

INSIDE

John Hays Saves the Rainforest

Recetas Ricas de Riobamba

Pam Hits the Big City

ETs Go Home



¿COMO?

"It's great. You can get drunk, pass out on the street and wake up the next day without anyone robbing your shoes."

Eric Cosgrove, on Sucúa.

"No, but I have crabs"

Wendy Pearce, responding to Pete Fontaine's inquiry "Do you have frogs [in your site]?"

"Don't say I never gave ya nothri', Marlon."

Anonymous charitable volunteer, turning in stool sample #2.

"Come on . . . everybody's doing it."

Dwight Wilder, on chewing fresh cinnamon leaves.

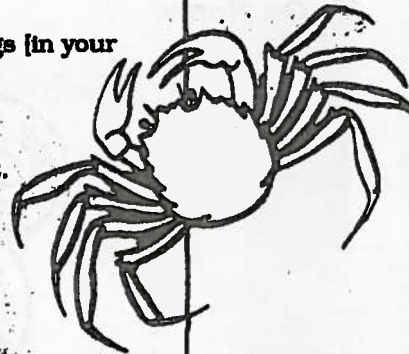
"Señoras, por favor, párelo."

Terri Pyle, attempting to break up a fistfight between two women on the street in Loja.

"I get a big wad and put it in my crotch."

George Walker, personal safety tip on money transport in Guayaquil.

•El Clima Staff



CALVIN AND HOBBS

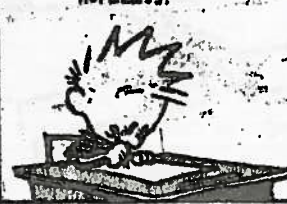
What happened in Concord in 1775?



LET'S BE HONEST. YOU'RE ASKING ME ABOUT CONCORD? I RELY ON THE BUS DRIVER TO FIND MY OWN HOUSE FROM HERE. CONCORD COULD BE ON NEPTUNE FOR ALL I KNOW.



AND WHAT HAPPENED 220 YEARS AGO?? I'M A KID. I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON NOW. I DON'T HAVE A SHRED OF CONTEXT FOR ANY OF THIS. IT'S HOPELESS, MISS NORMHOOD, HOPELESS.



BILL

WE BOTH TR DEMORALIZE OTHER.



EL CLIMA

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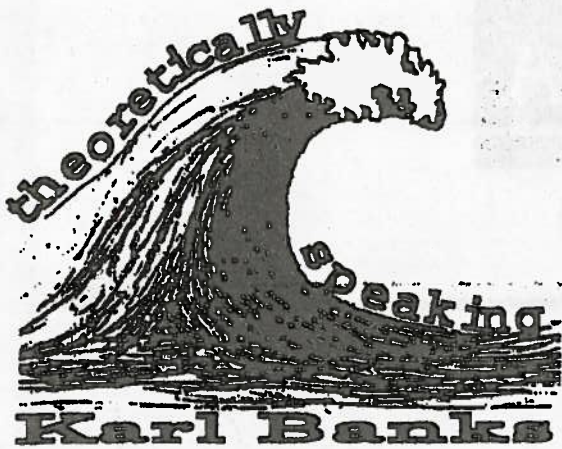
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Hello! It seems to have been a long time since you've seen an *El Clima*, no? I know some Volunteers could care less, to some this is tragic, as I hear about people reading every article, no matter how dull, even if it is in Spanish. I must admit I even read about de-worming cows and tending *cuy*s, regardless of lack of relevance to my life. Although that brings me to the sad truth that I tried to have a cat twice, and twice it died before I could get it de-bugged. This tragedy in my life has made me more sensitive to my responsibilities and makes my recent successes more profound. Yes, there now flows *agua potable* in some 90 *casas* in 4 communities, due to the efforts of the people and the designs, management, visits, prodding, pleading and sometimes even hands-on plumbing of me. Yea! Sure I'm unabashedly boasting, but it sure made me feel good to see children bathing under a faucet for the first time in their lives. Anyhow, people are more often than not bitching about frustrations, instead of focusing on success. I hope to mark my 1996 with a much more positive outlook. Now if I can just suffer through these last months 'til I get out of here.

Of course my cynicism has grown upon completion of these projects, because while I helped usher in some innovation, it seems as though anyone could have done what I did, and the drive to begin more projects for my agency, makes me feel a

bit too much like an employee, or rather a sucker. I will have to be replaced, so there is pressure on me to complete as much work as possible before I leave. I guess I'm trying to say I am really glad the rural infrastructure program was cancelled, as I feel it is time for Ecuador to take responsibility for its own public works development. *Aprovechar* is an ugly verb when you are the object in the sentence.

OK, everyone's favorite whine, money. We did of course have to postpone the production of *El Clima* due to the lack of a federal budget. Even as I write this the salaries of those around me are being funded by emergency money. Though social programs and government services are important, everyone knows that spending more than you earn eventually leads to a day of reckoning, which we fast approach. Obviously I think that cuts are necessary, but of course nothing that directly effects this Peace Corps environmental engineer. I really do worry that in the rush to make and save money, society will again look towards exploitation of the environment to take up the economic slack. *Ojalá que no.*

On a similar subject our living allowances. I urge everyone to rapidly complete their surveys and get them back to Ana María, so she can process the request for an adjustment with the home office. She tells me that due to discussion about having our allowances tied to a dollar value from the last VAC meeting, she has submitted a request for this exception. I am also told that the chances of that being approved are slim, since Argentina once made the same request during a period of 500% inflation, and it was rejected. While Ecuador's official inflation rate is somewhere in the low 20s, in the last year we have seen two jumps in the price of gasoline,

which has subsequently driven up the prices of everything else. In the last year, prices of common expenditures like rent, food, taxis, travel and beer went up an average of 24%. I won't even mention postage. What I'm trying to say is that we are affected by inflation here and some of us suffer from a lag between rising costs and adjustments. I'm told a small factor is used for future inflation before being sent to Washington, but our responses need to include accurate, current numbers. Should inflation accelerate we can petition for another survey as the number of adjustments per year is not fixed. Just one more plug for paying us a fixed, dollar-value allowance: If they had continued paying me last year's amount of 490,000, fixing the allowance relative to a then-current exchange rate of 2,500 sucres = \$1, I would now be receiving, 568,000, more than I currently make, and meeting my needs better, without the readjustment last year. Just because it is a world-wide Peace Corps rule doesn't make it right. *

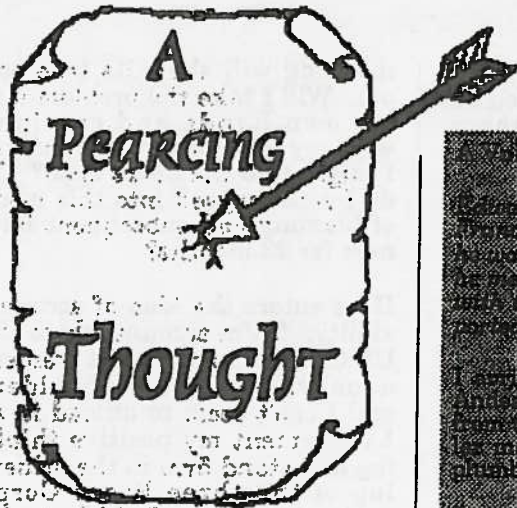
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Co-Editors- Wendy Pearce and Karl Banks
Art Director - Pete Fontaine
Copy Editor - Jodi Hammer
Layout - Cindy Chin

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Let me start with an apology. I tried, Mark, to conjure up a humorous thought or two to ponder instead of tapping into my usual serious nature, but rather than waste precious GRE study time, I decided to stick with what I know. So with that in mind, let's talk about Volunteerism. What exactly does this mean? Good 'ol Webster defines "volunteer" as, "n. A person who enters into military or other service of his own free will.—a. Pertaining to volunteers.—vt. To offer or bestow voluntarily.—vi. To enter into any service voluntarily." And the term, "voluntarily"—adv. Spontaneously; of one's own free will."

As of late, my definition of what to be a Volunteer means has changed. A trip home to the states and a site change have provided me with an adjusted point of view, a further insight into what I perceive as the attitude, or better said, an overwhelming and disturbing feeling I observe floating through Peace Corps Ecuador's Volunteer community. This feeling stems from the idea of accountability and how it relates to the Volunteer. As did Ed, I've often asked myself the question, Who is to blame? Who is to blame for a declining sense of pride among Peace Corps Volunteers? Who is to blame for unachievable expectations? Who is to blame for...? The questions only multiply. But as the majority of Volunteers who have stuck it out

Ed followed in an article published in Peace Corps Volunteer Magazine in October 1975. The article was titled "Who is to blame?" and discussed an incident with the author's...

Ed followed in an article published in Peace Corps Volunteer Magazine in October 1975. The article was titled "Who is to blame?" and discussed an incident with the author's...

I arrived in Ecuador in July of 1968, eager to begin my work with the Andean Indians in a community development program. I thought I would find them to be a friendly and hospitable people. I was not prepared for the harsh conditions of several months. I was not prepared for the...

Once in the country, I discovered that if this were true, some Volunteers would have to find their place themselves. Who was to blame? The original notion for me having the job for me? Me for not having the skills needed for the job? The Peace Corps for selecting me? Actually, the question was not "Who is to blame?" but rather, "What am I to do for 20 months?" I can recall the Mission Director's words, "Ed, we don't know what we are going to do with you, and my reply, "I will go anywhere and do anything if I can do it. I was sent to Ambato to build a road. I have never built a road in my life."

Unlike some other Volunteers who have built roads without experience, I did not go about it the usual way. My reason for not doing the road building project was not that I had no experience. I had the confidence of the Mission in Ambato, the local community and helping where possible. After two months, I had decided on a pattern for my road building project in Ecuador. The idea was to build a road with the Mission, Guingulike or another group. I was through with my own way to do something.

The former option would have been the easier. I could have remained with the Mission until the day, and not have heard a word of complaint, except from my conscience. But I chose the latter course. I realized that I might run into insurmountable obstacles, but I have always felt that the two years in the Peace Corps would only be as good or as bad as we made them. With this in mind, I looked for a job I could do.

Living in Ambato, a city of 50,000, I noticed that there was nothing for the children to do after school and on Saturday. Then I got the idea. I knew something about the Boys' Clubs of America, their work and ideals. We have a Boys Club in my home town, and my father has always devoted time to it. I knew that in the US these clubs, for relatively little money, could provide fun and companionship for many boys. I wondered if I could start one in Ambato. I wrote to the national office of BGA and asked for information (they gladly shared all with me). I then went to the Peace Corps Representative and asked for permission to work alone on this project.

The idea of a Volunteer working alone was at the time novel down here. For one thing, it threw out the window the concept of the Volunteer serving with a host-country co-worker. I am sure that the Peace Corps had reservations about my request, but anyway I received the permission.

With this permission, I felt in my duty to prove for the sake of other Volunteers that some (not all) Volunteers in some situations could be trusted to work on their own and, on top of it, work effectively.

To make an already long story short, Ambato, with the help of the Boys Clubs of America and the local community, has a small boys club, the first in Ecuador. It took a lot of work, but the result is rewarding.

