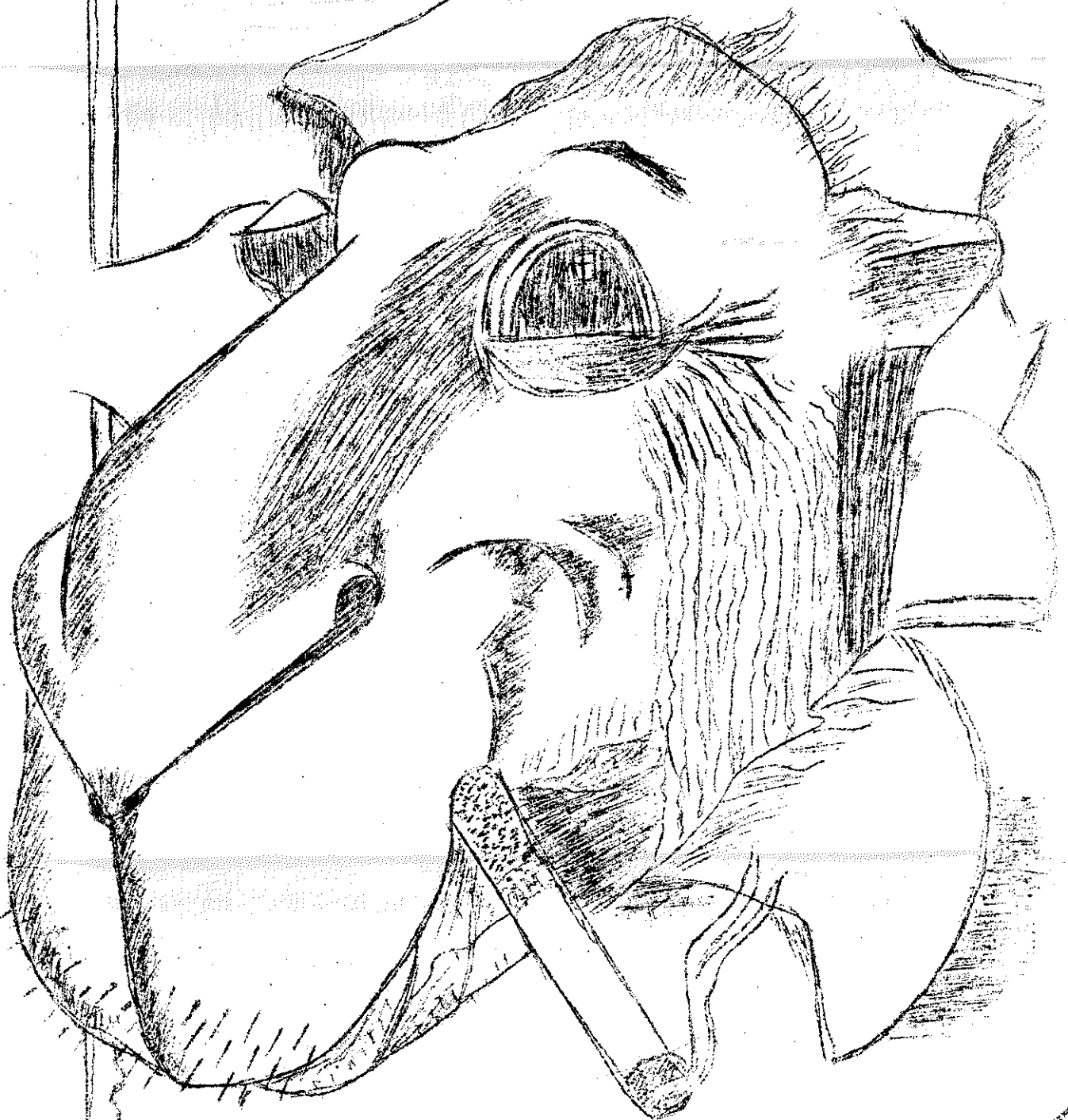


CAMEL

EXPRESS



THE CAMEL EXPRESS

PEACE CORPS NIGER

JUNE, 1980

With this issue we bid farewell to friends who are leaving and welcome to the new trainees. I speak for all the volunteers in wishing happiness, accomplishment, and, in the beginning, bon courage to each person stepping into a world that is new. Transitions are unsettling and invigorating--both, so enjoy as well as despair the agitation, the raw energy, and the raw nerves of it all, and finally channel it into work that is good.

With this issue we also welcome two new features to the CE, a Health Sector column organized by Karen Godley, and a Rural Development section that will be coordinated by Paul Libiszowski. These will correspond to the existing TEFL/Education column in scope and intention. Please send anything of interest in Health or RD to Karen or Paul. There are no TEFL pages this month, since all of us teachers are out of the classroom till October.

I think this is a presentable CE. Don't be intimidated by the Hausa on pages 17 and 18. Once you recognize the story, if you're a Hausa speaker or even a struggling aspirant like me, you'll probably be able to follow quite a lot of it. To those of you wondering who it is hiding under the pseudonym, take a second to think: Who is the only volunteer really capable of it and perversely imaginative enough to come up with the idea? Departing volunteers should enjoy Earl's trivia quiz and also the article reprinted in the last pages from the Boston Globe. To make the next Express even better, or at least readable, send to Zinder whatever you might write or find that is grossly pertinent or remotely impertinent to our fellow masu kiayi marooned. For this issue, thanks to Mamadou Issa, Hank Winkenwerder, Phyllis Dichter, Earl Bricker, Karen Godley, Diane Rachor, Jeff Drumtra, Elizabeth Ernst, Larry Bevan, Joel Mayer, Madame Djibo, Tom Dalcy, Ann O. Hymous, Jaye Krasnow, and Mary Pat Champeau.

James Delehanty, editor
B.P. 228
Zinder

Dear Volunteers,

Soon a well-earned vacation for some of you and departure for others. Perhaps it is time for some of you to evaluate your work whether it be one year at mid-service or two years and the end of your stay.

My experience with the health volunteers has shown me that they usually have the impression of not having done enough: this is only an impression since I am convinced that each volunteer has left something behind and the impact of the work with the population is valuable. Every health volunteer leaves me with this conviction, and the situation is undoubtedly the same with other volunteers.

As you well know, we are, here at the office, totally wrapped up in the upcoming stage. All our efforts are bent towards organizing the stage in order that your compatriots setting foot for the first time on Nigerian or African soil receive a warm welcome. At this moment it is impossible to determine the exact date of their arrival, as information from Washington has been imprecise. We hope, however, that the whole group will arrive in Niger July 2nd.

Putting together our plans for the stage, we have tried, as every year, to avoid previous errors and to work towards bettering the next stage. We have noted that one of the weak points has always been the cross-cultural training. Thus, this year we have called upon a specialist who will advise our cross-cultural coordinator. We have also foreseen the bettering and intensifying of the French classes, which will last six weeks.

We would be very happy to receive any suggestions that any of you might have towards ameliorating the stage, as you are certainly in a better position than we are to determine its deficiencies. Rest assured that this would be an important contribution on your part.

I will also take this opportunity through the Camel Express to let those of you who will be working for the stage, as well as those who won't be, know that the salaries will be the same for all volunteers, no matter what their responsibilities.

Finally, I have received no news from Washington concerning the new director, but Ambassador Bishop received information from Mr. Celeste to the effect that the new director will be Mr. Bill Carruth, 46 years old, married and the father of 4 children. You will have more detailed information as soon as I receive it.

17
NOTES
FROM
NIAMEY!
11

Dear Camel,

Hello from the great Southwest. Since it's a nice rainy day (it rained today, the 2nd, 5th, 20th, and 23rd of this month-May-), thought I'd dash off a note to the CE concerning this tropical paradise--Gaya.

Since Phyllis may finally be going on vacation next week (ie. hell must have frozen over) we are celebrating with a kilo of capitaine and a bottle of champagne (from Malanville, Benin where one can obtain a liter of Johnny Walker for 1300 CFA). I tell you, it's hard adjusting to this spartan existence after the comforts and luxuries of life in the desert of 'Guigmi, but I'm trying.

Your first issue was pretty good. Two TEFL pages out of 19, by my count (10.52%). Frankly, Jim, I appreciate those two pages. I was starting to run out of Newsweeks in my bayan-gida.

We four volunteers down here are meeting basic human needs-- I mean--a fisheries biologist, two foresters, and a nurse!--not teaching some weird language nobody knows called Turanci.

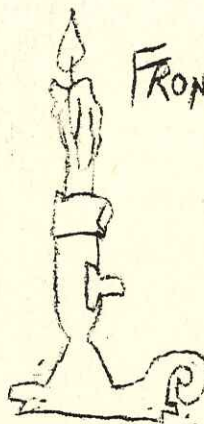
Let me clear up one misconception people seem to have. I get letters saying, "Well, I'm sure you heard about..." NO WE HAVEN'T. Everyone passing through Dosso continues east or west, never turning south. (For my secondary project I've been trying to get folks down this way to speak right good--that is with a southern accent. But I need the expert, Tom Porter, to help me.)

Projet Pêche still hasn't started here, but they tell me, "Any day now..." Then I can leave this big city to live en brousse with the fishermen at Toundika. But here I do have more work than at my last post. Last December the only fish I saw were in those little boîtes with tomato sauce. I was working on identifying a hitherto undescribed species (which I would call Sardinia Hankus) which prefer an oily environment and school higher on the shelves of the mai-kantis. But then I had to leave N'Guigmi.

Speaking of which, I'm afraid that Nina and Stephanie have been abducted by rebel Chadians. This is the only possible explanation for their not writing. We must look into this as they are probably being tortured, ie., being fed a steady diet of rice and sauce--with no sauce.

