

¿COMO?

"As usual, it is all done on a high plane and is utterly devoid of the scandalous, the libelous, the juvenile bitching that seems to find its way into other countries' PCV newsletters. It's almost BORING, which in my view is the best kind of newsletter there is. How do you do it?"

Victor C. Johnson, Director of the Inter-America Region PC, as quoted in the Carpincho Chronicles (PC Uruguayan newsletter) Dec. '94/Jan '95 issue

.....
"There's a time to be nice and there's a time to kick ass!"

Karl Banks, being Karl Banks.

.....
"Look at the beach. It looks like you could swim there from here. You probably could if there wasn't the ocean."

Karl Reibel, making an astute observation on the Galápagos.

.....
"Hey man, mildew happens."

Ron "Jungle Boy" Krupa, discussing the joys of tropical life.

.....
"Oh yeah, I knew that."

Anonymous Visitor, tapping into the famous PC gossip grapevine.

.....
"My fame is growing . . ."

Shelby Smith, excitedly relating how one of Portoviejo's "hottest" bands wants her to sing and jam with them.

.....
"I'm just trying to get some corn on the table"

Jim Potts, upon receiving criticism for choosing a "Go Fish" poker game to try to build up a big pot.

.....
"Has this got lard in it? It's gotta have lard in it. It tastes too good."

Avowed Vegetarian Volunteer, devouring his apple pie in the Otavalo Pie Shop

.....
"Las sopas de los EEUU son llenas de preservativos."

Jodi Hammer, describing how American soups are full of 'condoms' ?!

.....
"Don't think of it as a prison term"

Brian Hunter, RPCV, commenting on the two year commitment.

.....
"I hope you're not hungry. I haven't quite figured out this food thing yet."

Bob Hornyak's welcoming remarks to the first official guests in his site.

•EL CLIMA Staff

EL CLIMA

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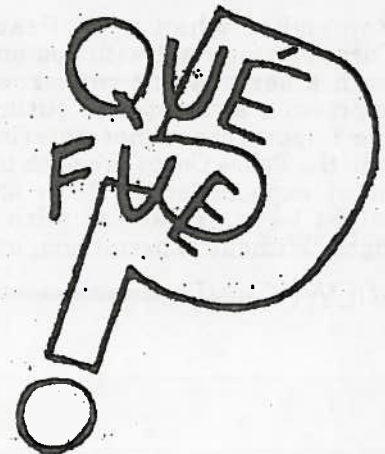


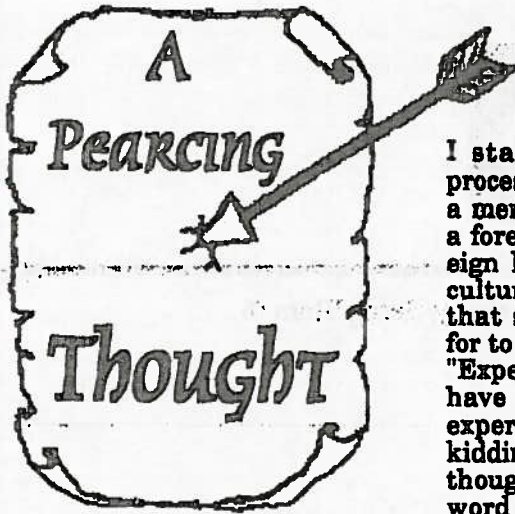
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Happy Halloween, Turkey Day, Merry Christmas and Hats Off to the New Year. Wow, that's a lot of holidays and hopefully even more happiness to go with 'em. Enjoy! I know I will. It's back to the homeland for me to pass the coming of '96. I'm hoping for a White Christmas and looking forward to flailing in the commercialization we in the U.S. are so good at.

Congratulations to Ecuador's newest group of PCVs who "crossed over" on Nov. 3rd. Here's to two years of—as my "Information Packet for Peace Corps Ecuador" describes the *Volunteer experience*—"satisfaction, exasperation, happiness, frustration, anger, anxiety, tranquility, excitement and boredom!" With a year under my belt, I can attest to the validity of this summation: Reaching and crawling over the half-way hump has got me thinking—something I've become quite good at over the past 15 months. Just to revisit the past a bit, I decided to dig out the propaganda that brought me here to Ecu-land in the first place.