If this story sounds apocryphal, forgive me. I can only tell you my strong conviction that every Peace Corps Volunteer can indeed have a job to do. He should not be put off by the necessity of having to go out and find it.

through this phase of analyzing their situations realize, these questions are but a mask over a much larger issue. To whom am I accountable? To the Government of the United States of America who finances my stay here? To the administration at the office of Peace Corps Ecuador? To my counterpart agency? To other Peace Corps Volunteers? Or merely to myself? And who decides the answer to the question?

I believe this debate stems directly from what we all view a Volunteer to be. I recall a conversation I had with my father during my parents' visit down here last March. We were discussing how hard it is sometimes for the Volunteer to justify being here. Why aren't Ecuadorians taking full advantage of our presence here? Why do some Volunteers feel like there's so little work to be done at their community level? Didn't we all arrive here and instantly see the need for development? Why have we then shifted the responsibility to the Ecuadorians, in a sense demanding that they come to us soliciting our help? My dad said something that has stuck with me ever since. He was explaining how in his one-man department at the hospital where he is employed, he was once presented with a similar situation. One of his superiors came to him to announce the arrival of a "volunteer" to his Bio-Med Department. This gentleman was retired and looking for a little something to do at the community level to fill his abundance of time. Although now, he regrets the thought, my father couldn't help but think, "Oh great, something else that will take me from my duties. Now I'll have to find things for this guy to do to keep him busy and out of my way." At first glance, these thoughts are quite disturbing, but upon later reflection, at least I found myself wondering if I might not have done the same if I were put in the same situation. Here's someone who is used to working alone, pacing himself through his own motiva-

tion. With the addition of the "volunteer," he is now forced to veer from his routine and share his workload.

After the conversation with my dad I started applying the principle to my own story. I put myself in the role of the hospital volunteer. I start with an interest to serve my community, my country or mankind as a whole. I search out a place to do that—a hospital or a foreign country. I secure an avenue to offer my help—through a volunteer network or with an agency like the Peace Corps whose sole purpose it is to provide aid to foreign



countries. I arrive with this grand desire to serve. I train. I learn a new language. (If the process is stalled at this stage, do I forge on, or give in?) I am sent to a community with a task. That task reveals itself to be much more difficult to achieve as was first thought. Why? Because now someone else enters the picture—the receiver of my aid. We're no longer talking about just myself. Now this "community" is presented with my goals to serve. But I've forgotten to ask: was this aid solicited and does this "community" understand what they've solicited? (Can I survive at the grassroots level—am I jeopardizing my emotional, physical or mental health? Do I forge on, or give in?) If it wasn't or if the "community" has misunderstood my role, I suddenly find myself face up against the wall with my first obstacle. This is where I feel "volunteerism" and its

meaning will show its true colors. Will I take the problem into my own hands and continue with my goal to serve, wherever I might find the doors open? Or do I settle myself into this mode of blaming and subsequent idleness for 23 months?

Here enters the idea of accountability. If I'm accountable to the US Government, I feel a tremendous weight on my shoulders and I can't seem to unload it, so I implement my positive thinking and stand firm in the achieving of the three Peace Corps goals. I forge on. Or I blame the entire institution of "development" and succumb to this idea that no one will ever be where we in the United States have taken ourselves. I give in. If I'm accountable to the administration at the office of Peace Corps Ecuador I may feel a great deal of respect for my superiors and solicit their advice on possible strategies to forge on. Or maybe I feel a little bit like I'm back in kindergarten or something, testing my boundaries. I'm given a hall pass to visit the restroom but I proceed down the hall to the cafeteria, mill around a bit and return to class before the bell is about to sound. No one's the wiser as to where my whereabouts were. I give in. If I'm accountable to my counterpart agency I attempt to integrate myself into the daily goings-on and tap into their credibility to build up my own at the community level. I forge on. Or I try to convince them I'm keeping busy and when asked with what, use my creativity to describe how much I've accomplished with little help from anyone else. I give in. If I'm accountable to my peers, other Peace Corps Volunteers, I learn to respect and value others' opinions, suggestions and new ideas for expanding my work and personal success. I forge on. Or I constantly compare myself to others using their failings to build up my experience and writing off their successes as purely self-motivated. I give in. And if I'm accountable only to myself, I search out the resources of the

above four and you'd better believe it, I forge on. Or I create excuses to explain my lack of productivity, feeding on my cultural insensitivity and selfishness.

I think Ed's answer to his problem solves our uncertainty with whom it is we're accountable to here: "... I could have remained with the Mission, even to this day, and not have heard a word of complaint—except from my conscience. . . I have always felt that the two years in the Peace Corps would only be as good or as bad as we made them."

We have come "voluntarily" but to do what, forge on or give in? One mustn't forget that being here, working with the Peace Corps of the United States of America, is a privilege not a right. Shouldn't we treat it as that?



Editor's Note: It has come to my attention that changes in articles of recent issues have bothered some authors. The job of an editor is to do just that, edit. But as we are open to constructive criticism and wouldn't want to discourage submissions, we are as of this issue revising our policy slightly. What we receive, whether it arrives on computer disk, is type- or hand-written, will only be spell checked and reviewed for obsessive abuse of punctuation. The exception to this rule applies to offensive or culturally-insensitive submissions (segments or whole). However, with this change, we can no longer claim responsibility for how this may or may not alter the integrity of the publication.*



Since I last wrote an article for El Clima . . . lots of changes . . .

On the big picture front, we are back in business with a continuing resolution until March 15th. That means that we can hire training staff and bring down our next group of trainees. Approximately 49 trainees are scheduled to arrive on March 6th. Francisco, Nelson and Jorge are busy working on site selection, with the help of many current Volunteers. We are again planning on geographically clustering Volunteers in this group so that they may mutually support one another technically and in general. Last year our plans to do this were thwarted by the border conflict, as the sites which had been selected to pilot this idea were located near the border. You will also be hearing about changes in training. (Please see article by Pablo Davia). We are always in the process of learning more about what works and what needs improving, but we are all convinced that we need to design training so that it encourages trainees to be more independent and more realistically recreates the Volunteer work and life experience. We have already been talking to many of you about this idea. I'd like to thank you in advance for your help in implementing more effective training. Please remember how important you are in forming positive attitudes for trainees, and shaping their thoughts and assumptions about Peace Corps Ecuador.

Since November, I have been dealing with a great deal of budget uncertainty and have not been unable to plan ahead. At the recent VAC meeting some Volunteers expressed concern

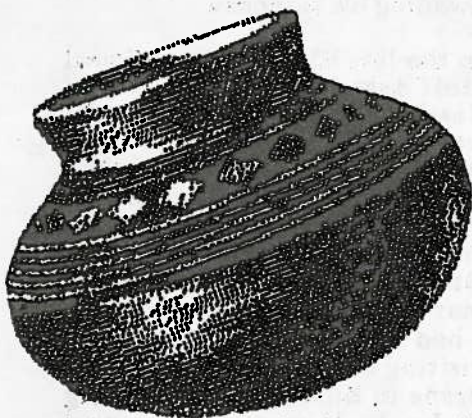
that morale in the PCV community was low, a kind of long distance *chuchaki* (my description) from the dissension within our Government back in the US. Well, I'd like to point out that Peace Corps, throughout it's 35 year history (an Anniversary we are celebrating *ya mismo*), has always been different from the rest of Government. You Volunteers kept working in your communities during the furlough and shutdown periods, proving that your commitment goes way beyond whatever might be happening in DC. Our Peace Corps staff also kept working despite a huge amount of uncertainty about when or IF they would get paid. To all of you, Volunteers and staff, I am grateful. Your ability to basically ignore the problems occasioned by the shutdown and concentrate on your work is once again proof that we are different, and motivated by ideals not easily shaken.

We squeezed in the COS conference for Omnibus 71 during the last two days of the previous CR. The conference was very successful, and the number of requests for extensions in the group reflect Volunteers' connectedness to their communities and work. I have approved seven extensions for six months or less. The full year extension requests have been submitted to our Regional Director in Washington, and are awaiting his response.

In the last El Clima the editorial staff asked me what my New Year's resolutions were. I said I wanted to spend more time visiting PCVs and spend more time with my son. It has dawned on me that those two might be contradictory, but if I leave the Office earlier while in Quito maybe not . . . Here's an update: I had the incredible pleasure of visiting John Clark and Cyrus Brane in Bilsa, Eric Minzenberg in La Y, Miguel Carias and Monique Ware in Esmeraldas,

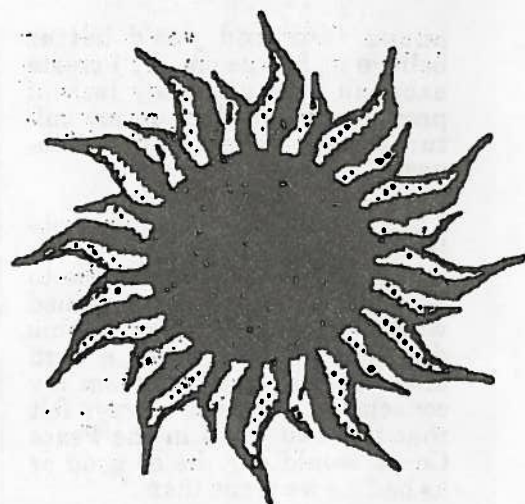
Mary Riopedre on Isla Vargas Torres, Christine Ashley in Quinde, Jennifer Fields in La Quinta and finally, Lisa Flores in her new site of La Celica, at the end of November. Bilsa is a beautiful piece of the planet, being protected by the efforts of John, Cyrus and their Ecuadorian counterparts. The efforts of Fundacion Jatun Satcha are to be applauded. It is a really jolting wake-up call to see the level of deforestation around the Bilsa Reserve. In La Y, the product of Eric's work is visible in the school garden, in the nursery and oh yes, lots of little chickens, (who lived in Eric's house for awhile) are now being cared for by the community in a coop that they built. The new health and youth PCVs are well settled in, integrating into their communities and working productively. We all remember how tough the first six months or so can be. Congratulations to all of you in Omnibus 74 who are keeping your commitment to your communities and agencies. Lisa Flores, after a very successful time working in health in Guayaquil is seeing a different side of Ecuador in La Celica. Although she had just arrived when I visited, having spoken to her since, I know that the transition is complete and Lisa is once again actively involved in her work as a health PCV.

I met with Quito PCVs in



December. Marion Briones graciously invited Quito PCVs to her home and there we discussed the special issues of being a PCV in the Capitol city. We agreed that no matter where someone serves that quality of the job placement is the overriding consideration in PCV satisfaction. However some of the issues which make life harder in a big city include: difficulty improving Spanish due to speaking English frequently with PCVs and expats; the anonymity--Quito PCVs don't feel special or recognized the way most campo PCVs do; it's harder to make friends; for women, the anonymity also brings with it a high level of sexual harassment (because they don't become known as neighbors/co-workers, the barrage of harassment never ends and it wears many Quito women PCVs down)--and safety concerns that go with the territory in any city. Some of the Quito PCVs felt that they had sort of missed out on the community aspect of PCV life; others were very happy with city life. That, like so much of the PCV experience, is very individual. I'll be traveling to Guayaquil soon to meet with PCVs there. The PC world is changing to reflect the reality of the demographics of poverty. So too must our ability to meet the challenges of urban placements.

