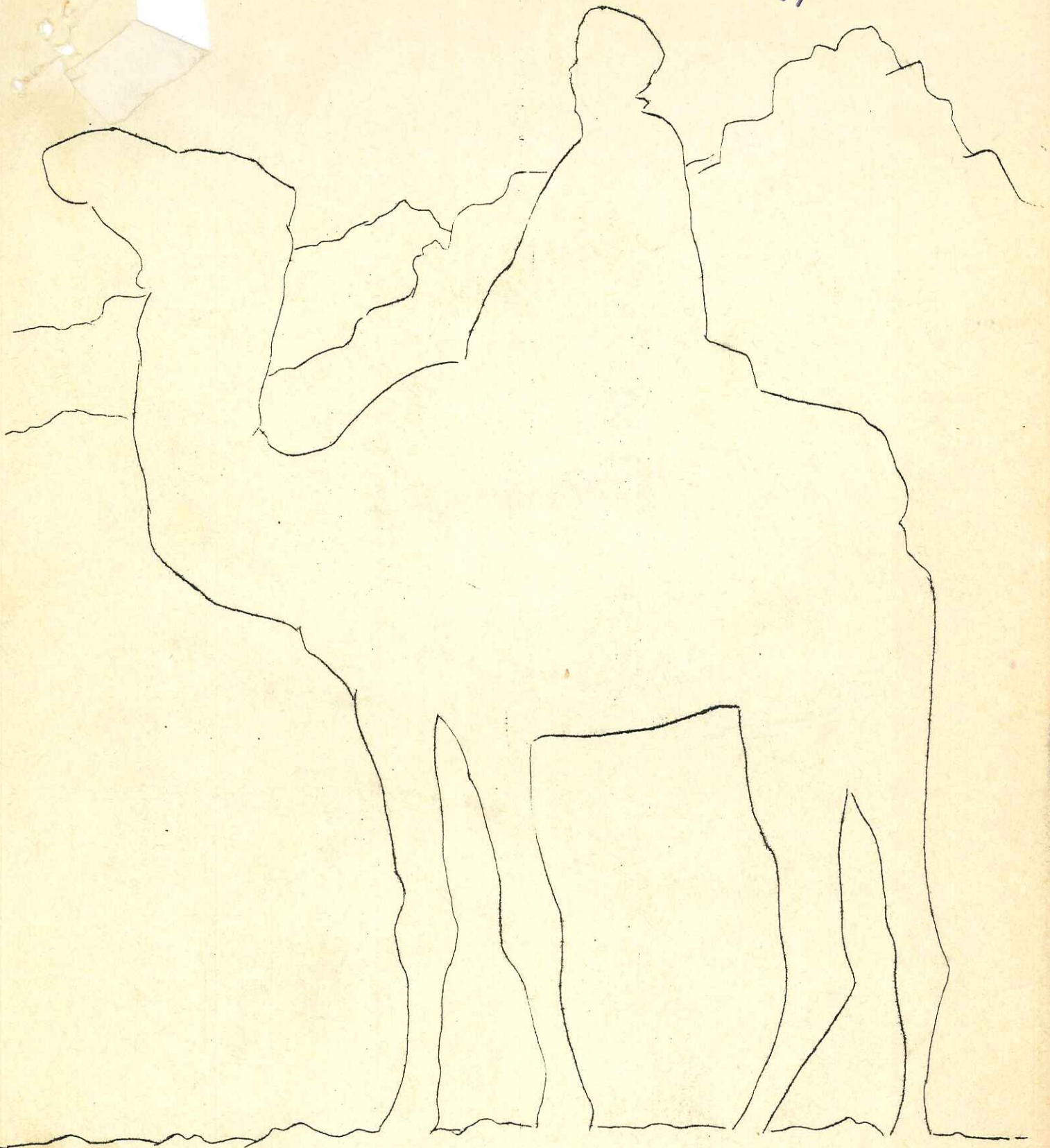


Sluggo Brierley



CAMEL EXPRESS



# THE CANEL EXPRESS

A Peace Corps Niger Quarterly, Damn it

November 1980

This July through November Canel Express continues in the Bricker you'll get it when it's done tradition. It's almost like the Old Man never left. Actually, we did have a couple of obstacles to overcome. Before we could put this gem out we had to get back from our summer holiday; that meant late September. And then we had to find articles to print. It's almost impossible to get a CE out if nothing is sent to us. If we get nothing we'll be forced to publish an issue of Zinder news, gossip, and interviews, which would go over about as well as a turd in a punch bowl. So folks, let's get cracking and send us things. Anything will do—humor, poems, muckracking. We're not too discriminating. Of particular interest are articles about RD and Health sectors. There are none this issue.

Another little matter you're sure to notice is the horrible typing. It's not that we're totally incompetent dactylographs, but we ran out of correcting fluid, and since it was the end of October we didn't have money to buy another bottle. Then, when our mandates came, Camico was closed for inventory. So please try to ignore the cross-overs and uncorrected errors, because we're really embarrassed. Next issue will be clean as Jerry Brown's kitchen.

The editorial make-up at the CE has changed again. Now we are two: Delehanty and Doncker. As Jim says, "It was either this or hire a part-time stenographer-typist or give up work at the Ecole Normale."

Do you like the new cover? It's a Nelson/Delehanty semi-original. That old chain-smoking drom had carried the burden long enough. So anyway folks, please, please, please send us stuff. There must be some new talent out there. Sully, how about something else? And the N'Guigni Trio; how are the sands shifting? And you from Big Rock? And where the hell is Tchén Tabaraden anyway? And Dan Sarkin Daji ...? Really, let's get w/it.

And again in the Bricker tradition, a little self-indulgent closing paragraph about Zinder, home of the CE and the wrai Peace Corps experience. Clom's in the hostel now, the only possible replacement for Earl (it takes a special kind of person to live in a bus depot). Not that anyone could really take Bricker's place. (Yes Earl, we'll say it once and hold our peace, we really miss you.) Bola's grandfather... I mean Joel's gone to Niamey. Nina's the only newcomer, and she isn't really so now. Yes, it's old blood here, and a little thinner at that. "Little America" has been repressed. All our plans for starting a private club are blown to hell. But we're an indomitable if motley crew, and the Zinder élan lives on. Until next time...

J. Delehanty, T. Doncker

## Contributors This Issue:

J. Chiasson	P. Pierce	The Zinderois
R. Drake	P. Skinner	K. Martenson
E. Bricker	The Ghana Boys	A. Nymous
W. Carruth	J. Mayer	
M. Sullivan		



NOTES  
from  
NIAMEY!

October 18, 1980

To those of you whom we have not yet met...sprinkled along the shores of Lake Chad and the pastures beyond Dakoro...we would like to ~~introduce~~ ourselves. We constitute the extended Carruth family of six, with a seventh held in reserve during studies in Boston.

In late July Mary and I, with our four daughters, arrived at Niamey airport to face a platoon of new faces and a quickly gathering torrential rainstorm. With good cheer and optimism we were told that our baggage had been flown on to Abidjan. Mamadou Issa pulled our act together and drove us through the wind and rain to the old home of the legendary ancient director, Phyllis. We were greeted by Ibrahim the guardian, his family and Phyllis' cat.