Got to go now. As one worried friend wrote me (I have no idea what I had said to him), "Take care of yourself and be careful."

Sai Wata Rana,
Hank



Joe: Say, Moe, what do you call a small cowboy?

FINAL NOTES=FROM PHYLLIS

Before Phyllis left, late in April, she sent the CE her final "Notes from Niamey" column. Unfortunately, it didn't arrive in time for the April issue. I've abbreviated it a little and present it here--late but still interesting.

This is the last time I will be writing to you all from Niamey and needless to say it's an emotional time for me. Leaving Niger and leaving the volunteers and staff I've come to love almost as a family is not easy. But as I've said goodbye to most of you already during my last tournées, this departure, delayed so many times, seems almost anticlimactic.

These past three years have been very special and I will probably never have the joy of working with as dedicated a group of people as I have here. If I was proud of Peace Corps when I was a volunteer, as Director I have come to understand even more how impressive, remarkable, and moving the Peace Corps is. And I am even more convinced that what we are doing for Niger and for the United States is unrivaled by any other country or any other groups in the U.S.

Last February I swore in eleven trainees as I have sworn in over 200 trainees previously. It has always been a very serious and inspiring moment. But perhaps because this was to be the last time I administered the oath to a group of Niger trainees it provoked a great deal of reflection. Once again, as I've said to all of you here now, I reminded the group of the pledge made by President John F. Kennedy in his inaugural address on January 21, 1961, the pledge I feel we are honoring here:

To the people in the huts and villages of half the globe struggling to break the bonds of mass misery we pledge our best efforts to help them help themselves, for whatever period is required, not because the communists may be doing it, not because we seek their votes, but because it is right. If a free society cannot help the many who are poor, it cannot save the few who are rich.

I repeat these words to remind you again why we are here. For in the mundane struggle with the petrol frigos that explode, bush taxi rides that average 3km/hr., or approval for vacations that get lost in the administrative maze, we sometimes forget why we've come. We can lose our sense of idealism and purpose and sometimes even our desire to help. We need to remember that as Peace Corps Volunteers we've come to Niger to help these people in their struggle to develop and equally to understand and accept the way of life here as well as our own. And further that our years here are in a sense a prolonged training where we teach our somewhat ethnocentric minds to be broader, more people oriented, more compassionate.

I am proud to say that we are a movement of dreamers believing in our ideas are as important as our achievements, extolling that the means and the ends are both justifications. I am also proud that we are students learning to live in another world so different from our own that when we return we can make our own world different too.

So, what have you learned in Niger, student? What will you take home with you? What have you left behind? Will you be able to explain to yourself or to others what you've done, where you've been, who's been there with you?

These are the questions I ask myself now as my tour ends. They are the questions I had when I left Niger nine years ago as well, but I could not formulate them then. Nor can I answer them now.

But I have witnessed the process in many people. I have with great pride stood on a dune now showing signs of rebirth; seen a mother proudly displaying her baby, now gaining weight; met some fishermen now earning a decent living; listened to a student describe in English his hopes for the future. I have with equally great pride received letters from former volunteers actively involved in adjusting to a new life troubled by the conflict of values but pushing themselves further to resolve the conflicts.

I, as you, will leave Niger changed in many ways not only by the life here but by having worked with you. Your commitment and enthusiasm have been inspiring. I do not believe I have ever nor do I feel I will ever be prouder of a staff or of a group of volunteers. I thank you for some wonderful times and for helping me learn too.

There are many other people to thank as well: Mamadou, Jerry, Steve, and Emmanuel who work so hard to help you have a productive service. We are fortunate to have them as a staff. Alex, Yvonne, and Mary Lou who keep you in fridges, stoves, and money. Fiti, without whom nothing would get done. Mme Djibo and Kathy, our warm and caring secretaries who manage to smile and greet you warmly while they keep us functioning. No easy task Mamadou who got you to speak French even when you didn't want to. Bana, Saidou, Hama, and both Hamanis who get us to you and back. The guardians, especially Hamani and Djibo who make our hostels a really special place. I thank them for you and also for me. For they have made being a director an easier job and have come together as a family to support us all.

I don't know what I will be doing next nor where I will be living. But you can always reach me through my parents' address and I will send my permanent address to the Camel Express once it is known.

40 J Meadow Green Circle
Englishtown, New Jersey 07726

Thank you for giving me three of the best years I've had, not to mention some great pizzas! I look forward to seeing you all in the States.

Sai Wata Rana

Phyllis Dichter

OMNIBUS STAGE '78 TRIVIA QUIZ

or

WHAT HAS ARALEN DONE TO YOUR MEMORY?

An Earl Bricker Production

With help from Zinder Seapartment Veterans

o o o

~~july~~
~~august~~
~~september~~
~~october~~
~~november~~
~~december~~
~~january~~
~~february~~
~~march~~
~~april~~
~~may~~
~~june~~
~~july~~
~~august~~
~~september~~
~~october~~
~~november~~
~~december~~
~~january~~
~~february~~
~~march~~
~~april~~
~~may~~
~~june~~

1. Who was the pre-staging director in Philadelphia?
2. Who introduced you/who did you introduce in Philly?
3. Who almost fell out of the hotel window?
4. What's the name of the Nigerian Ambassador who came to see us during the pre-staging?
5. How long were we stranded in New York? What was the reason?
6. What was the movie shown on the plane from New York to Paris?
7. How long were we stranded in Paris? Who were our spokesmen?
8. How much sleep were we allowed before our first meeting?
9. Who was the U.S. Ambassador to Niger when we arrived? What kind of music was played at his 4th of July picnic?
10. Who gave the sex talks?
11. Stage Staff:
 - Who was responsible for:
 - a. logistics
 - b. cross-cultural training
 - c. food
 - d. youth development
 - e. TEFL
 - f. nutrition
 - g. stage direction
 - h. rural development
12. Who spoke good French from the beginning?
13. Who came in the middle of stage and stayed only a few days?
14. Who changed programs within days after arrival?
15. Who played in The Wizard of Stage?
 - a. Dorothy
 - b. Toto
 - c. The Scarecrow
 - d. The Tin Man
 - e. The Lion
 - f. The Wizard
 - g. The Wicked Witch

16. Who constantly played a penny flute?
17. How many stage romances lasted?
18. How many people changed posts after year no. 1?
19. How many people changed programs after year no. 1?
20. Name the Dosso 5.
21. Name the Tillaberi 4.
22. censored
23. Who went the longest without taking a taxi de brousse ride?
24. Who was the first to leave? The last (as of June, 1980)?

Bonus Question

What was the first name and program of the man in Philly who declined his invitation? What changed his mind?

o o o

Answers

1. Marilyn Westphal
2. Varying answers, be honest.
3. Wendell Pickett
4. André Wright
5. 7-8 hours, airport worker strike (2pts.)
6. "Casey's Shadow;" starring Walter Mathau--a glorious adventure of a widower father and a horse.
7. 13 hours. Dr. Steve Edelman and Bob Jackson. (3 pts.)
8. None
9. Charles James. John Philip Sousa marches. (2 pts.)
10. Phyllis; Steve/Shaka (2pts.)
11. a. Steve Walls, b. Oumarou Kané, c. Diana Walls, d. Paul Holmes, e. Jennifer Yanco, f. Gail Murphy g. Gaston Kaba, h. Bob Jackson (8 pts.)
12. Joel Mayer, Karen Schiffert, Mustapha Salaam, Eileen Peca, Karen Curtin. (5 pts.)
13. Ross (last name?)
14. Mark Hukill--YD to Cinebus.
15. a. Kathy McCauley, b. Diane Rachor, c. Terry Hanson, d. Roger Stewart, e. Dana Howe, f. Monty Fusco, g. Georgeanne Ross. (7 pts.)
16. James Devine
17. Who knows? Some things are private, even in PC/Niger.
18. Carol Pint, Karen Curtin, John Lemon, Roger Stewart. (4 pts.)
19. John Lemon; TEFL to UNCC.
20. Vince Costello, Rene Winslow, Steve Kurzban, Kathy Rorison, Peter Cordo. (5 pts.)
21. Kathy McCauley, Patty Raynor, Judy Conrad, Randy Brummett. (4 pts.)
22. Floyd McGrath
23. Earl Bricker--until Easter of 1979.

24. Catherine Butts; Eileen Poca. (2 pts.)

Bonus. Lynn; forestry--seeing some slides with very few trees and a lot of sand. (3 pts.)

Scoring Guide

- 53-60 -- Monty must have helped you.
- 45-52 -- You probably spent a lot of the stage straight.
- 37-44 -- You haven't been taking your aralen, have you?
- 29-36 -- Well balanced stage/volunteer
- 21-28 -- Fair
- 10-21 -- Are you sure you came in '78?

§ § §

AND MORE ABOUT US OF SUMMER '78

There is often conversation about the people who came to Niger in our '78 Omnibus Stage, but to my knowledge no one has yet gone to the detail of the following statistics. Thanks must go to the foresight of Jeff Drumtra and Joel Hayer's fascination with numbers. The information in this article was compiled so that those of us who came together, and those of you who followed, should know the select.

No distinction could be made between voluntary terminations and those that were involuntary because in more than one instance the person terminating would claim it as his decision while PC/Niger regarded it differently. No matter, really, as we're here and they're not. However, they're still more than welcome at any future reunion (see adjoining article), because as we all know, some of them had better reasons for leaving than others had for staying.

Note that the figures below are based on the total group assembled at the Ben Franklin on June 27, 1978, and flew--minus one--to Hiamcy soon after. Well, it could have been sooner. In any case, we made it, both here and through two years. Is there anyone who didn't think of terminating just once?

