

Si Pudiera Vivir Nuevamente Mi Vida

por Jorge Luis Borges

En la próxima trataría de cometer más errores.

No intentaría ser tan perfecto, me relajaría más.

Sería más tonto de lo que he sido, de hecho tomaría más cosas con seriedad.

Sería menos higiénico.

Correría más riesgos, haría más viajes.

Contemplaría más atardeceres, subiría más montañas, nadaría más ríos.

Iría a más lugares donde nunca he ido, comería más helados y menos gavar, tendría más problemas reales menos imaginarios. Yo fui de esas personas que vivió sensata y prolíficamente cada minuto de su vida, claro que tuvo momentos de alegría, pero si pudiera volver atrás trataría de tener buenos minutos.

Por si no lo saben de eso está echa la vida, solo de momentos; no te pierdes el ahora.

Yo era de esos que nunca iban a ninguna parte sin un termómetro, una bolsa de agua caliente, un paraguas y un paracaídas.

Si pudiera volver a vivir; comenzaría a andar descalzo a principios de la primavera y seguiría así hasta concluir el otoño.

Parta más vueltas en callasita. Contemplaría más atardeceres y jugaría con más niños.

Si tuviera otra vez la vida por delante pero ya ven tengo 85 años y sé que me estoy muriendo.

by Tara Murphy, Junin and Bob Hornyak, Bellavista (Manabí)•

A Difference Of Opinion

Within our work in Peace Corps we may, at times, find ourselves attempting to make changes which are not viewed by those from the host country as necessary, or even wanted.

We may strive for what we feel is best for all only to find ourselves slamming into a brick wall. To say the least, this is a tad bit frustrating.

A friend of mine recently told me a true story about how he planted trees in his neighborhood park. In spite of many months of too much sun and too little water, the trees began to prosper wonderfully. On his way to work one morning, my friend passed by the park only to find his trees had been freshly slaughtered, chopped at the base of each trunk. When he questioned the guilty park worker about the heinous crime, he was given this response: "Los árboles que no dan frutas, solo hacen huecos."

Although this attitude does not represent the beliefs of all, it shines a little light on the frustrations many Peace

Corps Volunteers encounter within their work. If the objective doesn't produce results that can be seen and sold, the efforts are fruitless, unappreciated. Part of our work is to exchange these very beliefs and differences of opinion with one another.



No, we may not be able to change the world, but perhaps with the good fortune of open minds we can at least teach a few the beauty of a simple tree that bears more fruit than merely those on the branch.

by Julie Johnson, Portoviejo (Manabí)•

Hasta la Vista Gavilán

by Ron Krupa
Cayambe (Pichincha)



I heard a shot in the forest. It was soon after two young men had embarked upon the jungle trail, each with their shotguns. I knew the shot meant death because shots are not wasted in a culture that relies on a subsistence means of survival. I was talking to the person in charge of the ecotourism program about my impending departure from Playa de Oro when the two proud young men passed us. In their eyes was the haughtiness of youth. They had heard the message of concealing certain hunting customs from the eyes of tourists, while on the path of learning about Western conservation practices, but they were dry words with little meaning. It is not that they disregarded the teachings, it was more of custom overriding new ideas. It would take time, redundancy in the messages and enforcement by peers before such practices would fade from the culture. I thought, "My time is finished here," and wondered how the messages of change would be brought after I left. The two young men emerged from the forest upon these thoughts and in one of the hunter's hands, dangling from a leg, was a golden-eyed hawk, the fierce light of independence and defiance still alive in the eyes.

I stopped the youths as they attempted to make their way past me. I looked into their eyes and searched for meaning of what they had just done. Their eyes were passive, giving no hint of wrong play. I questioned them on their successful hunt and what they planned to do with the hawk. "**Vamos a comer,**" came the reply. The thought of eating something I have studied and loved all my life shook me to my roots. I carefully took the hawk from the hand who carried it and gently folded its wings together and wrapped my hand around them and the legs to support it in the proper way. The golden eyes bore into me with a look that defies fate, and they talked to me of freedom and the hunt. I reached out with empathic reflection and asked the bird how it felt to become the hunted. It simply stared at me with those piercing eyes and remained silent. I then handed it to the proud owner who, with a hint of a smile, probably at my folly, received it back without a word. They walked on.

At the bridge that defines the border between the wild lands and the community, I glanced at the retreating forms. The hawk's eyes never left mine, never faltered as the two people entered the community. Slowly, the person holding the bird let his grip slip and the noble creature once again dangled from the one leg. Then the sparkle in the brilliant eyes left, and it knew, as I knew, the final flight to freedom was at hand. At that moment I understood; it was time for me to go. •

by Karl Banks, Portoviejo (Manabí)

"What are you going to do after the COS conference?"

"I want to try to finish up all of my paperwork, medicals and whatnot; I thought I would spend Wednesday and Thursday doing all that." I replied to my friend's inquiry. I have an early COS for the end of July and the mountain of *cosas* to do was making me anxious.

"You can't do anything Wednesday or Thursday, the administration will be at another conference after ours; you'll have to wait for Friday so you might as well come," I was advised.

"OK, if I can't fight it, I may as well enjoy myself."

Our trip was planned that week at our last reunion as a group. Our state of joy was high after talking, meeting, drinking and dancing with our adopted Peace Corps family. We were feeling exuberant and immortal. We planned our five-year reunion for Halloween 2001 in Las Vegas. People who already will have kids in that year can stay at Circus Circus—I think they have daycare. A group of six of us—Mark Stillman, Mark Blaha, Dwight Wilder, Andrew Reitz, Cindy Chin and I—decided that we would climb Volcán Pichincha. We planned to go up the mountain early on Thursday morning and camp the night, returning on Friday.

Come Wednesday, Cindy bailed out due to her getting a job as assistant trainer for the next group. She had to be at the training center on Friday morning. We all are great friends and I would normally have tightened my screws of persuasion, but for

some reason, I did not. We all just congratulated her on the job and settled on us five guys. It would be cool, just us "water boys" and Dwight, who is an honorary member anyway.

BATTLE

The next morning the five of us paid 100,000 sucres for a truck ride up to the antennae. We also paid a 25,000 sucres "gate fee." We were left at the end of the road at 10:30 in the morning. We began our hike.

OF

During training on the weekend after Labor Day 1994, a slightly different group of us which included Andrew, Blaha and myself, as well as Eric and Raúl, climbed up the same slope we had just been driven up. We started from *10 de Agosto* and climbed to the first "saddle" past the antennae. We did it all at night with a nearly full moon and clear skies. Raúl was our guide

PINCHINCHA

and, except for lack of dinner, first Typhoid shot effects and lack of light, we were coaxed up the mountain with lots of "*un poco más*" and "*casi llegamos*," encouraging us to continue. We camped in this saddle area under the last antenna and amongst several cows. We saw not a soul. The next morning we were treated to excellent views of the mountains, but we did not advance further as we were lacking water. We felt a lack of real satisfaction. The mountain had beat us. We retreated to Quito and voraciously lunched on pastrami sandwiches and cokes.

Passing the campsite of almost two years ago, we saw five *jovenes*. Two of them were older teenagers and were relaxing in the sun under the last antenna. The three younger pre-teens began to climb the next hill which was our route as well. We soon



caught up and were climbing together. We were slow going up this first rise. The kids were friendly and we talked to them a bit as we went.

"*Hasta donde se van?*" the kids asked. They looked like brothers and two of them had large, red, flat birthmarks on their faces.

"*Nos vamos a la cima, y ustedes?*"

"*Nos vamos hasta allí no más, para ver los caballos.*"

"*Aaa ya.*" We hiked on. Blaha and I stopped for a little break and we adjusted his spanking-new backpack. We ate a little bit of Monkey Hippy Rico Maní. We drank a little water. The *muchachos* had passed, but were also resting not too far ahead of us. We moved on and soon passed them again. "*Van a quedar la noche arriba?*" The curious boys asked us. "Geez," I thought, "Ecuadorians are so nosey."
"Si."

We reached the little *cuesta* and saw the other side. Dwight, Mark and Mark had already begun the decent. I stood with Andrew and we surveyed the trail ahead. I saw a man standing on the hill much further below. He sat down and disappeared into the tall grass. Andrew and I followed our buddies down. After we had begun to climb again I looked back and I saw no one. We must be alone now.

The hiking was hard. Everyone except Andrew lives in the coast, so the 4000-4800 m. altitude was taxing. Soon we were split into two groups; Mark Stillman, Dwight and I ahead and Mark Blaha and Andrew behind. It turns out that only those first

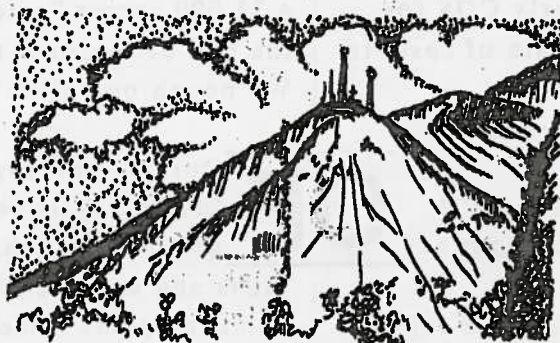
two climbs were really tough. By 2:30, we were at the juncture of the trails which come up from each antenna-ornamented arm of the mountain. Right above us was the stark peak. Dwight, Mark and I sat, pulled out the radio to listen to my Ben Harper tape and ate a glorious lunch of tuna sandwiches with chocolate milk to wash it

all down. Andrew and Blaha still had not shown up, but we figured that they were eating as well. We left our bags and the radio unpacked and went up a bit further to climb around and explore without our *carga*.