Remember when your Peace Corps recruiter sat with you and with a serious but concerned expression attempted to outline the importance of not entering into the Peace Corps life with too many expectations? He or she might have exclaimed with a sigh, "Without expectations, one

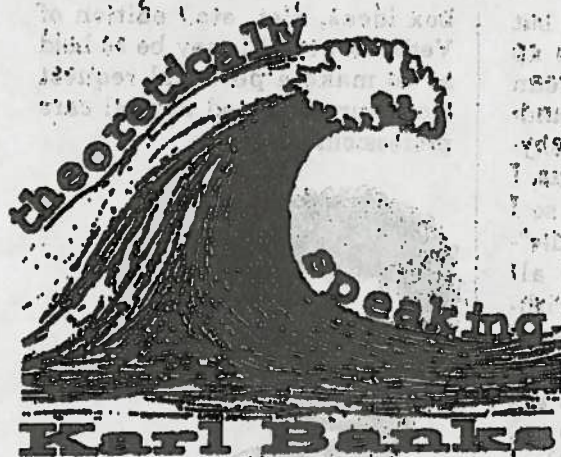
can't be let down." I've had this matter of expectations on my mind a lot lately. When I started the PC application process, I was a senior in college, a mere youngin' at 20. . . Life in a foreign country; learning a foreign language, about a different culture; forcing myself to do all that soul-searching I so longed for to prepare me for adult life. . . "Expectations. No, I can't say I have many. I'm just anxious to experience." Pff! Who was I kidding? The recruiter for one, I thought. She probably took my word for it. But now, I'm sure she knew better.

The last few months of college life unraveled; still no word from Peace Corps. It was time to get serious then, I decided. Work. Now there's an idea! So the job search began and took me to the LA basin. Now this was it! Fast. Fun. Freaky. I had my first taste of multi-culture. And then, throwing a loop into my discovery of *California Livin'* came the call. Peace Corps wanted me. But I wasn't ready to go.

A few months turned into a couple years, which brings us to 1994. Ecuador. Hmm. Sounded good. A Latin American country. A diverse land ecologically. I could learn to speak Spanish; dive right into the culture; and the real juice of it: finally "help people." Sure, I'll go for it! Now, the hard part—convincing work mates and family that the Peace Corps was the right choice for me at this point in my life. Not as easy as I thought. "Why can't you stay here and help your 'own' people?" "Two years is a long time to step down from the corporate ladder. You're only hurting yourself career-wise." I heard it all. But I knew something they didn't—I'd come back different, better and then they'd see, understand. Expectations. Not a one! I was so busy trying to convince everybody else, I forgot to stand back and examine my motives. Could I be useful? So the only health experience I have is a few years volunteering at

children's hospitals. I can learn what I need to know once I get there. And Spanish. Oh, I'll pick it up. Heck, after a year, I'll be fluent. Ah, the words of the naive. The truth of the matter is that I wasn't honest with the PC recruiter or myself. Something besides an undying urge to *help* brought me here. I wanted to be a better me. Everything else will fall into place, I thought. And both goals will be realized. But what has really happened is that my eyes have been opened. A friend said it best when she admitted, "It's like, before I was dead and now I'm living." I expected to come down here and be a person I never was before; an adventurer, willing to survive with nothing and without my support system. I'll spew information and people will drink it up. Words that once were foreign will flow from my lips. But what I've discovered is that the person I was before wasn't so bad. Sure a few improvements were in store; but a complete overhaul? Get Real! Many of the expectations I was sure weren't there have surfaced. Some have been hard to deal with and others only bring me joy. Working with and helping others isn't something someone just does. It's a talent.

Recognizing one's faults and positive qualities is a journey and not something to be passed over hastily. What can I do to emphasize less the expectations and just experience? Don't think there's one clear answer to that question, but what I strive for is to build from strength and conviction—look beyond the "me" and ask the *How's* and *Why's*. The past year has been filled with each and every one of those feelings explained to me at the outset. Sure I've grown, but more than that, I've experienced. Now, with not only a new respect for my past and the opportunities I've been given, but a look into another's world, I set out to help achieve those three Peace Corps goals I signed up for. I wouldn't trade my time here for anything. And I look forward to the rest. °



...My life has recently taken an important step towards nirvana. I finally got the chance to play the sport for which I live here in Ecuador. Not playing Ultimate for 15 months, since the day I left for Miami took its toll on my happiness quotient. For the chance to enjoy an activity not topped by many others in my life, I would like to thank very much my true *amigos* who met me at the plays to play a sport most knew nothing about. I really should stop now before I get weepy.

My pals from PV have said that they would like to play more so my life could become almost complete if their interest is in earnest...

...My groovy yellow PC bicycle was stolen from



me and I don't really want to talk about it. I walk a lot more now...

...I have a tale of two campo communities.

One has been constructing a water system for 17 months and can't seem to get things together to finish it without me coaxing, coddling, begging and generally doing a lot of hand-holding. I don't mind doing that sort of thing if only I thought that they really wanted a water system. The ugly feeling I get is that a water system is not that important to them; when the sacrifice of a few bottles of *Caña Manabita* and *Pilsener* each weekend for a month is too much to make so that the community can pay for the transport of materials which my host agency requires of them. They have a deadline of the beginning of the rainy season, and I'm not sure they can make it.