Program	No. That Came	No. Not Here Now	% Term.	Program	No. That Came	No. Not Here Now	% Term.
YD	8	5	62%	Forestry	2	1	50%
Ag. Surv.	3	1	33	Nutrition	12	7	58
Sugar Cane	1	1	100	TEFL	27	8	30
INRAN Genetics	1	0	0	Fisheries	3	1	33

contd.

Stage Statistics, contd.

Before swearing in, eight of us left of the fifty-seven who started, or 14%—only a glance. After swearing in, sixteen of forty-nine, or 33% of those remaining went off to fry bigger fish. In total, twenty-four of fifty-seven, or 42% are no longer among us.

—Earl Bricker

Editor's note: A statistical summation is a collection of short stories with the life squeezed out. Like a story, a statistic is never predictive. I worry that new trainees might be alarmed by these stark, high numbers, and take them as some kind of a standard into their own stage life. This isn't necessary. Terminations will come, but you'll probably find like the rest of us that 1) they're not very often entirely unexpected, and 2) while they are often harmful at the local, ~~wflhge~~ post level, they are not so frequent as to throw a steady ship into ~~turmoil~~. —JND

§ § §

A STATESIDE REUNION

As a result of a long afternoon with Diane Rachor and Carol Pint (Flag must have been made for brainstorming), the previously discussed idea of a PC/Higer reunion was thrashed about with the following points of clarification brought out:

—Most importantly, even though the last CE specifically mentioned the members of the '78 Omnibus stage as being invited, anyone who was a Higer volunteer or even a stagiaire is invited to participate. For this reason, if anyone has addresses of people who left last year (for example: Laurie Tuller, Ben Bastyr, Terry Spoering, etc...), send them in. Also, those people coming into Higer in smaller groups—don't feel left out. Just send in your address as well (for example: Brian Kern, Debbie Weber, Barbara Wilson, Guy Rainsford, etc.).

—It truly would be best if all addresses could be kept by one person so that contact could be maintained. The idea of a newsletter was proposed, and there's no reason why a Camel Express Redux couldn't be somewhat regular. With Jeff's journalistic genius and my skill in operating duplicating machines, anything would be possible. Perhaps we'd need a slight fee to cover costs.

—August, 1981 is a logical starting time. Everyone should be done travelling by then, including a number of the '79 Omnibus stage (that's you, Mary Pat, Marla, Steve, et. al.), and the summer date will accomodate future students and teachers. Madison,

Wisconsin was mentioned as a possible site because of its more-or-less central location and also since its likely to be the residence of at least 2 present PCV's (Mark Hukill and myself) and perhaps one more (Bess McDavid). If anyone has better ideas, postage is still only 45 CEM, and we still have open minds. At any rate, let's get some feedback. The first reunion may be small in number but big on good time. If you cut yourself out at this stage of the game, it might be hard to find you later.

-Earl Bricker

WHY I FIRED MY SECRETARY

-Plagiarized from an unknown source; submitted by a nutritionist from Bandé.

I woke up early feeling a little depressed because it was my birthday and I thought, "Another year older," but decided to make the best of it. So I showered and shaved, knowing when I went down to breakfast my wife would greet me with a big kiss and say happy birthday, dear.

All smiles I went into breakfast and there sat my wife reading the newspaper as usual. She didn't say one word. So I got myself a cup of coffee and thought to myself, oh well, she just forgot.. The kids will be in in a few minutes all cheery and they will sing Happy Birthday and have a nice gift for me.

There I sat, enjoying my coffee, and I waited. Finally the kids came running in yelling, give me a slice of toast! I'm late! And where is my coat? I'm going to miss the bus!

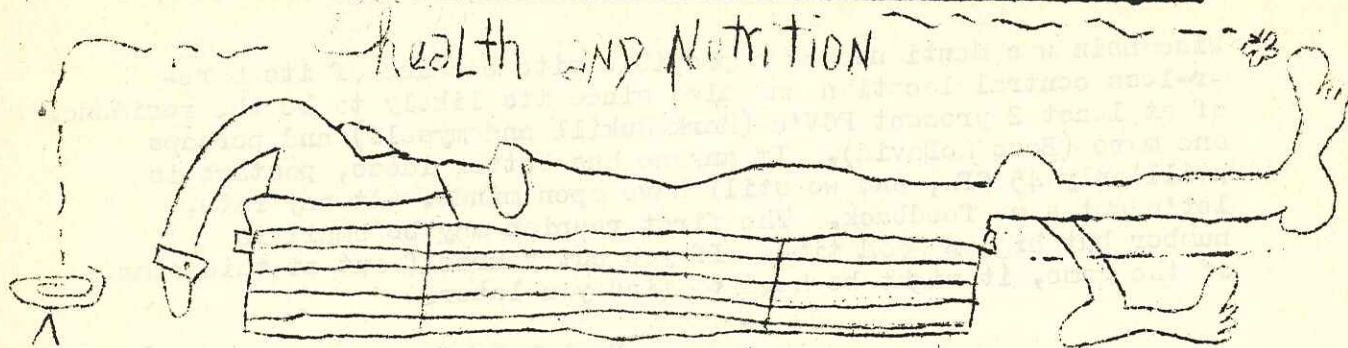
Feeling more depressed than ever I left for the office. When I walked into the office my secretary greeted me with a nice smile and a Happy Birthday, Boss" and said, "I'll get you some coffee." Her remembering made me feel a lot better.

Later in the morning my secretary knocked on my office door and said since it's your birthday why don't we have lunch together. Thinking it would make me feel better I said that's a good idea.

So we locked up the office and since it was my birthday I said why don't we drive out of town and have lunch in the country instead of going to the usual place. So we drove out of town and went to a little out-of-the-way place and had a couple of martinis and a nice lunch, and started driving back to town, when my secretary said why don't we go by my place and I will fix you another martini. It sounded like a good idea since we didn't have anything to do in the office anyway.

So we went to her apartment and she fixed us both a martini and after a while she said if you will excuse me I think I will slip into something more comfortable and she left the room.

In six minutes she opened her bedroom door and came out carrying a big birthday cake and following her was my wife and all my kids and there I sat with nothing on but my socks.



To All Health People:

I frequently hear complaints that the Camel Express is dominated with TEFL info, and that we health volunteers have no common forum for communicating our ideas. Well, they've gotten their act together, and we should follow their example. I propose we start a column for all the health programs: RH's, lab techs, sage femmes, and nutrition eds. We can pool our knowledge and ideas and derive benefits therefrom. So I am asking for your contributions; anything you'd like to share. The following are some subject ideas to prod your imagination, but don't feel limited by these topics: a description of the program you've developed, and what problems you've encountered and perhaps solved; queries on how other volunteers have overcome problems that are still troubling you; techniques you find especially effective; traditional and/or modern medications that you find work well; recipes for special bouillies; keeping Peace Corps staff aware of our needs for existence and for feedback, etc., etc. I realize the above concentrate mainly on nutrition education work, but this is because I'm most familiar with it. I'd again like to stress that contributions should come from all health people, for our programs are interrelated and we have a lot to learn from one another. So please sit down with a cup of coffee and your trusty Bic, and let your creative minds go to work. Send your contributions to me in Bandé, and I'll get them to the CE in Zinder. Hope to hear from you soon.

Karen Godley
s/c Dispendaire
B.P. 39 Chef de Canton de Bandé
Nagaria,

The following is a bouillie that I use for all the malnutries in Bandé over six months old. It has many advantages: complimented proteins, low cost, it's easy to make and teach, it has widely available ingredients, and it is well tolerated even by grave cases.

Sift all flour before mixing. Mix 2 soup spoons millet flour, 2 soup spoons kouli-kouli flour, 1 soup spoon bean flour. Put a kwano (small pot) of water into a takunia, add salt and three cubes of sugar and bring to a boil. Add some cold water to the flour mixture and mix with the bottom of a lida (large spoon). Add this to boiling water and stir while cooking.

I tell the mother that the baby may refuse the bouille at first because it's unfamiliar, but if she gently force feeds it several times a day that within 4 days the kid will love it. If after a couple of hours the mix begins to separate, just stir it before each spoonful (it hasn't spoiled; bean flour has a tendency to separate). Finally, for kwashiorkor or insufficient breast milk cases, I add 2 spoons of milk powder after cooking. Mix the milk powder in a little boiled water before adding.

Dear Nuts,

Try (very hard) to get hold of a hard-backed register. If that's not possible, a cahier will do, though it's not as good. On the first page you write in big letters, "Malnutris 1980." This will give you a sense of purpose and remind you that time does indeed exist here.

The format is as follows:

Nombre d' ordre	Nom, Prenom Adresse, Date de Naissance, N° Fiche PMI.	degré	EVOLUTION					
			Education Maternelle	poids	E.N.	poids	EN	poids
3 lines ↔	6 lines ↔	21 ↔	5 lines ↔	6 lines ↔	5 lines ↔	6 lines ↔	5 lines ↔	6 lines ↔
<p>↕ Length: 11 lines per MN ↕</p>								

Nombre d'ordre: This is the numerical order of the malnourished. Go back to the beginning of 1980 and get all those who have fallen below the curve since January (use the baby weighing records). Enter them in the register as 1/80, 2/80, 3/80, etc. Try to do it chronologically. From here on in, after each weighing, look over the fiches and register the "newly malnourished," as soon as they happen. Thus, you will be writing them in order of occurrence. Mark, in red, the "MI number" on the top of the corresponding PMI fiche.

Nom, Prenom, etc.: This block is self-explanatory. As for the addresses, identify them by quartier. Here in Mayahi, they are numbered, but you could also write the name of the chef de quartier, the matronne, or Femme Relais in charge. Then too, you could write the traditional name of the quartier.