We quickly found a rocky dead-end, and

from our dangerous perch we saw Andrew and Blaha coming up, but in a more round-about way. That explained it. By the time we joined them at the crossroads, they too had ditched their bags. They were very tired and decided that they would camp down there. The three of us wanted to find the "perfect campsite" with a killer view, wind protection, etc. We went back to our lunch site and packed up. We all started to climb around the rock to the west and upwards. When we had nearly reached the point where hiking gave way to climbing, we dropped our packs and climbed up the rest of the way *sin* luggage.

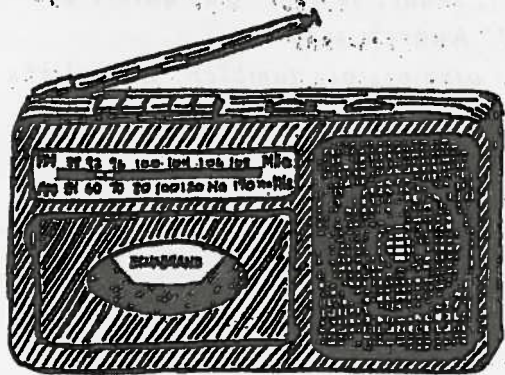
The view from the cross was spec-freakin-tacular. Alternately Cotopaxi then Cayambe came out to play, affording many photo opportunities for all of us. We never could figure out where the damn crater was, but the peak was cool. All of Quito stretched out to the north, east and south. The coast was a blazing white blanket in the



afternoon sun. The wind was wild and cold; cold enough not to melt the small pockets of snow among the rock. Since the time was edging towards five o'clock, we wisely decided to cruise down to set up camp.

Dwight, Mark and I still wanted an extraordinary campsite and we fence-sat for a few minutes, deciding if we should throw in with Blaha and Andrew, who were heading somewhat *abajo* to escape the worst of the wind. Finally it seemed more reasonable to just stick together and we soon followed the others down a little bit into a gully and set up our camp.

There were several remains of stone foundations where we were. We were laughing and joking. Andrew and I were playfully fighting over which of our two-man tents would have to accommodate three and which only the specified two. Andrew was opening up a can of tuna. I was adjusting the tuning on my radio for static-free reception of "La Planta." Blaha was



putting on more warm clothes. Dwight was talking with Andrew. Stitelman was close to the radio, listening to the song. It was about 5:00 according to my altimeter watch.

A gunshot went off.

"Hey, Mark, turn down the radio, that guy just shot his gun," I told Stitty

after having the reflexes in my neck spin my cranium to the left and up to see a puff of smoke rise from the skyward-aimed gun of a short (of course) *campesino*.

"I didn't hear anything," Mark said, but turned the radio down anyway.

"Well, look, that guy just fired his shotgun," pointing and remembering the empty shell Blaha had found that day at the beginning of the hike near that last antenna. We watched him re-load and take a few steps towards us, stopping 50 meters from us.

"Just do whatever he says," replied Stitty to someone's, "What do we do?"

I was not believing that anything was wrong and for no real reason I walked around my tent towards my backpack. There was some yelling I did not understand and, turning around and looking up the hill, I caught the man running a few steps down and closer and then he aimed the gun at me. My hands were up. He yelled at us and the other guys squeaked out cries of mercy and calm was relatively restored, for the moment.

"*Qué hacen aquí?*"

"*Acampando,*" answered Andrew.

"*Y usted?*" I added, hoping to be friendly, hoping that what was happening wasn't really happening.

"*Casando,*" grunted the man.

"*Y qué tal?*" I asked, but he said nothing.

"*Qué tal la suerte?*" asked Andrew, trying to go with the polite conversation.

"*Quieren que les mato?!?*"

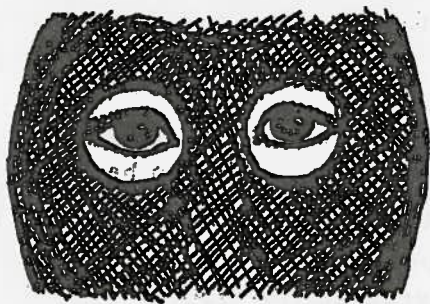
No! Hands flew up. Obedient poses were struck.

"*Siéntense! Allí! Donde él!*"

Looking at the black dot at the end of the long steel barrel positioned more or less perpendicular to me, I walked over to the grass next to Mark Stitelman. Rather quickly we were all *acostado* at *Señor Cojudo's*



kind request. It was then that I knew this was real. I knew we were to lose everything, but I figured that, considering the lack of violent crime, we would not lose our lives. But still, having a gun pointed at me, I was scared shitless. I numbly resigned myself to complete compliance. The scene was real and we had to play our parts as best as possible. "Señor, vivimos en el país," Andrew pleaded, using the "we live here" ploy which we all know can work so well with street vendors and taxi drivers who want to overcharge those whom they think are tourists. "Cuál país?" el cojudo replied. My thought was, "Nice try, Andrew." "Somos de los Estados Unidos, pero vivimos y trabajamos en el Ecuador." "Dónde vives tú?" he growled. "Yo vivo en Cayambe," came Andrew's response. "Cayambe? Y el otro?" "Yo vivo en Daule, cerca de Guayaquil," spoke up Stillman.



"Y tú?" he asked, looking at me. "Yo vivo en Portoviejo," came my voice unexpectantly and unfamiliarly. "Dónde? En Portoviejo o Puertoviejo?" he cleverly tested me. "Portoviejo," came my scared answer. "Aaa Ya, Portoviejo, y tú?!" "Lá Mandá," came Dwight's voice for the first time. "La Mandá? Dónde está?"

"Queda en la carretera entre Latacunga y Quevedo. Justo a la base de las montañas," came the response clearly and strongly from Dwight's side of the prone row we made. Our heads were mostly up watching the man. He was short, as I noted and almost always note, wearing a gray pullover with a blue-green fanny pack slung over his shoulder. He had on a maroon ski mask which allowed us to see little of his face except dark, intense eyes and rather white skin. I mention the skin because I want it to be clear that he did not look like a tan mestizo farmer nor a naturally darker indigenous. He was definitely a colono, of some European genotype.

"Y tú?"

"Yo vivo en San Vicente," Blaha also spoke up. The guy didn't know where that was either and there were a few mixed voices at that time. I was about to tell him it was al frente de Bahía de Caraquez.

He looked into his sachel while saying,

"Cinco balas para cinco muchachos, que bien."

"Por favor, señor, no eso! Qué quiere de nosotros?" Andrew said.

"Yo tengo otra pistola también, y," pulling out a hunting knife, "de quién es eso?"

I have no f#*king idea, I was thinking, looking at the shiny blade.

"Es mío," said Andrew. I was confused at this.

"Y cómo lo tengo?" el cojudo was smug at his cleverness.

"Usted lo sacó de mi mochilla."

"Si, soy inteligente."

I couldn't figure out what had happened, but then Andrew whispered to us that he had noticed his knife had been missing after retrieving his backpack. Then he was saying something and I began to listen to him hearing, "...se levanta!"

I began to get up and he got very upset and once again pointed his gun



at me.
"No le entendió! No le entendió," Andrew yelled covering his head.

"Qué? No te entiendes español bien? Digale en inglés!" I was already flat on the ground again.

"He said he'd kill the next guy who got up." Understanding my nearly disastrous blunder I said in my best *castellano*, "Entiendo! Entiendo! Solo que yo no escuché. Yo entiendo, no escuché."

"Tienen tragos?"

"Si tenemos una botella de vodka. Quiere?" asked Andrew.

"Cuál es? Stolichnaya?" I thought to myself, at least he knows good vodka.

"No, es Finlandia."

"OK, no quiero. OK, hey you! You! Saca la plata. Money. En tu gorra."

I took off my warm winter hat and began to empty out my pockets. Out came 75.000 sucres and my *censo* and VISA card. I dropped the money in the hat and held up the cards.

"Qué son esos?" Mr. Chump/A••hole asked me.

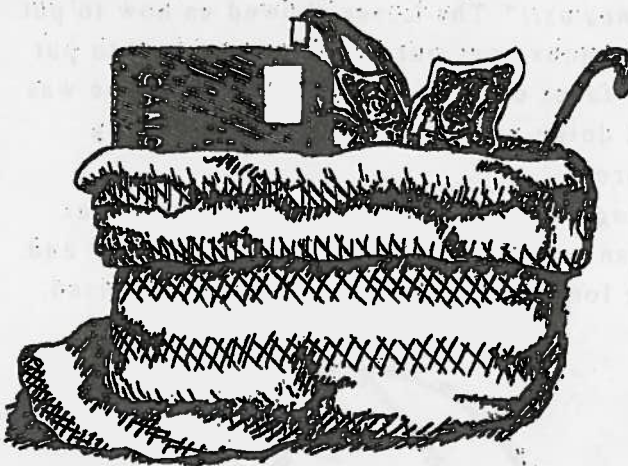
"Esa es mi censo y esa es mi tarjeta de crédito. Quiere?" I held up the cards.

"No, no. Siga con la otra."

Being the guinea pig, I decided to be very careful. I pulled out everything I had, including the camera out of my inner jacket pocket. I showed him my cheap sunglasses. I asked him if he wanted them; he said to put them in the hat and he would return them to me afterward. I put my watch into the hat as well. When I had named all of the objects and put the ones he wanted into my hat, I was ordered to the ground and the hat was passed to Mark Stillman.

The routine was repeated with the other four. Each one of us would

stand, go through all of our pockets and put only the things he wanted into my hat with the other loot and lay back down. After Blaha was finished, the hat was passed back down to me at the *ladron's* orders.



"Hey You! El primero."

"Yo?" I asked, pointing at myself.

"Sí. Traje la gorra. Ahora."

I stood, taking the hat and walked the 20 meters to him, pausing, wondering how far he wanted me to go. He yelled again, but I said, "Dígame no más hasta donde quiere." He realized my confusion and indicated a spot two meters from the shotgun steadily trained upon me. I dropped the hat and turned and walked back to my place. I could feel his vision and weapon directed my way. I hardly got to the ground, when he began yelling at the others, who were watching the scene.