On Tuesday, January 23rd, Peace Corps Ecuador had the honor of being visited by Sargent Shriver, the first Director and co-founder of Peace Corps. Mr. Shriver and his wife Eunice Kennedy Shriver were in Ecuador at the invitation of Ambassador and Ruth Romero, and the Special Olympics which was founded by Mrs. Shriver. Thanks to PCVs Mary Kate Kreiner and Erica and Daryl Perriman who put together a wonderful PC photo and Ecuador-ania exhibit. The exhibit will remain up in our lobby until the first of March. Thanks to Mark Reichelt who spoke in the name of Ecuador



PCVs and to Melissa Mitchell who, with two of her students, spoke to and presented Sargent Shriver with a gift from Peace Corps Ecuador, a silver dove. Sargent Shriver's speech will be available soon on tape to view when you are visiting the PC Office in Quito. His words were inspiring. Please ask your VAC reps to tell you about it, as they attended in representation of all PC Ecuador PCVs. I was most struck by the image that Mr. Shriver's words created when he spoke about Peace Corps Volunteers being patriots who serve without arms, and how he thought that was a very difficult and noble commitment to make. If you'd like to know more about the Shriver visit, please stop in to talk.

We are beginning to plan for the next Integrated Job Conference set for April. Once again Volunteers will take the lead in planning and communicating about this conference which will include Health, Special Education, Youth, Housing, and Water/Sanitation PCVs.

Happy Valentines Day, President's Day and Carnival to all. Take good care of yourselves and thanks for all the work you are doing with your communities and agencies. °

hablo pablo

by PTO Pablo Davis

Fully Integrated Training: Will it FIT in Ecuador?

Peace Corps training has certainly come a long way since its inception back in the 60's. Gone are the days when trainees were required to repel off high cliffs, submit to "drown proofing," live in barracks and be secretly deserted in the middle of the night. Training has been continuously refined for close to 35 years. In fact, a small industry has developed around Peace Corps training, supporting companies whose sole mission is to train Volunteers. In many ways the training has taken on a life of its own with some training centers becoming like mini-university campuses with their own staffs, curricula and modules, growing less and less flexible with every passing training group. This current traditional training model, which I'll call the "Traditional Training Model," is based on some assumptions considered by many to be "Sacred." These sacred assumptions, which I'll call "Sacred Assumptions," include the following:

The training group is critical to successful training, since trainees draw most of their emotional support from the group.

Trainees need constant supervision so that they do not stray from a fixed program.

Trainees need constant guidance, since they are "blind" to a chosen path.

Trainees are the passive

receivers of knowledge; and there is little in their realm of experience that can be drawn upon as part of the training process.

Trainees are fragile—they can't fall down or they will break easily. Staff has to be behind them constantly to hold them up.

A low ET rate during training is a valuable goal in itself.

Technical training must come from the highest level of expertise possible.

Twelve weeks of training is required to qualify for Peace Corps service.

Reading over the list of Sacred Assumptions, you probably realized (or were reminded) how the Traditional Training Model not only did little to foster independence in trainees, but actually made them more dependent on the training center and Peace Corps Staff.

The evolution continues.

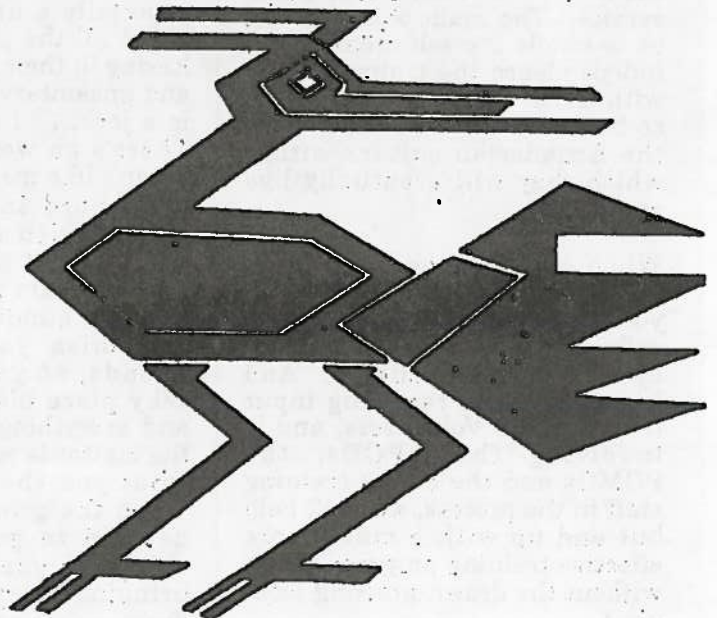
These Sacred Assumptions were recently challenged in Nicaragua where they developed a new training model based on the wild premise that the people who applied to Peace Corps were *already* independent, highly motivated, committed and self-starting individuals who, when given greater independence and control over the design of their training, would rise to the challenge and not only meet the training objectives, but surpass them.

This Nicaraguan model, called Fully Integrated Training (FIT),

placed trainees in groups of two or three in small communities 90 minutes from the capital and each other to better approximate the Volunteer experience. With each sub-group worked one language facilitator also responsible for programming local, technical and cross-cultural activities. These sub-groups spent Sunday through Friday in their communities, and traveled to the capital or other central location every weekend (Friday and Saturday) to process their experiences and receive technical, medical and other sessions. While in their sites, the trainees would plan, organize and implement projects, many of which rivaled those of currently serving Volunteers.

The results, measured objectively by an independent, professional result checker, were nothing less than impressive. Volunteers trained with the FIT model could run faster and jump higher than their Traditionally Trained counterparts. Specifically, their language and cross cultural skills were higher, their transition to Volunteer life was smoother, and they even made fewer visits to the PUMO.

"So why don't we do it here?" you ask.



VIEWPOINT

Well, we are. And we aren't. We aren't going to attempt to simply impose the FIT structure on Ecuador, since Nicaragua and Ecuador are two very different countries with different Peace Corps Programs. For example, Nicaragua has only 45 trainees per year, 15 per training cycle, compared to Ecuador's 45 per group. (Or to paraphrase from a recent vice presidential debate, "I know Ecuador. I've worked with Ecuador for many years. Ecuador is a friend of mine. Nicaragua, you are *not* Ecuador.")



Instead, our Training Director, Tim Callaghan, with input and assistance from Volunteers, APCDs and the PCMOs is guiding the Tumbaco and Quito staff on a journey to re-examine Ecuador's training from a new perspective. We will assume that the trainees will arrive with a high level of motivation and commitment, and will be fully willing and capable to take on the responsibility of preparing themselves for their Peace Corps service. The main objective will be to kindle the self reliance and independence the trainees bring with them, and help them learn to become interdependent with the Ecuadorian culture within which they will eventually live and work.

When our training program is viewed from this perspective, you can see how it would naturally evolve into something more appropriate for Ecuador. And because Tim is receiving input from current Volunteers, and is involving the APCDs, the PCMOs and the entire training staff in the process, we can't help but end up with a much more effective training program. Even without the drown-proofing module.°

VIEWPOINT

Dear El Clima...

ETs Unacceptable

by Tricia Culverhouse,
San Jacinto

I am writing to give *muchos kudos* to Mark Stillman's timely and very necessary comments concerning ETing. (I shall join the ranks of Kelly Rahn in thinking this Mark Stillman guy is actually very cool.) There definitely seems to be a certain comfort zone when getting here in knowing that you can hop on an airplane the minute things get rough.

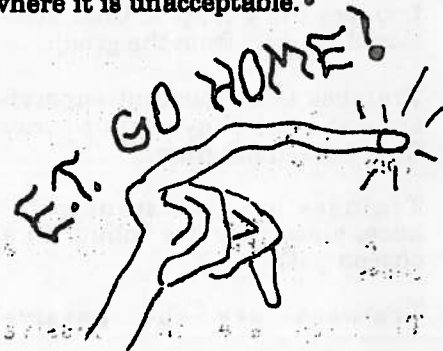
When examining the number of ETs out of the newest omnibus, I can only wonder what these people thought they were getting into. Working in a developing country is full of obstacles: disorganization, sanitation problems, poverty, lack of punctuality, apathetic attitudes, etc. Did we think those adversities were just made up by the recruiters and all the pre-service literature we received?

I can't tell you how angry it makes me to have to hear a PCV, especially a new one, complain about all the problems they are having in their site. "It's so dirty and unsanitary. . . The President is a jerk. . . I'm not needed. . . There's no work. . . My APCD doesn't like me," and many more I've heard in the past year. What's with all the excuses? Why not just say you can't hack it and you are going home? Why not just admit it is too rough, you miss your family and friends, so you are quitting? Why place blame on everyone and everything when the fact of the matter is you just couldn't do what you thought you could. When the going got tough, you decided to go. Admit these things to yourself instead of bringing everyone around you down with your whining.

I'm not saying not to complain. Venting to other PCVs about problems we are having is a necessary thing and the Volunteer community is indeed the best possible support system. I'm always here when someone is looking for a sympathetic ear or is in need of advice. But never am I here if it's to rationalize with excuses your reasons for quitting. I'm not strong enough to say that every time someone quits it doesn't make me question my own experience. It's very easy for trainees and Volunteers alike to follow a "groupthink" mentality, where once a few ET, it becomes acceptable for all to do so.

I'm not going to cushion my comments by placing blame with the APCDs and Peace Corps administration. The fact of the matter is, when we signed up we must have realized that not only would we be dealing with a third world country, but with a federal bureaucracy as well. The rules, politics, budget constraints, red tape and other BS is all part of the deal.

So where do all the recent ETs from Omnibus 74 leave us? It leaves me pondering the reality that maybe the recruiters in the States have quotas to fill or maybe aren't wise enough to wean out applicants that say they are willing to leave behind fiancées or a terminally ill parent. Whatever the case, I don't want to discourage anyone with these words, rather I want to challenge you. Unfortunately, Peace Corps will never abolish the ET policy, but we can as Volunteers create an atmosphere where it is unacceptable.°



BULLETIN BOARD

¡OJO!

You may or may not know that the Peace Corps' 35th anniversary starts this March. In honor of the celebration we will be selling t-shirts. They will cost approximately s./17.000. The design will be posted in a PC office near you! One minor catch: we're asking that you pay in advance. Please leave your money with Irene at the front desk. You won't regret it!

A Bouncing Baby Boy!

Little Nicolas, at 5.8 lbs., popped into the life of our own Cecelia Rueda's (and husband) life at 8:15p.m., Tuesday, January 31, 1996. Congratulations!



1996 is Election year--in case you've forgotten or been out of the loop too long--and María Eugenia has made available for all of us:

- 1996-1997 Voting Assistance Guide
- Federal Post Card Registration and Absentee Ballot Request
- Federal Write-In Absentee

REMINDER:

School loan deferment forms must be filled out **EVERY YEAR (Peace Corps Attachment A MS231)**. The form must be turned in **30 days prior to each anniversary date of entering the Peace Corps.**

Gay/Lesbian/BI and Friends Support Group meeting

Happy New Year! The next meeting will be on March 2, in Guayaquil. Contact Pete Fontaine (Casilla 16460, Guayaquil) for more information. See you there!

Campo Goes to Quito

by Pam Ledmons, Zuleta (Ambabura)

Turning 40 is nothing, really. But when you turn 40 and you live in Ecuador it is a big deal! Especially if that birthday happens to be the 6th of December.

Until I was invited to Ecuador to serve Peace Corps, I had no idea that the capital city has been celebrating my birthday for years. So when this year happened to be a milestone birthday, there was no other place to be but Quito!