I must have neglected to read the fine print when I took this assignment. The last twelve weeks have been more interesting and complex than I could have expected for myself and my family.

Much of that time has been taken in meeting more than 200 people, getting to know the ropes that reflect more than 20 years of Peace Corps' presence in Niger, seeing how volunteers and programs fit together and sometimes don't fit together, and setting a few organizational matters on a new course. While I am much more interested in programming, selection of volunteers and staff, and training, there have been several major distractions. The biggest headache came with the news that all Peace Corps programs would be without approved budgets for six or more months starting in October 80. So let us know, said the cable from Washington, how you and the APCDs intend to proceed at the level of last year's expenditures. There was also the overflow of activity related to Omnibus 80 which saw more than 100 stagiaires and training staff tromping through the ivy covered lanes of Lycée Kassai.

The kinds of issues the APCDs and I will be looking at include:

- What the Nigerien ministries expect of PCVs and what PCVs expect of themselves.
- Since our health and education sectors are pretty stable, where does Peace Corps fit in Niger's plans for rural development and agriculture, and into other sectors.
- The possibility that the central issue is not a bigger budget but developing a better trained, smaller cadre of PCVs with good placement. I am shocked at the wastage of PCV human resources related to marginal programming and to minimal or lethargic expectations.
- Ways to meet you on site more than once a year.



I hesitate to say more even though there is more to say, to discuss and to work with each of you.

I'll offer a small vignette into one of my own attitudes; it may help you understand from where I am coming.

Once in the late 50s while guarding the air approaches of Hartford, Connecticut against all comers, I had to develop a competent fire control team for a Nike missile battery. Many of the people I'd been given did not have the requisite training skills. Yet we trained-motivated and helped them to the point where they were accomplishing much more than we had a right to expect.

They did the job; we simply enabled them.

I believe that approach is essential to the work of development and to your individual work in particular.

You and I have much to discuss when we meet (again). In the meantime I would be interested to receive a letter reflecting your views about two issues: the value of your work to Niger, and its value to you.

The APCDs look forward to hearing from each of you.

Best regards from us all.

William Carruth  
Peace Corps Country Director  
Niger

To new TEFL teachers:

In the hope of augmenting and upgrading my substandard swearing-in night, six (minus three) point speech, please accept the following:

I meant what I said then about respect. Every day—~~true~~—I think about one or more of you. It's hard to work and live and eat with a group of people and not form some sort of attachment. I'd give anything to be able to watch your first weeks of teaching, kind of a Claude Rains/Mr. Jordan role, but unfortunately, I can only speculate about your counters. Until you write (B.P. 10537), that is.

So, before this becomes extremely sentimental, not my favorite style, I'll close it up. And in case my first year (is it second now?) friends feel left out, don't. You're more than special.

MDEB, Earl

P.S. For my future don I envision a wall of Flag and Bière Niger labels. Can anybody help? Send the better labels (no rips) to: 821 Hickory, Hamilton, Illinois 62341.

How can you tell when there's an elephant in the freezer?  
The door won't close.



WELCOME!

WELCOME!

WELCOME!

to

## !!!THE 1991 PEACE CORPS/NIGER REUNION!

Welcome, yes, to the Ben Franklin Hotel in Philadelphia. Could Earl have chosen a better site (save Zinder) for our tenth anniversary get-together? Soon you'll be seeing a lot of old familiar faces, and the organizers thought that the best way to introduce this little program would be to bring you up to date on the lives of the good old PCVs you'll be seeing (and others who, unfortunately, couldn't make it this weekend. So without further ado...

**CLEM HEAREY** Married to Miss New Jersey, 1977. Two children. Regional executive officer, Spaulding Sporting Goods, Philadelphia. Coaches youth basketball. Enjoys ~~glashical~~ musical and street hockey. Founder of the Bottle Cap Flicking Association of Pennsylvania.

**ALICE BOHNER** Holds age group record for consecutive ascents and descents of Mount Kilimanjaro (6). Teaching French as a foreign language in a secondary school in Dar Es Salaam. Retired as a public health nurse in 1984. Lived with her daughter in California until the Revolution. Tanzanian citizen.

**MICHAEL KLINGER** Mike has been an undercover police officer (beep beep, snort snort) for the San Francisco Vice Squad since 1985.

**PAM SKINNER** Married to a duck farmer in Oregon. Says she enjoys the peaceful life "a lot" after three hectic, successful years on the stock market. Financing home for indigent ex-PCVs in Portland.

**JAMES DELLIANTY** Prefers "Jimmy." Gave up university position after decision to charge professors tuition. Moved to California. Running a little disco on the east side of L.A. Three times divorced. Father of four (Tracy, Trixy, Rud, and Chet).

**TOM DONEKER** Tom passed away last year at the age of 17.

**NINA LORCH** Hairdresser. Operates the chic salon, ~~Madame, ouubhina...~~ Mademoiselle? in Lima, Peru (see People Magazine, March of 89). May move on to Calcutta next year. On the other hand, she's heard that Greenland is nice, at least in the summer. "I'm really not sure what I'll be doing next year, am I?" she asks.

**PAUL LIBISZOWSKI** Paul has been working for two weeks as an unemployment counselor for the State of Rhode Island. He's looking for a wife. If you need work or like tall men, call (301) 225-7879.

**JAYE HADJIA KRASHOW** Directrice, CIG Matameye. Couldn't leave Niger. Couldn't leave her pupils. Totally Nigerienized. ~~There's a lot of~~



**RANDALL LEE KORTHASE** Randy was a firewatcher, now incarcerated in Leavenworth for the destruction of Yosemite National Park. "Shit, nobody cared when I did it to New Jersey," Randy said.

**SCOTT SMITH** Tennis pro, gossip columnist, proprietor of Smith Shirts for Men, Scott does it all--the success story of Stage '79. Based at the Browridge Country Club, Portland, Maine, Scott sends his daily column to more than 300 newspapers nationwide. His little shirt collection at the Pro Shop in Browridge has blossomed into a multinational enterprise, and word is out of a merger between Smith Shirts and a certain line of designer jeans (see below).

**VALERIE NELSON** Staff artist for the Wall Street Journal. Originator of the plasma sculpture movement. Her focal series currently is on exhibit at the NY Museum of Modern Art.

**JOEL MAYER** Appointed Minister of National Education on July 4th, 1986. Overthrew the government the next day. Now reigns as Grand Conseiller d'Etat. Spends his spare time on a Hausa translation of the works of Agatha Christie.

**EARL BRICKER** Earl got ahold of the U.S. distributorship for Flag Export Beer soon after he got back to the States in March of '82. He says he's making money, but of course that's not enough for Earl. He organized the PCV/Niger reunions of 1982, '84, '88, '89, and '90, and also founded and runs the "Disco, We'll Never Forget You" Club of America. Earl reports that he and his adopted son Amadou like their life "too much."

**DAVID GIBBS** Former travel agent. Also did photography work for the State Department. Dave, of course, is the developer of the well-known Gibbs Line of Designer Jeans, now flopping over a whole generation of American legs. "Roll 'em up!" Dave said, and millions of young Americans followed his advice. Married to fashion model, "Gibbs Girl," Lorna Larson.