Degree: Mns are no longer distinguished as 1st, 2nd, or 3rd degree. Just look on the curve and mark whether the child is "MPC modéré," or "MPC grave."

Evolution: The first thing written is the date and weight of the child's (first) fall below the curve. From that date on, write every weighing demonstration and visit. If you run out of space, give the kid a new number and keep writing!

Here are two examples of the system:

N° d'ordre	Nom, Prenom, Adresse, Naissance N° Fiche	degré	EVOLUTION					
			EN	poids	EN	poids	EN	poids
10/79	Sanoussi Kané Quartier N° 1 17/3/78	MPC grave	10/2/79	16/1/79 5/20	23/3 B+N	23/3/79 5/20		
			17/3/79	B+N 16/1/79 5/20	30/4/79	CAR 3/4/79 5/20		
			24/3/79	Nad 20/1/79 5/20	15/4	Nad 16/4/79 5/20		
						etc...		

N° d'ordre	Nom, Prenom, Adresse, etc.	degré	EVOLUTION					
			EN	poids	EN	poids	EN	poids
4/80	Amina Abdou Quartier N° 2 11/4/79	MPC modéré	19/1	L-A 19/1/80 5/20	24/1	B+N 24/1/80 5/20		
			20/1	B+N 20/1/80 5/20			21/2	VAD 21/2/80 6/540
			30/1	B+N 30/1/80 6/500	21/2	B+A		
			23/1	VAD	23/2	B+A 23/2/80 6/600		

(suivre 16/80) ← continued number

Keep your notations concise. Here are some examples of abbreviations:

- B+A -Bouille des Arachides (B+A oeufs, B+A lait, etc.)
- B+N -Bouille avec farine de niébe (NB. 1/2 louche millet flour, 1/2 louche Niébe flour, 1 soup spoon kouli kouli, 8 louches water, salt, 2 sugars)--thanks to Bess McDavid
- CdR -Creme de riz (NB. 1 louche rice flour, 8 louches water, salt, 2 sugars)--thanks to Becky Raymond.
- PdL -Purée de legumes
- PdH -Purée d'haricots
- VaD -Visite à domicile
- NVP -He vien pas!

If you convoke a woman and she doesn't come, mark it in red in the register. Then paint a big red NVP on her forehead.

Take their carnets at the weighing if you want them to return for a demonstration. It's called psychological warfare; they love those carnets and will eventually come back to retrieve them.

Try to record everything on the carnets and fiches, as well as on the register. Write small--the fiches fill up fast. Also, keep a separate cahier for the MHS en brousse. You can use the same format as the register.

Try to see your MHS 3 times a week. As the numbers grow, it will be hard to keep up, but the register will help you catch the ones who need most attention (ie. the ones who aren't progressing).

The minister would like us all to use this format, so try to get it started soon. It really does help you to keep track.

I hope all is cool with you all. If you have any questions, please let me know. I hope I've made things clear.

Shalom,
Diane Rachor
s/c Centre Medical
Mayahi

Joe: Say, Moe, who invented an airplane that didn't fly?
Moe: The Wrong Brothers

Then there's the guy who's so lazy that when he's thirsty he ties a teabag to his mustache and drinks boiling water.

Then there was the football player who asked his coach to flood the field so he could go in as a sub.

Then there was the English teacher from Tahoua...

LATRINES: THE HOLE STORY

by Jeff Drumtra

I'VE seen lots of latrines in my 2 years, and it occurs to me what a deep reservoir of knowledge I have concerning Niger toilets,

latrines, outhouses, sticks, leaves, millet stalks, paper, and Time Magazine covers.

I realize that when the urge strikes, it is dangerous to dally with idle questions to your host such as, "Host, where is your latrine, anyway?" Furthermore, host may be out buying Blue Band in honor of your unexpected arrival. Therefore, I'd like to share my list of the six most interesting latrines in Niger (flushable and non-flushable) and their precise locations in case of crisis situations.

SHARPSHOOTERS' DELUXE/Bandé

Enter first concession, clap twice, continue past three vacant magasins and pound on door of second concession. Enter and steer past three additional vacant buildings, enter north door of main house (not to be confused with volunteer's six empty secondary houses). Enclosed latrine parlor 30 feet-by-30 feet, entirely cemented, search for tiny golf hole, 4-by-4 millimeters. Aim well, no room for error or excess spillage. Not recommended for tall males. For near misses (ed.: or far misters?), mop and broom are in corner.

MEDIEVAL MOVEMENT/Matanaye

Climb special staircase into medieval turret structure, entertain fantasies that Guenevere and Lancelot did it thusly. Uncover hole, observe that latrine is 90 % full. Thus only 4 feet deep with 0.1 second splash interval.

SAY SAFARI/Say

Apply Cutter's or drape moustiquaire over exposed skin, exit house, circle to front, north by northeast, hack through foliage with machete or swiss army knife. Stop, return to house, ask Monty where he put the toilet paper, answer two trivia questions, return with Rec Center hand towels, hack through regrown foliage, north by northeast. Lower trousers/unwrap pagne, reapply Cutter's to newly exposed parts, commence.

SHARING THE SPOILS/Gouré

Entertain host with gastrointestinal sounds on this toilet located in the living room corner. Continue conversations with novel punctuations, but without pause, privacy, or primitive inhibitions of courtoisie. Increased radio volume provides noise cover for diarretic prudes. Noted for its excellent collection of show tune cassettes, this post offers appropriate score music at your whim, i.e., "All I Want is a Room Somewhere (Else°)."
1

INTERNATIONAL DELIGHT/Zinder

Enter Earl's private entrance in rear, do not knock unless you are a student or don't feel it's as much your place as his. Cross living room, do not interrupt conversation between travelling boarders on couch. Enter screened porch, careful not to stumble over unmarried couple sleeping on floor after crossing Sahara. Detour tourist luggage in middle of ~~porch~~ porch, pass guest bedroom door occupied by malarial victim, knock on yellow door at end of hallway. If Harvard grad student hiking Africa alone for 2 years on 1000 francs/week does not answer, bathroom is vacant and you may enter. Sweaters recommended. air-

conditioning usually frigid. No known protection against icy toilet seat.

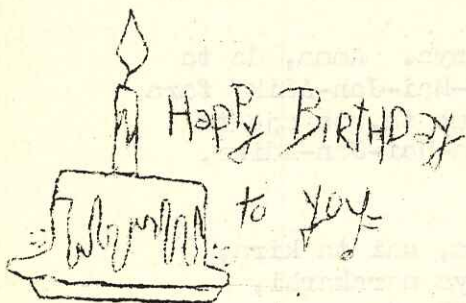
THE HOLY HOLE/Agadez

Next door to the holy mosque, Niger's only two-story latrine tower allows one to move one's heart and bowels in sanctity. Thus this architectural marvel answers the spiritual and biological needs of life, particularly for volunteers moved at dusk prayers. From your glorious vantage point in the heavens, join supplicants below in offering of mind, soul, and the innermost substances of the miraculous human body to Allah. Ascend the 21 steps to paradise and relieve yourself of all earthly burdens.

The Office of Information Collection and Exchange in Peace Corps/ Washington has sent Elizabeth Ernst (APCD/Rural Development) copies of the following three publications:

1. the May-June issue of Water Earth News,
2. the April issue of Organic Gardening, and
3. the April issue of Countryside.

Subsequent issues of each of these will be sent to Elizabeth over the next 12 months. Any volunteer interested in receiving a copy of these publications please contact Elizabeth.



James Dolchanty	-July 1
Judith Palchat	-July 4
Randy Korthase	-July 5
Barbara Wilson	-July 11
Sam Pett	-July 20
Joel Mayer	-July 22
Nancy Olinger	-July 23
Hark Litton	-August 1
Wayne Butscher	-August 8
Mary McGehee	-August 14
Cass Haugle	-August 12
Paul Libiszowski	-August 26

All right, the guy who sent in the "World's Greatest Puzzle" has now sent in the answer; Smith is the Engineer, but I wish he'd told us how to solve the puzzle. Unfortunately, he's gone home to Kansas City. If, for some perverse reason, you're eager for this information, you'll have to write to him. "Him" is Larry Bevan, of course.

KARAMA-MAI-JAN-ADIKO

Gatanan! Gatananku!

A zamanin da, an yi wata karama yarinya wadda aka kira "Karama-Mai-Jan-Adiko" saboda ta saba darma wani jan adiko. Wata ran kuwa, uwarta ta ce mata, "Karama-Mai-Jan-Adiko, kakalki ba ta da lafiya. Ga abinci da yawa da na shirya mata. Sai ki kai abincin nan a gidan kakalki cikin wannan senho."

Amma, garin kakal Karama-Mai-Jan-Adiko yana da nesa daga nasu. Sai uwarta ta ce, "Karama-Mai-Jan-Adiko, sai ki yi hankali, kin ji? Bai kamata ba ki yi hira da naman daji da za ki gamu da su bisa hanya, ballo Kura. Shagantaka gare ta!" Sai Karama-Mai-Jan-Adiko ta gaya ma tsohuwatta, "Kar ki damu. Ba na hira da Kura." Sai uwarta ta ce, "Yawa. Alla ya kiyaye. Sabka lafiya."

Daga nan sai Karama-Mai-Jan-Adiko ta dauka senho, ta ce "Sai na dawo", ta bi hanya zuwa garin kakalta. Bayan lokaƙin kadan, ta gamu da wani naman daji bisa hanya. To, Karama-Mai-Jan-Adiko tana da kirki amma rishin hankali gaba ta. Sai ta mance duk abun da uwarta ta hwada mata. Ta gaida naman daji, kuma ta tambayi sunanshi. Sai naman daji ya ce "Sunana Kura. Ke fa? Me sunanki?"