"Hagáchetel! Hagáchetel!" He wildly waved his other hand to the ground. I wasn't quite sure about the word, but I took it to mean "Get your a•• down!"

"Tú, el primero, tú! Cómo te llamas?" he asked me. I was not liking all of the special attention.

"Karlos," I choked out.

"Bueno, Karlos. Saca la chaqueta!"

I took off my jacket and he motioned for me to throw it to the side, so I did. I was told to get flat again. This routine was repeated



with the others. Then he told us to get up and move over from the campsite about 20 meters away.

"*Hagáchetel! Hagáchetel! El primero que se mueve, le mato! Le mato! Pongense las manos así!*" The Loser showed us how to put our hands over our heads and told us to put our faces close to the ground. Someone was not doing as he liked, so he was yelling more,

"*Hagáchetel! Hagáchetel!*" But whomever wasn't in his favor finally pleased him and the long, cold, shivering listening started.



At this point I am staring, unfocused at the grass immediately below my eyeballs. I try to concentrate on my breathing. I think for a moment about those whom I love: Diana, my parents, my friends. Then I censor these thoughts which, though seemingly positive, are rooted in thoughts of death. I return to my breathing and listening to the goings-on around us. The radio had been playing for the entire time on the *gringo* station, but quietly. The first thing *el cojudo* did was turn up the music a bit, flip through all of the stations and finally stopped back on the station we had had it tuned to. He mumbled something about shitty English music and went on his way. I began to hear him opening and closing zippers on our stuff. The radio played "Epic" by Faith No More. I had thoughts of music soothing the savage

breast and all we had was heavy metal music. I tried to breathe deep and slow, but my exhalations became convulsive, not so much from a panicked head, but from the cold. My hands were no longer a part of my consciousness. I could not feel them, but concentrating on them, I felt bitter cold and numbness. I shivered. "*Hagáchetel! Tú con la gorra roja! Hagáchetel!*" He threw something like a can at us and it bounced off of my leg. Who the f#*k has their head up, I was wondering.

The next song that came on was "Pets" by Porno for Pyros and the zippers and rustling of our belongings continued. I tried to look up and to the side in my field of vision so I could focus on some grass in the late afternoon fading light. I thought to myself how happy I was these days. I left the States two years ago not a very happy person. I was never a failure and could have stayed in the corporate world and earned money and all of that, but I was unhappy with my life. I came down here and I grew immensely. I am happily looking forward to my soon-to-be-discovered-and-created new life. I am very content with my life and the important people to me who share in some of my life's paths. I was thinking how very aware I was of my life force. I listened to my heart, my breathing and a third, unknown-to-me song on the radio.

After the song, more mortal thoughts and a degree or two drop in my core temperature, he yelled at us to get up and move a little further away from camp and sit. He then told us to take off a boot. I did and he motioned for me to throw it up the hill, over my shoulder. We all complied. He then told us to go further down and away and cross a drainage ditch about two meters



across. With one shoe we jumped across and sat as instructed. He began to measure his boot against ours.

"Great!" I thought, "I don't have to worry about him stealing my size 13 Doc Martin's."

He checked all of the shoes, noting the quality of Stitelman's and making fun of the size of mine. He then asked if we could sing, or count; we could not tell if he said *cantar* or *cantar*. I thought he said something like, "Sing me something you learned in church." Blaha began to sing 'Happy Birthday', but then we all heard the f#*ker say, "One, Two, Tree, Four. . ." We all began to count in unison and in English. After 30 he said, "OK, *bajan por alli! Me voy por acá. Haces 30 minutos!*" "Hasta dónde?" asked Blaha.

He thought for a moment, "*Hasta el arbol alli.*"

We were already walking and saying, "OK, OK." We walked down the hill, down a valley that leads to the very northernmost tip of Quito. We couldn't figure out which tree he meant so we found one nearby and began to wait and talk.

"Hey guys, I think we need a team hug," suggested Andrew, spreading his arms out. The five of us huddled together for cold and support.

"Dwight, how come you gave him both your shoes?" I asked, looking down at his two stocking feet and feeling mine and his *frio*.

"I don't know man, I thought he said both."

"You dummy, he said only one!"

"He told me to take off both my jackets too."

"He didn't tell any of us to take off both layers," said Mark. The rest of us had a sweater, fleece and/or poncho on. Dwight had only a long-sleeve t-shirt. We had separated, but being cold myself, I sug-

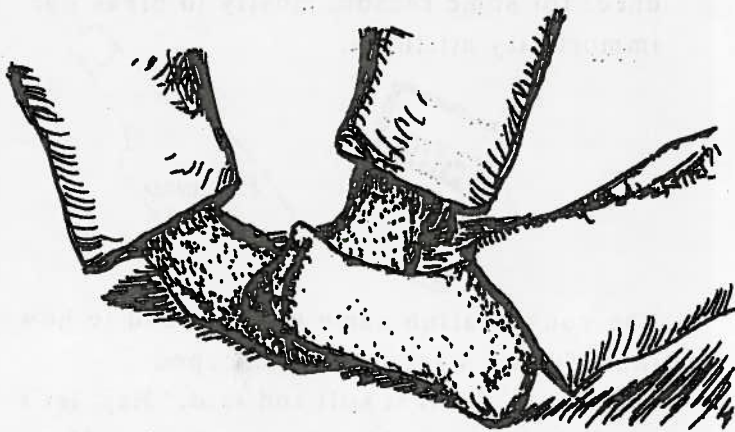
gested that we continue to keep close for warmth.

"Man, that a**hole got my jacket and my knife. F#*k!" Andrew was whining about what I thought to be unimportant stuff; then he said what was probably on everyone's mind, "At least there are five of us here right now to talk about it. Shit! At least no one got hurt. I was just thinking all that time about how much I love Gabriela."

I felt tears bursting from my eyes. The emotion of the ordeal was getting its appropriate time to be exercised.

"I was just thinking about how that guy was in control and we just had to not panic and do what he wanted. And I was cold," said Blaha. I was realizing that I too would tell them what I had been thinking, but I knew it would be very hard to get out.

"I was just so cold I couldn't think of anything. I was scared," admitted Dwight. I noticed he was trying to warm up one foot with the other, bird-style, so I added my one-socked foot to the pile and hoped it would help.



"I think we are gonna be friends for a very long time." intoned Mark Stitelman.

"Man, I am just glad we all went through this together. I wouldn't have wanted to have to deal with this with anyone else," Dwight told us.

"What were you thinking, Karl?" Andrew

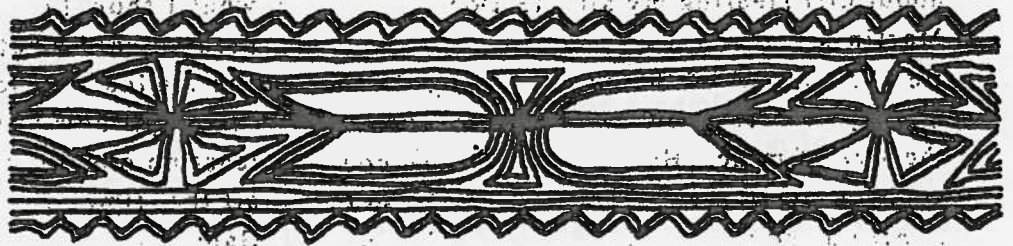


asked me. Oh no, here it goes. "I was just—" the tears came and the words got caught up among them."—trying to... think about... how much I enjoyed life." Infectious as tears can be, we felt for one another and ourselves. We were actually all very happy. We calmed down a little bit, maybe all except me, as I was riding a huge surge of emotion. We were scolding ourselves for our brashness and the cocky attitudes we had earlier that day. It was brought up that we had joked about that very situation of one gunman. We had been boldly saying that morning that we could all just fake knowing karate and/or rushing him, rationalizing that only one of us would get shot and the rest would kill our assailant. It was brought up that several of the tour agencies we had inquired at for a ride up had warned us of the dangers of assaults on Pichincha lately. Dwight said that we were meant to have had this experience, for some reason, mostly to break our immortality attitudes.



The conversation came back around to how thankful we were to have escaped unscathed. I felt it still and said, "Hey, let's not hold back on this emotional ride. Man, f#*kin' feel it. Enjoy—" I broke up again. We all felt just how alive we were right then. The cold was getting bad, and it had been the right amount of time (though without watches it was tough to tell.) We began to hike back up to our camp.

There were no surprises. The crook was gone and so were four cameras, four jackets (he left Dwight's), two watches (he had missed Blaha's and Andrew's), two sleeping



bags, the knife, Dwight's prescription glasses, my radio and 20 cassettes (I'm sure he has already copied shitty-quality bus music over all), Mark Stillman's small backpack, Andrew's stuff sack, 212,000 sucres and various other junk.

We drank the vodka with *maracuyá* tang (yecch) and huddled in camp and talked it all over. We all felt very lucky, close to each other and, except for the shock, I think we felt wiser, stronger and better for our experience. I leave the details of our bonding to us.

I did not write this to preach Peace Corps rules. I was told that we did not have to talk at all about what happened to us. I choose to and do so with the approval of my friends. One thing we never did and which may seem to many as hand-holding, was to register our plans with the nurses. No one in the administration knew of our whereabouts and, should there have been complications in our adventure, the Peace Corps wouldn't have known to send in the Marines. I also would like to advise people to visit Pichincha only during the day, if at all. There are many gorgeous *paramo* hikes to be made in Ecuador, many of them in much safer areas. El Cajas is one, but



even better are the infrequently-visited-by-gringo-tourists places like Lagunas de Mojanda and Parque Nacional Podocarpus.