**GWEN UPDEGRAFF** Thirty-sixth wife of the Sultan of Abu Zaby. She says she's picking up pretty good Arabic and that harem life is really not so bad. "We lie in the tent. We paint our nails; I've taught the co-wives Scrabble, volleyball, and Ghanaian English. There's plenty of yogurt. I have no complaints." And have they taught her anything? "Who me? What do I know about those things? I'm number 36!"

**MICHAEL AND MARY CATHERINE HAUGLE** Mom and Dad. Mike is the author of The Best Things in Life are Free Throws, There's Nothing Like a Give and Go, and I Like the Back Door--a volume of poetry. Currently he's working on a biography of David Gibbs for Scribners. Cass, chief wine taster for Callo, also finds time to illustrate Mike's books.

**STEVE REID** Until his conviction in the Gibbs-Sasson influence buying scandal, Steve was the youngest person to serve as U.S. senator from New Hampshire. Now working as New England Sales Representative for Gibbs Designer Jeans. Steve says, "Yes, I remember Peace Corps. I think. Didn't it have something to do



MARY PAT CHAMPEAU-RUSSELL Mother of Mary Mariama, Mary Moussa, Fati Jo, Mary Mahamane, Gator Souley, Mary Boubacar, Mary St. Moctar dite Ofusu, etc. Mary has 14 dogs named Alice, 3 cats named Sholtox, and lives in a small concession "in the middle of nowhere" (Ohio).

NANCY DILLON Journalist. Reuters. Pioneer in the laid back style of Journalism. Habitually a-bed till noon, she says, "Let them come to me." Who can erase the image of long-legged Nancy, head propped up on a pillow, cigarette dangling over a finger, as she told national television, "I was Deep Throat. Drumtra came to me with the story because we were all Peace Corps Volunteers together back in Niger in '79. He'd heard a telephone conversation the night before between Reid and Gibbs and followed the two of them out to the Godley mansion in Alexandria..."

THE END If you want any more you can sing it yourself. Zinder is a Stage of '79 town; we could only include people we knew! Compiled by Zinder area volunteers.

#### EAT WELL IN ZINDER

Zinder volunteers have found a solution to the habitual cash shortage at the end of the month. When they can't afford to go to the market, they shop at the French Store! Pork chops, camembert, Ritz Crackers! You can get it all on credit, no questions asked! "A real life saver," says PCV Paul Libiszowski.

#### ZINDER VOLUNTEER SELLS ALL HIS CLOTHES

Clem Hearcy went to the market on Monday to sell his pressure cooker and a pair of jeans. He ended up making a deal for his entire wardrobe! Hearcy, interviewed in a barrel on the football field of CEG II; says he got carried away. "I had just seen a guy eating a brochette and I almost attacked him like a wolf. I needed meat. Then this mai-riga made an offer I couldn't refuse. I've been eating well for four days. My students laughed at me the first few times I tried to jog around the field in this barrel, but they've gotten used to it. Besides, I needed money to buy Gar his tuna fish."

#### POUR BON MANGER MOOSHAY

There's a new face among the lady beggars in front of the Zinder PTT. It's Peace Corps Volunteer Nina Lerch! "It's a shitty life, but you meet a lot of interesting people coming and going. Nina says, "And it keeps



From  
THE  
Doc

It is my intention to utilize this column to share with you health problems that other volunteers have had, review the risks, prognosis and prevention. Occasionally administrative tips will be presented. Future topics will be: sexually acquired diseases, schistosomiasis, diarrhea, trauma and tuberculosis. Questions or rebuttals may be written to me or the editors. This edition's entity: Hepatitis.

Definition: A specific viral infection infecting mainly the liver. There are two principle types—infectious (Type A) hepatitis and serum (Type B) hepatitis. The common type here is A, and only this will be discussed.

Symptoms: Fatigue (100%), Loss of appetite (100%), jaundice (50%), itching (30%), fever (70%), tenderness in side of abdomen (80%).

Cause: Contamination of water by sewage containing the virus. Water will generally look and taste well.

Prognosis: Illness lasts one month generally, although full liver recovery will take six months. There are essentially no lasting effects.

Prevention: 1) Gamma Globulin. This is not a "vaccine" but rather another person's antibodies who has had hepatitis. These antibodies, not yours, attack the virus on contact. It reduces the risk of hepatitis by approximately 50-70%, certainly not a panacea. 2) Water treatment. Boiling water (greater than ten minutes) kills the virus. Iodinization does also. Filtering alone is not effective; the virus is too small.

Occurrence in Niger: In the past four months there have been three volunteers with hepatitis—two in Zinder arrondissement and one in Maradi arrondissement. There were no cases among stagiaires.

Comment: It has become apparent to me, as it has to Dr. Sonnemann, that many volunteers here in Niger feel that water treatment is a waste of time. These cases illustrate that you are taking a risk. So please reconsider and reevaluate your methods of dealing with this hazard.

—Dr. Phil Pierce

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### !!!BULLETIN!!!

Two masked anasaras held up the Etoile Cinema in Zinder last evening and made off with the day's cash receipts, estimated at 150,000 CFA. Etoile manager Idi Bakudi says the bandits may be American Peace Corps Volunteers. "They came in double on a mobylette and had that gaunt, desperate look you so often see on the Americans at the end of the month." A reward of a dozen eggs is being



WHAT I DID ON MY SUMMER VACATION

Most of us spent this past summer squandering our hard-scrumped cash travelling through some of the neighboring countries. Maria, Martha, and I were three such wols. Although we had a lot of luck during our trek, in regard to housing and transport, here's some basic info which may be useful in vacation planning.

Visas-Togo, Ivory, Upper Volta

These may be obtained at the French Consulate in Niamey in 24 hours; 750 cfa each (single entry), 2 photos a piece.

Benin- Benin Embassy, Nouveau Plateau, in Niamey. It takes 1 1/2 days, 500cfa, 2 photos. You can only get a 48 hour visa which must be renewed in Benin.

Ghana-We got ours in Abidjan in 2 hours. 1000 cfa, 3 photos.

**IMPORTANT**-an official government ruling has been passed exempting all wols in Africa from buying codi vouchers. Bring your PC ID.

Do not plan to pick up visas as you go -it's too risky. We waited til Abidjan to get a Ghanaian visa because there isn't an embassy in Niamey. Also, carry extra photos with your 2 per country. When you state the length of your visit, add 1 week. This way, if you have transport problems, you'll still be in the country legally.

In planning our budget, we calculated at 3500 cfa/day. (Parties take more, od.) We left 5 Sept. and planned to return to Niamey the 22, making our calculated living cost 60 mille. Our travel costs were calculated as another 60 mille, to be on the safe side.

The trip memo: Niamey-Ouagadougou

Due to the horror stories of those who'd travelled the road between Ouagadougou and Niamey, we opted to fly, which put a swift 21 mille dent in our travel budget. However, the difference it made saving time and nerves was well worth it. (The road's not all that bad, od.) We took a taxi from the airport to PC-and got ripped off. Pay no more than 150 cfa for yourself and 200 for your baggage. There are many PCVs around there, and they are very helpful with housing suggestions. As it happened we were offered a place to stay and were invited to 2 parties. The first-swinging in. We saw incredible local dancers and musicians perform for almost 2 hours. If you can be in Ouagadougou around the 5th, do it.

