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 Libiszewski. 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 kiyi maa jihin. For this issue, thanks to Hanadou Issa, Hank Minkenwerder, Phyllis Dichter, Earl Bricker, Karen Godley, Diane Racah, Jeff Drumtro, Elizabeth Ernst, Larry Bevan, Joel Mayer, Madame Djibo, Tom Dolcy, Ann O. Nymans, Joly Krasnow, and Mary Pat Champion.

James Dolchany, 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 now 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 toward 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.
Dear Camil,

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

Since Phyllis may finally be going on vacation next week (i.e., hell must have frozen over) we are celebrating with a kilo of capitaine and a bottle of champagne (from Makanville, 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 TEM pages out of 19, by my count (10, 52%). Frankly, Jim, I appreciate those two pages. I was starting to run out of howweeks in my boyen-gida.

We four volunteers down here are meeting some 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 got 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 the good—that is with a souther 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 on brouse 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 bitterets with tomato sauce. I was working on identifying a hitherto undescribed species (which I would call Sardines Hanksus) which prefer an oily environment and school higher on the shelves of the mai-kantis. But then I had to leave '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, i.e., 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 Nata Rana,
Hank

Joe: Scy, loo, what do you call a small cowboy?
Before Phyllis left, late in April, she sent the CB her final "Notes from Lilac" 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 Lilac 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 tours, 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 those 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. I can 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 describing 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: Hamadou, 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 frigos, stoves, and money. Fifi, 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! Hamadou who got you to speak French even when you didn't want to. Bama, Saidou, Hamal, and both Hamanis who got us to you and back. The guardians, especially Hana and Djibo who make our hostel 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 Canal 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
CHIBUS STAGE '78 TRIVIA QUIZ
or
WHAT HAS ARALEN DONE TO YOUR MEMORY?

An Earl Bricker Production
With help from Zinder Department Veterans

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 Oz?
   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 parts 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?

Answers

1. Marilyn Westphal
2. Varying answers; be honest.
3. Wendell Pickett
4. André Wright
5. 7-8 hours, airport worker strike (2pts.)
7. 13 hours. Dr. Steve Edelman and Bob Jackson. (3 pts.)
8. None
10. Phyllis; Steve/Shaka (2pts.)
g. Gaston Kaba, h. Bob Jackson (8 pts.)
13. Ross (last name?)
15. a. Kathy McGauley, b. Diane Racher, c. Torry Hanson, d. Roger Stewart, e. Dunn Howe, f. Monty Pasco, g. Georgeanne Ross (7 pts.)
16. James Devine
17. Who knows? Some things are private, even in PC/Higer.
18. Carol Fint, Karen Curtin, John Lemon, Roger Stewart. (4 pts.)
19. John Lemon; TEL to UNCC.
20. Vince Costello, Rene Winstead, Steve Kursban, Kathy Mallison, Peter Corda. (5 pts.)
22. Floyd McGrath
24. Catherine Butts; Eileen Pecen (2 pts.)
Bonus. Lynn; forestry—seeing some slides with very few trees
and a lot of sand. (3 pts.)

Scoring Guide

53-60 — Metro must have helped you.
45-52 — You probably spent a lot of the stage straight.
37-44 — You haven't been taking your exam, have you?
29-36 — Well balanced stagiaire/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 into the detail of the following statistics. Thanks must
go to the foresight of Jeff Drumsta and Joel Mayer'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 PG/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 flow—minus
one—to Niamey 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?

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Program</th>
<th>No. That Came</th>
<th>No. Not Here Now</th>
<th>% Term</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>YD</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>62%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ag. Surv</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>33%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sugar</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>100%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cane</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
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</tbody>
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<tr>
<th>Program</th>
<th>No. That Came</th>
<th>No. Not Here Now</th>
<th>% Term</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Forestry</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>50%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nutrition</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>58%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TEL</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>30%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fisheries</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>33%</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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, wfilgo 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 Racher 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 CB specifically mentioned the members of the '76 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 Tullor, Ben Bastyr, Terry Spearing, 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 Korn, 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, Harla, Steve, et al.), and the summer date will accommodate future students and teachers. Madison,
Wisconsin was mentioned as a possible site because of its more-or-less central location and also since it's likely to be the residence of at least 2 present PCV's (Mark Hukill and myself) and perhaps one more (Bessie HoDavid). If anyone has better ideas, postage is still only 45 Cents, 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 Bande.

