create their own image. But knowing that I'll want to share with you when I return I want us to get the record as straight as possible now. Be forewarned, however, because it's all full of contradictions, just like this country.

TO TOP OF ALL, dismiss all notions that my life is miserably centered around a grass or mud hut. I have a fine cement house with three bedrooms, two bathrooms, a living room, dining room and semi-kitchen. The "kitchen" has no sink and the water faucet is bad, but I do have a small yet suitable oven/stove. The bathrooms have toilets, showers and sinks. My bedroom even has an air conditioner but I can't afford to use it so it has never been touched. Instead, I rely on old-fashioned overhead fans, a la Humphrey Bogart. The windows and doors are metal shutters. I have a compound in front of my house about 15 yards long and 15 yards wide. But part of it is a cemented patio. There is also a "garage" of sorts which the owner uses for storage and also a small cement room of undetermined purpose. I've planted trees and shrubs in the sand, or rather my roommate Val and I have planted trees.

The house is really a duplex with its connected twin next door. It's painted a bluish white with a pitched tin roof and it therefore stands out from the rest of the mostly adobe houses which surround us.

I'm pleased with the neighborhood. Val and I are essentially the only "non-Africans" and neighborhood life is continually running at full throttle. Most of the other expatriates live in a neighborhood of even nicer houses which the government reserves for "fonctionnaires" (government workers), doctors and most other foreign professionals whom the Nigeriens call "les Blancs". It's more like European suburbia than Africa. But here, in my neighborhood, I hear

the reassuring beat of the mortar and pestle--women doing their daily pounding of millet--and the sounds of African village life. Around my house are dirt streets, vendors, open sewers and down three lots, a nomad Tuareg family is housed in its traditional temporary teepee-like tent.

It's hard to accurately describe the town of Zinder for it fluctuates so between modern and traditional. There are six paved main streets, the rest being 1 terite or more frequently, sand. I buzz around on a mobylette. Work is five minutes away whereas most of the volunteers live across town 10 minutes away.

Fonctionnaires have running water and electricity. Most other residents do not. There are street lights lining the paved streets (sometimes they work, sometimes they don't), few lights elsewhere. There are two outdoor cinemas which show films dubbed in French. Karate and Hindu films are quite popular. One store run by a Frenchman (who married a Nigerienne) sells butter, cheese, even some European fruits which cost an arm and a leg, but which are worth the expenditure on very special occasions. There are two hotels, with another being built. One would be classed second class, the other some degrees below that. There are two banks, a Franco-Nigerien library, three secondary schools, two post-secondary schools, 20 or so primary schools, a stadium with a grass field, a disco in the hotel which plays Gloria Gaynor, Donna Summer and lots of raggae, a large hospital, a post office with full services and two private clubs. One is for Nigerien veterans and military; the other is a vestige of colonial days patronized and supported by the expatriates. This club has a pool and tennis courts where I've played and even taught some lessons.

In other words, Zinder is by no means a bush village. Of course there are volunteers which do not live under such comfortable standards and truly sacrifice in the traditional Peace Corps sense. But being a so-called "city volunteer" still has its own sort of challenges. Most neighborhoods (called *quartiers*) are organized like small villages with chiefs and councils. Limbless lepers and blind beggars are a common part of the daily life. Overall poverty pervades in spite of the growing fonctionnaire class of literate, educated Nigeriens and the traditionally rich merchant class.

The commerce, culture and social structure is based on principles which we would probably label a feudal system. Homage is paid to chiefs and "sarkis" (sultans).

Thus, in the more developed Nigeria, south of Niger, getting things done depends on how much you can pay. BUT in Niger, it's still who you know.

Most importantly, modern constantly clashes with traditional, convenience with inconvenience, 20th Century sophistication and 18th Century superstition. If you have trouble with the image just imagine a country which has televisions yet no toilets.

My life is pretty comfortable even though teaching in an unairconditioned room with 32 pupils, a broken fan, no lights and 115* heat is not exactly my idea of comfort. I do have boy who works for me, doing the dishes, washing my clothes, cleaning the house and generally running errands. s. Bachir, a 14(?) year old illiterate boy, has become my Hausa teacher and keeps me sane with both his simplicity and his own unique wisdom. Without him, I can't get anything done. The real hassle here in Niger is not knowing what to expect and being totally ignorant of how to get things done in a unfamiliar society.

The most serious and outstanding problem in this country, I think, is a lack of organizational skills. Ideas are grand and sophisticated. Application and realization are haphazard, pragmatism is rare and the concept of segmented, countable time is totally alien. The ability to "get things done"--that quality on which Americans pride themselves (sometimes no matter what the cost in human lives)--is still missing. Meetings when they are finally realized start no sooner than 30 minutes after the scheduled start, that is, of course, unless you come 30 minutes late. (Then, they started on time.) Your modern mobylette runs you around well until it breaks down and then who

can really repair it correctly and how do you find them (no letting your fingers do walking here). There are toilets at school, there are fans, there are lights. It's just that few of them work and most essentially didn't at all.

A hypodermic skin used to show no one knows how to touch. The effervescent fountain of grades and averages are calculated without the benefit of an adding machine. An area at school was once set aside for showing movies. Even a small cement kiosk was built for the projecting booth. It's used maybe twice a year, ignored except for the shade it provides during the hot season. Some days, the telephone works like the ones at home, even though the list of phone numbers nationwide resembles the telephone directory for a small rural American town. Other days, especially when you are depending on it, you can't get a dial tone to save your life (literally).

And to continue in this vein of contradiction, almost every student past the first year of secondary school can tell you how the human body functions and knows about the existence of microbes, viruses and diseases. This same student wears a collection of "gri-gri's" or charms for good luck, protection from disease or devils or from being bewitched.

Going to school the girls all wear pagnes (a brightly colored cotton material one meter by one meter) which they wrap around the waist and which covers practically all their leg, and camisole or T-shirt tops. They don't dare show anything above the calf except for P.E. class where they are forced to wear shorts. They tress their hair into small patterned braids clinging close to the scalp. Most tie a haphazard headscarf to cover their tressed hair.

A number of these same girls might well show up at the disco poured into tight-fitting pants, sporting a daring Afro hair-do and a man on their arm.

The list continues and I can't even keep track. The complex wandering, twisting thread of tradition winds its way through the modern life, leaving this foreigner, this anasara, constantly on-guard and off-balance. Oh yes, and remember, French is the official language of this country only about 10% of its young people are educated and even they communicate with family and friends in their native language which few know how to read or write.

Thus, as a visitor here who's supposedly giving "aid" of some kind, it's hard to get a firm grasp on exactly what the situation is here and what your role is or should be.

A trip into the bush villages where daily life remains remarkably unchanged by the contact with modernity reminds one of just how underdeveloped this country is.

At the same time, out in the bush, I found a nomadic Fulani (also called Peuhl) wearing a Timex watch. And my boss, here in Zinder does his mathematical figuring on a new German mini-calculator the size of a mathbox. Square roots, anyone?

BEING A PCV isn't easy. In all cases you are the outsider--the masara who represents one thing -----MONEY!! And of course, in my case, being white sort of makes it hard to hide the fact that you're a stranger. (After all, what really poor white person could afford to come here.) The white person, sticking out like a sore thumb, is chosen as the target of demands for gifts, ("cederax") possessions and money. You are chosen simply on the basis of your white skin--a purer "racism" I've never known. HOWEVER, it's a racism based in reality with the white still on top in control. It creates and encourages the feelings of alienation between Nigeriens and the expatriates, and fosters their love/hate relationship.

Many Nigeriens, when educated, copy European dress, speech and goals for money and development. Yet simultaneously, they reject the "mores" supporting these ideas and are skeptically suspicious of the influence of the heathen anasara. Such a confused case of desire yet detestation. Yet I'm feeling it myself here. Every step of my integration into the community is guided by a predestined role for me as colonial patron or boss, and met by an accompanying wave of alienation. Establishing your individuality beyond your race and nationality is awesomely challenging, yet critical.

Every accomplishment is met by self-doubt and a realization of how much more you could or should be doing. I do have moments of understanding and feelings of accomplishment which last, but these are clouded by hours or days of complete isolation, disillusionment and overwhelming disgust.

ONE FULL*STARRED, exciting night with a village chief conversing in stilted Hausa is countered by day time reality of a poverty-stricken, caste-aligned subsistence existence in his village. One thrilling class at school is cancelled by five meaningless ones and seven nights of sure conviction that these students need to study English or basketball as much as a fish needs a bicycle. The organization of a basketball team where young girls find "fun and meaning through sports" is tainted when they blame their loss not on THEIR lack of experience or skills, but on a "marabout" who produced powerful gri-gri's and a bewitched ball.

One afternoon, over-the-wall conversation with a neighbor is balanced by the realization that you really have very, very few Nigeriens whom you could call close friends. The ones you do have become that more important and cherished.

An afternoon at the neighborhood tom-toms with flashing dances and sensual beats is dulled by the knowledge that it is really only the first time you've attended a neighborhood event, mostly because no one gave it a second thought to think you'd be interested and inform you.

One week of well-intentioned work is overwhelmed by monthly stretches of doubt that you're not doing anything worthwhile in the first place. To top it off, the neighborhood boys throw rocks at your dog and seem to like to torture animals.

In the opposite direction, an evening at the disco with fellow PCV's is annihilated by the solemn conclusion that you really don't have much in common with any of them besides being Americans.