The other community is different. They started constructing their water system last month and they are running me ragged trying to keep up with their pace of work. I have to make two visits a week just to keep ahead of the work crews. They really

want water. I had to ask them to excavate a trench for a waterline two meters deep for technical reasons. They gave me three meters, because I told them *más es mejor que menos*. They haven't complained once about paying for the transport of materials and the project has not been slowed because they couldn't organize this payment in time for the deadline as outlined by the *cronograma* (by the way can someone tell me the English word for *cronograma* — I've forgotten) [Other Editor's Note: it's "timeline"]

In general this community makes me feel all warm, fuzzy and happy to be giving my time and effort to development work.

This community is working under the very same deadline, the beginning of the rainy season sometimes in December. My money is on the latter...

...I sure hope things are settling down in what has recently been our shaken-up Peace Corps world. Maybe all of us, Volunteers and Administration, can get back to devoting 100% of our energies and concerns towards our mission here in Ecuador and the past mistakes and actions can be learned from and put behind us...

...Omnibus 72 recently acknowledged their first year of service and inaugurated their last. Thank you to all who joined us to help make for an excellent weekend retreat on the beach. I learned the trick of going to a restaurant an hour before I am hungry and ordering. Bring a pack of cards...

...The first time was many months ago when I

was still 24. I was on an *Express Sucre* bus to Quito with Mark and Bryan. I was beat and wanted no more than to pass out for the midnight special. The movie came on and I managed to mostly drown out the high, loud and not just somewhat out-of-tune singing of some street urchin in Cuba. I actually slept pretty well save a few ear-shattering solos screeching past my walkman on "10." Then the movie was over and I slipped into blissful pluto-range.

My sleep was invaded by a loud-mouthed, scratchy voice in my dreams. His voice was the only sound. There was just this guy, yelling at me! Through a few brief surfacings, I realized I was having my first "Carlos" encounter.

The second time was on an *Ejecutivo San Luis* from Loja to Cuenca. This was only three months ago. I was wide awake. I watched the video as an actually very funny, though annoying, comedian performed in a park in Quito (El Ejido?). Within the first 10 minutes Carlos Michelena imitates university students, old ladies, *chapas*, *El Sixto*, *El Dahl*, vendors on buses (*¡AVAS!* *¡Aver AVAS!* *¡AVAS!*) and just about every type of person of Ecuador (and a few jabs at *gringos*). I must admit my Spanish was not up to everything he said, so I probably only got about 40% of the jokes. The trip was actually one hour shorter for me that time.

The last time was on the same

bus line going the other way, but very recently. I had woken up that day after an Ecuadorean "you-are-obligated-to-dance-and-drink" party. I was super-dehydrated from the booze *además*, I had amoebas (or whatever), so I got the one-two "I'm gonna die" punch. I was horizontal all morning, trying to coax nourishing liquid into my pathetic bag of pickled cells. Foolishly, I made plans to meet my friends to see "Waterworld" downtown. Having no sueres at that moment, I was forced to walk, at least to the ATM. But I overestimated my recovery, and found myself making stops to sit on the street corner with my head between my legs to gain strength to make it another block or two. I know what it is like to be one of those drunks passed out on the sidewalk at 1 p.m. So, that night when I was obligated to put myself through the potential 9th circle of

Hell. The triple B. Bus with no *baño* with *bichos*. Five hours. I would have slept like a baby, but there was Carlos again...

...I'm happy to welcome **Andrés Amador** to the El Clima staff. I guess our begging in the last issue worked and Andrés will assure that there is an El Clima when we 72ers retire.

...I got a cat. It's name is Atún, though so far it seems to prefer lentil soup. I would like to see a cat care (de-worming, fleas, "fixing" or--to avoid a euphemism--"snip snip," litter-

box ideas, diet, etc.) edition of Vet's Corner, if I may be so bold as to make a personal request from our esteemed animal care professionals...



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VIEWPOINT

Congratulations to Omnibus '74. We hope that your Peace Corps Service provides you the fulfillment you have anticipated.

As I write these words, it's near the end of a long, sad week. The assassination of Yitzak Rabin, Israel's Prime Minister, has had a profound impact on me as it



has had on millions of others: The first time I lived overseas it was in Israel. I left college after a couple of years and spent a year living on a Kibbutz. Twenty-five years ago, Israel and her neighbors were at war, and I could not then have imagined that the historic Middle East Peace Accord which Rabin championed would ever have been possible.