Dwight did make a really interesting point: What would have happened if that robbery had occurred on the trip during training, at the beginning of our service? We might have bolted home on the heels of a quickie ET. The two years had made us a little cocky and that had to be corrected, but the two years had also made us more confident, calm and strong as people. We did not panic, which I believe is the key to surviving a majority of situations. We came down the mountain alive and well, if a little shook-up. We came down the mountain to enjoy a meal from Burger King like it was our first and last one.

On a final note, sincere thanks to Peace Corps, and especially Jean Seigle, for your support after we got down the mountain. We appreciate all you did for us.

The Best of the Worst Country-Western Song Titles



(These are REAL!!!)



submitted by Andrés Amador, Cuenca (Azuay)

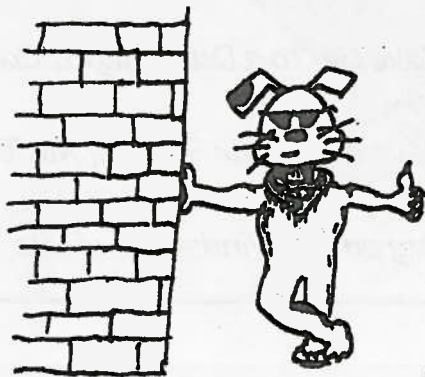
- Do You Love as Good as You Look?
- Does Your Chewing Gum Lose its Flavor on the Bedpost Overnight?
- Drop Kick Me, Jesus, Through the Goalposts of Life
- Get Your Biscuits in the Oven and Your Buns in the Bed
- Get Your Tongue Outta My Mouth 'Cause I'm Kissing You Goodbye
- Her Teeth Were Stained, but Her Heart Was Pure
- Here's a Quarter, Call Someone Who Cares
- How Can I Miss You if You Won't Go Away?
- How Can You Believe Me When I Say I Love You When You Know I've Been a Liar All My Life?
- I Been Roped and Thrown By Jesus in the Holy Ghost Corral
- I Changed Her Oil, She Changed My Life
- I Don't Know Whether to Kill Myself or Go Bowling
- I Fell in a Pile of You and Got Love All Over Me
- I Flushed You From the Toilets of My Heart
- I Keep Forgettin' I Forgot About You
- I Wanna Whip Your Cow
- I Would Have Wrote You a Letter, But I Couldn't Spell Good
- I Wouldn't Take Her to a Dawg Fight, 'Cause I'm Afraid She'd Win
- I'd Rather Have a Bottle in Front of Me Than a Frontal Lobotomy
- I'm Just a Bug on the Windshield of Life



El Pañuelo Intrepido

by Steve Green and Justin Tomola
(Loreto, Napo—Azogues, Cañar)

As many Peace Corps Volunteers already know from experience, the bandanna is a highly versatile piece of material. Nonetheless, it is our guess that there are those amongst us in the Peace Corps world that have yet to tap the full potential of this most amazing square of cloth. From our experience, we recommend that the PCV be in possession of at least two bandannas and never leave home without carrying at least one of them. We believe that you will agree with this recommendation after reading the following list of possible ways to utilize the bandanna. Realizing this list must be far from exhaustive, we encourage the reader to share methods of bandanna exploitation that we have yet to discover. Just submit them for inclusion in the next issue of El Clima. And, we thank you for your support.



50

USES FOR THE BANDANNA

- The traditional headband use—to keep sweat out of eyes
- The “Rambo” look
- Cowboy mask; you know, like for robbing a bank
- Blindfold
- To put on your dog for the real “cool” look
- Head covering for hot days
- Head covering for rainy days
- For 1980s “cool rocker” look: place around your thigh on outside of pants (fluorescent colors are highly recommended)
- Ski mask
- Veil for funerals (fluorescent colors not recommended)
- Scarf
- Handkerchief
- Tourniquet
- Make-shift handcuffs, in cases of citizen arrests (not to be attempted here in Ecuador)
- Baby diaper
- Air filter (protection from Quito smog or Sierran *campo* smells)
- Bib
- Red flag, to be placed on the back of oversized loads
- Lunch sack
- To snap at friends and foes alike, as a means of inflicting pain on the epidermal layer (moisten the tip of bandanna for maximum effect)
- To be used as a “tail” in Pin-The-Tail-On-The-Donkey
- To wipe moisture from car windshield
- Cold pack (by wrapping ice in it)

- To place on a hot car seat in order to avoid that nasty burnt flesh smell
- For dusting
- To fan a fire
- Holder for marble collection
- To carry fruit from the market to your house
- Fly swatter
- Starting/finishing flag indicator
- For magic tricks
- To fan a friend or oneself
- For waving-down taxis/buses
- Use like an ancient Roman horsetail as a means of keeping insects off oneself
- Patch for holes in clothing
- For drying car, as a chamouis
- Napkin
- Hot pad
- When stuck in a remote place, bandanna can be used to collect drinking water by passing it across vegetation in morning hours and then ringing out into mouth
- Wall hanging
- Table cloth (O.K., all right for a small table)
- To gift wrap a present (not recommended for formal occasions)
- Water bottle holder on hikes by forming a sling-like device, suspended from a belt loop
- Signal between friends (e.g. if bandanna is placed on doorknob, do not disturb)
- To gift wrap a present (not recommended for formal occasions)
- To give away, like when you are on a bus you will always have a *re cuendo* to trade (Ecuadorians love them)
- For drying car, as a chamouis
- Dish towel
- To clean oneself after defecating (only in absolutely desperate situations, as reuse potential is questionable at best)

TRYIN'

ON



CLOTHES

by Shel Silverstein's Where The Sidewalk Ends

I tried on the farmer's hat,

Didn't fit.

A little too small—just a bit

Too floppy.

Couldn't get used to it,

Took it off.

I tried on the dancer's shoes,

A little too loose.

Not the kind you could use

For walkin'

Didn't feel right in 'em,

Kicked 'em off.

I tried on the summer sun,

Felt good.

Nice and warm—knew it would.

Tried the grass beneath bare feet,

Felt neat.

Finally, finally felt well dressed,

Nature's clothes just fit me best.



Thoughts For The Day

submitted by Nicole Dino
Mira (Carchi)

Shocking Stats

The following shocking statistics were taken from ERIC Search-United Nations Demographic Data. If we could, at this very moment, shrink the Earth's population to a village of precisely 100 people, while maintaining all the existing human ratios in the world today, the results would be as follows:

- There would be 57 Asians, 21 Europeans, 14 Western Hemisphere people (North and South America), and 8 Africans.
- 70 of the 100 would be non-white; 30 would be white.
 - 70 would be unable to read.
 - 50 would suffer from malnutrition.
 - 80 would live in substandard housing.
 - 70 of the 100 would be non-Christian; 30 would be Christian.
 - Only one would have a university education.
 - Half of the entire world's wealth would be in the hands of only six people and all six of those people would be citizens of the United States.

Thought Questions

- If you are the one person in that village with a university education, what will you do for the 70 who cannot read?
- If you are one of the six people who

has half of the village wealth, what will you do for the 80 in substandard housing and the 50 suffering from malnutrition?

- If you are white, are you in the majority or the minority? With that in mind, what is your attitude and treatment of other people groups?



ATTITUDE, And Other Words by Charles Swindoll

"The longer I live, the more I realize the impact of attitude on life. Attitude, to me, is more important than facts. It is more important than the past, than education, than money, than circumstances, than failures, than successes, than what other people think or say or do. It is more important than appearance, giftedness or skill. It will make or break a company. . . a church. . . a home. The remarkable thing is we have a choice every day regarding the attitude we will embrace for that day. We cannot change our past. . . we cannot change the fact that people will act in a certain way. We cannot change the inevitable. The only thing we can do is play on the one string we have, and that is our attitude. . . I am convinced that life is 10% what happens to me and 90% how I react to it. And so it is with you. . . we are in charge of our **ATTITUDE!**"



**HERE'S AN OVERLOOKED
GROUP TO STUDY**

I've recently discovered evidence of a group that has been overlooked by the mental health community, the media and our culture in general. These people are such a small minority, they barely have a voice. When they do speak, they are not taken seriously. You might have met them at work or on the street; when you see them, you'll know immediately who they are. For lack of a better term, I've recently been referring to them as "normal people."

Out of heartfelt commitment to my profession, I've begun a preliminary study on this group. Here are some of my findings.

Symptoms. The first symptom I noticed was that when these people agreed to help me with the study they failed to exhibit typical self-protective behavior (i.e. "What's in it for me?"). My first findings seemed to suggest a defect in their ability to hold onto pain, resentment or psychic injuries. For example, one of my patients is a man who grew up with an alcoholic father who left when he was young. Despite the rich opportunity for suffering this injury affords, he says things such as, "I guess he did the best he could. Those years were tough but I'm OK." It appears that these people are unable to feel much of the righteous indignation so many of the rest of us seem to enjoy.

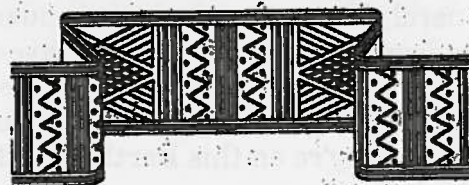
Another symptom is that they appear to be happy. The world looks good to them and they seem to enjoy their lives.

If they're in a relationship, they have a tendency to accept their partner for what he or she is, and not to try to change each other. If they are not in a relationship, they seem to be

relatively comfortable and, for some reason, don't spend much time hating their last partner.

From those I've studied, they tend to actually enjoy their children and don't micromanage their lives. I've also discovered that several of them actually trust their children's judgment. On occasion, many of them have demonstrated affection and even gratitude to their parents for what they have done for them.

They also seem to have a defect in their ability to blame. If they're experiencing a problem, they seem unable to blame friends, family, situations or even themselves for it.



Work is another area where these people behave strangely. Many of them work only about 40 hours a week. They rarely bring work home or work on weekends. Most of them don't have faxes, laptops or even e-mail. Overall they don't worry much about work.