I won't even begin to tell you the effect of listening to news from home (nuclear accidents, gay riots, gasoline riots, Teddy, Jerry and Jimmy).

But the PCV survives, even if by hanging on to the constant doubt about what the hell I think I'm doing here! (And some surely don't get as depressed as I do about American politics.)

LIVE CLAIMED A small answer for myself and therefore plan to stay around for the second year, even though the possibility of coming home early always hovers in the back of my mind, if not on the tip of my tongue. I'm not doing what I came over here to do nor am I leading the lifestyle I had expected or even hoped for.

However, I enjoy learning French, trying my hand at Hausa and having a special place in a town. I enjoy the feeling of being in Africa, getting to know a different culture and feeling adventurous. I like knowing that I'm doing what I'm doing not because it simply pads my pocket but because it is supposedly doing some "good". I feel free, like I'm truly living even though not always happily or exactly how I would like.

Most of all, I'm teaching, giving of myself and learning a shitload about myself and other people. I love getting to know these teenage African girls caught in the vise of transition. They are exotic, beautiful, fun, unpredictable, frustrating, familiar, infuriating and the whole reason for my being here.

I have experienced the generosity and open warmth of many Nigeriens, even among those who have so little. The ugly alienation of modern urban life has yet to settle on this easy-going country.

Most cherished, I have been befriended by two or three kind and fun people who have taken this confused, and somewhat misplaced stranger into their heart and homes and made her feel the bond of human fraternity (and dare I add

I may be a terrible influence on the people I encounter. Or even more realistic, I may have no influence at all. But something IS happening here. As long as it has any remote possibility, any suspicion of being even semi-constructive now or in the future for this country, I'm here as a Niger PCV. (No bets please on my termination date.)

Moore

BACK AND FORTH

16. basic doctrine
17. related to government
18. woman's name; the mother of Samuel
19. more like a beet
20. decorate the wall a second time

- 09N17
 01907
 LINGO
 01907

each other.

- One class, which has just

neither speaks Chinese; speak Chinese; neither speaks

SIMPLE IS SOPHISTICATED

by Robert Chambers

Robert Chambers argues that the success of the rural development of the third world depends upon the radical simplification of all aspects of development programs. We in the Peace Corps are justly proud of our simplicity; our programs are inexpensive and use relatively low technology. But are we doing as well as we might? The ideas in the following article can be applied critically to some on-going Peace Corps projects and to Peace Corps project planning.

In common usage today "sophisticated" means refined, cultivated, complex and advanced, the opposites of crude, boorish, elementary and primitive. Almost everywhere, professionals prefer procedures and techniques which are described as sophisticated and are variously complex, exact and costly. Professionals believe that it is by using such procedures and techniques that they can best prove their ability and competence. For them, "sophisticated" technology is more prestigious than intermediate or appropriate technology; "sophisticated" methods of project appraisal are more rewarding than less elaborate methods.

But most of these procedures, techniques and values have been conceived and evolved in and for the rich, privileged and industrialized North, not the poor, underprivileged and predominantly rural South. The flow from North to South of textbooks, training and professional recognition brainwashes and socializes Third World professionals into accepting these value systems which draw them away from the poorer rural people. Professionals who seek a national or an international reputation all too often sense that this can best be achieved by excelling according to the values of the professional establishments of the North.

REACHING THE POOR

But if development means ending poverty and deprivation, and if most of the poor and deprived people live in the rural areas of the South, then true sophistication will be found in those procedures and techniques which most effectively reach and help them.

Some examples can illustrate the point. One can ask -- which is more sophisticated?

- a soils map made over a long period by a highly trained scientist or a similar map made in a much shorter period in collaboration with local farmers?
- a fishing survey by an international expert, taking months, costing thousands of dollars and culminating in proposals for expensive equipment to be used on a remote lake with poor maintenance facilities; or a two-week survey by a local university student leading to immediately feasible proposals for upgrading and expanding existing fishing methods?
- the introduction of rice mills with the potential for destroying the livelihoods of hundreds of poor women; or the improvement of traditional rice hullers which would maintain their employment?

In each case there is room for argument on the basis of detail. But the general point stands out clearly. The second, simpler procedure or technique, closer to the rural people and involving them more, is more cost-effective. The lesson is the paradox: that in attacking rural poverty, it is sophisticated to be simple.

That simple is sophisticated is more and more widely recognised in technology. Complexity, high cost and capital intensity often go together. Such techniques are more accessible to those who are already better off and more powerful in rural areas, and who are often able to use them to appropriate communal resources, to displace labor, and to reinforce their dominance as local elites. But it is not sophisticated to deprive poor people of resources or put them out of work. Truly sophisticated techniques will be those simpler ones, the net effect of which is to generate, not destroy, livelihoods.

Simple is sophisticated also applies to research and development. In practice, much agricultural research leads to advice which is against the farmer's interests, and much mechanical research leads to innovations which make no sense to rural people. Part of the solution is to move research out of artificial situations and into the rural environment. Conducting agricultural research trials in the fields with the farmers, and developing mechanical technologies in villages with the rural people may involve losses of precision and professional respectability; but these will usually be outweighed in gains in applicability, benefitting from exposure to field conditions and from the knowledge of rural people about their needs and environment.

We have here a further paradox. Rural people are stereotyped as simple and ignorant, but they usually know more, much more, about their environment than do highly trained and traveled outsiders such as government officials, staff of voluntary agencies and researchers. Farmers know the soils, the plants, the pests, the seasons, the problems and the risks. Their adaptations are often skillful, sensitive and subtle - in short, sophisticated - and may involve many activities, many crops, many linkages not obvious to outsiders, and many complex choices. It is only when the approaches made by outsiders are themselves simple and adaptable that the knowledge and skills of rural people can be called into play, enabling their sophistication to make a full contribution.

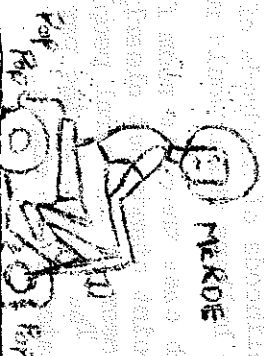
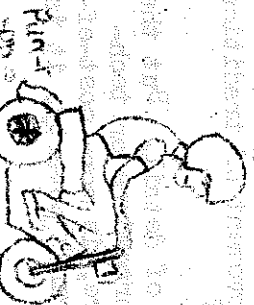
WHO'S SOPHISTICATED?

If all this is so, who then are the sophisticated professionals? They are, I suggest, those who see the challenge of simplicity - that it is personally and intellectually demanding, and often more difficult than conventional complexity. They are those who are willing to learn from and work with rural people, gaining insight, relevance and priorities from their knowledge and the needs they express. They are those whose simple lifestyle keeps them close to rural people.

Such true professionals are already at work. They are those officials who abstain from flooding field staff with the demands for the instant implementation of impossible programs. They are those in voluntary agencies who repeatedly expose themselves to rural realities and whose work is sensitively tuned to the needs of the poorer people. They are in each case people who have the vision and courage to question their professional indoctrination, to risk their careers, and to tailor their work to fit the needs of the deprived. They are the true professionals. And it is their work that is truly sophisticated.

(the above article was taken from the Ar-Y-A1, PC/Onad. It originally was published in Development Forum, July 1978, published by CESI/OPI United Nations, CH211, Geneva 10, Switzerland)

MEKDE



THE ADVEN-TURES OF
TOES COPS

ON THE EVE OF THE NEW PCV'S (PCVT) ARRIVAL
JOE AND HIS FREND DISCUSS EVENTS:
I HOPE THERE ARE SOME GOOD LOOKING GIRLS
I'LL BE GOOD TO SEE NEW
FACES
I WONDER WHICLL
LOSE THEIR BAGS
THIS YEARI HA! HA!
WAKE ME IN FIVE MINUTES!
* FELLOW

AT THE AEROGARE

BEER'S EXPENSIVE HERE!

WOW! IM NOT USED TO SO MANY PEOPLE. TAKE ME
BACK EAST!

THE PLANES ONE HOUR LATE. WHERE
DO YOU THINK THEY'RE STUCK!

*NURIN GUYA

WHAT A HUNK HE IS! THE NEW BLOOD HAS ARRIVED!
HI! SANNU, IN KWANNA? WOODS I FORGOT YOU
DONT SPEAK HAUSA. IM FORGETTING MY ENGLISH.

I WONDER WHAT THEY'VE BROUGHT FROM
AMERICA?

JOE'S THE NAME,
WHAT'S YOUR NAME

WHERE'S THE BATH-
ROOM? I THINK I'M
SICK. PETERS THE NAME

MY NAME'S HELEN
I'M A SURVEYOR
BUT I WAS A
ANCIENT GREEK ENGINEER

IM STAGGARE #
GGG14 AND IM
HERE TO CHANGE
AFRICA!

HERE WANT A CAMEL CIGARETTE!
CALL ME MR.C. I LOST A BIG
ELECTION SO I JOINED THE R.C.
AND SO IT WENT.

I CAN'T WAIT TO GET
STARTED!

YEAH IVE
STUDIED FRENCH -
FOR 10 YEARS! WHEN DO I START
HAUSA!

OH YEAH MAN, IS THERE
ENOUGH JUICE FOR MY
ELECTRIC GUITAR AND
PIONEER SPEAKERS!

WHERE'S THE NEAREST
MCDONALDS!!!

AND SO STAGE STARTED . . .