The city itself is easy to get around. The market is good, with beautiful cloth and blankets, as well as batiks and misc. stuff. Kept blankets-camel, made in Mali-are abundant and shouldn't cost more than 6000 cfa. There are various places, in the market and out, to buy batiks, which cost 800-1400 cfa for a medium-sized one. Cloth was sold often by the meter (1500). Food is available throughout and is cheap. There's also art work along the streets-Beautiful wood carvings and bronze figures.

There's an American Rec Center there. You pay 200 cfa to swim. Food is paid in cash-much better than in Niamey, although not as wide a selection.

Another note on the city taxis-100 cfa for the first person, 50 for each extra. This is a general guide. Fares are negotiable.

We took the train to Abidjan. If you plan to do this, go 1st class on the "Gazelle". It costs 15 mille, is air conditioned, with a bar, pool and very comfortable seats. Because it's a 22-24 hour trip, you really want to go first class, for comfort's sake.



Buy your ticket ticket one day in advance, and be at the station by 10 am. The train leaves at 10:20 sharp. To get the best view and ride, stand at the far left of the platform-you'll be in 1st class, facing forward. There's another 1st class car at the end which isn't as well equipped, we were told. (You can get couchettes, a couple mille extra; reservations a day in advance. Also, tickets can be bought the day you leave. Get there an hour early, ed.)

#### Abidjan, Ivory Coast

Upon arriving in Abidjan, walk at least a block to the right before hailing a taxi-you'll save yourself 500 cfa that way. Once in the cab, ask for the "Gare de Bassam". The PC office is across the street from the gare. (At PC there is a guide book. If enough are on hand, they give them out; ed.) Cabs in Abidjan are very expensive. There are 2 tariffs-no 1 is 6am to 12 midnight; no 2, 12 to 6. Be sure your cab has the right tarif showing on the meter (yes, meter). Abidjan has a good bus system, fares ranging from 60-100 cfa. People are very kind about telling you which buses to take. To get to the Ghanaian Embassy, take bus 25 and get off at the last stop. Ask directions from there-it's about 2 blocks from the bus stop, facing the water? We again were very lucky-we stayed with PCVs. The PC office is very helpful with info, though. (Hotel Kenankro, Maroery, is the PC hotel, ed.)

Abidjan is divided into several quarters, each with its own market. By taking the 25 bus, you'll pass several large markets. Adjame also has a nice market, but it's a bit far from PC. Some Hausa is spoken, as in U.V. There's a wide selection of foods. Try the schwarmas-they're submarine sandwiches, with different types of fillings, costing about 200cfa. If you want great avocados, go to the Port-Capina. Wander about, hitch a ride on a water-taxi, and for 50 cfa gorge yourself on huge avocados!

For the true tourist fell, go to the Hotel Ivoire. A posh complex, it's fun browsing. There's a 10% discount for PCVs at their art shop, so bring your ID. There's also bowling and ice skating, though the rink was closed when we were there. Down the hill from the hotel is a fantastic restaurant, the Senegalese Restaurant, where you can eat a huge dinner for 500 cfa.

Swimming in the ocean is not recommended, due to sewage and currents. We swam at the Hotel Akwaba, which is a ritzy French spot near the beach. It's 600 cfa, plus bus or taxi fare. We found it to be a nice place, and even if you're not at all interested by topless bathing (bathers?), it's a good spot.

For a place to relax and have a drink, try the Hotel du Parc-there's an outside cafe which is very popular. The Parc itself has some beautiful art work if you're willing to put up with pushy vendors. For dancing, you can try the PasseSimple, near the Parc. Very French and expensive, but fairly good music, unless your interests lie in areas other than disco or punk. It caters to the French essentially. We were warned not to go into Treichville at night because things can get rough. (Treichville can be done at night. I've never seen any place like it outside of NYC or Amsterdam. Open 24 hours. Muggers, hookers, some are European, drunk sailors, paranoia. Go to the "African Queen" disco and get groped. Go to the "Etoile du Sud" and dance to good live music. ed.) That was the one damper, in my opinion, on my enjoyment of Abidjan. It is a big city, and one has to be aware of the possible problems and dangers of a big city, such as muggers and thieves. Undoubtedly you'll meet other wags there who can offer suggestions as to where to go and what to do. (Cheap eats: Chez Fata, which



# Accra, Ghana

If there was any low point of our trip, travelling to Ghana was it. The only sure way to get to Accra is on the Ghana State Transport System, which is similar to SPTM. They have big buses with relatively comfortable seats: and of similarity. It cost ~~AKK~~ 7500cfa each. You must buy your ticket 2 days in advance. Add 1000cfa to the ticket cost—you must lash the driver before getting on the bus. DO NOT pay anything else. At every stop, we were requested to pay money; which we refused. The only time you might want to lash someone is at the border. There all luggage is taken off the bus and inspected. To ensure it getting back on you might lash the guy 20 cedis. Try to minimize the luggage that must be loaded. Carry-on space is similar to SPTM—the floor under your seat and seat. At the border keep a close eye on passports and cameras. We almost "lost" sale to a gendarme while he was inspecting our baggage. A trick that worked for us was to give one person all of the luggage. Generally the guy gets tired of your face and passes things through unchecked. Be sure that marks everything through.

Be prepared to spend the night at the border, in the hotel, 1000cfa. You won't be allowed to sleep on the bus. Also; bring food for 2 days—bisquits, cheese, bread, oranges, etc. There's little to buy along the way. (On a separate trip, one person ate pounded yam and pepper soup somewhere along the line. ed.)

Ghana is an expensive country to live in unless you are smart about money changing.

When we arrived in Accra at 2am we took a taxi to two rest houses before being allowed to ~~EEEE~~ sleep on the floor of a conference room. Try the Presbyterian rest house or the Methodist Hostel. If you arrive at a decent hour, go first to Peace Corps. They called around for us, asking prices and vacancies. If you're really desperate, try Lindana Lodge, across from the Hungarian Embassy. It's rundown and expensive, but ~~EE~~ it's a place to stay.

Accra consists of a series of circles, and taxis run from circle to circle. Even if your destination isn't at the circle; it's cheaper to take a taxi to the nearest circle and then walk. Fares are generally 1-2 cedis/person. For maps and general info; try the US Embassy. The marine on duty will also be able to tell you where the best beaches are. We spent our time on Labadi Beach, eating watermelon and getting crisped. The swimming is great, though the surf can be rough.

For shopping, go along High Street. Remember, the prices are based on black market exchange rates—70-90 cedis/1000 cfa. The thing to buy is Kinte cloth: black cloth with brightly colored ~~AK~~ animals appliqued over traditional patterns. If you don't see them, or any you like, try Lomé.

If you want a good meal, try the Mandarin; near Danguah Circle. It's good food, lots of it, for a moderate price. For something fancier, but also good in quality and quantity, try the Continental Hotel. There's also a casino downstairs where you can lose your pesewas to one armed bandits or at the tables. Or baffle the barman by balancing shots of whisky on rolled 5 cedi bills. If you really want to spend your money; go to Black Caesar's Palace, near Danguah Circle. There, you can have fresh fish, Lebanese specialties, etc. and dancing. No sandals, unless of a fancy style. Before leaving, you must try some fufu, the coastal equivalent of tupo; but much better tasting.