Speaking of worrying, I believe they have a defect in this area, too. They seem unable to sustain the activity of worrying over a long period of time. Several of them looked at me and shrugged when I asked them questions about worrying.

Most of them also seem to care about their neighbors and their neighborhoods. Many actually care very deeply about people they've never even met (i.e., people in other neighborhoods, groups or countries). They also seem to care a good deal about their world, their environment and their children's future. They're also terribly respectful of people, trees, flowers and animals.



Now, back to the issue of whether this syndrome is contagious. There is some preliminary evidence that it is. After spending many hours with a group of these people, I actually begin to feel happy.

Groups affected. This syndrome seems to affect all ethnic and racial groups; regardless of age or economics. I have found, however, three groups who are at a much higher risk of being affected.

• Children below the age of 6 or 7; early findings suggest that the majority of this group are actually normal. However, most seem to outgrow it well before puberty.

• Another group at risk is older people who seem to appreciate their lives and have coped well with their losses.

• In general, I have found a high incidence of this syndrome among people who have a sense of purpose in their lives. They seem to know what is important for them to accomplish while they're on this Earth, and they're actually doing it.

Treatment. As of now there is no known cure. But rest assured, if we continue living life the way we do (not taking care of one another or our environment, blaming others for our problems and nurturing our injuries), I'm sure this group will continue to be a small minority and not threaten the rest of us.

by Dan Gottlieb
submitted by Edith Bross



YET MORE BEST OF THE WORST COUNTRY SONG TITLES

- My John Deere Was Breaking Your Field, While Your Dear John Was Braking My Heart
- My Wife Ran Off with My Best Friend, and I Sure Do Miss Him
- Oh, I've Got Hair Oil on My Ears and My Glasses Are Slipping Down, But Baby I Can See Through You
- Pardon Me, I've Got Someone to Kill
- She Got the Gold Mine and I Got the Shaft
- She Got the Ring and I Got the Finger
- She Made Toothpicks Out of the Timber of My Heart
- She's Got Freckles on Her, but She's Pretty
- Thank God and Greyhound She's Gone
- They May Put Me in Prison, but They Can't Stop My Face From Breakin' Out
- Velcro Arms, Teflon Heart
- When You Leave Walk Out Backwards, So I'll Think You're Walking In
- You Can't Have Your Kate and Edith Too
- You Can't Roller Skate in a Buffalo Herd
- You Done Tore Out My Heart and Stomped That Sucker Flat
- You Were Only a Splinter as I Slid Down the Banister of Life
- You're the Reason Our Kids Are So Ugly



“No, I Ordered the Super Grande”

Article taken from *American Way
Airlines Magazine*
by Allan Lazo

“... [This] is the greatest week in the history of the world since the Creation, because as a result of what happened in this week, the world is bigger, infinitely. . .”—President Richard Nixon, July 24, 1969, welcoming back the crew of *Apollo II* after the first moon landing.

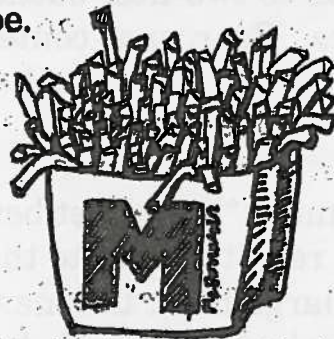
It may be easy to blame things on Nixon, but it certainly seems with this statement that he waved the green flag on the gianting of America, blessing the country's self-indulgent “super-sizing.”

The bigger-is-better dominion has escalated to include everything from soft drinks to malls to stores devoted to giant quantities. “Large” has been supplemented by “super,” “super” by “jumbo,” “jumbo” by “grande.”

Somewhere, “they” crossed the line. The line of sensibility that says you shouldn't need two hands to carry any beverage. That says salsa

should only come in containers smaller than Chihuahuas. That says malls shouldn't be large enough to house amusement parks and more than one *Cinnabon*.

Nothing is immune. Everywhere you turn, the world is “bigger infinitely.” Soft-drink cups drew first blood. “Large” once meant 16-ounces, but in 1982, *7-Eleven* fired the opening salvo with the 32-ounce Big Gulp. (They knew they were first because they had to go out and develop the cup.) In 1987, came the **Super Big Gulp** at 44-ounces. In 1992, faced with pressure from such contenders as *AM/PM*'s **Super Tanker**, the 64-ounce **Double Gulp** further pushed the single-serving envelope.



Most recently, America's fast-food meccas have taken up the mantle. **McDonald's** “verbed” this collective gluttony when they offered to “super-size” things. Fast-fooders can have biggie-this, double-that, mega-anything.

Stores once stocked toilet tissue in four-, six- and maybe eight-packs. Now, warehouse clubs such as



PriceCostco carry 24-roll packs. And normal people buy them. The company has 261 stores worldwide and nearly twenty-five million card holders. In its own literature, it claims, "Individuals belonging to certain qualified groups are allowed to purchase for their personal needs."



Examine beverage containers: In 1916, Coca-Cola first appeared in a six-and-a-half-ounce bottle. Today, endless grocery aisles pay homage to soda-container sizes from 20-ounce Big Mouths to two-liter bottles to 24-can cases. Beer, once content in a "stubby," comes in 40-ounce torpedoes and five-gallon balls.

How large must "large" get before the masses revolt? More to the point, how large must the masses get before becoming revolting? And the real question: Which came first, the gianting of America or the giant America? A 1995 survey by the *National Center for Health Statistics* showed that the number of "severely overweight" US youths has doubled in the last three decades.

The narcissistic love of the large must end. This is indeed a call to arms. Albeit, arms weary from totting a world gone super-sized. •

STILL CAN'T ESCAPE THOSE COUNTRY SONGS!



- I'm the Only Hell Mama Ever Raised
- I've Been Flushed from the Bathroom of Your Heart
- I've Got the Hungries for Your Love and I'm Waiting in Your Welfare Line
- If I can't be Number One in Your Life, Then Number Two on You
- If Love Were Oil, I'd

Be a Quart Low

- If My Nose Were Full of Nickels I'd Blow it All on You



- If the Phone Don't Ring, Baby, You'll Know It's Me

•If You Don't Leave Me Alone, I'll Go and Find Someone Else Who Will

- If You Leave Me, Can I Come Too?
- Mama Get the Hammer (There's a Fly on Papa's Head)
- May the Bird of Paradise Fly Up Your Nose

•My Every Day Silver Is Plastic

•My Head Hurts, My Feet Stink, and I Don't Love Jesus •



ORIENTATION DE CONTRAPARTES

The following information was taken from the Counterpart Orientation of Omnibus 75, held on May 29 and 30.

SESION: ESPECTATIVAS SOBRE EL CUERPO DE PAZ Y EL TRABAJO DEL VOLUNTARIO Y CONTRAPARTES

1. RESPUESTAS DE LOS CONTRAPARTES

¿Por qué ha solicitado un(a) Voluntario(a) del Cuerpo de Paz?

- Apoyo al desarrollo
- Productividad
- Ayuda social
- Conservación
- Asistencia Técnica
- Capacitación
- Apoyo en la Comercialización
- Desarrollo en la Infraestructura
- Coordinación en la comunidad
- Apoyo Socio-organizativo
- Ayuda comunitaria
- Experiencia-Cuerpo de Paz
- Intercambio Cultural
- Apoyo Microempresas

¿Qué expectativas tiene usted (de/la) Voluntario(a) que trabajará en su comunidad?

- Progreso comunitario
- Cambiar forma Producción
- Soluciones a largo plazo
- Desarrollo agropecuario
- Mejoramiento nivel de vida del agricultor
- Fortalecimiento de las actividades en la comunidad
- Intercambio socio-económico
- Sensibilidad cultural
- Mejora de la Educación Rural
- Intercambio de conocimientos y experiencias
- Cumplimiento de planes
- Entendimiento mutuo

- Introducción de nuevas tecnologías
- Aprovechamiento de recursos
- Conocimiento de la realidad del campesino
- Mejora de la salud
- Implementación de nuevas áreas de acción
- Adaptación al medio
- Intercambio cultural
- Conseguir mercados agrícolas y artesanales
- Apoyo, sustentabilidad en los Proyectos
- Fomentar la autogestión
- Sencillez y amistad
- Dominio del idioma
- Puntualidad

2. RESPUESTAS DE LOS VOLUNTARIOS

¿Por qué decidió usted ingresar al Cuerpo de Paz?

- Visitar otros países
- Aprender
- Experiencia
- Ver como es la vida en otro país
- Dar ayuda técnica
- Conocer la cultura
- Aprender español
- Aventura
- Cambio interior
- Crecimiento personal
- Conocimiento técnico
- Desarrollo

¿Qué expectativas tiene usted de su Comunidad/Contraparte/Agencia y de su experiencia como Voluntario del Cuerpo de Paz?

- Ayuda para entrar a la comunidad
- Amistad
- Paciencia
- Flexibilidad
- Ayuda con español
- Consejería
- Ayuda con el conocimiento técnico
- Intercambio de ideas
- Estar abierto a nuevos cambios
- Buen sentido del humor
- Deseo de ayudar
- Respeto y cooperación
- Acuerdos mutuos
- Ayuda con vivienda
- Ayuda con la seguridad personal
- Ayuda con proyectos para beneficios de toda la comunidad
- Honestidad
- Comprensión de las limitaciones de los voluntarios
- Jefes y compañeros
- Cumplan las promesas*



by Moritz Thomsen (Ecuador 1965-67)
Reviewed by Richard Lipez
Submitted from Cable Traffic, May 1996

Moritz Thomsen lives! Not in the flesh, alas—the author of the Peace Corps' classic *Living Poor* succumbed to cholera, emphysema and god-knows-what-all in Guayaquil, Ecuador, in 1991, age 78 or so. Since then, Thomsen's many RPCV and non-RPCV fans—Judy Coyne kiddingly refers to him as "Saint Moritz"—have been alert to rumors that the wonderful writer and great humanitarian crank had left behind two manuscripts to add to *Living Poor* (University of Washington Press 1971), *The Farm On The River Of Esmeraldas* (Vintage/Random House 1978) and Thomsen's pessimistic travel memoir, *The Saddest Pleasure: A Journey On Two Rivers* (Graywolf Press 1990). The rumors, it turns out, are at least half true.