Sometimes in the day-to-day work, I lose sight of the Peace Corps' declared purpose. The very first sentence of the Peace Corps Act is as follows: "The Congress of the United States declares that it is the policy of the United States and the purpose of this Act, to promote world peace and friendship through a Peace Corps. . . I know that you as Volunteers deal with daily struggles, sometimes defeats, sometimes victories. The gains, the victories in development work can be excruciatingly slow and subtle. The work of promoting world peace and friendship seems perhaps too amorphous to be taken seriously. But Yitzak Rabin took in seriously, and he achieved more than anyone could have dreamed twenty-five years ago. It takes time. My hope is that the tragedy of Rabin's murder won't be the lasting lesson, but rather

the courage of his life and transformation from soldier to Peace Maker.

Transition/News

Peace Corps/Ecuador sadly bade farewell to Barry Bem on Wednesday, November 8th. Barry will be greatly missed by us and the *artesanos* of Otavalo. We wish him all the best on his return to Washington, D.C.

On Monday, November 13th, we will welcome Paul Davis to Ecuador. Paul will begin his 30-month tour as our PTO. His wife Janice and three children Eric, Maddy, and Kelly will join him on Dec. 24th. Welcome, Paul!

On November 8th, Marion Briones celebrated her 30th anniversary of work with Peace Corps. There's just about nothing Marion hasn't seen or heard.



We are incredibly grateful for her dedication to Peace Corps.

On December 31st, Arturo Pefiafel will end a very long--88 year--career with Peace Corps. Arturo and his family have

moved to their own home, however Arturo continues with his duties until the end of December. Thanks to Arturo for his steadfast dedication to PC/E and for all his help. As part of our staff down-sizing, Arturo will not be replaced.

It hardly seems possible, but this is the last El Clima for 1995. I hope that you all enjoy the holidays. Thanksgiving, Quito Days, Hanukkah, Christmas and New Year's with friends and family here in Ecuador or elsewhere. It's an easy time to feel homesick, so please take good care of each other. Although most staff take vacation over the Christmas holidays, I'll be here. If you are in the office, please stop in to say hello.

Thanks for doing the hard work of being Peace Corps Volunteers. I'll leave you with some favorite words from Emerson which define success, and my premature but best wishes for 1996:

"To leave the world a bit better, whether by a healthy child, a garden patch or a redeemed social condition; to know even one life has breathed easier because you have lived. This is to have succeeded."

FAREWELL REMARKS

by PTO Barry Bem

My departure date from Ecuador is November 9, so I will have left by the time you read this. Many of you have heard me talk about the cross-cultural adjustment cycle—the ups and downs that PCVs face before/during/after their service. This cycle does not apply only to Volunteers but also to staff, and during my 2 1/2 years in Ecuador I have gone through very similar stages.

This has been a terrific experience for me for three reasons: (1) the PC/E staff are wonderful people to work with, (2) the volunteers give me energy, encouragement, and at times are at what they are able to accomplish, and (3) Quito is a lovely place to live.

As I prepare to leave, I am feeling what many Volunteers feel as they reach their COS date: excitement about returning home to family and friends and favorite activities but at the same time sadness in leaving Ecuadorean friends, PC friends and favorite activities, foods and places in this wonderful country.

It has been a pleasure to work with you, the Volunteers. At times we staff members become

discouraged because a few Volunteers—a small number, fortunately—give us headaches. In the overwhelming majority, however, PCVs do exactly what we all think they should do—learn Spanish, do some excellent development work, make friends with Ecuadoreans, learn about themselves and others. Whenever I visit Volunteers I feel proud to be associated with Peace Corps and energized by the dedication, work, and good humor you generally show as you go about your day-to-day life. And I thank you for that.

I hope Peace Corps will have a life-long impact on you. I have always maintained that my Peace Corps service was the best experience of my life—with all its positives and negatives—and I still maintain this more than thirty years later! Just before leaving Ecuador, I returned to Colombia for a few days to visit friends and—can you believe this?—a counterpart from my Peace Corps days more than thirty years ago!

I wish you all the very best in the future—here, there, wherever. I will return to my home in Washington, D.C., to work at Peace Corps or somewhere else. If you care to look me up, my name will be in the telephone book.

¡Buena suerte y hasta cualquier día!

Letters...

Thank You

Dearest Family and Friends:

Thank you for your outpouring of love and concern during the past few weeks. Although my condition has limited the use of my hands, it has not touched my

heart—I can feel your love across the miles. The cards, gifts, calls and prayers have been wonderful. Your support has given me the inner strength to beat this syndrome once and for all! I am happy to report that I have been discharged from the hospital and am recuperating at home. To be surrounded by the love of my family has certainly raised my spirits. I have begun physical therapy sessions at the hospital and am looking forward to Spanish language tutoring once my health permits. Ultimately, I plan to continue my Peace Corps service, as that has been my life-long dream. With your prayers and support, I know I will make it! Thank you again for keeping me in your thoughts. This means more to me than words could ever express.