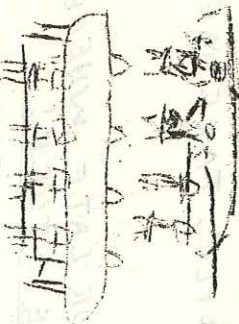
FRENCH . . .



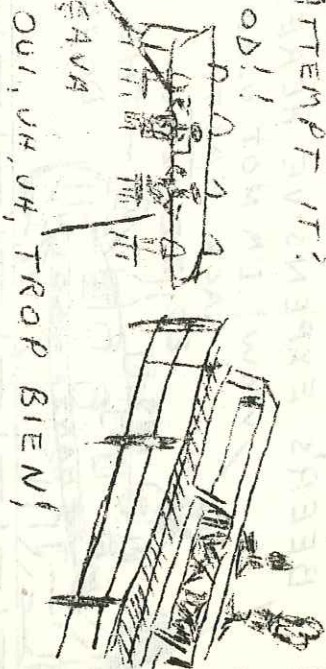
VILLAGE TECHNOLOGY . . .

IS THE FRENCH SO HARD TO SPEAK AT DINNER
THAT NO ONE WILL ATTEMPT IT?

NO, ITS THE FOOD!!



M M M M
BOUTUR, GAVA



IMMERSION . . .

ONE WEEK LATER

WHENS MY BAGGAGE
COMING?

NICE TO GET A REFRESHER COURSE
IN FRENCH AGAIN!



WHENS THE "TOWN HALL" *
MEETING? *BITCH

AND SO IT GOES THE NEW CAME AND THE
OLD LEFT

YEAH JOE I'M
VISITING EAST
AFRICA NOW THAT
I'VE FINISHED



SHI KE NAN YA KARE!

SO YOU THINK THEY RECOMMENDED YOU!

(from The Kuman Ju, W/Tiberia)

"Do you have any reservations about this applicant for Peace Corps service?"

People writing letters of reference for PC applicants have noted a few among them the following. The compilation was done by Craig Storti, an ex-PCV now working in the Peace Corps Office of Special Services.

"I feel morally obligated to point out that he simply can't spell."

"Tom's only potential weakness is that he is human, but this should not be held against him."

"His ability to charm is on a par with that of a raw turnip."

"Olivia might be honestly representative of a large segment of American young people, but do you really want the truth to get out?"

"He sometimes turns off his peers. He's acidic and outspoken, has a mordant and sarcastic wit. He would make a good teacher."

"Now that he is divorced, I have no reservations."

"He's not greatly motivated or emotionally stable, but remember: he was a product of the sixties."

"He is sometimes very naive and could possibly be duped by a strong medicine man."

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CORCORONI'S LAW: (1) The bus that just left the stop is your bus. (2) The amount of time you have to wait for a bus is directly proportional to the inclemency of the weather. (3) All buses heading in the opposite direction drive off the face of the earth and never return.

DEAR MONTY,

I am a terrible teacher who is so used to slowing down the spread of knowledge that I can understand that when I lecture, other Americans allow me to speak to them in a special English. What can I do to speed up my speech? People are getting annoyed with my uncontrollable pedantic approach. Help!

Slowly, Zinder

Dear SLOW,

Your problem lies not so much in you as in your kids - they need speeding up. Try censoring them with special candy-coated amphetamines. That's what I do and it's worked like a charm. Oh sure, we've had a couple of heart attacks and about a dozen big deals. Just so long as we finished the book.

MONTY

Zinder, May 29

DEAR MONTY,

With all this talk about East-West détente, does that mean that Peace Corps wants to improve relations between volunteers in Eastern and Western Niger? Will they pay for us to have a get-together at some neutral site such as Madonna?

a well-intentioned volunteer in Niger (WIVIZ)

DEAR WIVIZ,

I think improving relations is an excellent idea - exactly what kind did you have in mind? Some sort of agreement is needed between the two groups. I propose that talks begin immediately on Monty's intervention Pact between our lands (Pact between Nigerien du Monty Empire Nos Terres and Nigerien du Monty Empire Nos Terres). These PLINTT talks will have to take place at a mutually agreeable spot, but Madonna? Are you on drugs or what? How about the Red Center? As far as getting reimbursed is concerned, just tell the office you're taking expensive language lessons.

Frustrating, isn't it - racking your brain to find some secondary project that both provides a service and interests you.

An old issue of the Ar - Y - AL, PC/Chad, contained a list of volunteer projects in Swaziland. The thing to remember is that nothing is too small or too unworthy to be considered. Check out the following list. Maybe something will interest you or even guide you to a different idea of your own.

Adult education, carpentry
Arts & crafts process teachers
Beekkeeping

Boy/girl Scout leader

Chemistry Lab advisor

Chicken coop construction

Children's Library

Cooking Lessons

Counselor for student volunteers

Drafting building documents

Driving lessons

Editing government reports

Evaporative cooler building

Fencing school garden

First - aid instruction

Fund soliciting, organizing

Handicrafts adviser

Hospital lab technician

Hospitality provision for foreign

Students

House reconstruction

Librarian

Library construction

Math workshop for primary teachers

Museum research / building

Overseas correspondence

Researcher in animal breeding

School construction

Sewing instruction

Swimming instruction

Typing instruction

Writing articles on Niger and tribal

folk tales

Youth Leadership training

MURPHY'S LAW: 1) If anything can go wrong, it will. 2) If everything seems to be going well, you have obviously overlooked something. 3) It is impossible to make anything foolproof because fools are ingenious.

A FUTURE FOR AMERICAN VOLUNTEERS IN THE THIRD WORLD?

Every so often a major study comes along that forces one to re-examine basic assumptions in a new light. Irene Pinkau's Service for Development is such a study. It is especially timely for the Peace Corps because it grapples with issues that lie at the heart of our vision for the 1980's, as incorporated in the Peace Corps FY 1980 - 1982 ZBB submission.

Service for Development presents a massive amount of research on different types of industrialized and Third World countries' voluntary development services and concludes that the latter, although less well-known, represent a significant force for the future. Dr. Pinkau argues that because of the recent burgeoning of these Third World domestic development services (DDS) -- many of them inspired, indeed, by Peace Corps early example -- the role of export volunteer services is changing in ways that we in PC may not yet fully appreciate. She even suggests that exclusive emphasis on export volunteers assigned to Third World countries is only a retreat to a dead-end street. Despite the importance of continued assistance to those countries, at least for while, the future lies elsewhere.

Dr. Pinckau is an internationally known expert in the field of volunteerism. She has worked on the staff of the German volunteer program, the International Secretariat for Volunteer Service, and more recently was commissioned to do this study on volunteerism in the Third World by a number of agencies, including the Peace Corps. (Other sponsors were the Charles F. Kettering Foundation, the German Volunteer Service, the German Ministry of Economic Cooperation, the USAgency for International Development and the International Secretariat for Volunteer Service. Copies of the study are available from ACTION's Office of Volunteer Citizen Participation).

Dr. Pinkham does not claim that there will be no further need to respond to the basic needs of Third World people for food, health, edu-

cation, health, housing, clothing and employment to enable development participation for all. She does feel on the basis of her extensive interviews that the demand for volunteers with technical skills will diminish in the coming years. This is partly due to Third World countries' own increasing technical proficiency. But it is also due to changes in global relationships, where the giving-receiving dichotomy is coming under harder scrutiny in favor of a set of relationships that emphasizes self-reliance, on the one hand, and more equitable forms of partnership and interdependence on the other. The very idea that poor countries need outside help is an increasingly sensitive one.

It is in the light of these circumstances that Dr. Pinkau concludes that the old donor - recipient relationship is on its way out and that new modes of international collaboration and partnerships - including, but not limited to, closer relationships with domestic development services - will have to emerge in the future. The tone of her study suggests, furthermore, that the future is now and applies even to agencies like the Peace Corps which are known for their sensitivity toward Third World people and their aspirations.

To the extent foreign volunteers will be welcomed in the Third World in the future, they will have to fulfill a four-fold role, according to the Pinkau study:

1. As learners: "Only after volunteers have developed learning attitudes and entered a learning process can they in fact become helpers."
2. As helpers for transfer of skill and knowledge: "in conflict handling roles, analysis roles, job creation roles."
3. As facilitators of peaceful relations: Here Pinkau argues for a far-reaching interpretation of "peace" that goes beyond the absence of physical strife to consider what Gandhi called "structural violence": "Only if the

helps to remove structural violence, that is, helps to change structures which maintain inequality and injustices, has a permanent step toward peace been achieved."

4. As ombudsmen at home: when they return to their communities from service abroad, "ombudsmen for the cause of development and global understanding for which they worked abroad."

By implication, the study suggests that the Peace Corps and other volunteer service programs are now programming only for the second of these roles, with contributions in the other three areas being either by-products thereof or non-existent. Third World recipients at least, seem to believe that the chief role of volunteer services is to provide technical assistance. Hence her recurrent question, "How long will they be needed?" Only if a balance is achieved and assistance programs are continued alongside new partnership learning and development education at home can foreign volunteer services live up to their mandate.

Dr. Pinkau realizes that to realign program emphases along these lines "will probably stir discussion and some power struggles at home, but this will be necessary to overcome the dependence on the one-sided 'giver' role of the past."