It's unclear what kind of shape Thomsen's final work is in—it's a series of sketches of life in downtown Guayaquil. But there's no doubt that the second manuscript, out now as *My Two Wars*, includes some of Thomsen's best writing about modern warfare by anyone.

"This is the book," Thomsen's memoir begins, "about my involvement with two outrageous catastrophes—the Second World War and my father. Neither left physical scars that could help authenticate my presence—either in the war which killed a hundred million or as part of an odd family dominated

M by a man who tended to lose control under pressure—but scars presuppose wounds, and who needs them? They are the two big wars of my life, lost, I suppose as all wars are, as all wars are the seedbeds of future wars."

Y
T
W
O
The man who joined the Peace Corps and lit out for rural Ecuador in 1965 after his California pig farm failed was born rich in 1915, the grandson of a self-made Seattle flour-mill tycoon and the son of Charlie Thomsen, a cruel and reactionary man whose "only loving remark" to his son was when Moritz was ten. Charlie said, "Some day some one is going to give you a million dollars for that smile."

W
A
R
S
Charlie's undiluted awfulness—he blackmailed Moritz's mother into giving up custody of the boy—is never fully explained here, so the early sections of *My Two Wars* begin to feel repetitious as the old reprobate's misdeeds are cataloged. The book really gets going when Moritz is drafted in 1940 and he discovers that (a) he is likable, (b) he has skills for surviving fools that turn out to be useful in the army and (c) flying planes gives him a sense of freedom he never imagined could exist.

After Pearl Harbor, Moritz trains as a fighter pilot. He's inept, bumping into cactuses on takeoff, so



before he ships out to England he's demoted to bombardier. That's disappointing, but he soon adjusts and masters the job. Before he departs, Moritz marries on a whim (the marriage survives the war but not for long) and says so long to Charlie, who assures his scared-to-death son that if Moritz dies he'll be memorialized with a fountain at a local high school. It's a fond, macabre dream of Charlie's that Moritz says is right in character.

Thomsen's half-raising writing about life in a war is never less than mesmerizing. In London, he's both a war-hater and war-lover, hiking the streets during an air raid with his beloved Wagner pounding in his head. (Thomsen is appalled by impulses he fears might come from his own German heritage.) There's no romance on bombing runs to the continent Thomsen soon learns. Even though flying to Toulouse on a balmy day "was like taking a short course in the impressionists," most of Thomsen's twenty-seven B-17 missions were harrowing. Bomber crews odds of surviving the war were poor. In one of over a dozen memorable air-battle scenes, Thomsen looks down with disgust at what he thinks is a hot-dogging bomber pilot below him. Then he realizes that the erratic pilot is being attacked by German fighter planes. Soon the fuselage down below bursts open and flaming bodies tumble out into the sky, even as the plane's wings soar on ahead, a big, strange gap between them now. There is no grand opera in scenes like that, just men sick and nearly crazy with terror.

Thomsen's familiar view of human activity as largely useless comedy made a bearable and given meaning by outbreaks of good work, good-heartedness and valor infuses *My Two Wars*. It has some finely wrought novelistic sketches of Moritz's bomber-crew buddies and late, more encounters with the monstrous Charlie, who is despondent over his son's survival. Charlie, of course, breaks his promise to set Moritz up with a farm after the war, and twenty years later, when Moritz joins the Peace Corps, Charlie rails against, "that commie organization." But for Moritz, after two decades of postwar "emotional hibernation," the Peace Corps represents a way of rejoining the human race.

A professor of geography is reported to be writing a book about Thomsen that will explain who he was and what made him tick. This sounds treacherous. But however the study turns out, maybe it's a sign that Thomsen is about to gain the fame and wide readership a writer of his caliber deserves. And *My Two Wars* can only add to the reputation of this great original.

The Final Use for a Bandanna:
To stragulate those anal folks who actually attempted to verify the number of reasons we gave!
S.G., J.T.



Mad Libs

How many of us recall this twisted word game? As children, my sister and I would take turns filling in the blanks and it would never fail to put me on the floor with laughter. It is a simple game really. One needs only to write a story and then sacar key words. Here's how it is played: You fill in the blanks in part one with their respective word types (adverb, noun, verb etc.). Then you transfer those words to their places in part two. The reason for two parts is so that if you are playing alone you do not inadvertently read the story as you go (that would influence your word choices). Of course, it's always more fun to play with another or in a group. The more creative you are the funnier the story. Now that you know, let's do it.

1. Name of person
2. noun
3. number
4. animal
5. noun (pl)
6. verb (-ing)
7. adjective
8. noun
9. adverb
10. adverb
11. noun
12. noun (pl)
13. verb
14. adjective
15. noun
16. adjective



by Aaron Coby, Limonal (Imbabura)

1 _____ sat in the *casa comunal* giving a charla on 2 _____. It had, so far, not gone quite as expected. Besides starting 3 _____ minutes late, there had been several interruptions. Within the first couple minutes, a 4 _____ in heat had come in followed by several suiters. The resulting ruckus had knocked down a couple of 5 _____ and sent all the rotofolio paper 6 _____ across the room. After things were cleaned up and the animals ehased out, the president of the community had decided that then would be a 7 _____ time to give a speech about next week's *minga* to clean out the 8 _____. Now it was 7:00 and the electricity would 9 _____ be turned off. The Volunteer spoke 10 _____ while explaining how to use a 11 _____ and why it worked better than a *machete* for cutting 12 _____ off a tree. Just as s/he finished, the lights went out. The people 13 _____ out of the building, thanking the Volunteer for such a 14 _____ charla and inviting him/her to their houses to eat 15 _____.
Just another chapter in the 16 _____ Corps experience!•



Last Words

This is my second and last El Clima article. I kept promising myself over the last two years that I'd submit to the "next" issue, but the deadline would come and pass and I'd be there thinking, the next time, the next time. Well finally, there is no next time. The time has flown by far too quickly in some ways, and not quick enough in others. Thank you to all of the wonderful Volunteers of Imbabura and Carchi. I may have made it to the end without you, but it wouldn't have been nearly as fun! Thank you for being there through ALL of it.

Okay, to those of you staying, I want to encourage you to do two things:

1. Visit the ZOO in Ibarra. There are animals there. From Parque Pedro Moncayo, you go down Bolívar (in the opposite direction of the *mercado*) until you reach a dead-end at the church of Santo Domingo. To the right of the church there is a door and you enter the zoo there. It's inexpensive but lovely. (I did a sign project there, so you might even learn something!)
2. Get involved in environmental projects! There is a group in the States called ECOTEMA that has money to fund environmental projects in the Imbabura and Carchi areas, so take advantage of it! Here's the info:

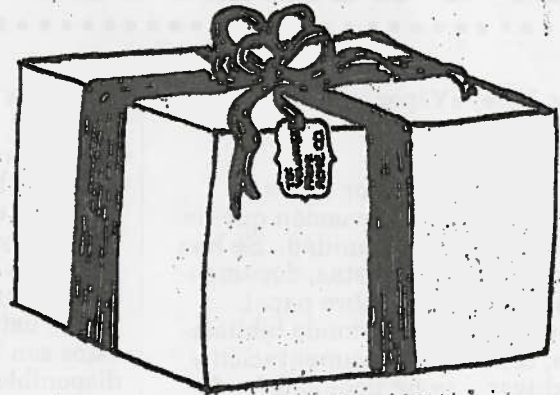
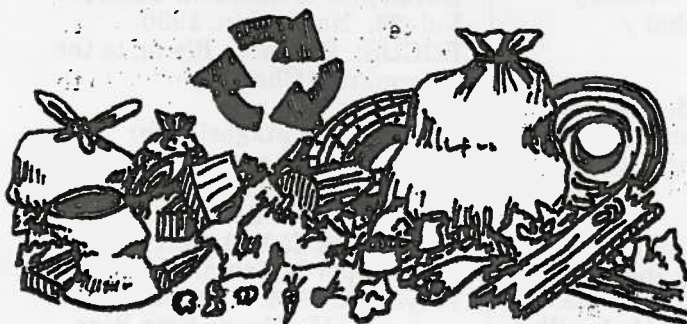
ECOTEMA

Contact in Ibarra: Rosa Salazar
Telf: 06-641-370
Dir: Ramon Alarcon 450

Contact in the States: Carlos/Doreen Salazar
Telf: (916) 756-3021
Dir: 841 San Rafael St., Davis, CA 95616-5604
E-mail: 76478.210 @ compuserve.com

That's all! Good luck to all—staying and leaving. See you in 2001 (or sooner) Omnibus 72. And, remember be a good role model and reduce, reuse, recycle!

La dama de la basura - Cristal Reul, Ibarra



Materials Donations Announcement

submitted by Office of Private Sector Relations, Peace Corps/Washington

This notice is in response to an increasing number of inquiries from U.S. businesses who have been contacted by Peace Corps Volunteers requesting material donations to support their activities. The businesses and organizations are contacting OPSR to ask us to ship these donated materials to the Volunteers. Please inform the Volunteers that Peace Corps cannot ship donated materials EXCEPT through the Gifts in Kind Program. We simply do not have the financial or human resources to handle shipments for individual Volunteers.

(Note: Gifts in Kind Program proposals must be submitted through the Country Director on behalf of a group of Volunteers, and if accepted, GIK will contact potential donors and arrange for the shipment of any donations received. Guidelines for the GIK program are available in the Peace Corps office.)