Oh sure, I've been to Quito. I've been around. I've been on the *Colón Camal*, shopped in *Super Maxi* and eaten at *Pizza Pizza*. If it is within a mile of the Peace Corps office, I know it. So, only leaving the *campo* to do business in the office, I have never really had a chance to "experience" Quito. I decided that when this birthday girl from the *campo* went to the big city with her other half, Kirkocito, they were going to paint the town. A whole day-and-a-half free with nothing to do in the office.

The night was electric when we stepped out of our little *posada* with a couple of friends. You could hear music and laughter in the air. Oh, the night was so young—the eve of my big day, so much to look forward to.

First stop was dinner at a place that served great steak and green salads, *¡Ricicicísimo!* And this was only the beginning! Next, we gave ourselves plenty of time to walk the ten miles to Parque Carolina where some guys from the USA brought down a fireworks show to display on the eve of my big day. We were a little late, and these guys started *más que en punto!* We did see the grand finale, however, and it was really something. All this for me! I couldn't believe the thousands that turned out! I was jumping and whistling and thinking this was by far grander than any fiesta I had witnessed in Zuleta. It was only 9 o'clock, way past my bedtime *en el campo* and I was wide awake! I kept wondering how this could get any better.

Being with Corinne "Connections" Manning, could only mean something special. Still excited from the fireworks in the park, we headed to meet

some doctor friends of "Connections." After introductions and a little shuffling, Kirkocito and I found ourselves in a VW with an English-speaking doctor from Ecuador. *¡Qué suerte!* Not that our Spanish is all that bad, we have just never attained that level that allows us to say in front of a new group of Volunteers, "Oh man, I can't remember that word in English anymore!" We speak at a very *campo* level where some of the people in our community can't say Kirk, so they call him Pameño.

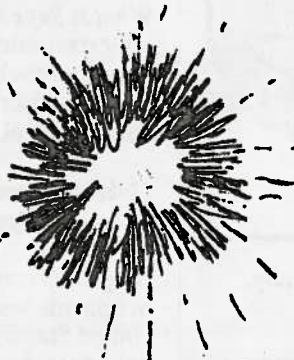
Now we were on our way to a private party at some colegio. I was really excited, wondering what more could be in store? First, we stopped at the doctor's house, my anticipation building. Next, we were going to "swing by" and pick-up his friend. We were passing a lot of street parties but I knew that the one we were going to would be better, although I was still surprised so many people were celebrating my birthday.

Being a little dry from all the walking, talking and emotions, I started thinking about a cold rum and Coke. I knew it would only be minutes until we got to the party.



PUEBQUITO - I DON'T THINK WE'RE IN THE CAMPO ANYMORE

We finally got out of the *barrios* and onto some big bridge, when traffic came to a dead halt. We were pretty positive and had a lot to talk about. We were moving about a car length every five minutes. This was taking a long time! After about two hours with our moods dampened a little, we finally arrived at the party and were reunited with our friends.



The mood inside the *colegio* picked us up instantly. We bought rum, Coke and ice and toasted the eve of my birthday. Since it was almost midnight, we toasted my birthday again, everyone saying, "¡Feliz cumpleaños! ¡Viva Quito!" I was really moved. Were they asking me to live in Quito? Could I ever leave the *campo* for these friends? What a climax!

So, we had a drink, danced some dances with that lady of incredible moves, *La Crystal de Ibarra* and then had another drink. I was thinking that being stuck in a car for two hours was a pretty good way to pace yourself, especially when you are a forty-year-old, country girl. I have seen many *chumados* in Zuleta and didn't want to end up the same way. "But gosh, this was fun and these people are so nice. One more rum and Coke. These are going down too easy." Then, all of a sudden, before I even felt giddy, the group stood up and decided that we were all going to a disco "donde está más divertido." I was torn. Heck, we had just gotten there. The band was good, the drinks were cheap and the peo-

ple were fun. But, not wanting to seem unadventurous, we climbed back into the cars, waving goodbye to the crowd.

The disco turned out to be a smoky, loud, little hole and we were wondering why we'd left the real fun, the real people. So, that ended our big night out, not wanting to stay with the people we thought liked us so much.

So, our little group of *Voluntarios* made the ten-mile trek back to our little *posada*. It was time to rest and look forward to the next day.

Even though our "big night" out was only celebrated in a couple of hours, that was enough and pretty overwhelming for me. Maybe because I am getting older, I don't get out as much as I should. But, I have had my wild times and being laid back on my actual birthday sounded okay to me.

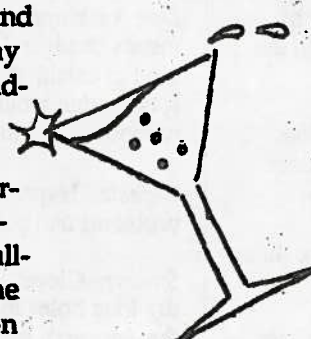
So, we spent the afternoon drinking champagne outside the bullring, waiting for some scalper to take pity on us and sell us cheap seats. But, in reflection, the scene outside the stadium was much more colorful and entertaining than what went on inside. I have never seen so many different classes of people in one place all at the same time. Is my age showing? Yep, I really enjoyed watching the people.

It seemed like the 6th of December must have fizzled out

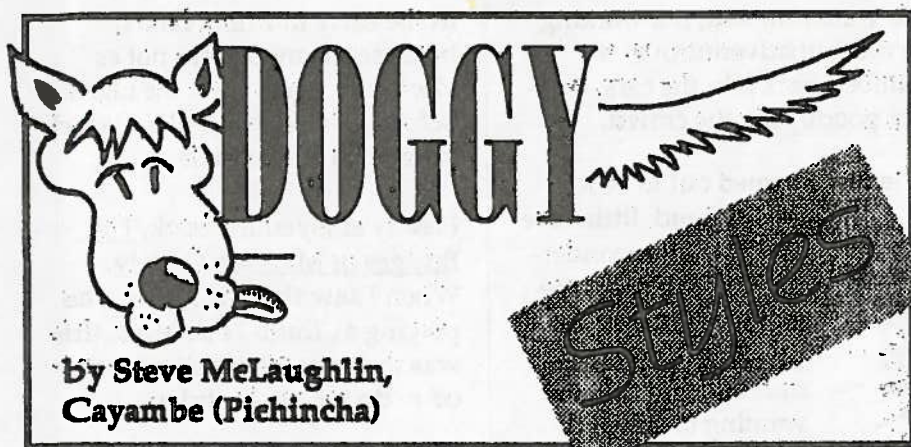
in the early morning hours, because the mood was not as electric as it had been the night before. This seemed like a good time to go see a movie.

I really enjoyed the book, *The Bridges of Madison County*. When I saw that the movie was playing at *Teatro 24 de Mayo*, this was the only other thing I wanted to do for my birthday.

I think they never should have made that book into a movie! I was amazed at how bad Meryl Streep looked and what was that stuff hanging off Clint Eastwood's throat?! This really got me thinking, and I realized that Meryl Streep was my age and look what happened to her! It also made me realize how small I was in this big city and how intimidating it was for me. Were these people really celebrating with me? In the *campo*, they like me *bien gordita* and I am getting too comfortable with that, just like Meryl Streep in, "Los Puentes de Madison County." Maybe it is a good thing I don't go to the city very often. I think there is too much *campo* in me to fare well in an environment where everyone celebrates my birthday.



Kirkocito turns 44 the 31st of December. Maybe we should just stay home. I don't know if anything special happens on this day in Ecuador or in the rest of the world for that matter! But I did hear that they were having a *cuy* festival in Ipiales. I wonder if it's for him? I wonder if he would fare well in the big city . . .



Gentlemen, and I use that term in the loosest sense, there is something unique about the bond between a man and his dog. Your dog loves you no matter how severe your halitosis or *giardia* gas. He/She/It casts no judgment whether you wear plaids with stripes or go buck naked. It's a mystical manly thing, having a dog. The kind of dog chosen reflects the character of the man. So here, flagrantly lifted from the pages of that most masculine of magazines, *Details*, is Carl Swanson's in-depth analysis of doggy styles. Read on, MacDuffs.

LABRADOR RETRIEVER

At a Glance: Sincere, loving, eager to please. As easy going as a pair of cotton *Dockers* (and available in the same colors).

What It Says About You: You like John Mellencamp, coaching soccer and the Fourth of July.

Upkeep: Waterproof; gotta love those webbed feet.

Dog Anthropology: Its strong sense of smell has been used to detect mines during wartime and retrieve dead birds from the water in peacetime. Will grab beer cans out of the pool.

Defects: Hip dysplasia, cataracts, *Frisbee* neck, potential beer gut.

Smarts: No one is going to copy its homework.

Bark: The heartbeat of suburbia.

Woman It Attracts: A blonde optimistic prom queen.

Consumer Report: Loyal, friendly, adaptable.

The Doc sez: A very good all-around dog though kinda vanilla in my humble but eclectic opinion.

DACHSHUND

At a Glance: Sleek, dumb, comically fearless.

What It Says About You: You want more than a pet, you want an attention-parasite.

Upkeep: As maintenance-free as a pair of double-knit slacks.

Dog Anthropology: In German, *dach* means "badger," which they were bred to catch. A shining example of a species that would not have survived without man's meddling.

Defects: Hyperactivity, spinal disc problems and pattern baldness.

Smarts: Clever but obstinate--likes to dig long holes to nowhere in search of that phantom badger in the backyard.

Bark: High-pitched, incessant.

Woman It Attracts: A buttoned-up, hands-off, hair-up, filofax junkie who fumigates her apartment with *Lysol* on Friday nights.

Consumer Report: An easy-to-use indoor dog with few special demands beyond your constant undivided attention. Bonus! It eats flies. [Note: Hey, Tim!]

The Doc Sez: These guys are just blown spinal discs waiting to happen.

but generally you get a lot of personality in a small package.

GERMAN SHEPHERD

At a Glance: A wolf-like dog on a mission.

What It Says About You: You starch your own shirts, have fond memories of military school, and keep your compact discs in alphabetical and chronological order.

Upkeep: Bored easily; needs to be micro-managed.

Dog Anthropology: German Shepherds were first brought to the United States after World War I and have been working their tails off ever since. If you're not blind, a member of the armed forces or on a bomb squad, invent challenging tasks to keep it occupied.

Defects: If left idle, can become skittish and unpredictable. Hip dysplasia. Hyperactivity.

Smarts: Higher SAT scores than their owners.

Bark: The last thing you hear before customs officials bust open your suitcase.

Woman It Attracts: Nautilized Dominatrix

Consumer Report: Time consuming, but that paramilitary kinkiness is hard to resist.

The Doc Sez: Only met one I really liked, a calm well-trained gargantuan police dog who outweighed me. Generally hyper and way too inbred. Almost always have hip problems.

JACK RUSSELL TERRIER

At a Glance: A tenacious, telegenic little sock tigger.

What It Says About You: Either you're highly susceptible to media influence or you wanted a muscular lapdog.

Upkeep: A portable pain in the ass--Don't let that heart-melting head-tilt fool you.

Dog Anthropology: Bred by the reverend Jack Russell to be a ratter and a hunter, it has a strong tail that owners used as a handle to pull it out of fox holes.

Defects: Likely to trash the apartment if it's late getting its walk. May run off to Hollywood.

Smarts: A dog, not a thinker.