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 Peoples:

I frequently hear complaints that the Camel Express is dominated with TEM 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: RN's, lab techs, sage forbears, 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 boullies; 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 Dispensaire
H.P. 39 Chef de Canton de Bandé
Nagaria,

The following is a bouille 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 soupspoons millet flour, 2 soup spoons-kouli-kouli flour, 1 soupspoon bean flour. Put a kwame (small pot) of water into a takuni, 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.
Cook for at least 8 minutes so the flours will be properly cooked. Add some water if it gets too thick. This bouille does not cause diarrhea if cooked sufficiently.

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.

And here's something that was lost two months in the labyrinthine back rooms of the Zinder PTT. Diane and Hamadeu would have preferred it in the last issue of the QD, but it's enough that it was rescued from oblivion to see the light of day. It's for Nutrition Ed.

Dear Huts,

Howdy, Hamadeu has asked me to describe the model for a register that you should use to keep track of those LMS running around in your village. Here goes:

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, "Kalmatis 1980." This will give you a sense of purpose and remind you that time does indeed exist here.

The format is as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No. d'ordre</th>
<th>Nom, Prénom</th>
<th>Adresse</th>
<th>Date de Naissance</th>
<th>N° Fiche PTH</th>
<th>Évolution</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>5 lines</td>
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<td>2</td>
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<td>6</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
<td>6 lines</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

*Length 1 line per MN*
Nombre d'ordre: This is the numerical order of the malnourished. Go back to the beginning of 1960 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 "HN number" on the top of the corresponding PMI fiche.

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

Degree: None are no longer distinguished as 1st, 2nd, or 3rd degree. Just look on the curve and mark whether the child is "IPC modéré," or "IPC 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:

<table>
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<th>HE</th>
<th>poids</th>
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<tr>
<td>10/79</td>
<td>Sancussi Kané</td>
<td>IPC</td>
<td>24/1</td>
<td>54/1</td>
<td>12/9</td>
<td>B+N</td>
<td>23/1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quartier N° 1</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1/2/78</td>
<td></td>
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(suivi 10/80)
Keep your notations concise. Here are some examples of abbreviations:

B+M - Bouille de millet (B+M 2 oes, B+M lait, etc.)
B+M - Bouille avec farine de millet (B+M 1/2 louch millet flour, 1/2 louch millet flour, 1 cup spoon kouli kouli, 8 louches water, salt, 2 sugars)—thanks to Boss McDavid
CDR - Crème de riz (CDR 1 louch rice flour, 8 louches water, salt, 2 sugars)—thanks to Becky Raymond.

FAL - Purée de légumes
FDH - Purée d'haricots
VAD - Visite à domicile
HVP - Ne vient pas!

If you convince a woman and she doesn't come, mark it in red in the register. Then paint a big red HVP 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 these 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 HNS on braces. You can use the same format as the register.

Try to see your HNS 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 (i.e., 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 Racher
s/c Centre Medical
Hayati

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 Tine 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 magazines 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 empy secondary houses). Enclosed latrine pond 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 (oh! or far misses?), mop and broom are in corner.

MEDIEVAL MOVEMENT/Izamaye
Climb special staircase into medieval turret structure, entertain fantasies that Guermore 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/Soy
Apply Cutter's or drape moustiquaire over exposed skin, exit house, circle to front, north by northeast, back through foliage with machete or Swiss army knife. Stop, return to house, ask host where he put the toilet paper, answer two trivia questions, return with Roe Center hand towels, back through regrown foliage, north by northeast. Lower trousers/unwrap pagnes, 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 courtliness. Increased radio volume provides noise cover for diarrhetic 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)."

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, pass guest bedroom door occupied by malaria 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/Agades
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 moving 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. Accord 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 Mother 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 Dolcenty - July 1
Judith Pelchat - July 4
Randy Koehnse - July 5
Barbara Wilson - July 11
Sam Pett - July 20
Jack Mayer - July 22
Nancy Olinger - July 23
Mark Litton - August 1
Wayne Betscher - August 8
Mary LeGlace - August 14
Gass Maegle - 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. "Hi!" is Larry Bevan, of course.
KARAMA-MAI-JAN-ADIKO

Gatanan! Gatanankun!