What do Dr. Pinkau's general conclusions and recommendations mean in terms of concrete program modifications or initiatives for the Peace Corps? In her consultations with ACTION and Peace Corps staff, and to some degree in her study, Dr. Pinkau has suggested a number of ways in which a fuller spirit of reciprocity could be introduced in Peace Corps' relationships with its host countries. It is worth mentioning a few of these for suggestive purposes:

1. Peace Corps volunteers could be assigned to host country domestic development services in joint training, working and learning relationships - including some in countries where Peace Corps may not otherwise have its own

2. In countries where domestic development

Peace Corps could offer to help establish them.

3. Staff exchanges could be instituted between Third World and U.S. domestic volunteer groups, perhaps on the "Sister City" model.

4. To demonstrate that we do not see development as something that only they need, but rather as a process in which all people are equally engaged, there could be a mechanism for enabling Third World citizens to volunteer for service in the U.S.; for example, one could provide service opportunities through VISTA or the older American Volunteer Programs either for specially recruited volunteers or for foreign students already in the U.S. and desiring to extend their stays for this purpose.

5. Cooperative study - service programs could be fostered whereby Third World and U.S. groups would combine service and study activities both in their own country and then in another country.

6. Development education activities could be encouraged for returned volunteers desiring to fulfill Peace Corps' third goal.

In planning how to supplement the essentially technical assistance role that Peace Corps volunteers have emphasized to date, one should not overlook the larger importance of Service for Development. This lies in the opening up of a whole new vision of global interdependence that looks at this last quarter of the twentieth century and fashions a crucial link between the volunteer role and the larger process of world development. In a sense, this new vision builds from the third goal of Peace Corps, infuses it with new meaning, and makes it the overarching framework for future programming.

"While many questions may be raised regarding priorities and organization of partnership action," Dr. Pinkau concludes, "Some principles are firm:

1. Interdependence between developing and industrialized countries can not be realized in a satisfactory

manner for all parties if equal

terms, conditions and reciprocity of fairness among people are not established. Partnership - cooperation among development Services would be a modest attempt to start at one place to learn these conditions and treat the average population from all parts of the world with equal consideration.

2. Self-reliance of developing countries cannot be achieved in this interrelated world unless there are nondominating relationships with industrial countries.

3. Mutuality of problem solving is required if our world is to remain livable and in peace..... Partnership - cooperation is not just another change of fashion, but a new relationship demanded for this new era of world interdependence which respects the need for self-reliant development of developing countries.....

When development services were established in the beginning of the development era, one thought of them as a way to aid the poor. They were perceived as helping to solve a problem with an end in sight. Today we know differently. Development services have participated in and contributed to societal change. With others, they have entered a new era and have a full task ahead to improve, expand and grow as organizations for recurrent education, employment facilitation, and the participation of citizens in development. They are no longer a limited outsider organization set up to fill a current gap, but a cultural institution in their own right to help guide the growth of their own societies and that of the global community."

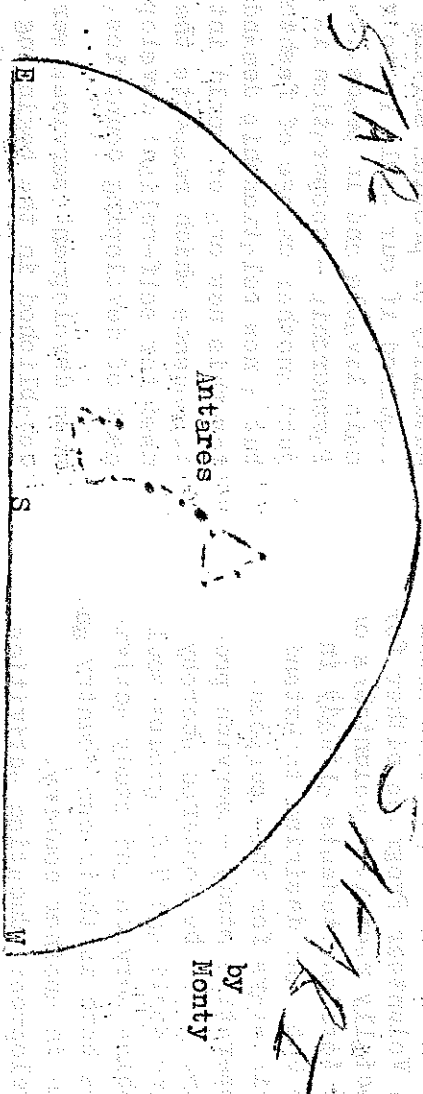
Dr. Pinkau's is not a voice in the wilderness, but rather a part of a worldwide crescendo. Many of her concepts and ideas were independently expressed at the ACTION sponsored International Conference on Volunteer Service held in Vienna in 1976. That these ideas

and discussions are now being discussed and debated within the Peace Corps and ACTION, just as within other export and domestic volunteer agencies, is a highly desirable and necessary first step toward the future.

John G. Sommer
Office of Policy and Planning
September 28, 1978

ALGREN'S PROJECT: Never eat at a place called Mon's. Never play cards with a man named Doc. Never lie down with a woman who has more troubles than you.

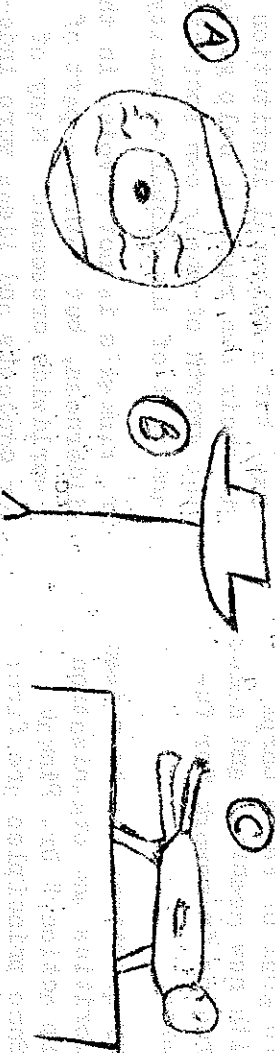
RUNYON'S LAW: The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, but that's the way to bet.



Well, school's out and you've just spent a long day working on your secondary project. No better way to end the day than with a Star Safari, right? (Please note: this was a rhetorical question and a positive reply is expected. I can think of other ways too, but you know how it is en brousse.)

A glance at the southern sky this month will show a fairly bright, reddish star named Antares, the brightest star in Scorpius. It's what is known as a "red giant" - surface temperature about 3500 degrees and so large it would engulf the Earth if it were where the sun is. Eventually our sun will evolve into a red giant so if you think it's not now, just wait a couple of billion years.

NIGER DROODLES: Who are these volunteers?



• John Lemon standing
(B) a baby weighing a baby
(C) Pat Frolen weighing a baby
(A) Terry Spoorling as seen
sideways (C) always
(A) Terry Spoorling as seen

TEN COMMANDMENTS WHILE OVERSEAS

(thanks to Talking Drums, PC/
CHAMA)

1. Thou shalt not expect to find things as thou has them at home, for thou has left home to find things different.
2. Thou shalt not take things too seriously, for a carefree mind is the beginning of a happy tour.
3. Thou shalt not let other expatriates get on thy nerves with their moaning... no one asked them to come.
4. Remember to take only half the clothes thou thinks thou needs... and TWICE the money.
5. Know at all times where they pass-ports is, for a person without a passport is a person without a country.
6. Remember that if we had been expected to stay in one place we would have grown roots.
7. Thou shalt not worry, for they that worrieth hath no pleasure... few things are ever fatal.
8. When in Niger thou shalt be prepared to do somewhat as the Nigeriens do.
9. Thou shalt not judge the people of a country by the one person who hast given you trouble.
10. REMEMBER... thou art a guest in other lands and they that treateth their hosts with respect shall be honored.

OKRA

Nauseating green vegetable.
Fried in butter, you are unbearable.
Stringy, yet slimy,
Boiled you are worse.
Of a consistency like greasy bubble-gum,
You seem to expand as I chew you.
Is this your death agony?
Or are you merely warning me in a friendly way
Not to swallow you?

~ author unknown;
contributed by
Eileen Peca,

LONELINESS

(from the Gabon Cab which re-
printed it from an old Camel
Express.)

Loneliness is a serious topic, perhaps one of the most difficult problems we face in the Peace Corps today. Not many people realize what it is to be lonely until they join the Peace Corps. What it is, actually, is to be alone. In other words, it's lonely. And it's particularly lonely out there by your lonesome.

According to some very recent PC statistics, fully 85% of all volunteers in Niger suffer from either first or second degree loneliness. Another 10% suffer from third degree loneliness. Only 5% do not suffer from loneliness. These people are probably not alone.

Niger is a very lonely country. How can we cure this distressing disease? There are several ways. One way is to pretend that you're with someone else and talk to them, night and day. But this way you can't go to bed, unless you talk yourself to sleep.

Perhaps the final solution to this plaguing problem is to be with someone else. Then you won't be alone. However, you may be bored. Boredom is another PC problem. Next month's issue will explain how to get rid of a boring person and be alone.

--- HARRIS'S LAW: Any philosophy that can be put in a nutshell belongs there.

--- KAKKA'S DICTUM: In the fight between you and the world, back the world.

--- GERROLD'S THEOREM: Half of being smart is knowing what you're dumb at. The only winner in the War of 1812 was Tchaikovsky. Learn to be sincere, even if you have to fake it.

--- WELLER'S LAW: Nothing is impossible for the man who doesn't have to do it himself.