Bark: Gimmetheball, Gimmetheball, Gimmetheball!

Woman It Attracts: Fashion editors, the horsey set.

Consumer Report: An impatient irresistible dog that can play fetch interminably and is too short to knock wine glasses off the coffee table.

The Doc Sez: Big dog in a little dog's body. I like 'em but I've got a soft spot for bright, tough smaller dogs. Can be a pain in the butt, literally, though.

ROTTWEILER

At A Glance: Toothy, muscle-bound action dog.

What It Says About You: You were denied for a handgun permit.

Upkeep: Dog guides actually recommend you exercise it by letting it follow your car.

Dog Anthropology: Roman butchers used them to accompany their cattle to and from town--and you know how Italians feel about food.

Defects: Retinal problems, Hip dysplasia, lawsuits.

Smarts: Powerful, purposeful, make sure it knows who's boss.

Bark: Doesn't have to.

Woman It Attracts: Drinks malt liquor. Wears rubber dresses. Has prior arrests.

Consumer Report: There are two ways to go with this dog. For a four-legged assault weapon to guard your

crystal-meth lab, feed it live boar and subject it to systemized torment. For a loyal, shockingly vital pet, feed it kindness, respect and *Science Diet*.

The Doc Sez: It's true, with a loving home, these big guys can be really great pets--(same goes for Dobermans, by the way). Ain't got the brains God gave an ice-cube though.



ECUA-DOG

At A Glance: Lean, mean eating machine.

What It Says About You: You're a sucker for a furry face.

Upkeep: Until it met you, survived on a diet of empty *fritada* bags, laundry detergent and corn cobs.

Dog Anthropology: *Heinz 57*--"Uncle Dad" the mutt lives next door.

Defects: Genetically, mixed breeds are almost always hardier than pure-breeds, but you'll have to invest some time, love and *plata* to erase the effects of neglect, malnutrition and parasitism endemic here. My advice: Start with a puppy.

Smarts: Scavenger mentality breeds a certain weasely cunning that disdains such non-priority activities as ball chasing. Have been known to retrieve (and eat) ripe pairs of *nigua*-infested *Tevás* however.

Bark: Generally kept as a burglar

alarm, the ideal *Ecua-perro* weighs about three pounds and has the bark of a rabid werewolf on amphetamine.

Woman It Attracts: *Teva*-wearing mountain biker, subscribes to *Utne Reader* magazine, assorted pierced body parts. Eats vegetarian *fritada*.

Consumer Report: Anything you might do to cast a ray of sunshine, not to mention calories and love, into the life of an *Ecua-dog* is bound to earn you brownie points on that great karmic wheel of life. Do it.

The Doc Sez: Seriously folks, don't go adopting some mutt without giving real thought to the responsibility. Travel a lot? What are you gonna do with *el Fido*? Want a big dog? Ever price dog food in Ecuador? Adopting a kid would be cheaper.

How To Pick A Puppy:

—Check out the parents--look for open, friendly dispositions.

—Avoid the biggest or smallest.

—Avoid a flinching, scared puppy, no matter what maternal feelings such an urchin inspires.

—Take the one you like off by his/herself. Is it nervous or confident? Pick a confident pup.

—Call the pups. Choose from the ones that respond.

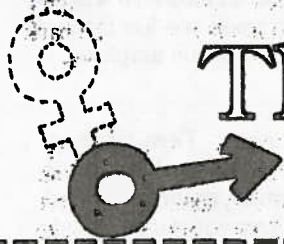
—Long-hair, big dogs and any physical extreme (big/small, smushed face/long face, weird skin) is asking for trouble.

—In general, I like female dogs (smarter) and male cats (friendlier). That's just my opinion, but experience bears it out. A small-medium dog (25-45 lbs) with a short coat is a good basic low-maintenance pooch.

—ALWAYS pick personality over looks. Remember: This is your best little buddy and you'll be living with him/her/it for the next 10 years or so. Pick personality.

—Breeds to avoid: Chows or Chowmixes (look for the telltale purple tongue or tongue with purple spots), Shar-peis, Lhasa-Apso, Bull dog.

—Good All-Around dogs: *Small:* Shih-tzu, Cairn Terrier, Border Terrier. *Medium:* MUTTS!!! *Big:* Labs, Dobses, Great Danes.



The Invisible Girl

The Invisible Girl

by Neera Sohoni

The following article appeared in the August 1995 issue of CHOICES, The Human Development Magazine, and was submitted by the WID Committee.

My first experience of being devalued as a girl came when I was 11 and my brother had just been born. Our family cook in India who had cared for me all my life broke the news gleefully: "We have what we wanted—a son and heir. You poor loser!"

Today, as the mother of three daughters, my preoccupation with the global status of girls is not accidental. For I believe it is the girl who conditions and shapes the woman. And although feminists and development planners may be aware of that connection, they have not honored it sufficiently. The girl is as invisible in the development discourse of today as the woman was prior to the feminist movement of the 1960s.

Yet it is girls—not women—who suffer most from inequitable development because they must deal with the double bind of age and gender discrimination. Nor is this process confined to the developing world. Even where poverty and survival are not overriding concerns, the gender factor inhibits equal opportunities and aspirations for girls.

Whether in rich or poor countries, the developed or the developing world, the prevalence of patriarchal values ensures that from the moment of a female's birth, even conception, she is viewed as the lesser child. Beginning with the family, extending to the school and the workplace, and reinforced by law, religion, tradition, the

media and politics, she is trained to be "feminine"—meaning domestic and docile—and to regard becoming a wife and mother as her life's ultimate ambitions. By retaining a lock on her aspirations, such gender-biased parenting not only reduces her life prospects but robs the society through underutilized or unutilized female capital.

Given the privileged status males occupy over females, it's not surprising that in most of the world, parents want sons more than daughters. Even in cultures where there is no special preference for sons there is no active preference for daughters.

In traditional cultures, parents follow strict nutritional and intercourse guidelines believed to facilitate the conception of a male child. But even in developed countries, anecdotal and other evidence points to the widespread use of baking powder, epsom salt and vinegar douches as well as certain coital positions to enhance the probability of a male fetus. In recent decades, technology has made it possible to use genetic planning and sex screening to prevent the female from ever being conceived, much less from being born.

Data from an Indian hospital documented by Ramanamma and Bambawale show that of a sample of 700 women, only four per cent of those expecting daughters chose to carry their pregnancies to term. The remaining 96 per cent had abortions. By contrast, 100 per cent of those expecting sons carried their pregnancies to term, even when a genetic disorder was considered likely.

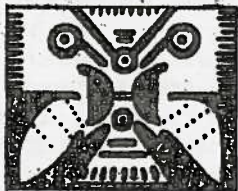
Similarly in the United States, studies reveal a preference for male babies over female babies, especially when the baby is the first or only child. Asked how many children he had fathered, former American boxing champion Muhammad Ali answered unabashedly, "One boy and seven mistakes." Male preference also biases the grieving process. An American study of 236 parents who had experienced the death of a child concluded that parental grief was greater for male than the female child.

For centuries, popular sayings and practices around the world have echoed this gender bias. In ancient Greece and Rome, mothers were advised to "expose" the female infant—to let her die. Striking a female child was a shameful act for which Hassidic Jews occasionally flogged a father. In Britain, the birth of a prince earned a 21 gun salute, a princess only 10. A Dutch proverb declares that, "A house full of daughters is like a cellar full of sour beer." In China daughters are referred to as "maggots in the rice"; among the Zulus in South Africa, as "merely weeds."

A girl's inferior status is rooted not just in her sexuality but in her capacity to bear children and the implied threat to her virginity. Ironically, for all its indispensable social value, the reproductive capacity of the female does little to enhance a girl's status or worth either in the family or the society. If anything, it only places further constraints on her in terms of food taboos and other more repressive practices such as foot-binding, purdah (enforced seclusion), early marriage, and genital mutilation, all of which are aimed at controlling her mobility and sexuality.

Food distribution in the average household of a developing country is frequently skewed in favour of the male—both the adult and the child—because it is the male who is viewed as the earner or potential earner in the family. Likewise in the developed countries, the “burnt chop” winds up on the female’s plate rather than the male’s. And in the latter countries it is girls who suffer the highest incidence of self-inflicted eating disorders such as anorexia, which are closely linked to low self-esteem and imaging pressures.

Once outside the home, girls invariably occupy a lower status than boys in school despite rigorous efforts by governments to enforce gender-neutral access goals. According to the UN Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization some 60 million girls in the world have no access to primary schooling, compared to 40 million boys. Fewer girls enroll in school and far more drop out than boys. Even in American schools, girls do not receive the same quality or even quantity of education as their male peers, according to the American Association of University Women.



Meanwhile, time use studies in Africa and Asia but also in Australia, Canada and Italy show that the female child bears a heavier burden of unremunerated or low-paid household or extra-household work than her male counterpart. In the United States, parents are more apt to pay sons for house-work than daughters. The message boys receive is that they should work “for pay” while girls should work “out of love.” While girls may feel their contributions are unrecognized and largely unrewarded, boys learn early the value of their labour and the importance of linking work to wages.

What today’s girls learn from a sexist upbringing ultimately affects tomorrow’s woman and tomorrow’s mother. How can the chain be broken? The first step is to view not just adulthood but childhood through the prism of gender. This means subjecting all planning, programming and evaluation of development activities geared to children to a gender analysis and fostering vigorous compensatory programmes to remedy the effect of earlier male-biased approaches. Most important, however, it means acknowledging the girl’s basic human right to a gender-just childhood and identifying and condemning those factors that discriminate against girls in the rearing process.

The United Nations Convention on the Rights of the Child is the first global document that acknowledges the need for a gender-just childhood. Adopted in 1989 and ratified by 150 countries, it is a veritable Magna Carta for children that specifies the rights to survival, protection and development of every child, regardless of sex. Its single weakness is that it fails to identify let alone criticize sexist parenting as a crime against children.

The Human Rights Declaration prepared by the Human Rights Conference in Geneva in 1993 goes a step further by singling out the human rights of the girl child along with those of women as an “inalienable, integral and indivisible part of universal human rights.” But here too, the document affords little protection to the girl when it comes to asserting her rights within the sanctity of the family. While she can take a school or an employer to court for creating a discriminatory environment, she has no such legal recourse against her parents.

Although it is far safer to challenge gender bias in the budgetary allocations of government-run health and education programmes, this approach will rarely go beyond producing cosmetic changes in the lifestyle and enti-

tlement of girls. What will really count is challenging the patriarchal values embedded in the religious, cultural and socio-economic forces that shape people’s private lives.



This is the real dilemma before any United Nations sponsored effort to ensure a gender-just childhood. Should the explosive issue arise at the Beijing Conference, it is bound to provoke charges of cultural or ideological imperialism. Yet, the world can no longer shirk the responsibility of effectively mediating between the contesting claims of national, cultural or the family’s autonomy, and the human rights of girls. Only by a collective, concerted and sustained effort aimed at radically overhauling patriarchal values will girls be able to realize a truly gender-just childhood.

Until recently, feminists and development planners have suffered from a false complacency that the gains made by women will automatically trickle down to girls. In fact, this trickle-down theory has proven to be as ineffectual in women’s development as it has proven in economic development. Whether in the developing or the developed world, where women enjoy high status, girls do not automatically share that experience. On the other hand, strategies for empowering girls are the beginning of women’s empowerment.