Love,

Christine Garamendi
Omnibus 74°

Farewell

A message to Omnibus '73 from Amy Fiengold

I've spoken with Amy a few times, and recently received a letter from her with news she has asked me to share with you all, her friends. Amy has decided not to return to Peace Corps Ecuador. She is in the process of being re-cleared so that she can join Bolivia's training class in January. She is back in Boston with family and friends "feeling strong and greatly looking forward to Bolivia." Her wishes for PC/E staff and PCVs are for, "continued health, happiness, and success."

Submitted by Jean Saigle°

VIEWPOINT

The Refrigerator and Development

The refrigerator broke. It was brand new, but it stopped functioning. The flame burned brightly for eight days where it entered the heat converter to power the cooling unit before the ecotourism council decided to seek my advice. My job is to work with the council, but I've noted they only ask my help when in dire need. I opened the door to the unit and was slammed against the far wall by a powerful stench unlike any thing I've ever experienced. My meat and chicken were a soggy sloop ominously congealed together with the community and ecotourism muck. For a fleeting moment, I was sure the multi-colored thing had made a menacing move to engulf me. I was saved by the cook. Bucket in hand, she deftly scrapped the quasi-living substance into it. I feigned fearlessness and approached the nivera for a quick analysis. First thing I requested, turn off the gas. Within twenty minutes, I had it repaired and running. The best part, I had empowered the ecotourism council to repeat the process. Now they are doing it on their own. It then dawned on me that this is what development work is all about, and I thought, what a great story for a piece on the development process.

The refrigerator had arrived in the community with a technician to get it running. The tech never taught the people how to maintain it. He simply put it together, fired it up, saw ice and left. A search for the operator's manual was futile and so when the ice melted after a month's operation, the tourism council watched the food rot, and gas vanish up the steel pipe. We tallied up the losses at well over \$/60,000. And all it took was twenty minutes of intensive hands-on instruction to remedy the problem.

On another front, the toilets in two cabins broke. But the bowels of the people using them didn't. I was prepared for the malodorous event this time, but still, who ever really gets used to smelling shit. The toilets needed repair.

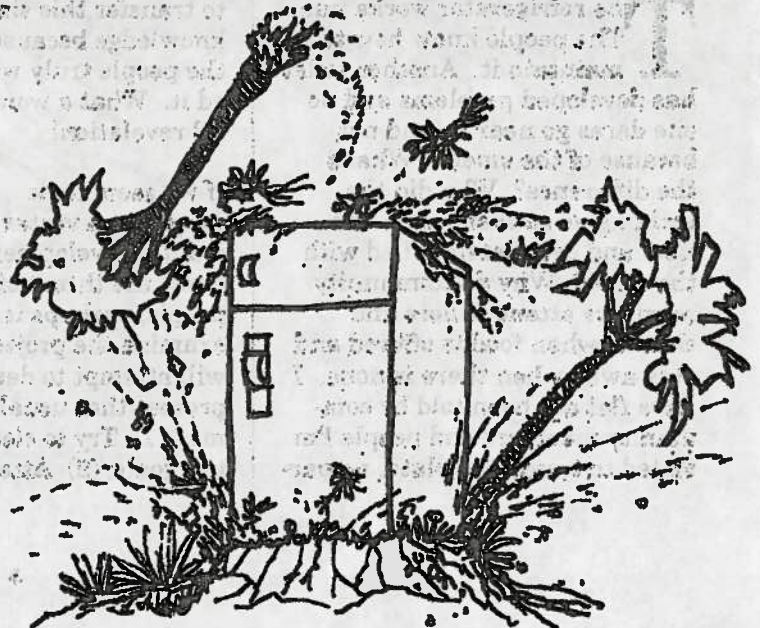
I went to the ecotourism council to get the tools and parts. "What tools and parts?" they replied in

bewildered consternation. Again, a tech had come in, slapped the pipes together, flushed the toilets, to see if they worked and split. There was no capacitation (no training), no tools or parts, no nothing. Moreover, I saw no evidence of anyone trying to train a person in the art of basic maintenance. When things fell apart, they were ignored

or dumped out of sight. Buckets were placed under leaks in the roofs. Benches with lost legs were stashed under the cabins. Weeds were rapidly taking over the newly constructed paths. Was this a slight oversight on the part of the development agency or had the people been trained but chose to play the *mañana* game? I don't know and at the moment it didn't matter; things were deteriorating rapidly and something needed to be done.