My favorite type of poem is the limerick. And as you may not know the rules for writing them, I've included them in the modest effort below. The problem with limericks, however, is that most of the time they are unfit for printing. You know the type, guys. Bathroom humor. The kind you read on the wall of a public bathroom and then try not to laugh so the guy in the next stall won't think you're too weird. For the ladies out there, I don't know what you write on your bathroom walls (although I've always wanted to see), but I'm sure you've heard your share of grotesque limericks. If not, your adolescence was too sheltered.

If you want, give it a try yourself (keep it clean) and send it in for publication. If it's not suitable for this journal, I'll put it on my bathroom wall.

I'm trying to write a good poem
But of poet's forms, I don't know 'em
But a limerick is one
That often is fun
So I will just let my thoughts roam

I've not written one before
And I hope you don't find it a bore
First I'll tell you each rule
As if you're in school
And then try to write even more.

The style's A, A, B, B, A
Rhyming one, two and five is the way
Line three and line four
Have their rhyming core
If you write it this way you're OK.

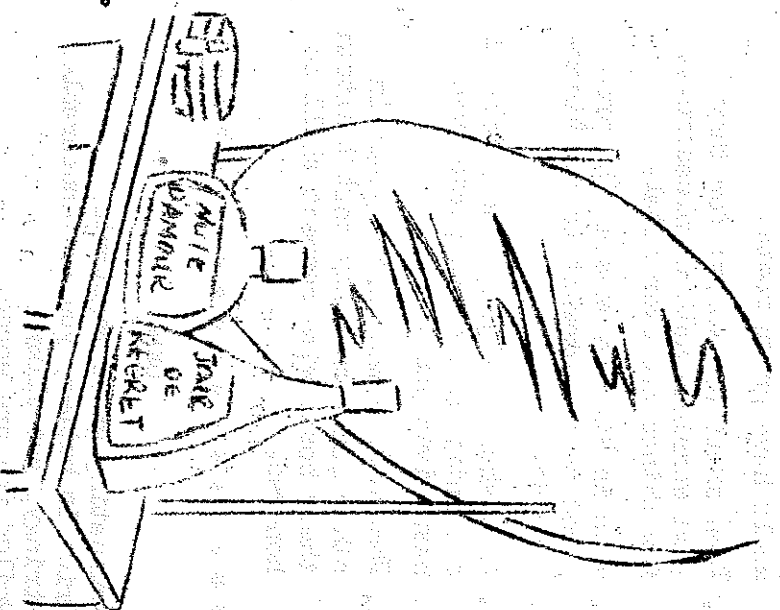
Stressed syllables are known as feet
You must have thirteen or you're beat
The thirteen is a fact
You must be exact
If not you'll have chaff and not wheat.

The syllables that we allow
I'm going to tell you right now
You can have thirty-four
And then fifteen more
It's up to you to figure how.

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IF I'M NOT FOR MYSELF, WHO WILL BE? BUT IF I'M ONLY FOR MYSELF, WHO AM I?

- Hillel



And sometimes it is indiscreet

But it's all up to you

If your humor is blue

Use the word "ass" and not seats

So now you are getting the itch

You want to amaze and bewitch

But in taking this fling

And writing this thing

I find limericks to be quite a bitch.

In case some of you need a beginning, choose one of these lines and finish it up:

1. There once was a man from Nantucket....
2. There once was a girl from New Zealand....
3. A horse that had chomped on its bit....
4. There once was a buxom young lass....
5. There once was a bored PCV....
6. A PC Director named Dichter....

The difference between an ordinary picture and a good picture may be just one small detail that the photographer overlooked, like you ever seen a snapshot with a lovely girl in the foreground and a trash can in the background? Trash cans are where you should throw your empty film boxes, but they don't look good in the background of a picture. No matter how nice the girl looks, your eye is distracted by the background. When taking a picture, it's usually easy to check a composition slightly to avoid it. Again backgrounds are certainly not automatically like well-exposed snapshots. Graphs, some of them will be quite good. The law of averages guarantees this. However, if there's anything a few basic ideas about photography you'll greatly increase your percentage of really good shots.

KNOW YOUR EQUIPMENT. Photographers who know their equipment usually get the picture they want. People who wait until the last minute to learn how a camera works might easily find a picture opportunity, but you would not try to drive a car without first finding out how to run a car. Examine thoroughly familiar with your camera by reading its instruction manual. Then try the various settings on your camera so that you will remember how to use them. Your good pictures will tell you that you're using the camera correctly.

TAKE YOUR TIME. A plain background can keep the viewer's attention centered on the subject, while a busy background can actually draw attention away from the subject. You can almost always find an uncluttered background for your subject. If you take your time. Walk around the subject and find the best point of view.

WATCH THE HORIZON: Most pictures are better if the horizon is slightly higher or lower than the center of interest of the picture.

HAVE THE WHOLE PICTURE IN MIND. Set your eye wander around the scene of the view-finder to check for light areas and other things that will

draw attention from the subject.

HOLD YOUR CAMERA STEADY. Hold the camera rock-steady and use an easy squeezing motion to trip the shutter. The biggest mistake-spoiler is camera movement - not the obvious kind of movement, but the barely perceptible jiggle when you snap the picture. This type of movement steals the sharp edge of sharpness from your pictures. Another thing that steals sharpness from your pictures is a dirty camera lens. Clean your lens often with a soft, lintless cloth.

HAVE IT CLOSE. Close-up pictures of people have a lot of impact because you can see so much detail in the subjects. Most fixed-focus cameras will allow pictures as close as 4 or 5 feet. With a focusing camera, you may be able to take pictures as close as 2 or 3 feet.

KEEP THEM BUSY. For the most natural-looking pictures of people, keep them busy. People feel more relaxed and natural in your photos.

ADD A BIT OF COLOR. Beautiful colors can add so much interest and impact to pictures. Why not control the color in your pictures by having your subject wear colorful clothing whenever possible?

WATCH THE BACKGROUND. Keep your background simple. Use the blue sky for a simple yet colorful background. foliage or grass also makes a pleasing background when you are outdoors. You can use a plain wall for a background indoors.

TAKE PICTURES OF PEOPLE AT VARYING DISTANCES. Do not fix your camera away when the sun goes behind the clouds. On overcast days shadows disappear and the lighting is soft and flattering for pictures of people. Try to avoid getting the sky in the picture. The sky is much brighter than subjects on the ground and it can fog the meter on an automatic camera. If you are outdoors, your pictures

THE NEW PEACE CORPS ENTRANCE EXAM

(Pc/Or.d)

Getting into the Peace Corps is the final result of a screening process that is rigorous and highly selective. In an effort to improve this process, a new all-encompassing quiz has been designed to separate those individuals without any potential from those with a little bit of potential. We have received an advance copy of the quiz and want you to evaluate it. Please read the questions and discuss them with other volunteers. Do they seem pertinent? This quiz is a product of the Sam Houston Institute of Technology, and we are grateful for them allowing us to reprint it here.

Read each question carefully.

Answer all questions. Time limit - 4 hours. Begin immediately.

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HISTORY - Describe the history of the papacy from its origins to the present day, concentrating especially but not exclusively on its social, political, economic, religious and philosophical impact on Europe, Asia, America and Africa. Be brief, concise and specific.

MEDICINE - You have been provided with a razor blade, a piece of gauze and a bottle of scotch. Remove your appendix. Do not suture until your work has been inspected. You have fifteen minutes.

PUBLIC SPEAKING - 2500 riot-crazed aborigines are storming the classroom. Calm them. You may use any ancient language, except Latin or Greek.

BIOLOGY - Create life. Estimate the differences in subsequent human culture if this form of life had developed 500 million years earlier, with special attention to its probable effect on the English parliamentary system. Prove your thesis.

MUSIC - Write a piano concerto. Orchestrate and perform it with flute and drum. You will find a piano under your seat.

PSYCHOLOGY - Based on your knowledge of their work, evaluate the emotional stability, degree of adjustment and repressed frustrations of each of the following: Alexander of Aphrodisias, Ramesses II, Gregory of Nicea, Hararurabi. Support your evaluation with quotations from each man's work - making appropriate references. It is not necessary to translate.

SOCIOLOGY - Estimate the sociological problems which might accompany the end of the world. Construct an experiment to test your theory.

MANAGEMENT SCIENCE - Define management. Define science. How do they relate? Why? Create a generalized logarithm to optimize all managerial decisions. Using an IBM 1130 supporting 30 terminals, to activate your logarithm, design the communications interface and all necessary control programs.

ENGINEERING - The disassembled parts of a high-powered rifle have been placed in a box on your desk. You will also find an instruction manual printed in Swahili. In ten minutes a hungry Bengal tiger will be admitted to the room. Take whatever action you feel appropriate. Be prepared to justify your decision.

ECONOMICS - Develop a realistic model of refinancing the national debt. Using your model, trace the possible effects of your plan in the following areas: Cubism; the Donatist controversy, the wave theory of light. Outline a method for preventing these effects. Criticize this method from all possible points of view. Point out the deficiencies in your point of view, as demonstrated in your answer to the last question.

POLITICAL SCIENCE - There is a red telephone on the desk beside you. Start World War III. Report at length on its socio-political effects, if any.

EPISTEMOLOGY - Take a position for or against truth. Prove the validity of your position.

there. FREE house, nice man, food, polite children, but best of all, he makes good Kente -- anything you want any style. If you don't make it to Denu for the Kente, try the man in front of the PC office -- he sells Kente but it's not as nice.