Our next stop being Lomé, we searched for alternatives to the State Transport System.



## Lomé

The place to stay in Lomé is Hôtel de la Plage. It's a PC hangout across the street from the beach with fairly comfortable accommodations. If it's full, try Hotel Rama Palace, near the border. The rooms are nice, at 3000/night for a double. H. de la Plage is 2500/night for a double.

Being in Lomé after Accra was like paradise. Things were ~~AM~~ cheaper, people were happier, and you could find food. Mini Brasserie and the Domino are 2 popular restaurants, across the street from each other. I prefer the Domino personally—they are very nice and serve good food. There's street food with lots of fruit available. (Cheap eats—Bopato, somewhere downtown. Sandwiches, ice cream. The beer in Lomé, Bière Benin, is amazing, and cheap—100/tall boy. Draft is also available. So is canned Miller at one place. I forgot the name of it. Ed.)

The market is spectacular; a 3-story building full of goods. It's closed on Sundays though. There are street vendors everywhere. You can buy beautiful cloth (3 pagnes—2100), sandals (\$1500) and other misc. items.

Before leaving Togo, watch the fishermen net-fishing in the surf. It's quite spectacular. For relaxation, try Togo Bowling—it's a fun place with mini-bowling, pool tables, pinball, bar and good night club.

• To get around Lomé is fairly easy. Taxis are 150 cfa for ~~AM~~ everyone; 600 cfa to the airport, and they run 24 hours.

At this point ~~AM~~ we split up. I flew back to Miami while the others joined the masses returning overland. Airfare is 38,000 cfa. You must buy your ticket in advance—2 days preferred. Planes leave Mondays and Saturdays only, and make stops in Abidjan, Ouaga, and then Miami. It was a relaxing way to end the vacation, leaving me with a good feeling about the whole venture. Overland is less expensive and longer, but it also lets you see Benin. ~~X~~(Benin is somewhat of an ordeal—visa renewals, tourist cards, police checks. I liked it there a lot—really. In Cotonou, ~~AM~~ stay at the Babo, but don't eat at the restaurant next door. There's a good pâtisserie, Le Carwelle, and a restaurant called Paris Snack—~~X~~ a bit dear, but good food, drafts, and tequila. Cotonou-Parakou, take a train—various prices and various times. In Parakou stay at Les Canaris and flirt with Marceline and try not to blow up a fan. Also we received a State Dept. telex, dated 8 October 80. It reads, "Travel thru and in Benin with back pack is prohibited, even if person is not wearing it." If you stuff your pack in your pants, you might be able to get thru, but don't forget to call official looking persons "comrade". Ed.)

Overall, it was well worth it. We had relatively few hassles and we met many interesting people. The best procedure to follow when arriving somewhere is to go to the PC office first thing. The people there can help you a lot, and you might meet a vol willing to put you up. If nothing else, it's a place to leave your stuff while you hotel-hunt. Money-wise, we carried both cash and traveler's checks. Cash is easier, but if you're carrying a lot, be sure you have a place to lock it up. Same thing for your camera. In Accra, if you go to the beach, don't bring anything valuable, as there is a problem with thieves. Otherwise, no problems should arise. A money pouch around the neck on a money belt is the best thing.

Expenses: 21,000—Miami-Ouaga, plane, 40 minutes  
15,000—Ouaga-Abidjan, train, 1st class, 22-4 hours  
7,500—Abidjan-Accra, bus, 2 days



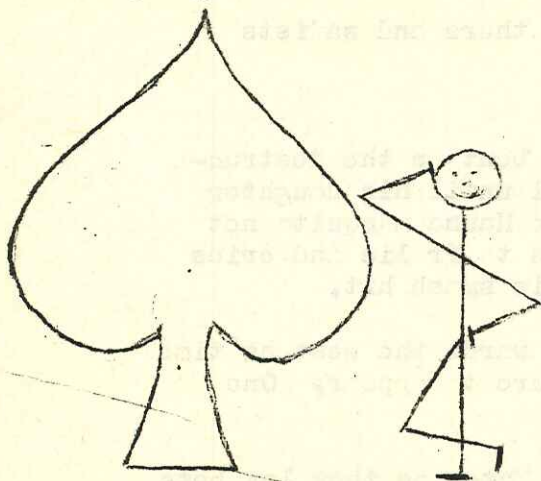
(Special to the CE) Any institution must constantly seek means of preserving itself, and the American Aficionados of Huit Américains in Niger (AAHAN) are no exception. So the massive arrival of new blood last July provided a golden opportunity for enlarging our not-so-select circle of fanatics. After biding our time for a month, the Emergency Training Force (ETF), lead by Tom Doncker, organized the Huits Stage in August under the thinly disguised veneer of a Peace Corps TEFL and YD stage. Under the unsuspecting noses of the Big Cheeses of the Training Staff, Doncker and his determined cadres managed to turn out a crop of hard-core Huits addicts dedicated to spreading their peculiar sort of pagaille from Tera to H'Guigni. During the stage I bought the destitute coach a flag and got the chance to interview him about his training program.

"What about the problem of rules changing from region to region, town to town, house to house, table to table?" I asked Coach Doncker. "Heck," said TD, "I just told them to decide on the rules they like and impose them on their weakling playing partners. If someone hits you with a 2 and you have no joker, just put down another 2 scream to the next player, 'Take 4, sucker.' If he balks and says those rules don't apply here, count the cards out yourself and stick 'em right into his hand--a fait accompli, quoi?" "But if someone tries this trick on y u?..." I suggested. "Fuck 'em!" retorted the outspoken coach. "I'd stick the four right back down the upstart's throat and add two cards as a sanction for good measure!" "What about cheating?" "No problem," the coach assured me. "My stagiaires know everything: how to count wrong, how to slip cards onto the floor, how to play the wrong card when you see the next guy is so eager to play that he'll slam his down and 'cover' y ur cheating before the others can protest, how to stick a Jack of spades on a 7 of clubs and cap it with the big 2, and a few other tricks you won't get out of me without buying me another beer."

"Oh....."

So that's all on Huits for this month. Happy sanctions and keep on chargéing!

Joel Mayer, Huitcur d'excellence





PressReleasez, July 1980

It has been brought to our attention that the Nigerian government is trying to upgrade their television programs by requesting PCVs. If these programs progress in the same manner as American and British ones have, then situation comedies, game shows, detective, and medical dramas are not far behind. With a nod towards their American counterparts, the following list is a prospectus for future Nigerian viewing:

Detective Drama: 77 GRAND MARCHEE

Watch tough, young, hip gendarmes grapple with vicious crimes in the market such as millet mooching, coconut chowin'g and selling straw hats to new PCTs for over 1,000 cfa.

Sidekick of the gendarmes will be a cool, yet kookie, young Nigerian named Sookie. At this writing there have been reports that he has already signed a contract with Brill Cream for commercials with the jingle, "Sookie, Sookie, lend me your comb!"