I couldn't call the plumber (no telephone), I couldn't walk to the nearest hardware store (three hours by motorized canoe), and attempts to discuss the matter with my counterpart agency over the radio proved futile (radio didn't work). So I hopped into the canoe with a list of parts and tools (trusting my counterpart agency to pay the per diems) and headed for Borbon. This was on a Thursday.

By Saturday, I had purchased all the stuff and was ready to head back to Playa de Oro in the community canoe. I met my community counterpart, David Ayovi, in Borbon who promised to fetch me at the Subir office prior to departure back to Playa de Oro. He never showed up, and the canoe left without me. I learned later my reservation was canceled by community members who decided to take my "reserved" space. Brilliant. My plan to train a repairman was put on hold and I was pissed. The non-verbal message of abandonment the community laid on me hit hard and I honestly didn't know how to take it.



I arrived in Playa de Oro on Tuesday minus the tools and parts or the \$100,000 in minga food (for the work party building my house). That, the community found space in the canoe to bring up on Saturday. Another subtle non-verbal (things are more important than people?). No problem, I was ready to train. Tools and parts in hand, I tried to get a community leader to assign me a student. No comment from the leader, and I ended up with my counterpart's son. Plumbing is hard work and I soon heard grumbling from Hyrum, "No plata para mi trabajo?" I looked up from under the toilet to ask for a tool and explain the process but Hyrum was gone. Two weeks earlier, I had tried to train another person designated by the community but today he had disappeared up the mountain. Later, I found him drunk with a bunch of his buddies, including Hyrum. I couldn't finish the work anyhow since I located another broken pipe needing replacement. A week later, after receiving the needed parts from the director of my counterpart agency, I finished the job, but again my students had vanished.

The refrigerator works fine. The people know how to maintain it. Another toilet has developed problems and no one dares go near it (and not because of the smell). What's the difference? Why did the training go so easily with one item and completely failed with the other? Why do community members attend tallers and charlas when food is offered and stay away when there is none. I have flat out been told by community members and people I'm slated to train, "No plata, no par-

ticipación." What is wrong with this picture? Where else in the world do the teachers pay the students to learn?

Examining the people's thought process, I came up with a simple conclusion. The refrigerator is used to keep community food in and generate income from the sale of helades, the toilets earn nothing. True, ecotourism will earn substantially more in the long term than selling ice cream, but it is just this type of thought process, envisioning future goals, that needs to be acquired by the community in the short term. The trick will be

how to do it without feeding a beggar mentality.* How do you wean a spoiled child from the idea of receiving something for nothing? How can we help those who have learned only how to take?

The refrigerator escapade taught me something very valuable about development work. To fix it required knowledge of how to do it. I possessed that knowledge because I owned and repaired a similar unit when I worked in the Philippines on another development project. It was easy to transfer this simple knowledge because the people truly wanted it. What a wonderful revelation!

If we seem to be caught in a vortex of trying to cram a development concept down the throat of a reluctant people, perhaps it is time to re-examine the project design. I will attempt to describe a process that usually works for me: (1) Try to clearly explain the goals; (2) Attempt to sell the

ideas (plant the mental seeds); (3) Encourage participation in the process (get the hands dirty); and (4) Step back and let the people do it on their own. Each step requires crystal-clear discernment and impeccable timing. Discernment simply means to take off the blinders and recognize chinks in the development concept. Timing is to know when to continue, fold or walk away. This requires the ability to listen, see and feel not merely to hear, look and touch. Keen powers of observation and reflection at each stage of the process is also vital. Listen to the pulse of the people, see through the eyes of others and feel from your gut. When something doesn't look, hear or feel right, it probably ain't.

Well, gotta go, the septic system just went down. Nobody ever told me I'd be shoveling shit. ¡Nos vemos!

*Begger mentality in Development—Development is not a matter of how people devise methods to seek personal gain from a development process (from people, organizations, governments, etc.) by whatever means. Consider a reflection; I will come, participate, do it, consider it, look at it, repeat it, write it, view it, etc. so long as there is something in it for me. Development is capacitation, training to grant the power to those who want it to

attain self-reliance, teaching to impart knowledge that sticks, seeding ideas that fruit with nurturing. These are the things we strive for and once accepted stay forever. The beggar mentality never goes beyond infinite ways of manipulation. It is a dead-end road to resentment.



Hi-Ho Steve-A-Rino

by Nicole Dino, Mira

This may not be a familiar greeting to you but baby boomers should recognize it as a line from the Steve Allen TV show of the 50's. Steve Allen, a multi-talented entertainer is still influencing people today as a comedian, composer and musician. Although, there is only one Steve Allen, we are quite lucky to have our own Steve—McLaughlin, that is.