"Sunana Karama-Mai-Jan-Adiko saboda kullum ina darma wani jan adiko."

"Asho? To, madalla. Me gare bi a cikin senho?"

"Ina da abinci da yawa, saboda na ni gidan kakata. Tsohuwa ce, da kuma ba ta da lafiya."

"Asha! Asha! Alla ya kama sauki!"

"Anin. To, sai na tahi. Sai jima, Halama Kura."

"Yawa! Hu jima da yawa. Ki gaba mini Kakalki, kin ji?"

"Ta ji."

Sa'an nan Karama-Mai-Jan-Adiko ta sako bi hanya. Amma, da ta tahi, Kura ta ratsa daji da gudu don ta hi Karama-Mai-Jan-Adiko fara zuwa gidan kakalta. Kura ta kama tsohuwa, ta darma ta, ta aje ta cikin dakin kaya. Kuma ta sa tuhadin kakal Karama-Mai-Jan-Adiko, ta kwanta bisa gadanta.

Da Karama-Mai-Jan-Adiko ta taho gidan kakalta, sai ta kira, "Salam aleikum!" Daga cikin gida, ta ji wata murya marakarhi, "Aleikum salam. Shigo mona. Ba a ruhe koha ba."

Da Karama-Mai-Jan-Adiko ta shiga, ta ga "kakalta" bisa gado. Tana tsemmani, "Asho ba ta da hwashe, kwarai!" Sai Kura ta ce,

"Lale, Jikata! Lale! Lale! Sannu da zuwa!"

"Kaka! Ashe kina da manye idanu, kwarai da gaske!"

"Saboda in gan ki sosai, Yarinyata!"

"Kaka! Ashe kina da manye kinnuwa, kwarai da gaske!"

"Saboda in jin ki sosai, Yarinyata!"

"Kaka! Ashe kina da manye lakor, kwarai da gaske!"

Yanzu, Kura ta tashi, ta ruba da tuhahi, ta bude bakinta, ta gwada hakoranta, ta yi ihu cewa,

"Saboda in C I H Y E ki sosai, Yarinyata!"

Sai Kura ta bi Karama-Mai-Jan-Adiko da gudu. Karama-Mai-Jan-Adiko tana kuka na kwarai, "Ku taimake ni! Ku taimake ni!" Kura za ta kama ta, amma Karama-Mai-Jan-Adiko ta yi sa'a. Wani maharbi da ke gewayawa wajen gidansu ya ji kukanta. Wannan maharbi, zuciya gare shi. Ya zo da sauri, ya kashe Kura da bindiga. Da maharbi da yarinya suka ji kakal Karama-Mai-Jan-Adiko na kuka daga cikin dakin kaya. Suka tahi a wurinta, suka bude dakin kaya, suka hid da igiya.

Bayan wannan, sai Karama-Mai-Jan-Adiko da kakalta da maharbi suka zama bisa tabarna suka ci abinci da ke cikin sonho. Amma maharbi ya hwada na Karama-Mai-Jan-Adiko, "Ke! Yarinya, ba ki yi hankali ba! Kar ki taba yi magana ba namun daji. Mugunta gare su, kin ji?"

Shi ne abun da ya sa mutane ba su son kuraye.

Kan kurus, Kan dan bariya!!!

-- Malam Yawale Dan Damagaram

AID and Peace Corps

--condensed from an article by Kay Chernush
in Front Lines (an AID newsletter), May 22.

When the first volunteers stepped off the plane in Accra, Ghana, in 1961 and sang the Ghanaian national anthem in Twi, it marked a departure for American diplomacy. To varying degrees, the young Americans could speak the local language. Intensive cross-cultural training had prepared them to accept different customs. They were ready to live simply, in the same manner as their friends and co-workers. There would be none of the special privileges--no commissary, no hardship bonuses, no air-conditioned houses--that cushion the diplomats' lot and effectively set them apart from the local culture.

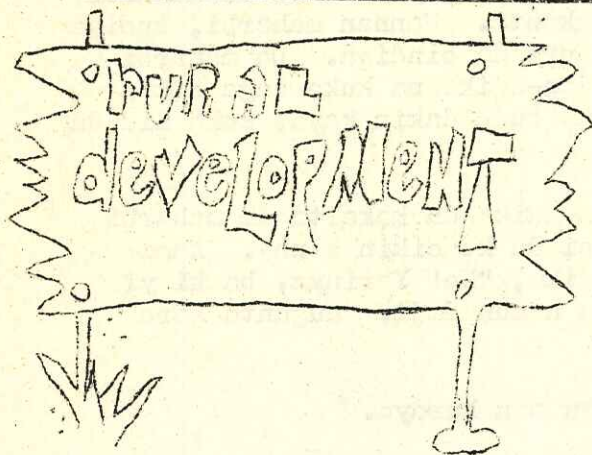
"We saw ourselves as different," says Kelly Kammerer, an early volunteer in Columbia, and now an AID deputy general counsel. "It was ingrained in us to avoid all contact with AID people. We were encouraged not to have joint participation and joint programming.

Paula Goddard, a volunteer in Kenya in the early 70's, remembers having a similar view. "It was really a holier than thou attitude of those of us on the front lines. The way we were living and working made us feel superior."

For their part, AID people largely reciprocated the feeling--if they thought about it at all. "A bunch of kids," was how they tended to view Peace Corps. "What do a bunch of kids know about development?"

"Peace Corps people always viewed themselves as pure and undefiled," observes Jim Kelly, who was on that first planeload of volunteers going to Ghana. "AID people saw themselves as wise and having all the technical competence. Let's face it, both views are somewhat short of reality."

Times change. "The kids" have grown up, and now a sizeable number of former volunteers and staff members are working for AID. Out of nearly 3700 AID direct-hire employees, 460 have had Peace Corps experience. The Peace Corps bias is even stronger in AID jobs overseas. In Costa Rica, for example, 53% of the mission staff are former Peace Corps workers. And thankfully, attitudes change too. More and more, Peace Corps and AID are recognizing the sense in coordination of programs and general cooperation overseas. The general feeling is that, despite difficulties in meshing styles and program requirements, the strengths of one



Here is the first of what I'm sure will be regular Rural Development columns in the CE. The idea here, as in the Education and Health Sections, is to give volunteers a forum for professional ideas and information. The old Rural Development Sector of PC/Niger has been split in two, but for convenience we'll keep it together in the CE for now. Thus, we'll look here for news from forestry, UNCC, fisheries, surveying, range management, wildlife management, and all the affiliated programs. Send you RD submissions

to Paul Libiszewski (B.P. 228, Zinder) if you can remember--not to me. I'm trying to share a few of the organizing/typing responsibilities with Zinder-area volunteers. Please do remember that anything pertinent will be appreciated and worth the time it takes you to write it up and send it.

A SUMMARY OF THE UNCC VOLUNTEERS' IN-SERVICE TRAINING March 10-12, 1980

On the dates of March 10, 11, 12, 1980 the UNCC volunteers met in conference at The American Cultural Center in Niamey. This conference was, in part, the result of an earlier meeting of approximately half of the UNCC volunteers with Phyllis Dichter and Elizabeth Ernst during Christmas, 1979. In addition, Peace Corps staff had heard from other UNCC volunteers who described discouraging situations similar to those noted in the meeting. These situations were characterized by lack of work, a poorly defined PCV role within the organization of UNCC, and a question of whether or not there was any actual need for the PCV by UNCC, at least in the capacities for which we were originally intended. In short, for whatever reasons, the UNCC volunteer program did not seem to be working.

The conference was scheduled for mid-March to allow time for Elizabeth, who had just arrived in Niger, to make an introductory tournée and thereby take a closer look at the situation. These were the three main objectives of the conference:

1. To determine the present situation of each volunteer.
2. To assess the general condition of the program.
3. On the basis of the above, to make suggestions for improving the UNCC Peace Corps program and finding the most effective use for each volunteer

In addition to the three-day conference, there were nine days of language training afterward, some volunteers taking French, and others, Hausa. Thus, the in-service training extended through March 22.

Following is a list of the nine UNCC volunteers and their present posts:

Larry Bevan	- Say (<u>since departed Niger; ed.</u>)
Tom Daley	- Dogondoutchi
Tony Hixson	- Mayahi
Paul Libiszowski	- Zinder
John Luoma	- Dakore
Frank Lusby	- Guidan Roundji
Steve Steigleder	- Tahoun
Robert Taylor	- Diffa
Wayne Urbanas	- Tabelet

After introductory comments by Mr. Madou Dan TaTa, the associate director of UNCC, and Phyllis Dickler, the conference began. Each volunteer presented a report on his own post situation for the benefit of Elizabeth and the other volunteers. A discussion then took place with Mr. Kal Kwam, a gentleman associated with UNCC through AID and CID, regarding a possible association between the volunteer program and his responsibilities in UNCC. Next there were general, small-group discussions between Elizabeth and the volunteers, critiquing the present program, and discussing options for the future. This was followed by a discussion with Mr. Andy Boundaba, Chef de Service Commercialisation of UNCC, and included a presentation to him of future possibilities as seen by the volunteers. Finally, there was a separate presentation by each volunteer on his individual situation, repeated for the benefit of Mr. Dan TaTa. The ensuing discussion with the associate director also included a presentation of possible future options for the UNCC volunteer program.