Loner Drama: THEN CAME ABDOU

The story of a lone Nigerian who cruises the streets and byways of Niamey on his mobylotte. Abdou is a smart, yet tender man who brings new meaning into the lives of many, but can never quite bring any into his own.

COMMENTS: A sure hit! Considering the outbreak of mobylotte mania in Niger.

Medical Drama: FLOSSIE-PEACE CORPS NURSE

Flossie is a stern, yet loving nurse, she has a tendency to take delight in sticking needles in the cheeks of unsuspecting young vols. Her good-natured sadism is taken in stride by all who know her, however, because, for one, she is the only RN within 2,000 kms, and because she hands out prophylactics with a lecherous grin.

COMMENTS: This show will appeal to mothers and sadists everywhere.

Sitcom: ALL IN THE CONCESSION

Taleb is a traditional Tuareg warrior bent on the destruction of the desert. His life is uneventful until his daughter announces her marriage to Houssa, a passive Hausa mosquito net salesman. The clash between cultures leads to frolic and cries of "BaFa-BaFa." Tune in at sundown for this smash hit.

Day time shows will also see a turn towards the west as time goes on. Soap operas and game shows are sure to appear. One proposed game show is:

SHIT N' BOOT

Contestants are all native Nigeriens. Watch as they lay bets and try to win big prizes off the redfaced antics of certain PCVs. The object of the game is to predict how quickly a new vol can find the hidden bayan gida after being forced to drink a bottle of Niger river water. Don't miss it, it'll be a bowl full of laughs.

Although no set descriptions of the new soaps were available at press time, many names have been suggested. Here are a few--ALL MY GOATS AND CHICKENS, DAYS OF OUR WIVES, and GENERAL CONCESSION.



Do your students sometimes for "pen pals"? Here is a list of organizations which may be able to match your students with English speaking students from other countries. The list was pinched from the Senegal TEFL Newsletter of 1-80 via the Central African Republic TEFL Newsletter of 3-80.

The League of Friendship  
P.O. Box 509  
Mount Vernon, Ohio 43050

Student's ages 12-20  
Give sex, age, full address

Student Letter Exchange  
Wasoca Minn. 56093

Ages 11-18  
Give name, age, sex, full add.

Letters Abroad  
209 E. 56 Street  
New York, NY 10022

Ages 16 and older. Give  
occupation and name of school  
and languages

World Pen Pals  
1960 Como Ave.  
ST. Paul, Minn. 55108

Ages 12-20 Print or type  
name, address, sex, and  
interests.

International Youth Service  
P.B. 125  
SF-20101 Turkey 10  
Finland

Ages 10-20. Print or type  
name, address, languages.

Commonwealth Friendship Movement  
23 Arundel Road, Brighton  
Sussex BN2 5TE  
England

Ages 9-17. Name, age, address  
hobbies, interests. On a  
postcard

International Friendship League  
Pen friends service  
16 Beaulieu Road, North End  
Portsmouth  
Hampshire PO2 0DN England

All ages. Name, age,  
full address, interests.

The TEFL-YD section is pretty meager this time. If you want to read something, you've got to send something in, Camel Express, BP228, Zinder. We're especially interested in texts for Lycee and advanced CEG and Specific hints, techniques, etc, that you've found successful, or even semi-successful.

### Filler

Most people are mirrors, reflecting the moods and emotions of the times; few are windows, bringing light to bear on the dark corners where troubles fester. The whole purpose of education is to turn mirrors into windows.

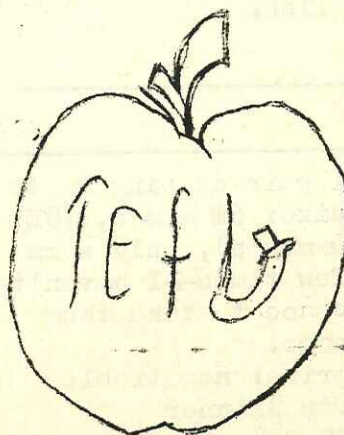
Sidney J. Harris

Show me an eye doctor on an Alaskan Island and I'll show you an optical Alieution.

Moe: What do you call two spi ers who just got married?

Joe: Newlywebs.

Moe: What about two PhDs?







Well folks, here it is again! We couldn't keep it away. Actually, we needed yet another filler, so we dug this out of the files. Send us yours, and if we like it we'll print it.

NAME: D. Earl "Sluggo" Bricker

BORN: Middle America, 1952.

HOME: Hotel Central, Zinder, but currently residing in Niamoy.

FLUENCIES: English, French-FSI 3+,  
(Il faut que tu sois gentil.)

HOBBIES AND INTERESTS: Dressing up like Sid Vicious, dancing, doing lesson plans, correcting papers, looking forward to going home.

RECENT ACCOMPLISHMENT: Finally got a well paying job after two years in Peace Corps.

CURRENT PROJECT: Spending all that money.

RAISON D'ETRE: "I didn't come here to speak French. I came here to teach English.

FAVORITE PLACE: Hotel Central, Zinder, under any table.

SPARE TIME: Practicing new dance steps, answering mail, trying not to think about our president elect.

LAST BOOK READ: I'm a Star, I'm a Star, I'm a Superstar, by Donna Summer.

MEMORABLE QUOTES: "I like it, I like it, I like it too much." and "F'ick 'em all!"

BOISSON PREFERE: Grande Flag. "I like Grandd Flag. Well, why the hell not? It's all you can get around here. And besides I've got a 66cl thirst. By the way, do you want an ther beer?"

#### COMMERCE

For sale--1 pair camping boots size: 6E men's, (8E women's), only worn a few times--I haven't space to take them home.  
price: negotiable  
Pam Skinner  
BP 228, Zinder

For sale--one guitar  
Phyllis Goldstein  
s/c Dispensaire  
Gaya  
I lost the note about this sale, so I have no idea of style or price. For all I knew it could be a uku-  
lele. Anyway Phyllis is leaving soon, so if you're interested, write her



HOW TO FIND A HOUSE IN MIAMI

or "The Logement Blues"

by a Zindereris Exiled  
in the Babban Birni

I don't imagine many people around the countryside will take a NY volunteer sob story seriously, since we are all supposed to be living a life of cod led luxury, zipping from bash to bash on our spanking new mabylettes when we're not lolling around the Rec Center pool slurping chocolate ice cream and guzzling icicle cold beer. However...while most of you were settling into your cozy<sup>s</sup> bance homes (and mammoth Maradi mansions), most of the NY vols were indeed passing the time of lay at the Rec Center, because the only place they could call "home" was the hostel--and we all know how much of a "home" that is!

The sad fact of the matter is that NY vols are forced to depend on the "Service de Logement" to get some form of housing, and although promises there are mains chères, prying a key out of them is autre chose--like finding rice with no pebbles or a bush-taxi ride with no bumps. They promised one studio apartment to no less than three different people, and a second studio to two others. Then they declared that they didn't want to give anything go d to Americans because they leave their houses a mess--unfortunately true, as we subsequently discovered, judging by the pagailles left by some departing NY volunteers.

Well, now that only three of four of us are still with ut a chez, I thought it might be worth recording for any prospective future Niaméens the various means by which the rest of us managed to get a roof over our heads:

1°) Surreptitiously occupy a house belonging to some unsuspecting "service" where volunteers have for eight years or so and managed to conserve the key. It doesn't matter whether it's your service or not.