Amadijofe or Nune: between Ho-Hohoe in the Volt region; rest house atop highest hill in Ghana, but very difficult to get to; also very lovely. Food in town but not much else except for the good palm wine.

Hohoe: nice waterfall about 10-15 miles outside of town; take a bush taxi, not expensive. There is a forestry office -- for one cedi you can camp. No food available.

Kumasi: has a great market. The National Cultural Center has performances on Sat. afternoons. On weekdays you can watch carvers, Ashanti Kente weavers, Adinsha leather workers and buy their products. There's also the Ashanti Museum and a zoo. It is a much nicer city than Accra.

Near Dix Cove: 3/4 miles from Dix Cove is a place called Barua Pleasure Beach. A cottage for two is 15 cedis a night. During the day boys will bring you lobster and shrimp -- 12 cedis should pay for four big lobsters with rice and sauce. Let these boys take care of you. Sit down on the beach and you may never leave.

Tamale: traders in center of town; there are several missions: Catholic, Protestant, Baptist. There is a catering best house for 15 cedis/night. Hotel Atebuse is on the road to the main hospital about 1 1/2 miles from the rest house on right side of road.

Mole Game Park: nice but expensive for PCs. 15 cedis for 2 in a bedroom -- bear-pool trucks to take you around. Elephants are sometimes below at the watering hole.

Wa: great Catholic church and choir that do it all in 3/4 time to Jesus Christ. . . if you like music. Also a nice mosque.

Bolgatanga / Navoro: best markets in the north; good for cloth, leather, baskets and fufus.

Miscellaneous hints: always ask for rest houses. Put that thumb out and don't pay for anything -- I have gone Bolga-Tamale-Kumasi-Accra on one cedi in two days. The State Transport Corporation runs clean, modern buses to all the major cities in Ghana. Seats are reserved and tickets are sold one day in advance. Plan to eat African food while in Ghana. Kwi food is mediocre at best and restaurants often have a limited selection. For good European food, pastries, excellent beer and lots of imported, manufactured food, go to Lomé. Even the nice hotels are not outrageously expensive, and after saving all your money on the black market in Ghana, you really feel like you can afford it.

////////////////////

TEST THE TEAM (PC/Lesotho)

Now that we all have been here for awhile, let's see how much of the past remains hidden deep inside our minds. It is said that Americans are raised on slogans, jingles and the whims of the advertising giants. So let's see how well they did their job. Below are some slogans associated with cotton products. Can you name the product or company?

1. "torture-test" watch
2. Paper towel: The Heaviest Roll
3. No. 1 rent-a-car system
4. the 7-Day Shoe Polish
5. The Choccolated Laxative
6. "Good to the last drop"
7. 20 Mule Team
8. Take stock in America
9. Mm! Mm! Good!
10. A surprise in every box!

11. Hermel's famous pork product
12. Calling
13. 57 Varieties
14. The ham that am
15. You can be sure if it's
16. When you care enough to send the very best
17. The quality goes in before the name goes on
18. We try harder,
19. Babies are our business.....our only business.
20. 99.44/100% Pure. It floats
21. Strength of Gibraltar
22. Which twin has the _____?
23. Jeans; first choice since 1850
24. Blue Ribbon Beer
25. His Master's voice
26. Your in good hands with _____.
27. Charley's tuna
28. Milk from contented cows
29. Mr. Peanut's peanuts
30. 97% caffeine free coffee
31. Oh, I wish I were an _____ Wiener?
32. The flavor lasts (gun)
33. Building a better way to see the U.S.A.
34. When it rains it pours
35. Kills germs by millions on contact.
36. Home of the Golden Arches.
37. the un-cola
38. Breakfast of Champions
39. smiling pitcher (soft-drink)
40. The beer that made Milwaukee famous!

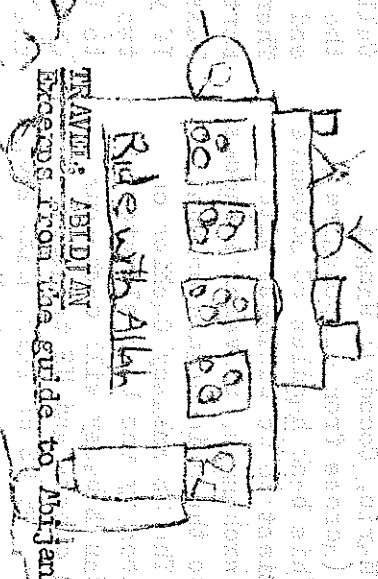
Answers on the following page

The fool wanders, the wise man travels

~ Thomas Fuller

Men go abroad to admire the heights of mountains, the mighty billows of the sea, the long course of rivers, the vast compass of the ocean, and the circular motion of the stars, and yet pass themselves by.

~ St. Augustine



Called the most beautiful and modern city in Africa. Abidjan, capital of the Ivory Coast, has grown from a small town of 10,000 to a thriving and rapidly expanding port of about 1,100,000. Ivory Coast has no natural harbors, but with the opening of the Vridi Gana from the Gulf of Guinea into the lagoon system Abidjan has become an important deep-water port. The main parts of the city are spread over three peninsulas, separated by lagoons. The five principle sections of the city are:

The Plateau: Location of most embassies the main business, governmental and European commercial district.

Marsery: Middle class, African and European mixed residential area.

Treichville: The large African quarter PO located here.

Cocody: Upper class Residential section with the luxurious Hotel Ivoire and the university of Abidjan.

Adjame: Middle/lower class African residential district in which is located the "Gare routiere" with much of the principle taxi and bus transportation to other parts of Ivory Coast.

The abidjan temperature averages from 75-90°. In the coastal region around Abidjan, the rainy season is from May through July-August. For extensive up-country travel, the dry season from December through April is the most advantageous, as during the rest of the year some interior roads may be unusable due to the rains.

BIAC, 16 Avenue Louis Bartine, Plateau.
Branch offices -- 20 Rue de Commerce,
Plateau; Boulevard de France (near
Lycée St. Marie, Cocody); Nangui
Abrougoua (across from dispensaire),
Adjané. This bank handles PC accounts
and is easiest to do business with.
For money exchanges, traveler's checks,
etc., go to the main branch on the
Plateau. The US Embassy Cashier on
the 3rd floor by the back elevator of
the American Embassy will cash your
traveler's checks and US treasury
checks (min. 25 US dollars, max. 250)
but will not cash personal checks.
It is open from 7:30-12:30 weekdays.

TRAVEL IN CITY AND COUNTRY:

Buses: Fare to almost anywhere in
Abidjan is 50 francs, 65 to go to out-
lying areas. Taxi baggage is 65; ex-
press buses, 100 francs. During day-
time hours, buses are scheduled pret-
ty regularly, every 10 minutes or so
on the more popular runs. Additional
info can be obtained in the small
gray building opposite the Monoprix,
Place de la République, Plateau.

Taxis: Taxis are plentiful although
hard to get at rush hour. Different
rates apply depending on the time of
day and destination. Tariff I (base
fee, 80 francs) applies from 6am to
midnight. As long as you don't leave
the city limits during those hours,
the driver should put his meter on
Tariff I. From the airport between
6am and midnight, you pay Tariff I --
and don't let him cheat you! Tariff
II, more expensive -- almost double,
goes into effect from midnight to 6am.

Ferry: There are runs between Treich-
ville (end of Ave. 1) and Cocody (from
Blokosso, below the Hotel Ivoire) and
from Cocody to the Plateau (near the
new bridge). Only 25 francs for a
ride. The boats follow no schedule
but leave when full. A delightful
way to travel when you're not in a
hurry.

Train: Train schedules are listed in
"La Semaine d'Abidjan / Abidjan 7
Jours", 2 free booklets published ev-
ery week by the local merchants, avail-
able at all major hotels. You may

Agban/Adjané) where the schedules
are also posted. Be sure to check
the schedule a day in advance.

Called the "Abidjan-Niger" run, the
train never gets to Niger; the
end of the line is Ouagadougou.
There is daily service to points
North -- Bouaké, Ferké, Bobo Dio-
lasso and all towns in between.
If you're not taking one of the
two new trains -- the Belier goes
to Bouaké or the Gazelle to Ouaga,
which have great 2nd class cars --
the first class is recommended
and couchettes are nice for long
trips. It's best to board at
Treichville RAM station to be as-
sured of a seat. You must buy
your ticket before boarding the
train.

Mille-kilos, taxi brousse and buses:
The mille-kilos are the cheapest
way to travel, not to mention the
slowest and most uncomfortable.
Taxi brousse is the fastest means
of transport and more comfortable
than the other two; expensive but
worth the supplement. The two
Abidjan taxi Gares are the Gare de
Bassan (Treichville, across from
PC Office) for the southeast coast
and Gare d'Adjané for the rest of
the country. Most major towns
have scheduled bus service which
also leaves from these two Gares.
There is usually no departure
time -- they leave when they are
full.

Some Hotels: While the Hotel
Ivoire (during high season prices
start at 18,000 CFA!) and Hotel
du Parc (12,000) are obviously
out of PC range, they are worth
visiting if only to hang out on
the terrace café and gulp down
the tap beer or eat a banana
split (Hotel du Parc), check out
the bookstore, souvenir shops,
bowling alley, ice skating rink,
swimming pool (Hotel Ivoire) and
watch the Abidjan city life un-
fold before your very eyes.