As noted earlier, the volunteers' situations were characterized by a lack of work and a question in the minds of several volunteers as to whether or not there was a need for the PCV in the intended capacity. In order to explain how such a situation came about, it seems necessary to first give a brief background on what that intended capacity was. The basic idea of the program involved a supposed need for recyclage of UNCC agents working in the field. Most of us came to Niger to help restrain these Nigerian agents, called encadreurs. These men were posted at cooperatives and markets to assist in their financial management and to train the local paysans to take over the entire operation. However, UNCC apparently thought that these encadreurs, already in the field, were themselves ill-trained, especially in accounting techniques; hence, our job.

These recyclage needs turned out to be minimal, at best. Moreover (or, perhaps, consequently) there was confusion at many posts between the volunteer and his immediate supervisor concerning the PCV's role. Some volunteers eventually found work at their posts, but often this was not of a development nature, but rather could be done just as well by another UNCC staff member. And when suitable work did come up, there were inevitably problems of funding or transportation.

The first agreement that we came to at the conference was that since there are few if any recyclage needs, a new premise must be set for our work. Secondly, it was the opinion of the volunteers that there are areas of need in which the UNCC volunteers can play a part. Thirdly, UNCC staff in Niamey showed that they were receptive to volunteers' suggestions for new roles for PCV's. Finally, these new roles were tentatively defined.

It was decided that the volunteer should not be bound to the level of the arrondissement, as had been the case. Instead, he should respond at the level of the departement, though his work would not necessarily always be at that level. In this way the PCV would be able to work and make his residence at any UNCC level (departement, arrondissement, cooperative) according to the needs of the particular assignment.

Three options were decided upon for the future work programs of UNCC volunteers. They are as follows:

AGENT DE FORMATION There is presently, or will be in the near future, a special agent at each department center whose job is planning and executing stages for the further training of UNCC staff and paysans. The role of the PCV would be to collaborate with these agents in the planning and, possibly, the execution of these stages. The volunteer would be involved in a broader range of training activities than was envisioned for the original recyclage work.

STATISTIQUES DU MOUVEMENT COOPERATIF It was observed by volunteers in the field that possibly useful statistics were not being kept, or, if so, were being kept in an unorganized fashion. The idea here would be to collect and organize such statistics for the better functioning of UNCC. For example, these statistics might be useful to determine the feasibility of new projects. The statistics program would be geared more toward the arrondissement and cooperative levels.

BOUTIQUES This is a special program already somewhat established which does not fall into the framework of the regular UNCC work of cooperative development. It entails the set-up and development of rural boutiques which sell small items (tea, sugar, etc.) not ordinarily available in the smallest villages. The PC role here involves aid in setting up a goods distribution program and the organization and future development of the boutiques themselves. Keeping in line with the UNCC philosophy, it is hoped that the paysans will eventually take over full responsibility for their operation. Therefore, this work may also entail training the local people. There are presently two UNCC volunteers working in the boutique program, but the possibility of such a post at virtually any post might be investigated.

In addition to the above options, it was suggested that the volunteers might make an investigation of the overall management of the markets and/or cooperatives, and submit a report with proposals for improvement. It was also suggested that volunteers look into the possibility

of special projet work, like the Projet Productivité of Dosso or the Projet Maradi.

All of the conference conclusions remained tentative at the close of the conference, however. This was due to the fact that, though we appeared to have the approval of UNCC staff in Niamey, it was still necessary to submit a final report for the official approval of UNCC headquarters, and then for Elizabeth to make a tournee to submit the conclusions and have them approved by the délégués départementaux.

Finally, some social notes: Highlights of our trip to Niger's "Big Apple" included a great mischoufi at Elizabeth's house, a really fine poolside luncheon at the Ambassador's house, and a weekend group excursion to Parc W, led by the good Dr. Jim Sonneman and Paul Libiszowski (hey, Paul, don't you think we ought to get out of the truck and walk a little ways?). Thanks to Glen and John at the park for their fine hospitality. Last but not least, there was a send-off dinner at the Marhaba and a trip to the airport for Larry Bevan who was returning temporarily to the States for a medical problem.

Oh yes, one more thing--this summary would not be complete without extending the highest form of congratulations to John Luoma for his swimming prowess at the Rec Center pool in the form of eight laps in a row underwater. Truly incredible, John.

Let me speak for all UNCC volunteers in extending a note of special thanks to Elizabeth Ernst for her past and continuing efforts to get the UNCC program off the ground.

--Tom Daley
UNCC
Dogondoutchi

TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES

--Submitted by Ann O. Nymous

A smart explorer is captured by savages who order him, "Make a statement. If what you say is true, you will be hanged. If it is false, you will be shot."

What does the explorer say that saves his life?

He says, "I will be shot."

TELE SPECIAL

--Also by Ann

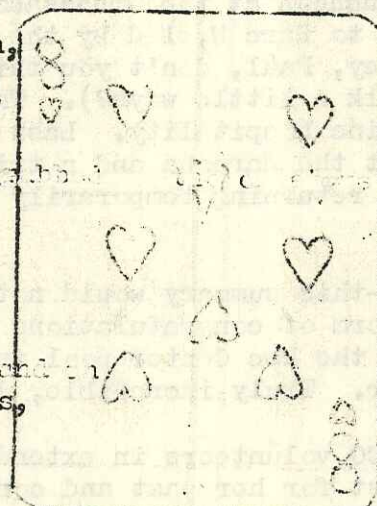
There is three errors in this sentence. What are they?

The third error is that there are only two errors

MAYER ON HUITTS

A row of monumental proportions overtook what had started out as an amicable (if there is such a thing) game of Huits Américaines a while back when the Anasarakoye of Say visited the capital of Damagaram. We in Zinder witnessed a classic confrontation between the "West Bank" style of play and the standard game outlined in Habou's Rules of Cards (Bricker House, Zinder, 1979), pp. 312-397. Mr. Fusco, undisputed Huits champion of the West Bank (and Professor of Yiddish Studies at the Université Islamique de Say), was invited to show his mettle at the First Annual Mayer Invitational Huits Classic held in the Grand Ballroom of the Boisson Fraîche, Zinder. Also invited to compete were the winners of other regional competitions:

Dosso: Ray "Hustler"
 Charmie "Ann" Hamilton,
 Katie Rorison, Agadez:
 Diffa: Nancy "Oh Gosh"
 "Three Ring" Donker.
 spot was claimed and
 and chauvinistic host
 selected Jim "Scoop"
 banner into the fray.



Jussaume, Tahoua:
 Maradi: "Roarin'"
 Fuzzy "Tollah" Burnett,
 Dillon, Zinder: Tom
 The eighth or "wild card"
 stabbed by the covetous
 city volunteers, who
 Delchanty to carry their

In the preliminary point system, devised and the host city partisans, scorekeepers, managed Donker and Delchanty, sneaking through were inevitably, the fearsome Fusco. Outraged cries of foul play immediately filled the air. The Zinder referees, Herre "Buggs" McGohee and Clement "Sixtus" Hearey, were charged with blatant favoritism, to which they flippantly replied, "Ina ruwamau?" Appeals were made to Head Scorekeeper Alice "Ma" Bonner, who responded with a firm "Oh pooh!" Tempers were later calmed during an interesting night's recess.

The final round opened the next day before a highly-spirited, standing-room-only crowd in the Grand Ballroom. The overflow was accommodated next door at the posh Restaurant La Liberté, where closed-circuit television had been flown in and set up by "Golden Boy" Mark Hukill. As the finalists approached the table, exquisitely draped for the occasion with the ubiquitous table cloth picturing Coke and Seven-up bottles and mixed fruit on a blue and white plastic field, they were ceremoniously searched by imposing Sergeant-at-Arms Paul Libiszoski, who, in a rare display of Zinder impartiality, fished an eight-spot out of the hole in Donker's trouser leg. Donker was sanctioned two cards in the first hand, and play began. The referees had placed Donker North and Delchanty South (so the Zinderis could flash eye signals), with Rorison East and Fusco West (of course).

The opening hands went along smoothly enough, naturally with few mistakes. Cagy Katie Rorison grabbed the early lead in the third hand when she went out with three 7's coiffed with the 2 of Spades

in Delchanty's lap. Tossawa coach Dave "Canteen" Gibbs let out a ringing "GO LATTIE!!" while the hometown crowd sat in stunned silence. The Zinderois' prospects brightened in the sixth hand when Delchanty slammed home his final card, the 2 of Hearts, forcing Fusco to draw two 10's, while Donker, instead of plucking his one, rubbed a Joker into Rorison's face with an aggressive "Eat it, Sweetheart!" Rorison took on Say. The fans went wild. Score after six hands: Donker 32, Rorison 54, Delchanty 61, Fusco 77.

After a mid-morning break for beignets and a Grande Flag, play resumed in what had suddenly become a charged atmosphere. Fusco, already irritated by playing under Habou's "standard" rules; was getting desperate. Who was this Habou, anyway? How had they dragged him, Anasarakoye of Say, all the way out to this rockpile they called a city? He had to make his move, and fast. He saw his chance in the ninth hand, when Delchanty hit him with the 2 of Clubs. Forgetting in his anger that he was not in Say, at a quiet Sunday afternoon game at the Compoment with "Good Ol' Mary Jo," Fusco slammed down the 2 of Diamonds and triumphantly screamed at Donker, "Take four, you buzzard!" The Zinderois spat back scornfully, "What the hell do you mean take four? What kind of (expletive deleted) wuss rules are these? You're charged two and you take two more for a sanction!"

"Hey, look!" retorted Fusco, "On the West Bank, when you put a 2 on top of a 2 you pass the chargement on to the next player, who must take four. Now pluck!"

"I'll pluck your (expletive deleted) nose, Shorty!" said Donker, as he lunged for the diminutive West Banker.