Neera Sohoni is an affiliated scholar at Stanford University’s Institute for Research on Women and Gender and a contributing editor of Pacific News Service. Her first book, The Burden of Girlhood: A Global Perspective, (Third Party, Inc., Oakland, California) was just released.



by Erica Periman, DVM
Cayambe

Well animal fans, we've had a few questions come in and I will try to give you the low-down here. Thanks to Hugo Hoffman (Congratulations, by the way, to the new husband and daddy-to-be) down in Tunguragua for his request for an article about which medicines to use for which sicknesses, dosages and administration methods for cows and pigs . . . and how to give shots (later he mentioned that he understood that a complete set of info. on all that would probably require four years of grad. school and he's close).

Anyway, I will try to touch on some of it. Here's some basic normals of some animals . . .

Rectal Temperature (Yep, just lift the tail and stick it in, although it's nice to moisten the tip with some feces first.)

	Celsius
Cow	37.8 - 39.1
Sheep	38.6 - 39.6
Pig	38.7 - 39.7
Horse	37.1 - 38.3
Rabbit	39 - 40
Chy	38.3 - 39.4
Goat	38.6 - 39.6

Now, a fever is produced by a bacteria, virus or chemical. Usually, it's a bacterial infection, so, the best thing to do is give an antibiotic. For cows, sheep, goats and pigs a good product is **Oxitetraciclina, L.A. 200** (200 mg/ml). The dosis is right on the bottle of the Indufar product. And make sure you repeat the dosage in four days. Now, to guess at the weight of the ani-

mal is sometimes tough. It's better to over-estimate by a little than to under-estimate for antibiotics. An average size cow (not too skinny) weighs about 400 kg. The smaller animals are easier to guess at. Make sure you feel a sheep before guessing, because there might be just skull and bones under the wool. If a rabbit has a fever, it'll probably die before you pull the thermometer out of its butt. But, you can try **Oxitetracyclina 12.5% en polvo**. You may want to contact Russ Harris (the "Rabbit God") if you have any rabbit questions.

Diarrhea

This is another common problem that I'm sure we're all intimately familiar with, and animals get it too. What you need is a good deworming program . . . **Time to deworm** - Cows/sheep, 3-4 months of age, 7-8 months, every 4-6 months after. This can pretty much apply to all animals (dogs and cats included), except for horses which need it a little more often.

What to use - Cows/sheep, Levamisole is a good, cheap product. Albendazole is cheap and a double dose will kill Fasciola (the liver parasite).

How to do it - Some products you give intramuscularly (IM) and some orally. If you don't feel comfortable with injections, try Albendazole. It's oral. When giving an IM injection in a big animal, it's pretty tough to hit a nerve, but it is possible. See the drawings for the best places to give IM injections.

Quick note about calf diarrhea: Calves can get dehydrated really fast when they have diarrhea, and keeping them rehydrated should be your first concern. A good recipe for replacing fluids in calves is: 8 Tbsp. *pan-ela*, 2 tsp. salt, 1 tsp. baking soda, 1 gallon (4 liters) warm water. Mix all this and give one-and-a-quarter liters four times a day to a 90-pound calf.

Cats

Since one of our esteemed editors asked about kitties, I'll mention a few things. Cats are true carnivores. That means that if 80-100% of their diet is not from a meat source (cook it first) they can get heart problems and die. This is why you can't feed your cat Dog Chow.



You can get away with feeding a dog a lot of potatoes, rice and oatmeal (though not ideal), but you cannot do that with a cat. Vaccinations: **FVRCP** feline vaccine at 8, 12, 16 weeks of age, at one year and yearly after that (although, every 2-3 years is sufficient); Rabies at 16 weeks, at one year and every three years after that.

Deworming: "Technician" (brand name) at 8, 12 and 16 weeks of age and every 3-4 months after. Declawing - I personally, am not a big fan of typical declawing (just think if someone cut off the tips of all of your fingers, Ouch!), but you can have any small animal vet do it. I prefer a surgery called a "digital tendonectomy." It's a lot less painful. They keep their claws, but they can't use them. If you would like me to do it for you, a vet in Quito lets me use his equipment to do things for a 50% discount. Castrating: Cats are eaaaaasssey. I can do that, too. Same deal as for declawing above.

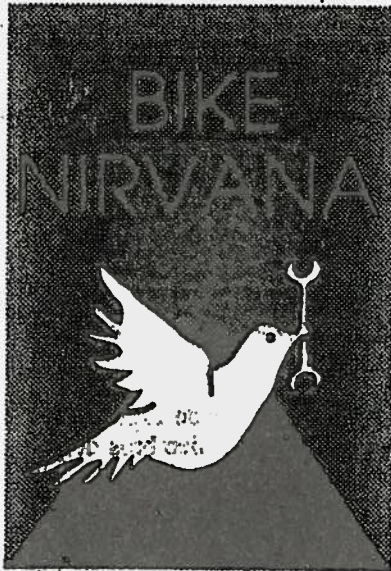
Dogs and Heartworm

Mary Riopedre down in Esmeraldas (a.k.a. "Island Girl") asked about giving Ivermectin to her new dog to prevent heartworm. There are two drugs in the states used to prevent heartworm; Ivermectin once-a-month (Heartguard) and Diethylcarbamazine, once-a-day (Filaribits). Unfortunately, neither is available in the very low dose oral form here in Ecuador (in fact, no vet here in the Sierra seems to even know of the existence of the disease). There is

Ivermectin for large animals, but I can't recommend using it in small animals, because it is pretty toxic to dogs and a slight overdose would put them into a coma or kill them. My recommendation is that if you live above 2,000 meters and don't have mosquito problems, don't sweat it.

But, if it's low and/or damp, you may want to call home and see if the parental units or family can get a hold of some for you. I can also try to call in some favors in the states and get a hold of some, too, just let me know.

Well, that's it, keep sending in your questions. (Sorry, Hugo if we didn't get to everything, we'll give you more next time.)



by Andres Amador, Cuenca

My dearly-departed Peace Corps *compañero*, Mike Meshak, made the observation the last time I saw him that this column every time seems to be about my latest traumatic accident. Well, it's been another coupl'a months, another coupl'a near death experiences. Funny thing about having your life flash before your eyes; kinda goes too fast to catch all at once. You need at least three or four to get into those clever plot intricacies and catch all those double *entendres*. But hold on a sec; by no means am I ready to *seguir no más* into the netherworld. I'm definitely not complaining, my life's had some pretty good plot twists, with the occasional witty joke and snide comment, but ending it the way some motorists would have me do would just be so damn anti-climatic! Is this asking too much?! If I'm gonna go, let it be by an avalanche while ascending Kilimanjaro, or by a giant squid while deep sea diving, or perhaps by a cave-in while spelunking in unexplored depths. Something memorable and dramatic! But what am I getting instead? Some jerk opening his car door as I careen towards him. Thankfully (caution-moral of the day coming up), I always anticipated just such a confrontation and so kept more to the inside of the road. The day would come, I knew, when I'd become intimately involved with a car door—it

was only a matter of time. Thus, when the door was thrown out, I managed to catch it on the outside rather than get caught hitting it head on. Two good things that came out of this—a renewed respect for the immovability of car doors and a pretty cool scar along my chest. (If you ask nicely I'll let you see it.)

Can't explain how, but bad drivers just seem incredibly attracted to me. If any of you ever visit my corner of Ecuador, I'll let you take my baby for a spin to see if it's me that's the unlucky target or if my bike is simply jinxed.

Since I've done precious little biking since the last column and so am lacking witty biking anecdotes, I'll skip to the chase and go right on into:

Fixing tires and tubes

First though, a quick hello to the newest bunch of bike owners—that wet-behind-the-ears Omnibus 74 that'll be getting their bikes around the time this issue gets printed. Alright, here we go . . .

Materials needed: a tube patch kit, 2-3 tire irons (the plastic bike kind or something blunt like the back end of a butter knife), pan of water and a pump.



A bit of prevention therapy to start: every once in a while, give your bike tires a good squeeze (harder than those *nalga* pinching varieties). Does it give at all? Well, it shouldn't. Another indicator—when you ride on bumpy roads, do you feel a bit more softness in your bumping? Well, you shouldn't. Try to keep your tubes pumped so that

they feel pretty solid and don't squish unless you hit something kinda hard. Keeping the tubes well-inflated will avoid damaging the wheel rims and spokes which don't take shocks very well. It'll also prolong the life of your tires—on soft tires the rims eventually rub an unfixable hole in the tire sidewalls.

One more thing, if your tire has cracks in it—usually from old age and exposure to the elements (another reason to keep it indoors), expect it to go—perhaps at any moment, hopefully not while you're truckin' down that hill.

Okay, I'll assume you've popped your tire whether it be through running over nails, glass, thorns (it can happen!) and now you're stuck with a sad, deflated bike. Virtually any repair can be done without removing the wheel or the entire tire.

1. Look the tire over—is the offending agent still stuck—that nail or whatever? *Sacalo!* Is there a rip in the tire? If so, unless it's small enough that you can glue a piece of old tube or tire on the inside to plug it, you'll need to replace the tire. The same goes if it's the sidewall along the rim that's ripped—it'll just keep popping your tube.

2. *Bueno*, with your tire irons, push one over the rim and under the tire edge, lift up, and pop the tire edge off the rim. While keeping that iron in place (perhaps a good friend can give a hand—those bad friends never seem to help much!), repeat this in other places along the tire with the other irons. Resist the temptation to simply run the iron along the inside—it's too easy to snag the tube and make another hole. The tire should come off easily now.

3. Take off only one side of the tire—don't take it completely off the wheel—and pull out the tube. If you knew where the puncture was, great, move on to #4. If not, get out that pump and put in a few strokes, enough to make it sorta tight. Now go over to your pan of water, submerge the tube, and slowly rotate

tube. Keep an eye out for air bubbles coming up. When you've come across 'em, find the hole, dry the area off, and perhaps mark the area with a pen.

4. Get your patch kit and follow the directions—they are extremely self explanatory. Just hold down on the patch for a minute or so, then take off the plastic cover. Wait another minute, then put in a few pumps of air. Is it holding? If not, could be the patch wasn't big enough or there's another hole.

5. Now that its patched, take out most of the air and stuff the tube into the tire. Get your friend back over and together push the tire back onto the wheel. You might have to strain a bit, but irons aren't really necessary.

6. Pump that sucker up!

*** Alternative repair methods if you lack the patch kit that'll get you home or to the repair shop:

- crazy glue and a piece of old tube will work for a while
 - in a pinch, electrical tape will do.
- Find a gas station pump or use your pump to get the tube firm. Then quickly wrap the tape around the tube from above the hole to below it. Glue really helps here as well.

Well, until next time, may your tubes be (CLAP) Pumped Op! *Chao mein!*

Special note. The following Volunteers have Regional bike repair kits:

Andrés Amador, Cuenca
Michael Morgan, Guayaquil
Jeffrey Rathlef, Chimborazo/
Bolivar
Karl Banks, Manabí
Aaron Coby, Imbabura

All bikes should come with a cool tool and patch kit, suitable for small repairs and maintenance. For larger repairs, see your regional repair person or talk to your APCD about repair shop visit. All costs must be approved prior to reimbursement, and incidental and maintenance costs are the Volunteer's responsibility. •

El Discurso

por Leda Slattery

Tumbaco, 1 de Noviembre de 1995

BUENOS DIAS

Para aquellos a los cuales no he tenido el placer de ser presentada, mi nombre es LEDA SLATTERY.