INFORMACION SIN FRONTERAS

por Mireya Yépez en la Biblioteca

El papel ha sido por siglos el soporte de la información que ha producido la humanidad. Se han escrito libros, revistas, documentos, cartas, etc., sobre papel. Con ellas se ha formado bibliotecas, centros de documentación y archivos y se ha podido difundir la información a lo largo y ancho del planeta. Aún cuando en la actualidad la información se disemina por medios electrónicos a través de las redes de comunicación, y aún cuando existen otros soportes de la información como diskettes, compact disks, etc. El papel y con él su producto inmediato, el libro, seguirán teniendo actualidad permanente.

En estas circunstancias en el mundo se consume y seguirá consumiendo muchísimo papel y con ello continuará la tala masiva de árboles adultos que a la naturaleza le ha tomado 20 o 30 años desarrollar.

Algunos PCVs han emprendido en la tarea de reciclar papel, es decir a elaborar papel manual, con lo que según estudios por cada 20 qq. de papel reciclado:

- Se salvan 17 árboles.
- Ahorramos 5000 Kv/hora de energía.
- Ahorramos 28.000 litros de agua.
- Eliminamos tres yardas de material de relleno usados en un basurero.
- Transformamos la basura en recursos valiosos.

Esto lo podemos realizar todos con lo cual estaremos contribuyendo con la conservación de la naturaleza, para lo cual en el Centro de Recursos, ustedes pueden encontrar un tacho con la etiqueta "RECICLABLE MATERIAL," del cual pueden tomar papel para reciclaje.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

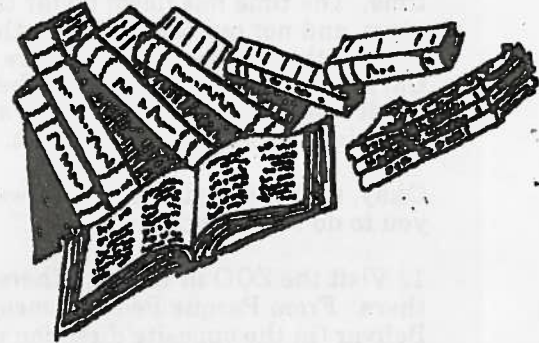
El Programa de Pequeños Negocios ha producido material útil para el manejo financiero, contable y administrativo de pequeñas empresas y ha proporcionado una copia a la biblioteca, la que ustedes pueden consultar, estos son los documentos disponibles:

- La guía de desarrollo del producto para los mercados.
- Manual del curso Comercio Exterior.
- Manual del curso Principios de Contabilidad.
- Manual del curso Estrategia Básica de Mercadeo.
- Manual del curso Principios de Administración.
- Manual del curso Proyectos de Inversión.

NEW MAGAZINES

Las publicaciones periódicas que han llegado al Centro de Recursos desde la última publicación de El Clima son las siguientes:

- *Biological Conservation Newsletter*. Apr. 1996.- Populations Reports. Serie B, No. 6. Dec. 1995. FOCUS: Intrauterine Devices (IUDs): An Update.
- *Correo Poblacional y de la Salud*. CEPAR. Vol. 4. No. 1/1996. FOCUS: Población y Medio Ambiente; Salud y Educación.
- *CEPAR*. Análisis de resultados sondeo de opinión sobre políticas de salud en el Ecuador. Enero 1996.
- *The Orbit*. Student Newsletter of Hardley School for the Blind. Vol. 21. Spring 1996. FOCUS: The Facts About Braille: Braille Literacy.
- *Disasters (IDNDR)* International Decade for Natural Disaster Reductions. No. 27. I/1996. FOCUS: Disasters and the Environment.
- *Habitat World*. The publication of Habitat for Humanity International. June/July 1996. FOCUS: Piecing Community Together.
- *Our Planet*. UNEP Vol. 8. No. 1/1996. FOCUS: Change of Habitat.
- *Trabajo*. Revista del OIT (Oficina Internacional del Trabajo). No. 15. Mar/1996. FOCUS: Los trabajadores de Chernobyl, Diez Años Después. Menores que Trabajan: Cuántos y Dónde.
- *Reports*. International Development Research Centre. Vol. 23. No. 4. Jan. 1996. FOCUS: Ecuador: Rising to the Information Challenge.
- *Kiwanis*. A Magazine for Community Leaders. May 1996. FOCUS: The Philippines' Special Blend.- Contact. Publicación de la Acción de las Iglesias por la Salud. No. 133. May/June 1996. FOCUS: La violencia: Un Nuevo Reto Para la Salud.



- *Revista de la Organización Iberoamericana de Seguridad Social*. FOCUS: Código Iberoamericano de Seguridad Social.

- *Voices from the City*. Newsletter on Urban Environmental Health Issues. Vol. 6. March 1996. FOCUS: Environmental Quality Management in Machala, Ecuador.

- *Child Health Dialogue*. Incorporating ARI News and Dialogue Diarrhoea. Issue 2, 1st quarter 1996. FOCUS: Integrating Treatment and Prevention: The Small Hospital.

- *Paso a Paso*. No. 26. May 1996. FOCUS: Autofinanciamiento Para los Pobres.

- *AIDS Action*. The International Newsletter on AIDS Prevention and Care. Issue 32. March/May 1996.

- *CRAFTS NEWS*. Vol. 7. No. 27. Spring 1996. FOCUS: CARE'S Craft Production Creates Hope in Kenya.

- *Footsteps*. No. 27, June 1996. FOCUS: The Changing Role of the Family.

- *Appropriate Technology*. Vol. 23. No. 1. June 1996. FOCUS: Building Partnerships in Urban Opportunity.

- *FORUM*. English Teaching Forum. Vol. 34. No. 2. April 1996. FOCUS: Lesson Observation: The Key to Teacher Development.

- *New Moon*. July-August 1996.

- *Finance & Development*. June 1996.

- *Youth today*. The Newspaper on Youth Work. Vol. 5. No. 4. July/Aug. 1996.

Hasta la próxima.

W.I.D.

"What Is Dat?"

As the recently appointed WID rep for Imbabura, I also asked myself, "W.I.D. . . . what is dat?" Partly because I wasn't sure and partly because my English has deteriorated from lack of use. Well, I went to my first Women In Development meeting and realized that no one is really sure because it is a topic that encompasses almost every aspect of life and our work as Volunteers. This produces another problem of definition because none of us Volunteers have completely the same experience; so we all interpret Women in Development differently.

PC is always a revolving process, and because of this a large amount of the current WID members will soon be leaving. It is always sad to see them go but we wish them luck and hope that new Volunteers will take their places and will become as interested and involved as they were.

We are a small representation of all the Volunteers and, with almost all new members, we get the exciting opportunity to decide for ourselves the what, how and who for WID so it will intimately fit our personal projects and be useful to us as Volunteers. If you are interested in becoming a WID rep. for your area or province please contact Corinne Manning at Casilla 17-24-46, Santo Domingo or by phoning (02)750-613; or contact Shelly Nicholson at Correo General, La Mana.

A special reminder that the next WID meeting has been changed and will now be held on October 22, at 9 a.m. in the Peace Corps office. We hope to see you there.

Another great training opportunity for PCVs and counterparts is an upcoming conference in Puyo, scheduled for August 26-28, that will focus on Women's Health Issues. If you are interested in attending, please contact Ana María.

Wendy Schwab

WID Rep., Imbabura



CALL FOR ENTRIES

The organizations *Ayuda En Acción*, *HABITierra* and *Sendas de la Ciudad de Cuenca* are sponsoring the third annual "Concurso Mujeres Imágenes y Testimonios." You are invited to participate in this contest by submitting written testimonials and/or photos of Ecuadorian women which pertain to the chosen theme. Winners will receive a prize of 1'000'000 sucres and their work will be included in a subsequent publication.

The theme for this year's edition is: "El poder de la Afectividad" (The Power of Feelings). They are interested in covering all aspects of women's lives: personal, interpersonal, professional and political. Entries will be accepted through October 18, 1996.

Anyone interested in participating in this competition can get additional information and a copy of the official rules from Mireya in the Quito Ebars Corp's Library.

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Recipe by Karl Banks,
Portoviejo (Manabí)

on

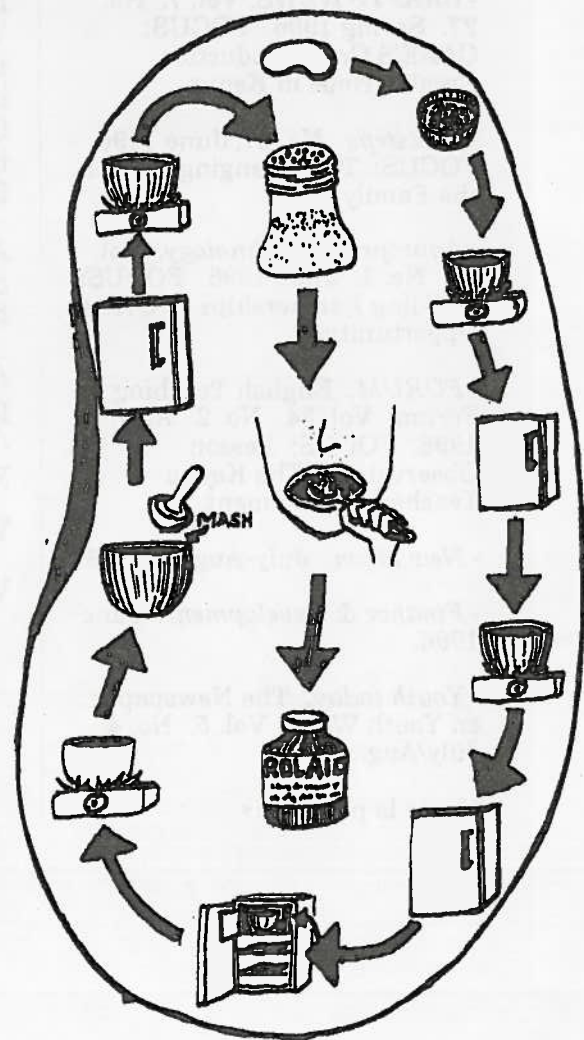
For all bean recipes I recommend the following:

Soak beans for at least 24 hours in an uncovered pot of water and replenish as necessary. Boil for 4 hours then refrigerate overnight. Boil again for 6 hours, then refrigerate overnight. Don't add salt until the end!!