Last March, a group of residents in Juan Montalvo asked for help to make money raising cows and selling milk. "Wow," I thought, "What a cool secondary project this could be." Being a life-long resident of Suburbia, cows weren't exactly a daily experience, so I petitioned for a *Ganadería* Program Volunteer. Jorge Delgado told me that as soon as O '73 settled in, the closest G.P. Volunteer would help us. I found out that Volunteer was Steve. After waiting for a while and trying to sound knowledgeable and reassuring the group every time they asked, "When is he coming?" I 'accidentally' ran into Steve in Quito one day. We talked and set up a date for a visit. Steve told me, "Pigs are the way to go." So, I went back to J.M. and talked up pigs. "O.K.," they said, a little reluctantly.

Steve arrived on time and just in time to catch the Sunday bus back to J.M. Immediately, I knew we were in for a good day when Steve started talking and the passengers started laughing. Steve kept everybody laughing all afternoon, at lunch, at the *charla* and at home with the

family I was living with. They were even laughing about somebody's lice- and worm-infested, malnourished pig. Before our ride back to Mira and after mass, while waiting for Father Manillo, who graciously agreed to give us a ride, Steve joined in with the choir guys who were passing time musically on the church steps. Just like Steve Allen, our Steve is a talented musician. Within 10 minutes, Steve had about 20 guys (I counted) laughing, listening and asking for more after Steve played guitar and sang folk songs. I, of course, wanted to join in, but the only folk song I know is "If I Had a Hammer." I asked Steve if he could play any tunes from Broadway musicals but it's a little tough to play "The Bombones" on the guitar!

Our trip with Father Manillo was *la misma*. Steve had actually visited the Father's home town in Guatemala and they reminisced about Guatemalan food. Father said, as he dropped us off, "Come back again, we'll visit, we'll talk."

It was a thoroughly enjoyable day. I learned a lot about pigs, folk songs, how to joke in Spanish and Guatemalan food. The folks in J.M. asked me for days, "Was that guy your *novio*?" and, "Is he coming back?" In fact, just this morning, two months later, someone asked me about Steve. If there is a moral to this story, it would be that we do make lasting impressions, even if it's only for a day. Hope they're good ones. If you're not looking for a moral to this story, if you're in a slump, need a pick-me-up or need an animal project (secondary or otherwise), just yell: Hi-Ho Steve-A-Rino. . .and make sure you're up on your folk music. *

Nuestro Idioma

by 'Kitty' Kelly, Daule

¡Wow! The time is flying by, and I'm sure Ruth Navarrete, the former writer of *Nuestro Idioma*, will agree with me. She's reentered the "other" world and has left a vacancy for this column. But don't fret just yet; Kelly's to the rescue and Heidi will probably do the next issue. I'll try to ignore her Sierran *ll*'s and *-ito*'s if you all forgive me my silent coastal *-s*'s and half-eaten words.

I've been hearing some jargon in my neck of the woods recently and its nowhere to be found in the dictionary, so I'm going to cover some terminology I've come across.

Now that we're in the Thanksgiving season, I hope that *te pegues una buena jama* (you eat some good food) and if you're really *dichoso* (lucky) and can spare a few *lucas* (thousand *suces*), you can buy a real *pavo* (turkey) somewhere, not to be confused with *pavo real* (peacock). No matter what you may *jamear* (eat), remember "*Barriga llena, corazón contento*," (full belly, happy heart) or make that *panzón lleno* (a full, BIG belly). Enjoy your *pachanga* (party) but don't turn into a *paracáida* (party crasher) yourself, or above all

don't *hacer la pava* (skip too many work days). You know that Jean would *echar humo* (get angry) and you *estarías frito* (would be in trouble). Isn't that *la plena* (the truth)! That is, of course, unless you can *prender el foco* (find a solution) or if you *eres pila* (clever) or a *cepillito* (flatterer). Maybe when you *ir a farrear* (go to your party) you can have fun by *cantando cachos* (telling jokes) with your *panas* (friends) but I want you to *morder* (understand) me; I didn't say to *poner cachos* (to cheat) on your *pelado* (boy/girlfriend). Well, *ponerte pilas* (be smart) and don't *pegarte demasiados tragos* (slam too many drinks) unless you want to be *chuchaqui* (hangover). *¡Bacán!*, I'm finally done with this *lata* (nonsense). *¡Chao!*



by Andrés Amador, Cuenca

Victorious at last! Never again will I bike in doggie fear. The dread panic that accompanies the sudden barking dog that gives chase from dark alleys will no longer go unanswered. The dogs that stop as soon as you get off your bike, prepared for the worst, and just nonchalantly saunter off as if nothing happened, plans of future chases swimming among their thoughts of garbage bag raids, will no longer get off so easily. I have been vindicated and feel the courage that comes with such empowerment (kudos for me for using the magic word!).