Mis compañeros del Omnibus 74, me han otorgado el honor de expresar sus ideales y sentimientos en este día tan especial para los miembros de este grupo del Cuerpo de Paz.

Primeramente quiero presentar nuestra bienvenida y agradecimiento por su presencia a nuestros distinguidos visitantes:

- Sr. Peter Romero, Embajador de los Estados Unidos en Ecuador
- Sra. Jean Seigle, Directora del Cuerpo de Paz
- Sr. Barry Bem, Sub-Director del Cuerpo de Paz
- Sr. Representante de las Agencias Nacionales
- Sres. Contrapartes
- Sr. Tim Callaghan, Director del Centro de Entrenamiento
- Personal del Cuerpo de Paz
- Compañeros del Omnibus 74
- Señores y Señoras

Gracias otra vez, por acompañarnos en nuestra Ceremonia de Juramento.

Hoy completamos nuestro entrenamiento y emprendemos nuestra jornada como voluntarios activos en esta misión de PAZ entre los países de Ecuador y los Estados Unidos de América.

El propósito que nos motivó a emprender esta jornada como embajadores de Paz es para compartir e intercambiar los conocimientos técnicos y culturales entre nuestros países y que forman parte de nuestros planes nuevamente.

Las oportunidades de hacer realidad nuestros ideales, se facilitarán gracias a la dedicación, paciencia y enseñanza de nuestros facilitadores, entrenadores y maestros del Centro de Entrenamiento, aquí en San Luis.

Nuestro sincero agradecimiento nuevamente a todos ustedes.

John F. Kennedy, un líder muy especial; un personaje ejemplar de nuestra nación, formó el Cuerpo de Paz con el propósito de demostrar a otros países lo bueno y noble de los Estados Unidos. Nosotros, los miembros del Omnibus 74, tenemos hoy la oportunidad y honor de participar en esta misión. Nosotros, somos el Cuerpo de Paz !

Es difícil de comprender cómo fue posible que los tres meses que transcurrieron tan lentamente hayan pasado tan rápido.

En estos tres meses hemos aprendido acerca del propósito de nuestra misión en el Ecuador y al mismo tiempo hemos tomado la responsabilidad de cuidarnos y protegernos unos a otros. Es necesario que continuemos apoyándonos para lograr nuestras metas.

Desde nuestro primer encuentro en Miami, se desarrolló entre los miembros de este grupo una camaradería y amistad que no ha sido afectada por las diferencias de edades, gustos ó personalidades, fue una especie de ¿Cómo se dice? Bonding automático, casi mágico !!!

Juntos hemos experimentado momentos difíciles y momentos de camaradería espontánea.

Los tiempos de dificultades debemos recordarlos solo para reconocer las habilidades y coraje que tenemos cada uno de nosotros y así confrontar las adversidades que pudieran presentarse en el futuro.

Los buenos tiempos y la amistad de nuestros compañeros debemos tenerlos constantemente en nuestro corazón y memorias como fuente de inspiración que nos ayudará a realizar nuestra misión de paz e intercambio cultural entre Ecuador y los Estados Unidos.

Nada bueno se obtiene fácilmente; las cosas que más queremos, que más apreciamos son aquellas que nos han costado más trabajo obtenerlas, por lo tanto su valor es superior.

La actualización de nuestros objetivos en el Ecuador requerirán de mucha responsabilidad, trabajo y dedicación, pero nosotros tenemos muchas riquezas espirituales en nuestros compañeros; por ejemplo:

Tenemos a Miguel, que experimentando por sí mismo las aflicciones típicas de la adolescencia ha tomado la decisión de ayudar a los jóvenes en crisis y resolver sus problemas.

Tenemos otro valor ejemplar en Paula, quien confrontando las adversidades de sus propios límites de comunicación auditiva ha venido a ayudar a las personas necesitadas de educación especial.

La dedicación y el coraje que nuestros compañeros han demostrado en su empeño de aprender el español, pueden motivar a una piedra.

Capaces de una sensibilidad tan profunda, tenemos la oportunidad de derramar todos esos sentimientos en el propósito de nuestra misión.

Una de las maravillosas cosas que nos ha pasado es estar en este país y haber conocido a personas lindas que forman parte de este hermoso lugar. Otra es la mezcla de gente especial en un grupo en el cual hemos pasado por muchas pruebas pero también hemos reído juntos. ¡Lo más importante es que hemos formado una familia!!!

Este día es muy especial para nosotros porque hoy empezaremos nuestros trabajos como voluntarios. Pero al mismo tiempo es un día triste porque contem-

plamemos la inevitable separación de nuestros compañeros y amigos. Pero como dijo nuestra señora contraparte, en lugar de afiorar a los amigos que no tenemos, podemos empeñarnos en apreciar a los que actualmente están ante nosotros. Tomemos a nuestras contrapartes y a nuestras comunidades como nuestros amigos y familias.

Vivimos para volar, a veces muy alto y otras muy bajo. Vivimos para sacudir el polvo de nuestras alas y los sueños de nuestro espíritu.

En los tiempos que volemos bajo, busquemos el apoyo de nuestros contrapartes, de nuestra comunidad y amigos. En los tiempos que volemos alto derramemos los sueños de nuestro espíritu como apoyo a nuestros amigos ecuatorianos.

El compartir apoyo moral mutuamente se basa en el concepto de cooperación, estamos aquí para ayudarnos unos a otros, tanto en los buenos como en los malos tiempos. Solo con la participación mutua se podrán realizar nuestros objetivos.

Hagamos de nuestro propósito, la certidumbre de que cuando dejemos este país, dejemos una marca positiva, si esta marca queda solo en un niño al cual le abrimos la puerta de un nuevo mundo de oportunidades, ó a un joven al que guiamos en los pasos del liderazgo.

Que el día que marchemos de regreso a los Estados Unidos, aquí en el Ecuador, alguien recuerde nuestro trabajo y empeño, sonría al porque también nosotros sonrefremos con el orgullo y la satisfacción de haber participado en una misión tan especial.

Como dijo nuestro compañero Pete, "compartamos con otros todo lo bueno que hemos recibido."

Las personas constantemente pasan por nuestras vidas. Muchas de ellas olvidamos. Otras a las cuales llamamos amigos, recordamos por siempre y demos gracias por el tiempo y la amistad que nos brindaron nuestros amigos Christina, Nancy, Jacki, Sarah, Cecilia, Roz, Pete y Len.

En la vida no existe lo bueno, no existe lo malo, solo existen las experiencias y lo que nosotros hagamos de ellas.

SEÑOR, danos la serenidad de aceptar las cosas que no podemos cambiar, el coraje de cambiar aquellas que podemos y la sabiduría de distinguir las diferencias.

Gracias nuevamente a ustedes, por su compañía y respaldo y a todos...

¡QUE VAYAN CON DIOS !!!

Making Volunteerism Easier

The following appeared in The New York Times, Saturday, November 25, 1995, and was submitted by Jean Seigle, Country Director, as food for thought for those of us who someday will be returning to the States and might have interest in continuing with volunteer activities.

ATLANTA, Nov. 24—From Atlanta and Miami to San Diego and Seattle, a new brand of youthful volunteerism is flourishing, nurtured largely by a network of organizations devoted to providing varied and flexible opportunities for busy young professionals to serve their communities.

The movement began in 1986 in a living room on the Upper West Side of Manhattan, where six friends gathered to discuss their frustrations with established volunteer agencies in New York City. Their meeting led to the formation of *New York Cares*, a clearinghouse designed to connect service-minded New Yorkers with dozens of projects around the city.

Nine years later, *New York Cares* has a mailing list of 13,000 volunteers, and its model has been replicated in 26 cities. The groups report a total membership of more than 75,000 people, most of them 25- to 45-years-old, and they have created a national umbrella organization, known as *City Cares of America*, to help form new groups and spread successful ideas.

Experts on philanthropy credit the network with countering a declining interest in volunteerism among young working Americans who seem to have

neither the time nor the inclination to serve their communities.

The groups make charity work attractive to such people by simplifying the process of volunteering and removing the concept of guilt. If someone wakes up on a Saturday morning in a mood to help paint an elementary school, all he or she has to do is show up. If he has to head into the office, or chooses to play tennis instead, no one calls to harangue him.

"We don't put the kind of restraints on people that other places do by saying you have to volunteer two hours a week," said Kathy Behrens, executive director of *New York Cares*. "We want you to volunteer when you're able." That is what lured Sarah L. Zimmerman, 34, to *Hands On Atlanta* five years ago, when she moved here to take a job as the associate director of news and information for the *Southern Baptist Home Mission Board*.

"I travel a lot for work, and I don't want to make a commitment to be someplace the third Friday of every month," Ms. Zimmerman said, while sorting cans of creamed corn and tomato soup at a food bank on a recent evening. "If I don't show up for a month, no one's going to think that I let them down."

With such flexibility, the charity network is tapping the energies of an age group that began to turn away from volunteerism in the late 1970's and early 80's, as women joined the work force and young people delayed marriage and family life, said Virginia A. Hodgkinson, vice president for research at

Independent Sector, a Washington group that encourages philanthropy and volunteerism.

"Usually, if you're a parent, you have schools and churches and other organizations that start you volunteering," Ms. Hodgkinson said. "But there really weren't enough vehicles for these young professionals until these groups brought them into the community. If we hadn't had them, we may really have seen a decline."

Instead, adults between 25 and 44 are the most active volunteers, according to *Independent Sector*. In 1993, for instance, 48 percent of American adults 18 or older said they had volunteered at least once in the past year, while 55 percent of those from the ages of 35 to 44 had volunteered. While volunteerism among all adults has fallen since its peak around 1990, when the recession gave charity work more urgency, volunteerism is at higher levels now than it was in 1988, when *Independent Sector* began monitoring it. The emergence of the *City Cares* network reflects deep changes in society and the world of charity work.

"The person who volunteered in the past doesn't exist anymore," said Philip L. Collyer, executive director of *Greater D.C. Cares*. "That was an individual who worked in the home and had some extra time. Everybody is working now outside the home and has far less discretionary time. Yet they still have a need and a want to support the community."

Most of the groups are growing rapidly, usually with only

word-of-mouth advertising. In the smallest city involved, Greenville, S.C., membership is growing 10 percent per month. *Hands On Greenville*, which began only 20 months ago, now has 400 members.

At *Hands On Atlanta*, this month's calendar includes 187 projects, including park cleanups, tutoring programs and soup kitchens. The projects are available on every day of the month--there were several traditional Thanksgiving dinners for the homeless--with most scheduled for evenings and weekends for the convenience of working people.

Started in 1989 by a group of 12 friends, *Hands On Atlanta* now has a \$1 million budget, 17 paid staff members and a mailing list of 11,000 volunteers.

They include people like Jill A. Barker, 30, an accountant who spends her Thursday nights running a mentoring program for sixth graders at Paul D. West Middle School in East Point, just south of Atlanta. Last week, her seven charges raced around the library pulling books and magazines off shelves to research articles for a magazine they were producing.

"It's amazing what a little individual attention will do," Ms. Barker said. "Last year, I had a kid who was constantly being suspended from school but would show up for every single *Hands On Atlanta* meeting."