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

"Ashe? To, nadalna. Ho garce kai cikin suna?"

"Ina da abin da yawa, saboda ta ni gidan kakkata. Tsehawa ce, da kuma ba ta da lafiya."

"Ashe! Ashe! Alla ya kare sauki!"

"Kanin. To, sai na tahi. Sai ki jina, Kalana Kuma."

"Yawa! Nu jina da yawa. Ki gidi mini kakkali, kin ji?"

"Ta jii."


De Karama-Mai-Jan-Adiko ta shiga, ta ga "kakkata" bisa gado. Tana tsunnani, "Ashe ba ta da hawan, kwarai!" Sai Kuma ta ce, "Lole, Jikata! Lole! Lole! Sukmu da suwa!"

"Kaka! Ashe kiin da muryi idanu, kwarai da gaskiu!"

"Saboda in gan ki sosai, Yorinyata!"

"Kaka! Ashe kiin da munya kummer, kwarai da gaskiu!"

"Saboda in jin ki sosai, Yorinyata!"

"Kaka! Ashe kiin da munya laker, kwarai da gaskiu!"

Yamas, Kuma ta tashin, ta saboda da tuxah, ta bidade bakinta, ta gwada hakonanta, ta yi iku cewa.

"Saboda in C I N N E ki nasu, Yorinyata!"
AID and Peace Corps

-continued from an article by Kay Chornush 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 3000 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.F. 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 Devan - Soy (cinco departed Niger; ed.)
Tom Delcy - Degondoutchi
Tony Hixson - Acayah]
Paul Libisowski - Zinder
John Luoma - Dekoro
Frank Lusby - Guidan Roundji
Steve Stiglader - Tahouna
Robert Taylor - Diffa
Wayne Urbanos - Tabelet

After introductory comments by Mr. Amadou Dan TaTa, the associate director of UNCC, and Phyllis Dieter, 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. Kali Kwan, 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 Bounchub, 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 recycle of UNCC agents working in the field. Most of us came to Niger to help train these Nigerian agents, called encadreurs. These men were posted at cooperatives and markets to assist in their financial management and to train the local payans 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 recycle 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颓废 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 Uzini 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 volunteers 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 departement center whose job is planning and executing stages for the further training of UNCC staff and personnels. 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 recyvolage 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 all 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 personnels will eventually take over full responsibility for their operation. Therefore, this work may also entail training the local people. There are presently the 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 project work, like the *Projet Productivité* of Dosso or the *Projet Harari*.

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 tournée 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 mischmi at Elizabeth’s house, a really fine poolside luncheon at the Ambassador’s house, and a weekend group excursion to Poro U, led by the good Dr. Jim Sonnenman 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 Maraka 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. Rymans*

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."

**TELL 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 HUITS

A row of monumental proportions overtook what had started out as an academic (if there is such a thing) game of Huits Américaines while back when the Annamboyo 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 Horn, 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 Baisson Fraîche, Zinder. Also invited to compete were the winners of other regional competitions: Dossie: Ray "Hustler" Charnic: "Ann" Hamilton; Katie Rorison, Agades; Diffa: Nancy "Oh Gosh" "Three Ring" Doncker; spot was claimed and and chauvinistic host selected Jim "Scoop" banner into the fray.

In the preliminary point system, devised by the host city partisans, scorekeepers managed Doncker and Delachanty, sneaking through were inevitably, the fearsome Fusco. One tragic crisis of foul play immediately filled the air. The Zinder referees, Horre "Buggs" Mobach and Clement "Sixtus" Hearley, were charged with blatant favoritism, to which they flippantly replied, "Ina ruwam," Appeals were made to Head Scorekeeper Alice "Ha" Boman, 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 tablecloth 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 Libiszewski, who, in a rare display of Zinder impartiality, fished an eight-spot out of the hole in Doncker's trouser leg. Doncker was sanctioned two cards in the first hand, and play began. The referees had placed Doncker North and Delachanty South (so the Zinderese 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 Dolchanty's lap. Tossawa coach Dave "Canteen" Gibbs let out a ringing "GO LEAFIE!" while the hometown crowd sat in stunned silence. The Zinderin prospects brightened in the sixth hand when Dolchanty slammed home his final card, the 2 of Hearts, forcing Fusco to draw two N's, while Doncker, instead of plucking his one, rubbed a Joker into Borison's face with an aggrieved "Eat it, Sweetheart!" Borison took an 8. The fans went wild. Score after six hands: Doncker 32, Borison 54, Dolchanty 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 Hobou's "standard" rules, was getting desperate. "Who's this Hobou, anyway? How had they dropped him, Amazonsky of Scy, 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 Dolchanty hit him with the 2 of Clubs. Fueled by fury that he was not in Scy, at a quiet Sunday afternoon game on the Comptant with "Ted of" Mary Jo," Fusco slammed down the 2 of Sicas and triumphantly screamed at Doncker, "Take four, you buzzard!" The Zinderins spat back scornfully, "Hate the hell do you mean take four? What kind of (expletive deleted) was 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 charge-ment-on to the next player, who must take four! How pluck!"