Ghandi-like, "Gentleman Jim" Delchanty stepped into the fray. "Non-Violence...." A Grande Flag came crashing down over his head and Rorison reached for another. Donker never saw what hit him; he just crumpled to the floor next to the inert form of our valiant editor. The hostile partisan crowd cried for Rorison's blood, surging toward her and the invader from Say, Tuareg swords gleaming. Then silence. All eyes turned toward the famous double doors. It was I, the patron of the tournament. I was not about to see my prestigious reputation as Eastern promoter of Huits Américaines shattered in the Boisson Fraiche like those cheap green bottles the Miss from Tossawa had used to neutralize the hometown heroes. As the crowd parted and moved respectfully back to their benches, I kicked the bodies aside with a mixture of shame and disgust, strode to the playing table, whipped off my sunglasses and declared to the surviving adversaries, "Hé! Ecoutez-là! De toutes les façons, on va continuer, hein!"

That settled, play resumed à deux, and it was quite a treat for the Huits aficionados in attendance (and even the Zinder fans, who soon forgot their "Fallen Two" in the excitement). For fifteen, or tense, exciting hands, it was nip and tuck, master against master, nobody taking more than ten pints in a hand. Fusco seemed to be tiring, however, and was starting to get kvetchy, but Rorison, sustained by a continued flow of Kilishi and Tossawa Water from the Gibbs Life Support System, was getting tougher and tougher and even

seemed to be gaining weight. The score stood 198 for Fusco, 174 for Rorison.

Then, in the twenty-second hand, the break came. Rorison, who smelled something un-kosher up Fusco's sleeve and was therefore unwilling to waste a Joker on a question, opted to pluck. Coach Gibbs, whose enthusiasm for the game far exceeds his grasp of its subtleties, blurted for all the world to hear, "Gee Katie, why didn't you play the Joker?" Silence. The crowd blushed. Rorison fumed. Fusco smirked. He then deftly played out his remaining cards, knowing that he would have to draw out Rorison's Joker before he could throw his 2 of Spades. Then he got his chance. "CARTE!" he cried smugly. Not knowing what the "carte" was, Rorison had no choice. She unloaded the Joker, glaring at Gibbs. Fusco casually flipped the 2 onto the table. Katie drew two 8's and two 10's. It was all over.

Despite the regional rivalry, the Zinder crowd cheered the Mighty Fusco as the new King of Huits Américaines. "Wannan, ya iya wasa!" "KWARAIKWA. Shi gwani no!"

We can all be proud of Monty and we'll be following his exploits closely as he represents us in the regional quarterfinals to be held next month in N'Djamena. If he's lucky enough there, he'll go on to the Africa finals in Monrovia later this year. Good Luck Monty!

-Joel Mayer, with special tutoring
from James Delchanty

The time to apply to graduate schools for admission with financial aid is December/January. Considering the time it takes for mail to travel between here and the States, you should be sending for information and application forms this summer if you are thinking about entering in the autumn of 1981. Remember that the GRE's can be taken in Niger if you arrange it with the people at Princeton. The Zinder hostel has two books describing graduate programs in the various universities and listing addresses. I'll try to see that they aren't stolen. If you are far from Zinder and want some stateside university address, let me know. -JMD

A ship is twice as old as its boiler was when the ship was as old as the boiler is. The sum of their ages equals 49 years. How old is the ship and how old is the boiler?

Joe: Hey, Moe, when rain falls, does it ever get up again?

Moe: In dew time.

BLIND TO BEGGARS

Hearts harden, eyes look without seeing. Sometimes I don't know who is more blind. Another day, another cripple. Another errand in town begets another beggar. I am here to help, but I can't support everyone with club feet and sightless eyes. We threw off the misguided zeal of the White Man's Burden decades ago, and bleeding heart liberalism isn't in style. I care, but I can't care about every withered limb. Last summer in Biamcy I noticed the police had cleared the beggars from the sidewalks in front of Score, and I was relieved that I no longer had to feel guilty for buying an ice cream bar. All my childhood I knew that if Communists attacked or my Christian principles were otherwise challenged, I would pass with flying colors. I was secure in my compassion.



But I have not given enough alms money in two years in Niger to equal one of my omelette and beefsteak dinners. In fact, I can count on the stubs of a leper's hands the number of times I have seen an American give money to a beggar. Perhaps some people have their own favorite recipients in their villages. Perhaps not. And who says it's my business anyway? Certainly not me. I'm just curious. Very curious about the charity I do not see in myself or in other Americans I know here. Bowl-clanking, pocket-jingling, coin-flipping, here-buy-yourself-some-coffee charity in the streets.

I don't give often. Neither do most of my acquaintances, though it seems like the simple, decent thing to do. No less a bleeding heart than the socialist sociologist Michael Harrington—who launched the War on Poverty with his 1960's book, The Other America and recently published a worldwide analysis of poverty, The Vast Majority—even he experienced the insensitivity in his own heart after a few weeks visiting poor nations. He entered India weeping at the hovels in Bombay; within a week his tears were dried up by rising anger as destitute cripples besieged him the moment he strolled outdoors. For Americans in Niger, the cries of cadeau kids mix with the pleas of paupers, and for peace of mind we learn to shut out the whole clamor.

It appears to be an orderly emotional process, and all that are left are the rationalizations. There are many rationalizations to choose from; I have used some of them myself and seen the rest implemented by my friends.

The earlier, pure caring for your fellow man becomes quickly overshadowed by more mature, more pragmatic considerations once you arrive here. You think things like, "Well, we don't want to increase their dependence on us. They have to be taught to help themselves." This attitude does not feel at all callous if

viewed correctly, and instead can be made to glow like an intellectual insight. People you see on the streets need more fundamental aid than mere alms-giving. You can't solve societal problems of health and welfare by yourself, and it would be wrong to apply band-aid treatment. What will they do when you're gone, for Chrissakes? Farsightedness is presented as the better part of compassion, and a benign bootstrap theory of upward mobility adapts itself to Nigger. You'd like to help, you yearn to, but for their own good you won't.

There also exists the tact that if you give money to one, you will have to give it to a dozen others equally deserving. Believing in fairness and squirming uncomfortably in the shoes of God, you stride past the motley throng.

Playing the role of noblesse oblige bothers me and has been my personal barrier to giving freely. I remember along beggars' row, near Score, I felt condescending if I gave money, or worse, I would feel hypocritical. "Don't try to soothe your conscience with a few token coins," I reprimanded myself. Either go all the way or do not go at all. Like giving a tip to a waitress—it is more demeaning to give her 10 cents than to give her nothing.

I have also closed my wallet with the argument of "I'm nobody's sucker." They stick a pitiful paw in your face, push your nose into their miserable reality, and expect you to give it as if it is their right. At least the quills of my mind twist it to seem that way. I suppose I do not like others to play upon my pity, so I rebel. I'll give of my own volition (I claim), but not if you try to force me to.

I suppose that other volunteers do not give because they rationalize that their work helps in other ways. Why worry about coins to a beggar when you are saving babies' lives each month? Or perhaps they give their gifts and favors to healthy-but-poor neighbors who have names and personalities. They have no "guilt gap" so they do not think much about the alms issue.

Who does think about it? Maybe nobody. Maybe just me. And I haven't lost sleep over it, though that night may still lurk in the future. I am not interested in casting aspersions on our moral turpitude. I am just interested in what I have seen these past two years. And curious about what I have not seen.

-Jeff Drumtra

AFTER THE PEACE CORPS...

from The Boston Globe
May, 1980

reprinted thanks to Jaye Krasnow

Ten years ago.

You are about to go home again, back to the United States. "Home?"

There is something almost surreal in that thought, for it really seems as if you are leaving home.

For the last two years, you have lived as nothing in your college-educated, middle class existence prepared you for. In a small African village miles from the nearest phone and the nearest doctor. Or in a teeming South American city where, in the harsh shadow of affluence and bustle, poverty and disease seem all the more cruel.

You have so totally absorbed a language and culture that you cannot finish a sentence without adding "God willing." You have acquired a view of the world which will seem utterly alien to friends left behind in the U.S., friends who, you will soon find, have become so angry over Vietnam they see the entire American system as evil. That you cannot buy.

Which is not to say you have become an American chauvinist, either. Far from it. Every day for the past two years, you have listened to the radio and discovered that, in fact, the U.S. is a rather small part of the world.

But for all you have given, you have gotten a lot more, especially a long, hard look at how most of the world lives.

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There are now about 80,000 returned Peace Corps Volunteers in this country. It has been about ten years since the largest chunk of them--15,000 volunteers whose terms started during the Peace Corps heyday in 1966--have been back on American soil.

They have had a decade or more in which to mesh--or refuse to mesh--their Peace Corps styles and ideologies into the American mainstream.

They have watched the Peace Corps evolve from the glorious dream of John F. Kennedy in 1961, through the early period of volunteer as Romantic Hero, through a rocky period under Richard Nixon and the troubled days when the radical Committee of Returned Volunteers tried to abolish the corps altogether, to a permanent, and rather invisible, bureaucratic home for today's 6000 volunteers under the ACTION agency.

They have had time to cringe, laugh and cry as, in one tumultuous decade, the headlines evolved from "Seekonk Boy Helps Enlighten Ethiopians" and "Young Americans Carry Out Spirit of Christian Peace" to "Is the Peace Corps Dead?"

Bureaucratically, the old Peace Corps may indeed be just a shadow of its former self.

But in an important sense, the real value of the Peace Corps may have just begun; the infusion back into American society of thousands of people who seem to have combined professional ambition with the same idealistic involvement in society that characterized their Peace Corps days.

Peace Corps volunteers, 10 years later, do not seem to have abandoned their earlier sense of being part of the world community: many have married or initiated close relationships with foreigners living in the U.S. and many others have returned to their Peace Corps countries and other Third World nations for work and travel.