Kelly Williams, a 12-year-old who was writing an article about computers, explained her interest. "In Atlanta public schools, they need to calm those kids down because it seems like they're not getting an education," Kelly said. "Here you get more help. My mom didn't want to bring me to *Hands On Atlanta* at first, but I told her it was very important."

The key to the success of the groups is simple. They make volunteering easy, meaningful and fun. Because the groups insist on direct involvement in the community, as opposed to stuffing envelopes or selling raffle tickets, they provide instant gratification for volunteers. The projects also double as singles clubs for the socially conscious and have led to a number of marriages.



"People look forward to it," said Nicole M. Kelly, the founder and executive director of *Hands On Greenville*, "because they know they're going to see their friends at the *Read to Me* program this week or they think, 'Maybe I'll see that cute guy at the park cleanup again.'"

To those who contend that such a casual approach diminishes the impact of volunteerism, Ms. Kelly replies that occasional volunteerism is better than none at all.

"There are 400 people at least in Greenville who simply would not volunteer if they did not have this organization," Ms. Kelly said. The groups provide bridges to community service by designing volunteer projects and advertising them to members in monthly newsletters, or in some cases, by sending volunteers to events conducted by established charities. Many *City Cares* projects are traditional--things like soup

kitchens, literacy tutoring and housing rehabilitation--but others fill a void.

San Diego Cares provides moving crews for people with AIDS who have to relocate frequently as their assets diminish. Volunteers at *Hands On Miami* read bedtime stories to children in shelters. In an annual campaign, *New York Cares* collects winter coats every December--71,000 last year--for the poor.

The groups raise money from corporations, foundations and individuals, and most now collect about half of their budgets from a single day of mass volunteerism when participants collect pledges for the number of hours they work. About 7,500 people participated in the *Hands On Atlanta Day* on Oct. 7, raising more than \$400,000, said Michelle Nunn, the group's executive director.

Leaders of several of the groups said they had occasionally been treated warily by more established charities, which might view them as competitors for both donations and volunteers. "Ultimately, for the community's good, people will learn to collaborate," said Cori L. Snyder, acting executive director of *City Cares of America*. "But a little competition is good for everyone."

As the groups continue to grow in size and sophistication, their focus may also broaden, with projects designed more for permanent improvements than short-term relief. "We're a lot more interested now in systemic change," said Ms. Nunn, 28, the daughter of Senator Sam Nunn, the Georgia Democrat who is a longtime proponent of national service for young adults. "Before, it was enough to bring some children to a picnic. Now we want to know whether we can really change people's lives."

The Reunion

submitted by Dennis Bruga, PCV Ecuador

Anticipation of our arrival at the *Cabañas* on the Río Napo filled the bus full of Returned Peace Corps Volunteers and their families. The bus screeched to a halt on the dirt road surrounded by the steaming jungle. Only a few minutes remained in what had been a spectacular seven-hour trip down from Quito. The clear Ecuadorian skies had treated us to views of the snow-capped volcanoes of Cotopaxi and Antisana, as well as a breathtaking, seemingly unending descent from the Páramo to the Amazon Basin. We stepped into the oppressive jungle heat and humidity to discover that a small wooden bridge looked unpassable because of the many missing and broken planks.

Luckily, the good old "can-do" attitude of the Peace Corps still breathed in us after 25 years. Some of the middle-aged, Returned Volunteers jumped into the small ravine under the bridge and started scavenging broken but usable planks, while others directed the proper placement of them on the failing bridge. After a short time, but gallons of sweat, the courageous Ecuadorian chauffeur cautiously maneuvered the passenger-less, 36-passenger bus across the repaired bridge.

In a few more minutes, Henry and Myriam Beder welcomed us to the *Cabañas Alinahui* to begin a three day stay. Amid this tropical paradise we continued the reminiscing about the last 25 years that had begun in Don and Nancy Schuler's house in Quito the night before. Thanks to Bruce and Esperanza Horwitz, Henry and Myriam Beder and Fredrico DeSmith, we Returned Peace Corps Volunteers, who had trained in the wilds of Montana 25 years earlier, gathered in the wilds of the Ecuadorian *Oriente* for a reunion this August 1, 1995. Even though the 31 people included families and children, excitement

abounded about such a good turnout from the 60 people who had trained in Montana that summer of 1970.

The *Cabañas Alinahui* contributed to the success of this first training group reunion held in Ecuador. The brochures that so tempted us to attend, only hinted at the marvels of the facilities. Because of the attractive, elevated *cabañas*, well-manicured grounds and thatch-covered lookouts overlooking the Napo River, and the almost immediate comradery that developed amongst people who hadn't seen each other for 25 years, the three days felt like a summer-camp with long lost friends. Henry Beder, a 1970 Volunteer and his wife Myriam, handled the jobs of host and hostess impeccably.

The Mullins' kids, Jim's, Noel's and the others enjoyed themselves swimming in the Napo, playing with the dog and discovering snakes, spiders, frogs, butterflies and all sorts of interesting insects and animals, some of which Henry could identify. Their big discovery of a "Morpho" butterfly thrilled all that saw it. I snapped a couple pictures of the eight, inch nearly transparent, blue beauty. The adults discovered the magic of the jungle through the informative tours Henry organized. I learned more walking through the primary forest with the well-informed native guide in four hours than I had in almost two years of working in similar surroundings in Santa Domingo de Los Colorados, 25 years ago.

The half-day river trip in three outboard motor-driven canoes filled another major part of a day in discovering the sights from the Napo and visiting a remarkable Swiss woman who is living in the jungle with her Ecuadorian husband, rescuing abused and injured native animals and returning them to the wilds. The

throne of free-roaming spider and other monkeys thrilled and played with the kids, while the parrots, kinkajous, tapir, ocelot and other caged animals entertained us all.

The final tour to the Jatun Sacha Research Station opened my eyes to the possibilities the jungle provides, if mankind can utilize them in their native state without destroying the ecosystem that houses them. A cornucopia of pharmaceuticals grew at our feet. Esperanza Horowitz's brother, Alejandro Suarez, who has headed up the research station for years, proudly demonstrated some of the reforestation and ornamental plant projects the station is developing for and with the native people.

After some strenuous volleyball on the jungle court, overseen by a couple of colorful Toucans, cool and refreshing Pilseners along with stories, slides and reminiscing, filled the long tropical evenings in the open-air dining hall. The constant humming and singing of the cicadas, crickets and other jungle insects provided fitting background music to the scene.

One special evening, Miguel Tankamash, former president of the Shuar Federation, filled us in on what is happening in the Native Rights scene in Ecuador. Considering the problems the Amazon basin natives have faced, Miguel continues to work tirelessly and enthusiastically to protect their rights and improve their economic and political situation. Miguel held a special place in the memories of many of the former Volunteers, because he had trained the Volunteers who were headed to the *Oriente* 25 years ago in Montana.

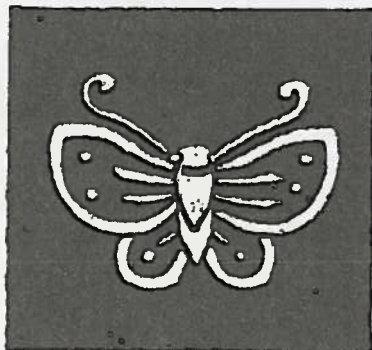
Nurse Marion Briones also conjured up special memories for most of us. In addition to all those GG shots, she remembered tons of stories about all of us and many other Volunteers whom she has helped through medical traumas of Ecuador over the last thirty years. She admirably filled in for Jean Seigle, current country director, who wanted to attend but couldn't break away from her crises-ridden schedule. Marion put a personal face on the statistics of Peace Corps in Ecuador

today. She told us about many of the new improvements of PC Ecuador, including the in-country training site, but also encouraged us to lobby our congressional delegation for continued support of the Peace Corps budget.

Our reluctant and nostalgic departure three days later got off to an Ecuadorian start because of our bridge repairing job. A couple of days after our arrival, an overloaded banana truck crashed through our temporarily repaired bridge. So another banana truck shuttled us to the bridge and we walked across to the waiting bus on the other side. When we arrived in Quito at 8:30 that night, instead of 4:30 as planned, we were pleasantly surprised to find Jean Seigle and her staff still waiting at the Peace Corps office with a buffet and a warm greeting.

Jim Mullins and John Lowry received an especially warm greeting on the way back to Quito too, from some indigenous people in the Tena area. They discovered and visited with some of the people they had worked with 25 years earlier who now proudly displayed their titles to their land that came about because of the surveying work that Jim, John and others had done. I think we all left with a heart full of warm feelings for Ecuador and a feeling of intense gratitude to Bruce, Esperanza, Henry, Myriam and Fredrico for taking the time and energy to make it happen.

I personally appreciated everything they did and got a special treat afterward. A couple of days after our return to Quito, Eduardo and Nancy Sotomay gave me a tour of their dairy farm near Quito, which I had heard about for years but had never seen.



NUESTRO Idioma

by Pete "Romeo" Fontaine,
Guayaquil (temporarily trying to fill
the shoes of the illustrious Kelly
Rahn)

Ah yes, here we are again. Valentine's Day. That oasis of friendship, companionship and—depending on your circumstances—romance, in an otherwise barren month. This is a day you either look forward to tremendously, if you have a significant other to shower your affections on, or that you detest as relationship-oriented overkill, if you are single. For those of you who happily fall into the former category (as I do), we'll start with the pro-Valentine words:



amor—love, gentleness, kindness
amorigones—flirting looks
amorto—minor love affair, fling
mi amor—darling, love, beloved, sweetheart
en el amor y la guerra todo vale—all's fair in love and war
hacer el amor—to make love
con amor se paga—love is rewarded with love
te amo te quiero—I love you
besuquear—to lavish kisses on, to kiss repeatedly
besuqueo—smooching (or 'mashing'; as we say in Seattle)
corazón—heart, spirit, courage
con el corazón en la mano—openly, sincerely
enamorado/a—sweetheart, boyfriend/girlfriend
enamoramamente—lovingly, affectionately, passionately
enamoradozola—inclined to fall in

love, easily infatuated
enamoramiento—love affair, courtship
noviola—boyfriend/girlfriend (also fiancé or newlyweds)
noviazgo—engagement
pareja—partner
romance—love affair
romancero—singer of romances or ballads (for any serenading you might want to do)
relación—relationship

If you're like, "As if!" and feel more anti-Valentine, the following may be more useful:

acongojada—brokenhearted
desenamorar—to be out of love with
se le rompe el corazón a uno—one's heart breaks
morir de pena—to die of a broken heart
llorar a lágrima viva—to cry one's heart out
angustia—heartache
herido de amor—lovelorn
desconsolado—heartsick
separarse—to break up
romper con (alguien)—to break up with somebody
vida de solterota—single life
soledad—loneliness
solitario—lone wolf
abandonar, dejar a su suerte, dejar en apuros—to walk out on someone
asno, necio, imbécil—jackass
ojete, ano—*!hole
bastardo—bastard
muerete—die, drop dead
cabrón—your wife is cheating on you and you are too wimpy to kick some ass
en tus sueños—in your dreams
pobre tonto (o) estúpido—(condescending), fool
bobo—idiot

So to all those souls out there who are celebrating *cupido*'s big day, and to those for whom the day is better forgotten, a big *Te amo* and *Hasta luego*.