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

Gandhi-like, "Gentleman Jim" Dolchanty stepped into the fray. "Mon-Violin," A Grande Flag came crashing down over his head and Borison reached for another. Doncker 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 Borison's blood, surging toward her red and the invader from Scy, Tharog swords gleaming. Then silence. All eyes turned toward the famous double doors. It was I, the patron of the tournament, not about to see my prestigious reputation as Eastern promotor of Huits Amérindienes shattered in the Beisson Franchise 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-moi! De toutes les regons, 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 "Fallon Two" in the excitement). For fifteen more tense, exciting hands, it was nip and tuck, matter against matter, nobody taking more than ten points in a hand. Fusco seemed to be tiring, however, and was starting to get kvetchy, but Borison, 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, "Joe 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 Haute Américaines. "Wannan, ya iya wona!" "KWARAKWA. Shi gwani ne!"

He 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 Mayor, with special tutoring
from James Dolchany

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 dow 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 can help, but I can’t support everyone with club feet and sightless eyes. We throw 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 Nicacy 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 even 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, hero-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. We 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 beseeched him the moment he strolled outdoors. Americans in Niger, the cries of cadou 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 Christ's sake? Farsightedness is presented as the better part of compassion, and a benign bootstrap theory of upward mobility adapts itself to Niger. You'd like to help, you yearn to, but for their own good you won't.

There also exists the fact 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 nobleman obligates others no and has been my personal barrier to giving freely. I remember along beggars' row, near Seoul, 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 reproached 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. I at least the guilt 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 no. 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, 1960
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
tooming South American city where, in the harsh shadow of affluence
and hustle, 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 "and 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.

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 "Sookok 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 view.
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.

Take Howell 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 Afri-American Institute in New York going 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 thrust. 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.

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

For Loing, as for most returned volunteers, it took 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 have left him 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."

Some volunteers have banded together in service organizations like The Independent Foundation in Worthington, run by 34-year-old Patrick Sasomandi, 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 stop. Paul Tsangas (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 ('66-67) in the Dominican Republic; Tony Hall, a Democrat from Ohio who served in 1968 as a volunteer in Thailand; and Tom Petri, a Republican from Wisconsin who spent his Peace Corps years ('67-68) in Somalia.

Thirty-six-year-old Robert O'Connell, an Allston man who has been selling real estate in Brookline ever since his return from India in 1966, 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 10 hours a week working for Massachusetts Fair Share. "I believe it's important that people understand they have the power to bring about governmental changes. Problems are created mainly by people's lack of involvement. And the solution is getting people involved."

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."

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Note: The text appears to be a newspaper clipping or article discussing Peace Corps volunteers and their activities after serving in various capacities and locations. The text highlights the diverse ways in which former Peace Corps volunteers continue to engage with communities and social causes. It includes stories of volunteers who have transitioned into political careers, community service, and professional roles that align with their Peace Corps experiences and values.
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 these people—that was California, the font 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."

When Charles Wysanski, 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 is 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 tours, Wysanski 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.

Dorick Drinkerhoff, 32, after two years in the central African country of Chad, returned for a doctorate in international development at Harvard. Paired on the brink of a career in developing countries—or at the moment off on a mandated training trip to Morocco—Drinkerhoff

"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."

Steve Clark, 37, echoes that sentiment. "The Peace Corps turned me inside out. I'm an 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 they 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 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 problenems..."

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 Latin 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 Fiji CE! At the very least, send in travel tips and information valuable to future tourists.