Freeze for 3 weeks; thaw, boil for 7 hours, mash, refrigerate overnight, boil again for at least 3 hours and serve. To save on time, you can adjust the 3-week-freeze to suit your needs.

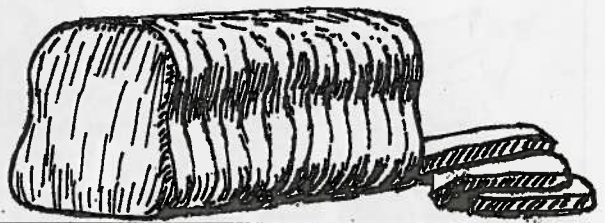
Chef's Note: "These were the best beans I have eaten in the last two years..." I'm serious!

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Recipe of the Month

by Keith Odeen, San Isabel (Azuay)



I would like to start my first attempt at writing for El Clima by adding a footnote to the article in the last issue about travel in Southern Ecuador. For friendliness, the Volunteers down here ROCK. We new Southern Volunteers of Omnibus 75 have been shown huge amounts of hospitality in these first two months. Thanks to all who have opened their homes (and kitchens) to those of us just getting established. As you Volunteers 'up North' (and to paraphrase Uncle Jed), "Ya all come down now, ya hear?"

When I was growing up, my mom was a high school Home-Ec. teacher. Once I figured out that college cafeteria food didn't hold a candle to mom's, I went about learning the recipes of the dishes I grew up with. Consequently, there are a bunch of recipes rolling around in my head and I've got this idea to share a few of them with you every couple of months. Give them a try and let me know what you think.

OK, here's a hypothetical situation. You've just returned from a weekend trip and upon entering your kitchen you realize that you have brown soft bananas and stale bread waiting for you. What do you do? If you answered, feed your worms and the neighbor's dog, I guess that's OK. But if you don't have a worm bed and the neighbor's dog is well fed (it could happen), here are a couple of other ideas.

With the brown bananas, mash them in with the liquid portion of a cake or brownie mix. Reduce your butter (I wish) or margarine by 25% and also reduce your sugar by the same amount. Then bake as usual. I found that 3 small guineos worked well for a small batch (8"x 8" pan) and 3 large guineos worked well for a large batch (9"x 13" pan). You can experiment with more or less to get the texture and taste you like the best. Generally, your cake will be more moist and lighter.

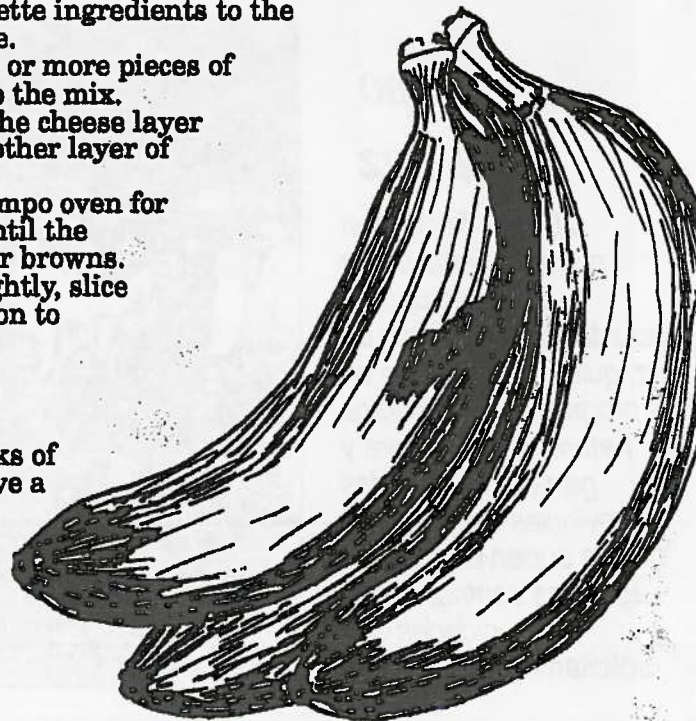
For your stale bread, here's a recipe for a breakfast dish that's great for entertaining since you can do the preparations the night before and feed the masses in the morning with little effort (assuming you have a cool place to store it).

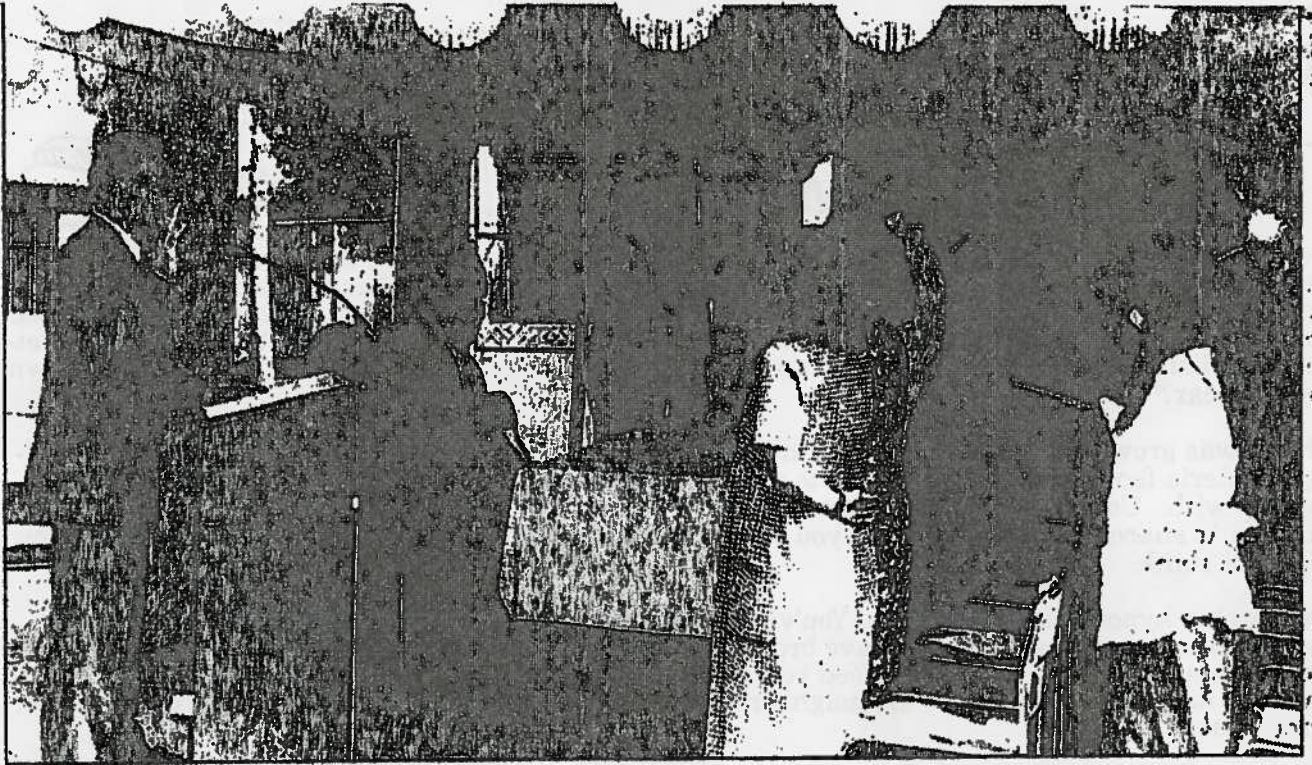
<p>12 eggs</p> <p>1/2 cup milk</p> <p>butter or margarine</p> <p>cheese</p> <p>your favorite omelette ingredients</p> <p>bread</p> <p>salt, pepper, etc.</p>
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Grease an 8" x 8" pan.
Layer the bottom of the pan with flat slices of bread.
Mix eggs and milk.
Pour just enough of the mixture on the bread to moisten each piece.
Place a thin layer of sliced cheese over the bread.
Add sliced omelette ingredients to the milk/egg mixture.
Then break up 3 or more pieces of bread and add to the mix.
Pour this over the cheese layer and top with another layer of sliced cheese.
Bake in your campo oven for 30 minutes or until the cheese bubbles or browns.
Allow to cool slightly, slice and serve. Season to taste.

Feeds four hungry friends.

I'll be passing on more of my ideas as I work out the quirks of cooking with limited ingredients and facilities. If you have a cooking tip or want a certain type of food included in my next recipe, drop me a line. Until then, *Buen Provecho!*





Momentos en que toma el juramento como Embajador de los EE.UU.

Embajador de los EE.UU. toma juramento

Quito.- El Embajador de los Estados Unidos, Peter Romero, toma el juramento a un nuevo grupo de voluntarios del Cuerpo de Paz quienes terminaron su entrenamiento el 31 de mayo. Los voluntarios trabajarán en los programas de recur-

sos naturales, agricultura y ganadería en varias provincias del Ecuador bajo la supervisión de las agencias contrapartes y comunidades del país que han solicitado sus servicios.

Cuerpo de Paz

QUITO- Terminó el entrenamiento de un nuevo grupo de voluntarios del Cuerpo de Paz, quienes trabajarán en los programas de recursos naturales, agricultura y ganadería en varias provincias del Ecuador, bajo la supervisión de las agencias contrapartes y comunidades que solicitaron sus servicios.