The following establishments have
been checked out by PC/IC and as
of this printing have met minimum

cleanliness standards, and the arrangements seem to be quite friendly and willing to help you find your way around town. However, it is advisable not to leave your valuables in your hotel room while you are out playing tourist around town.

Hotel de Crimpou de Cocody: in Blo-kosso, located behind the Hotel Ivoire. Rooms start at 1200 CFA.

Hotel Villageois: located in Blokosso,

toward the lagoon going from Hotel Ivoire. They also have a nice bar and serve riz sauce. Rooms start at 1000 CFA. Hotel Palmyre: located in Treichville (Avenue 16). There is a restaurant in the hotel. Good location, not too far from PC Office, Treichville marché, lots of cheap eating places around, etc. Rooms at 2000 CFA. Chez des Volontaires Al-

lemandes: Cité des Arts, Cocody. This is a private apartment used by IC German volunteers. If there is room, they will be glad to put you up. Donation of 500 CFA per night. Bring your own sheet, sleeping bag, whatever. Contact Conny at the Sogifia Apartments (after primary school), Building B-1, Stairwell A, No. 32, 4th floor on left. Hotel Monapi:

Marcory (near Hotel Konakro), Ave. TSF. Restaurant in hotel, cheap eating nearby. On bus and taxi line.

Hotel Ekoumatam: Treichville, Ave. 16, behind the Catholic church next to Hotel de la Paix. Hotel International: Treichville, on the autoroute, a block from PC Office. The restaurant is expensive. Grand Hotel: Plateau, Blvd. Charles de Gaulle. There is a restaurant. Auberge Batoué: Cocody, near Lycée Technique. There is good but expensive restaurant. Hotel Liberté: Adjamé, near 220 Logements.

There is a restaurant and many cheap eating places in the vicinity. Hotel du Nord: Adjamé, near 220 Logements, behind the gas station which is located across from the Post Office.

(The above 7 hotels are from 3500-7000 CFA / night.)

PC/IC has no facilities for housing travelling volunteers. If by chance you are lucky and find a willing volunteer to put you up, a minimum of

Things to Do and See: Office of Tourism, El Nasr Building, Plateau, Blvd. Charles de Gaulle - just below the Rue de Commerce.

Sources of sightseeing information and current listings of movies and restaurants:

Fraternité Matin (Abidjan's daily newspaper)

Ivoire Dimanche (magazine)

La Semaine d'Abidjan or Abidjan 7 jours (the weekly review of events, and movies, available at newsstands, most major hotels)

Some specific fun things to do:

Pools: Aquarium - Blvd. Peltier,

Plateau; a clean, nicely landscaped recreation center. Pool overlooking the lagoon. Admission, 400 CFA.

Hotel Ivoire - Cocody; with PC ID, 150 weekdays, 250 Sundays and holidays. Also ping pong tables, snack bar, bowling alley, skating rink, pool tables, sauna, slot machines, casino and an American bar. Hotel du Golf - Riviera; if you have the buffet menu, save your ticket and swim free. Otherwise, 400 CFA.

A very interesting pool constructed by a group from Disneyworld, with waterfalls, caves to swim through and rocks to climb and jump off.

National Museum: Blvd. Carde, Adjamé, across from the Chateau d'Eau; open daily except Mondays from 9-noon and 2:30-6:00. Free. Rich exhibition of traditional Ivorian art.

Sculpture Museum - Ecole des Arts

Pratiques: Bingerville; you can take a bush taxi from the Adjamé gare for 150 CFA. Tell the taxi chauffeur to let you off at the PTT in Bingerville, then walk down the hill toward the lagoon. The sculptures are modern works and some of the best we've seen, as far as originality goes, in West Africa.

The prices are government controlled but they have been known to bargain. To return to Abidjan, just walk up to the road and flag down a passing taxi, or go to the marché where you will find the taxi gare.

Abidjan Zoo: past Williamsville, 15

Pont: second largest in Africa, always a frenzy of activity. Be careful walking in the port and Pont Houphouet-Boigny area at night -- there have been several cases of mugging.

Gambling Casino: Hotel Ivoire, opens at 9pm. It's 2000 CFA just to put your foot through the door unless you tell them you're staying at one of the major hotels in town.

SHOPPING:

Plateau - across from Score. Open

Hotel Ivoire Gift Shop, "Rose d'Ivoire": Interesting for browsing, tasteful collection of contemporary and traditional African art and jewelry. Reasonable prices, no bargaining. 10% discount upon presentation of PC ID; 3% on gold and ivory.

SPORTS:

Bowling and Skating: Hotel Ivoire

Night Clubs:

Moulin Rouge The Boule Noire

ABC Bar

Maternité Bar

Throat!

Brucodi Bar

Le Conte

La Canne à Sucre

after the Chino Avion.

Thanks go to PC/IC for making this helpful article possible!

[illegible]

Answers to Test the Team:

- | | | |
|-------------|---|--------------|
| 35-40 right | - | All American |
| 25-35 right | - | you need to |
| less than | - | try harder |
| 25 right | - | you've been |
| | | here too |

BEPC

Being an English Professor and Cheating

The students have been waiting all year for this day, the day of the BEPC exam. Long ago my Peace Corps professor in Mirriah had warned me of the widespread cheating on this exam, with the implicit or active consent of the teachers. All year I've been bracing for it, but its full force today virtually overwhelmed me.

I guess the story begins three days ago when a student visited me and asked if I planned to help the students during the test. "What do you think?" I asked him, and he replied that he really didn't know but that it would be good if I helped the students. He said that Mr. E, the Ghanaian English teacher, had been helpful last year during the exam. I asked the student if he really thought I would do that, and he said that yes, maybe I would. "Think again", I said. "Haven't you heard of fairness or justice? No? What about honesty?" He looked at me in a state of confusion, so I followed, "TRICKER, for god'sakes! Tricker! You do know 'tricker' don't you!" I told him that any student or teacher who engaged in such activities was cheating. The student's open unabashedness in bringing up the subject struck me deeply.

I arrived at school today 20 minutes early. A knot of a dozen students were already there and without any greeting one student stopped forward as spokesman. "Sir, you must help us. Are you going to help us?" he asked. At that moment I looked over and saw Mr. E sitting on the other edge of the students. I told the students that there was no reason to even ask me an insulting question like that.

A few minutes later the old surveillance approached me, took me by the hand into his office, and there he mumbled a few sentences sheepishly in French. His words were so soft with embarrassment that I could not understand such. But I grasped his main point: I was the new foreign teacher and I needed to be told the ropes. He said, "Remember, these are your students. If some questions are too difficult or if they get too nervous, maybe they will need some help." Obviously he didn't know if I'd be receptive to the idea, and the blank look on my face revealed nothing. He homed and haved a few more sentences, then I simply said, "Well, I'm going to look at the students during the test, but I'm going to say nothing."

The exam began, and the students regarded me with looks that transmitted a clear message: "Well, are you going to help us or not?" These leaden stares continued through the first hour, the air was dripping with intrigue. I saw that the other teacher monitoring the exam, a friendly Nigerian named Seyni, was throwing piercing looks at me, looking for me to make a move in helping the students. I told myself that these looks were innocent and my imagination was guilty, but I knew that I was interpreting correctly. Finally Seyni made his move, as he was passing a student he mumbled something and pointed to the student's first answer. I tried to disbelieve what I was seeing, but it had been obvious to everyone in the classroom. I didn't know what to do! After a few minutes I passed by the student's desk and saw that indeed

A few minutes later Seyni asked me the meaning of the word 'health,' which appeared somewhere on the test. I told him, and he said, "Gee, that seems to be a difficult word for the students." I pulled Seyni to the door for the showdown. "Listen," I said, "you want me to help the students. I'm not sure but I believe you've already helped Abdoulaye. I think all the other teachers in all the other classrooms are helping students." Seyni nodded yes to all this. "Well, if a teacher helps a student, he is cheating. In my culture in America, in Europe, in Niger, it is cheating. Cheating is cheating. I don't want it in my classroom. There's nothing I can do about the professors in the other classrooms, but here I can do a lot." I wasn't sure what I meant by that last sentence, but it sounded like a good threat.

I spent much of the second hour surveilling Seyni. And he spent much of the hour passing the word to other teachers that I wouldn't allow the students to receive help. I arrived home depressed and furious, feeling much more like an ogre than a man of morals. Some young men had taken the exam as non-CEG students, and as four of them walked by my house I asked if the English exam had been difficult for them. "What do you expect," said one, "if you give us no counsel." His derisive laugh was cutting.

Three of my favorite students came by my house wanting to know why I hadn't helped as the other teachers had done. I assumed a neutral tone of voice and asked how the other teachers had helped exactly. They told me exactly. They said that teachers regularly allow students to exchange scratch paper, and often teachers give explanations to the class which all but give the exact answer. Again I was amazed at the open attitude the students had. Cheating was obviously not a furtive exercise. Teachers practiced it and students boasted about it unabashedly. Mr. Drumtra was the strange foreigner who was too mean to exhibit basic kindness by helping perplexed students. He had some American hang-up. "This is Niger, not America," one disgusted student complained.

My three visitors could not understand my mounting anger. I told them that although they pray five times daily, they certainly seem to lack morals. I was feeling hot. I was feeling too self-righteous. Maybe this really was just an American hang-up. Maybe the whole repulsive thing wasn't so important anyway.

"Are you going to continue this cheating in the future?" I fumed at the students. "Gendarmes do it at each checkpoint, sous-prefets do it when they give justice to whoever offers the most money. Are you going to cheat in your jobs too?" The three students chuckled. I called it cheating, they called it helping.