Extensive interviews with volunteers in the greater Boston area who have been back for 10 years or more show a distinct post-Peace Corps pattern.

For as little as a few months to as long as three or four years, most volunteers flounder in what the Peace Corps calls "reverse culture shock" and the need, after two years in exile, to chart a more permanent direction for their lives at home.

A few, by their own admission, are still floundering 10 or 12 years later, still looking for a niche in the mainstream which fits them as well, ideologically and temperamentally, as the Peace Corps did.

But the overwhelming majority seem to be leading lives which are at least as happily on track as those of people who did not take early years out of career and marriage paths.

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Take Newell Flather, for instance. He is 42 now and looks typecast as the West Newton husband and father, three-piece suit (Boston Safe Deposit) banker that he is.

At 23, Flather was in the very first group of Peace Corps volunteers, the group which caught world attention as they descended from their plane in Ghana singing the Ghanaian national anthem in 1961.

Once back in the U.S. after his two-year Peace Corps tour, Flather spent four years at the Afro-American Institute in New York doing African studies. From there, after marriage to an Africanist, there were years spent in fundraising for the institute and in urban renewal in Philadelphia.

"Emotionally, I did not leave Africa until 1969, even though I had been back since 1963," Flather says now. After a couple of years at business school, Flather went into the rather conservative field of banking, but felt, in his own mind at least, that did not mean a right turn away from the liberal causes he had always believed in.

"My job at the bank is managing non-profit foundations. There is definitely an evolutionary thread. And in my spare time, I'm on the board of directors for the Experiment in International Living (an international exchange program).

Flather is also chairman of the board of Ox-Fam, the economic development and relief group which was in the forefront of relief in Cambodia.

In fact, he went to Cambodia as part of that effort. "I felt immediately and immensely at home there," he says, "just like in Ghana. Whatever it was that drew us all into Peace Corps probably still propels us. In that sense, I hope I never recover from my Peace Corps experience.

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After two years as a volunteer in Jamaica, Harley Laing, 35, went to law school, a common post-Peace Corps step. Today, he has settled into a spot as assistant regional counsel for the Environmental Protection Agency.

For Laing, as for most returned volunteers, it took some time and persistence to find the right niche, where humanitarian goals and the likelihood of professional advancement meshed. But pursuing that kind of congruent life is, for many ex-volunteers, precisely the point.

Steve Keese, 38, a systems analyst at John Hancock Mutual Life, lives communally in Milton.

Two years in Brazil as a volunteer and two more as a farmer in a Brazilian utopian community he tried to start crystallized for Keese a permanent sense of commitment to idealistic service. Today, on top of a normal work week, Keese typically spends another five to ten hours as a volunteer or board member of groups like the National Abortion Rights League, the Population Action Council and "about 20 others." He estimates that he spends \$3,000 to \$4,000 a year in direct gifts and contributions to such organizations.

"Why? I guess it's just a feeling that I've lived a pretty privileged life and this is a way of paying back. There's also a feeling, kind of like a Boy Scout attitude, that I should leave the world in better shape than I found it."

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Some volunteers have banded together in service organizations like The Independent Foundation in Washington, run by 34-year old Patrick Saccamandi, a volunteer in Thailand in 1967. Like other organizations of ex PCV's, the "IF" as volunteers call it, supplies energetic bodies and raised consciousnesses to a number of projects, like a recent one which set up health screening fairs in a half-dozen major cities.

Others have made politics their natural post-Peace Corps step. Paul Tsongas (Ethiopia '62-'64) is now a U.S. senator from Massachusetts and one of four national legislators with a Peace Corps background. The others are Chris Dodd, a Democrat from Connecticut who was a Peace Corps volunteer ('66-'68) in the Dominican Republic; Tony Hall, a Democrat from Ohio who served in 1964 as a volunteer in Thailand; and Tom Petri, a Republican from Wisconsin who spent his Peace Corps years ('67-'68) in Somalia.

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Thirty-six-year-old Robert O'Connell, an Allston man who has been selling real estate in Brookline for most of the years since his return from India in 1968, explains his extra-curricular volunteering this way: "I've always felt that if you're going to live in a society, you have to contribute to it."

O'Connell's contribution is 15 hours a week working for Massachusetts Fair Share. "I believe it's important that people understand they have the power to bring about good government. Problems are created mainly by people's lack of involvement. And the solution is getting people involved."

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John and Colleen Clark, both 37, spent two years in Turkey as volunteers and most of the last ten raising two children and getting two careers coordinated, his as a Ph.D. geographer and analyst in the dean's office in the Harvard Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, and hers as field coordinator for community child health at Harvard's School of Public Health.

Her work is a direct outgrowth of Peace Corps days and she says, "I can't imagine what the world would look like to me if I hadn't been to Turkey. It changed my view of world problems and world relations. But I'm sure I would have been doing the same thing professionally today even without Peace Corps because what got me into Peace Corps was a sense of altruism. I've always had that."

Her husband spends his extra hours as a volunteer at the Union on Concerned Scientists in Cambridge, gathering information on the MX missile program. The priorities which emerged for him as a Peace Corps volunteer still hold.

"Back a few years ago when I was teaching at UCLA," says Clark, "I had to work hard to convince those people--that was California, the fount of the self-centered way of life--that the rest of the world still mattered. I still care whether the world is going to exist next week and I think one should keep track of what's going on in the world beyond one's own job and life."

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When Charles Wyzanski, 35, returned from the Peace Corps in Biafra and Senegal in 1968, he went to Harvard Law School. But after several years of "lawyering", which he found "too conflict-oriented," he has found his spiritual home as an instructor in Harvard Law School's clinical program, and in doing legal services for indigent clients in Field's Corner.

"In some respects, I'm still like a volunteer. I haven't entered the cash world. I feel there isn't a connection between what I do for people and what I'm paid.

"I didn't enter Peace Corps as an activist. I had just always felt a personal sympathy and desire to understand other cultures and other peoples. The Peace Corps was the most important and most rewarding two years of my life, and it came at just the right time."

Like many other volunteers, some of whom married host nationals they met during Peace Corps terms, Wyzanski counts many foreigners among his close friends. His roommate in law school was a Senegalese man and his lady friend/roommate now is a Turkish woman.

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Derick Brinkerhoff, 32, after two years in the central African country of Chad, returned for a doctorate in international development at Harvard. Poised on the brink of a career in developing countries--at the moment off on a management training trip to Morocco--Brinkerhoff

"I certainly wouldn't be doing what I'm doing now if it weren't for the Peace Corps. The most valuable thing for me was seeing how the rest of the world lives. Most Americans have no idea of what it means to be really poor. In the Peace Corps, you see people living literally on nothing. It's a real eye-opener."

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Steve Clark, 37, echoes that sentiment. "The Peace Corps turned me inside out. I'm un-American today in not being a consumer at all. The Peace Corps gave me the shocking realization that you don't need much to survive. I lived with people who had very little in the way of material goods but who arranged their lives to provide tremendous amounts of social and spiritual satisfaction in their cooking, the weather, little things. It sounds corny, but it's true and even today, 13 years later, I still arrange my life around that kind of simplicity."

Clark, who went to law school after the Peace Corps, has worked for the Lawyers' Committee for Effective Action to end the War, for the Cambridge Center for the Boston 200 program and, presently

"The Peace Corps changed my whole life," says Robert Duncan, 40, who spent three years ('65-'68) in Tanzania. "Stuck off in a remote area, I discovered who I was--an artist--which my education until then had not brought out."

But the Peace Corps experience for Duncan, "a real relief because I was with other kindred souls, intelligent but slightly crazy," isn't something he has been able to build on. Trying various lifestyles as a chimney sweep, guitar teacher and amateur photographer, Duncan shrugs. "I never have been able to fit into the mainstream. I never have been able to figure out what I want to be When I Grow Up," But I guess that's a personal trait, not a Peace Corps thing."

Post-Peace Corps life has also been difficult and confusing for Debra Bloom, 41, a Belmont woman who served in Columbia with her husband from 1965 through 1967. As soon as they hit New York after the Peace Corps, says Bloom, "the reverse culture shock killed my husband, and he killed himself."

Pregnant and shocked that a new life as a housewife was shattered, Bloom "had a rough time of it." After what she termed a "very zig-zag career," Bloom is now trying to put her life together and is working on a doctorate in education at Harvard.

Charles Duncan, 36, is another who loved the Peace Corps and has found life beyond it confusing.

After an extended tour--five years--in Iran, during which Duncan married another volunteer and had two children, Duncan tried suburban life and "came to the end of the American dream." Duncan and his wife both "did a big spiritual trip" with ARICA, a New York institution which teaches middle-eastern meditation.

Today, Duncan is divorced and a sixth grade teacher in Boston. He has custody of his two children. But he is dissatisfied. "I don't feel I'm in a situation I understand or where I'm understood. My dream is to move to the woods. I'm a total idealist, not a political idealist. I still have this silly, naive belief that people can talk out their prob-

Leon Haller, 43, who has a Master's in economics from Stanford, was in the first group of volunteers in Peru ('62-'64). After working for a number of years in other Asian countries with AID (Agency for International Development), Haller is now finishing up a book for Prentice-Hall on financial management for non-profit institutions. The book is based on Peace Corps experience and the recent years he has spent helping start the New England Fund for Cooperatives, a food co-op clearing house.

But mostly, like other returned volunteers who share a recurrent dream of somehow repeating the best aspects of their Peace Corps days, Haller thinks about travel.

And speaking of travel, remember on your summer jaunts that homebound PCV's in Niger are going to be eager to read your accounts in the pages of it! CE! At the very least, send in travel tips and information valuable to future tourists.