2°) Find some easy-going Frenchmen with a villa too big even for them who are looking for a housemate.

3°) If you're a good-looking woman, put on a light dress with a plunging neckline, good make-up and some enticing perfume, saunter sexily into the Service de Logement, sit down gracefully on the chair facing the guy, put your elbows on the desk, leaning forward to show what there is to show, and murmur sweetly, "S'il vous plaît, Monsieur, je cherche une maison," and let your tongue hang out invitingly. He'll probably take you himself to show you several places, and, concerned with your welfare, pay you several visits later to see if your place needs any fixing up, so that "tu seras bien."

4°) Be the one out of the three people who were promised a studio to actually get the key, that is, if it hasn't already been given to some Frenchman.

5°) Accept the house of a former volunteer who left it unfit for pigs, without furniture, and knee-deep in grime and mildew, and hire some kid to scrape the place inch by slimy inch. Sympathetic PCD loans you a few meubles.

6°) Four months after requesting the house, from your previous post, and two months after reporting for work in NY, when you're climbing the hostel walls and shelltacking anything that moves,

§ I'm not bullshitting; I've lived in one, very happily indeed.



throw a coldly calculated temper tantrum at your chef de service, brush aside his appeals for "patience" and tell him that patience, ya kare, and that if the service can't lodge you four months after getting the request, then they had better just let you transfer to a post outside of Niamey, period. The key arrives the next day.

7°) Move into the Stage House and hope PC doesn't notice you.

8°) Wait patiently in the Hostel with good ol' Hamani while proper channels take their course. Before you know it, your two years will be up and you can go home!

Yawalo Dan Damagaram

### THE 8 O'CLOCK CALL By Drake and Chiasson

"Motour!"... "Ca tourne!"... "Annonce!"... "Si les cavaliers étaient là..." "Scene 15, plan 5, prise 1."

A film by François Truffaut shooting on location in Zinder? No. In fact, it's the first full length 16mm color negative film production of Niger. Entitled, "Si les Cavaliers Étaient là...", the film s'agit de la French penetration of Zinder in 1906. Directed by the "Chef de Production" of ORTM in Niamey, Mr. Hama Bakabé, and financed by the country of Niger, the finished film will hopefully be released sometime this coming spring.

The film crew, consisting of: one director, one cameraman, one soundman, one lighting specialist with two assistants, one set designer with three assistants, one "clap" girl, two Peace Corps technical consultants, and two regular actors, left Niamey September 12. Teaming up with ten actors from the Zinder Radio Club, they spent 33 days in Zinder and neighboring villages, and for 33 days they worked absorbing sounds and images of Hausa cavalry galloping across rocky meadows in search of movie fame, old women selling rotten fish to acting soldiers, blue black sweaty bodies lifting wood and stone to build the highways to colonization.

As shutter speeds rush in tune to F-stops, Tri-X and kola nuts, we think only of the sun at times and just what to put in our ears to keep our brains from leaking out. This is really work you know.

We have an 8 AM call. The director wants an early start. So we sit in the bar at the Damagaram and wait...the bus finally comes at noon... just before lunch. Whenever we go out to shoot—even when there are only three actors involved—we take thirty people...in a Savion that holds 19. Everyone climbs in with their costumes, rifles, swords, musical instruments, lights, cameras, tripods and we go somewhere and park and wait. Then we go somewhere else and park and wait. Then everyone gets out and back in a few times—you have to climb over everyone and all their things to do this—until everyone is really nutty and yelling and arguing a lot. "Babu ruwa! Babu ruwa!"—By now it's really getting hot but nobody ever gets any water. Naturally there's no food. Finally we drive out starving into the desert or a little village or whatever and sit there and wait. If it's a village, the people bring you water—there's sugar cane and kola nuts to eat and maybe a tree to sit under. If it's the desert, there's nothing. Finally, after the bus goes to



town and comes back with whatever we forgot, we start shooting. By that time it's four or five in the afternoon. By 6:30 the sun will go down. The director tells the actors what to say, turns the camera on and then starts yelling, "Vite! Vite! The sun's going down!" We're supposed to be technical consultants, but no one asks us anything. Once in a while we say, "Hey, you've got a bulldozer in the frame." (It's supposed to be a 1906 flic.) "Move the camera." That's it for technical advice. But somehow, out of all this disorder, incredible scenes of traditional Africa pass in front of the camera: a cavalry of a hundred horses with tsohin sojoji in full Hausa regalia...a millet harvest with drums and griot chants out of some remote agricultural antiquity...an old fortune teller casting geomantic tables in the sand--straight out of the Arabian Nights. No matter where we are, all this attracts a million people, mostly kids. They all crowd around the camera. They walk in front of it and spoil the take. There is no crowd control. The only way to keep them quiet is to let them get really close. Otherwise they really make a racket. You start another take. Some dude comes out of a straw hut in flair-leg pants and elevator shoes. You tell the director, "Hey, it's 1906!" "Coupez!" Another take. We're doing a comedy scene. The fat guy falls down. The crowd roars. It's not TV. "Silence!" "Coupez!" The actors get pissed. The director screams, "Babu rana! Il se couche!" A spectator won't get out of the frame. An actor clubs him with a rifle butt--there's a riot, blood and all. By the time it settles down it's really dark. Tomorrow we'll have to re-shoot, but right now the director's obsessed. "Vite! Vite!" The cameraman takes a new light reading every fifteen seconds. The director screams, "Shoot! Shoot! It's the same light as fifteen minutes ago." The cameraman screams back at the director. Now they're really into screaming. It's more fun than shooting. They keep it up while the sun sets over the horizon. Then we all scramble back into the bus and go back to town, still screaming. The next day--though with unpredictable variations--it will all happen again. The 8 o'clock call. It's the way you make films in Africa...and this is going to be a good one.

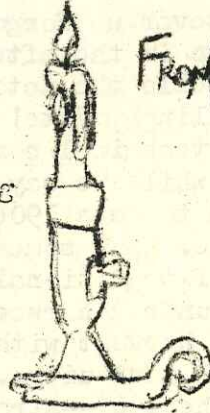
#### PCV WORKING AS A HOUSEBOY!

An enterprising PCV has discovered a novel way to make ends meet--and he's doing it in those boring sieste and evening hours. Tom Donder has found work as a houseboy for a French family in Zinder! Says Tom, "The pay is at least what I got from Peace Corps. I don't have to deal with students. The house is air-conditioned. They give me a nice white jacket. They let me cook hamburgers in the evening when everyone else has gone to bed. They like me. They tell me I'm the best they've had. And I don't make fun of them in Hausa!"



Dear Jim,

We in the department of Diffa, the capital city, submit the following. The first poem needs a brief introduction: If you are in Diffa, imbibing the usual fare, that is, sitting and well regarding, you will probably notice the unique nests and unusual practices of the Weaver Birds. They are quite small creatures and they weave small nests. Then, a day or two later, they dismantle them, that is, if no mate comes for an inspection to find a cozy and amiable home for co-habitation. So, in honor of this odd ritual, a poem has been woven by an emerging talent. To be sure, we will hear from her in the future. I can attest to her literary gifts but the following compositions are evidence enough.