"Sir, why are you angry with us?" one student asked seriously after listening to my poison. "Is it because you don't want us to come to your house?"

I laced up my Adidas and went running into the bush. I ran hard.

The second day of the Brevet test, I monitored a physics-chemistry test. Word had spread that I didn't favor open cheating, and the students probably assumed I couldn't give intelligent help on a physics exam even if I desired. I was spared the searching stares of the day before.

I watched the student like a vulture, ready to swoop down for the kill on any cheater. And my partner Seyni made no attempt to help the students even though his knowledge as a math teacher could have aided them. Despite my surveillance, I sensed that widespread cheating was occurring in the classroom, but nothing I could prove. All I could do was peer at a few students more closely.

Five minutes before the end of the 90 minute test, I saw that two students in the front desk had exchanged a piece of scratch paper with chemistry answers. I did not see the actual exchange, but I blinked twice when I saw that Karimi Idi was copying from the same paper that had been in the possession of Kadry Moutary ten minutes before! I didn't pounce on them immediately. I couldn't. Self-doubts flooded me again, maybe I was confused and Karimi had had the paper the whole time. No, I was sure. I saw what I saw, I saw what I didn't want to see. I seized the piece of paper, explained to Karimi and Kadry what they had done, and challenged them to disprove me. The test was now one minute from its conclusion, and as I stood there scowling in front of the culprits, I still was not sure of the rules-- would this ruin their academic careers? Why should I risk their futures just to save my conscience? The two boys had merely been practicing a form of cheating that all the other teachers had okayed. Am I really going to go through with this?

Seyni noticed my indecision. "Leave it alone, Jeff," he warned. "Oh sure," I replied, "we're just going to let people cheat... that's just great." The idea revolted me, yet I was on the verge of following his advice. Maybe the important thing was that the students had received a petrifying scare. Yes, that's it! They won't even have to know I left them off the hook!

Seyni and I shuffled slowly to the Director's office. All I had to do was slip in the two exams with the other 30 papers, and the unpleasant affair would be finished. As the other teachers watched my strange behavior, I pushed my legs the last few steps into the office. Seyni turned in the exams, then I forced my arm forward with the exams of Krini Idi and Kadry Moutary. "Mr. Director, here are two students who cheated..."

Karimi Idi had visited me often during the year, eagerly courting my friendship. It was Karimi who had visited me one memorable night in March, pleading with me to be sterner with the students for the sake of my respect among his classmates. Whenever I had been hungry during the mid-morning break at school, it had been Karimi who bought and delivered my bean cakes. It was Karimi who had remained active in class the third trimester even when his comrades had grown inattentive and lazy. Karimi and I had planned to have our picture taken together after the BEPC, and it was Karimi whom I had planned to invite for dinner before he left town.

When he came to my house a few hours after the BEPC to deliver an English grammar book he had borrowed, he did not say a word. Neither could I. As he handed me the book, his eyes were filled with more hate... or more hurt... than I have ever seen before.

100

For Mirriam

1990s on the way. **Mirishade** was no ill-odored
 reddest of reds, as expected and hoped new crimson and gold
 red became a beautiful, in effect, red like our old blood

(GAMES Magazine)

It's not as difficult to learn a little of the Eskimo language as you might think. Start by calling it Inuktitut as the Inuit (Eskimo) people of the central Canadian Arctic do. Though Inuktitut strings letters, words and thoughts together differently than English, it has its own internal logic. Whereas sentence elements are separated in English, they are combined into compound words in Inuktitut. Your task is to translate the numbered words and sentences on this page. First, study the English list (1-17) of sentence elements used in Inuktitut. Then compare the equivalent Inuktitut and English sentences below and write your translations of the sentence elements in the spaces provided. You will then be ready to test your "deciphering" ability on the sentences that follow. Extra incentive - for those of you who have not yet taken the GRE, this is good practice.

Iglunik tautukpunga I see the house.
 Sikunik tautukpuq He sees the ice.
 Munarik tautukputit You see the land.
 Igluni sinikpunga I sleep in the house.
 Imungnik tusagputit You hear the person.
 Apumni sinikpuq He sleeps in the snow.
 Iglunik tautukputit You see the house.
 Tuktuunik tusagpunga I hear the caribou.
 Iglunut tiki puq He arrives at the house.
 Tupirngni sinikputit You sleep in the tent.

1. (the) house _____
2. (the) person _____
3. (the) tent _____
4. he _____
5. arrive(s) _____
6. in _____
7. (the) ice _____
8. (the) snow _____
9. I _____
10. see(s) _____
11. sleep(s) _____
12. (no preposition) _____
13. (the) land _____
14. (the) caribou _____
15. you _____
16. hear(s) _____
17. at _____

TRANSLATE INTO INUKTITUT:

18. Sikruut tikiipunga. I see the snow.
19. Tukruuk tusagutit. You arrive at the tent.
20. Nunank tautukpug. He sees the caribou.
21. I see the snow.
22. You arrive at the tent.
23. He sees the caribou.

SPORTS

Baseball: The major league baseball season reached its midpoint with the July 17 All-Star game in Seattle, won by the National League 7-6. It was the eighth straight victory for the Nationals. With the American League leading 6-5, Lee Mazilli of the New York Mets hit a solo home run in the eighth inning to tie the game, and then drew a bases-loaded walk with two on in the ninth to bring in the winning run. The only other home run in the game was by Fred Lynn of the Boston Red Sox. Mike Schmidt of Philadelphia, Carl Yastrzemski of Boston and Don Baylor of the California Angels each had two hits and one RBI in the contest.

National	Starting Lineups	American
Steve Garvey (LA)	first base	Rod Carew (Calif)*
Dave Lopes (LA)	second base	Frank White (KC)
Mike Schmidt (Phila)	third base	George Brett (KC)
Larry Bowa (Phila)	shortstop	Roy Smalley (Minn)
Red Simmons (St. L)	catcher	Darrell Porter (KC)
Dave Winfield (SD)	outfield	Jim Rice (Bos)
Dave Parker (Pitt)	outfield	Fred Lynn (Bos)
George Foster (Cinn)	outfield	Carl Yastrzemski (Bos)

*Rod Carew received most votes (3,997,081) for fourth time, but did not play due to injury

Standings

National League					(As Of Tuesday, July 10)					American League				
East Division		W	L	PCT	GB	East Division		W	L	PCT	GB			
Montreal		48	30	.615	-	Baltimore		56	29	.659	-			
Chicago		43	36	.544	5 1/2	Boston		52	31	.627	3			
Philadelphia		45	40	.529	6 1/2	Milwaukee		49	38	.563	8			
Pittsburgh		41	38	.519	7 1/2	New York		48	38	.558	8 1/2			
St. Louis		42	39	.519	7 3/4	Detroit		40	43	.482	15			
New York		32	47	.405	16 1/2	Cleveland		40	45	.471	16			
West Division						Toronto		28	60	.318	29 1/2			
						West Division								
Houston		53	35	.602	-	California		51	37	.580	-			
Cincinnati		45	42	.517	7 1/2	Texas		49	36	.576	1 1/2			
San Francisco		41	45	.477	11	Minnesota		45	39	.536	4			
San Diego		40	49	.449	13 1/2	Kansas City		43	42	.506	6 1/2			
Atlanta		37	49	.430	15	Chicago		38	46	.452	11			
Los Angeles		35	52	.402	17 1/2	Seattle		37	51	.420	14			
						Oakland		24	65	.270	27 1/2			

Track: Sebastian Coe of Britain set two world records in less than two weeks this month. He broke the mile record with a time of 3:48.95, and knocked a full second from the 800 meter record with a time of 1:42.33. Both records were set in Norway.

Tennis: Bjorn Borg of Sweden won an unprecedented fourth straight Wimbledon title by outlasting American Roscoe Tanner in a five-set final round. Martina Navratilova won her second straight Wimbledon crown with a 6-4, 6-4 victory over Chris Evert Lloyd in the final round.

Misc.: It has been so long since our last issue, that there may be some lonely browse volunteer still awaiting the results of the NBA and NHL playoffs! For the record, Seattle beat Washington in the National Basketball Assoc. finals, and Montreal again took the title in the National Hockey League. Thanks to Joel Meyer and Ray J. for their late night radio-listening habits.

THANK YOU

THANK YOU

THANK YOU

THANK YOU

Yacouba, mon ami; Cathy and Madame Djibo; Kevin, always available and more than helpful; Jennifer for interceding and cutting off the tops; Phyllis for allowing the above to help.

Sorry, folks, for the delay, but there were so many factors that weren't considered when I initially had the bright idea of putting this out from our capital city. Let me say now that there will NOT be another Camel Express until October. I hereby pledge that there will be some sort of monthly offering during the coming year assuming the following:

- 1) our typewriters are repaired and back in Zinder
- 2) paper is available at Camico/Zinder - include ink, correction fluid, stencils in the above qualification
- 3) there is something worth typing up

I also apologize for any errors in this issue and the fact that some pages may be difficult to read. The quality will also improve once I'm home again. So much for apologies. Now it's time for the newest FV's to ask how they can help - there is surely some writing talent and ideas floating around the University. Tom Donker perhaps? While I'm thinking about, Nina Lirchi's name was omitted from the list of present trainees. She is certainly one so include her in your list of people to meet. CY until October from Zinder.

EARL