From EN BROUSSE

I) Weaver bird, weaver bird singin' in a tree,  
Won't you please stop and tell to me,  
Why you weave a nest every day or two,  
What is the reason for this thing you do?

Woman, oh woman starin' at me,  
The reason for this is easy to see,  
My nest disappears every day or two.  
I must build another, what else can I do?

Weaver bird, weaver bird sittin' in the leaves,  
Can you tell me who are these thieves?  
Are they little children, other birds perhaps?  
Or sly old cats who wake from their naps?

Woman, oh woman lookin' at me  
You don't understand at all I see  
It's no child or bird or cat or elf  
My nests are destroyed each day by myself.

Well, what is the sense in that, I pray?  
To tear up your nest every other day?  
If you had the sense to leave it be  
You'd have much less work, now don't you agree?

The problem is this, I'm looking for a mate  
And she must like my nest. That is our fate.  
You may think you're smart with your many wise words,  
but humans are humans and birds are birds.

II) Sung to the tune of K-K-I-Katy

N-N-N-N'Guigmi, lovely N'Guigmi,  
You're the only t-t-t-town that I adore,  
And when the m-m-m-moon shines over the sand dunes,  
I'll be waiting for Lake Chad to return to its shore.



## III) Sung to "Somewhere over the Rainbow"

Somewhere over the ocean, deep and blue,  
 There's a land of enchantment that long ago I know.  
 Somewhere over the ocean, skies turn grey  
 And the sun doesn't beat down on you each and every day.

Someday I'll wish upon a star  
 And wake up with the clam-craw far behind me,  
 Where TV reigns and junk food's sold  
 Beneath the arches bright and old  
 That's where you'll find me.

Somewhere over the ocean  
 Airplanes fly,  
 No one comes to Diffa  
 Why, oh why did I?

All by Karen Martenson

Great, right? Now these are puns, all originals by Nancy Dillon.  
 It is said by some that puns are the lowest form of humor. I offer  
 these as evidence to the contrary!

- I) Two men are standing on a street corner. The first is a young man  
 with a violin under his arm. The second is an elderly gentleman.  
 The young man, noticing the elderly gentleman, hands his violin  
 to him and says, "Play"

What did the young man do?

He offered a verb to the wise!

- II) You remember old Captain Bligh of the Bounty?

Well, after the mutiny a couple of sailors were on the deck  
 watching Captain Bligh heading for uncharted waters in a dinghy.  
 The following conversation ensued:

First Sailor: "Well, well, look at our dear Captain now.  
 Sure, he'd have to be in his boat."

Second Sailor: "Yah, but the bugger was a clever fellow, despite..."

First Sailor: "Well, I always say, better to be mates than clever."

P.S. Since the Department of Diffa has taken on a new eminence, what with  
 the Lycée, electricity, the festival and all, and since we are its  
 residents and thus its representatives, we must respond according to  
 our position of importance. Please publish these gems in the Camel  
 Express. We are only beginning to blossom. Rest assured more will be  
 submitted for your edification at a later date.

--Nancy Dillon

All right, Nance. In every town there's a Rilke pining, right? JD



This week two retiring Ghana PCV's passed through Zinder on their way back to the States (!), and filed this report on places to stay, places to eat, money matters, etc. Chances are you know these guys. They PCV hospitalitied it all the way from Niamey, and speak highly of volunteers in remote places like Bouza. On Ghana:

#### Places to Stay in Accra

- no volunteers
- Presby Rest House (10-15 cedis per night); Osu, near Russian Cult. Cent.
- YMCA (c10 per night); near Catholic Cathedral
- Worker's College; near West African Examinations Council
- Polytechnic; near Trade Union Congress Building

#### Places to Eat in Accra

- Continental: Trpicana; near Presby Rest House
- Lebanese: Uncle Sam's; Adabraka--Kojo Thompson Rd.
- Chinese: Palm Court; behind Black Star Square, on the ocean
- L.A. Diner: Bus Stop; near Diamond Photo on Ring Rd.
- Chinese: Jade Garden; on Ring Rd.
- Ghanaian Chop: Goody Goodies; near Embassy Annex
- Leb Food: Fawzi's; corner of Kinbu Rd. and Kojo Thompson
- Continental: Wimby's 21; Downtown, behind Bank of Ghana
- Unclassified: Black Caesar's Palace; Ring Rd; at Danquah Circle
- Le Rowe; Nkrumah Ave., down from Nkrumah Circle
- WATO Club; behind Downtown Post Office (w. draft beer)
- Russian Cultural Center; sometimes serves beer in afternoon
- Airport; draft beer

Remember that to get a beer in the evening requires going to a restaurant or disco.

#### Travelling from Accra

- Accra-Lomé, Central Lorry Park, Tudu Station (buses, Peugeot's, taxis, c10-40)
- Accra-Kumasi, Neoplan buses at Neoplan Station, also Peugeot's at higher prices.
- Accra-Takoradi, Kaneshie Shell Station (down from Obeteshie Lamptey Circle)
- Accra-Koforidua, Central Lorry Park, Tudu Station (c20 for taxi)
- ALSO States Transport on Ring Rd. past Nkrumah Circle (West), tickets in advance.

#### Places to Go in Takoradi

- Mikado Disco -
- Atlantic Hotel - local talent and beer--get there early
- Adeshi Disco -
- Liberty Cinema - In English, sometimes not Kung Fu
- Carousel Cinema -
- Harbor View - Food, Saturday afternoon jump; See the Russian where compete with the Ghanaians for your cedis.
- Market - Vegies; local crafts; a lot of junk

#### At Dixcove

- Sleep in the Castle, 10 cedis per night, 2 meals, bring mosquito



Castles

- Dixcove (2)
- Elmina
- Cape Coast (with museum)
- Axim

In Kumasi

- Try the University of Science and Technology for a place to stay-- there's a swimming pool and a double-decker bus into the city on the hour. Eat at Chopsticks near City Hotel behind Prempeh Assembly Hall. Family Restaurant is across from Hotel President, downtown. The fort is interesting as well as the Cultural Centre and the Central Market.

Travelling from Kumasi

Kumasi-Takoradi, Night Train sleeper (1st or 2nd class. Daily Express Train (1st class sitting. Buy in advance and have patience. The train be slow. But the road is worse.

Kumasi-Accra, Neoplan Station for buses, Peugeotts, taxis. You can also fly Ghana Airways--100 cedis, buy in advance, hope plane arrives.

Trip to Yedji (up north)

- From Akasambo to Yedji there's a boat, the Yedji Queen. 30 cedis for a 24 hour ride. Go first class. Check schedules at Volta River Authority in Accra at Ghana House next to Post Office.

All life and living in Ghana is considered at the "world" rate of cedi exchange. This can be variable depending on many circumstances, but was last at the rate of 80-100 cedis per 1000 CFA. Changing money is generally safe and easy; just don't play the fool--people deal squarely. Change at the borders or in the big cities. Check the Street Banks around High Street and the Post Office in Accra. Or the Alhadjis along the Kumasi Market.

Kofi John Frodge  
Chuck May