[*Beware: dog lovers (specifically those who stand by their dog loving ways after countless dog chases and attacks—I know those bike riders out there will not be among this group), this article will get rather graphic in doggie “education” techniques; actually, just one technique that I have found effective and offer to all, free! If this article “educates”

just one doggie, my work will not have been for naught (sniff, sob).]

One night as I biked home through drought-caused, virtually pitch-black Cuenca streets (no cobblestones this time!), as peaceful thoughts wafting in my mind, I was suddenly accosted by two snarling, slobbering dogs, who came from out-of-nowhere. In no time at all they were close enough I could almost smell their nasty doggie breath. Now, for some reason that night I had looped my U-lock on my right handlebar (it's usually in my backpack). Out of sheer, heart-pounding panic, I slipped the lock off and, cocking my arm in front and turning back to aim, I let fly with the lock. **CONTACT!** The unfortunate but newly “educated” dog quickly called off his chase. The other dog saw that perhaps it truly had been wasting its life in this line of work and stopped its chase immediately, perhaps contemplating new hobbies, like say, knitting.

I left the scene feeling elated, in control. As I biked on a bit further, wouldn't you know it, two more dogs decided to test my newly discovered dog deterrent. Come on boys, I'm ready for ya now! I quickly got them to re-evaluate their passtime. I arrived home vindicated instead of frustrated—no longer was I the victim. Now don't get me wrong, I don't derive pleasure from hurting animals, but those dogs will never know they're doing anything wrong if they

never receive punishment. Well, consider me the “Punisher o' Delinquent Dogs,” and class is in session! (Ah man, is this corny or what?!)

*Bike tip for the week: for the love of Pete, don't pass a car on the left hand side, alright? I never paid much attention to the abysmal lack of turning signals in this country until I had a close encounter of the almost worst kind with the broad side of a pickup that suddenly decided to turn left as I tried to pass it. (And yes, nurses and Jean, I was wearing my helmet—as I always do!

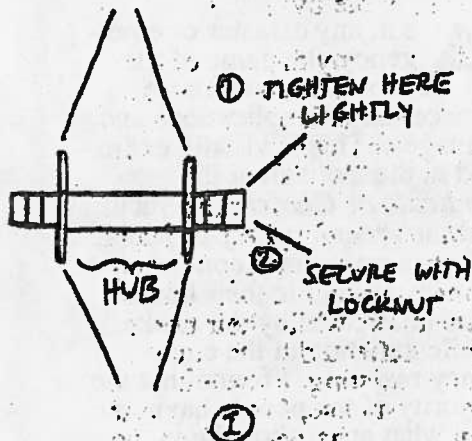
Today's talk: **WHEELS**

Wheels are supported by some pretty flimsy pieces of metal known as spokes. Sudden shocks—hitting rocks or holes, consequent jump and perhaps fall, etc.—can loosen or bend or even break spokes. Three things that tell you there's a problem with your wheels:

1. You put on your brakes and feel a thump thump of the rims momentarily catching the brakes (see illustration 2).
2. You ride and look straight down at the brakes—either front or back—and see the wheel wobbling. This can be gauged by watching the brake pads and seeing how the wheel approaches and goes away from them (see 2).
3. One of the spokes is broken and clanking against the other

spokes—but usually the first two will reveal this problem.

First thing to do, eliminate the possibility of a loose hub. Flip your bike on its top side. Grip the wheel and push it back and forth against the axis. If the wheel wobbles, the hub is definitely loose. Sooo, tighten it, but not too tight (see illustration 1)!



A. So, you've gone and broken your spoke. If it's on the front wheel, bend low and thank the bike spirits for not being too vengeful—this is easy to fix, and all you need is your Cool Tool. If it's your back wheel, give up all hope, and take it to a repair shop—without a ton of specialized tools, you ain't goin' nowhere!

Start by deflating your tire and removing your wheel (unlatch the brakes for easier removal—see last article for this). Remove the tire—but careful!—don't use anything sharper than a wet noodle, as it's easy to tear the tube. The blunt end of a pen works just fine. Just hook the tire edge and pull it out. Now remove the entire tire and tube. There's also a plastic strip

inside to protect the tube from the spoke nut. Take that off too. Now, to remove the spoke: hold down on the spoke, and with your adjustable wrench turn clockwise on the spoke nut (see illustration). The nut will come out through the wheel rim.

To put a new spoke in, see how the other spokes are put in, and try to duplicate that—which part should be over which. It'll be apparent. Put the nut through the hole and connect the spoke to the nut. Tighten it by turning clockwise, using your handy dandy Cool Tool (remove that chain-tool attachment and you'll find a groove at the base of the C.T. that will slip easily onto the spoke nut). (Now go on to B.)

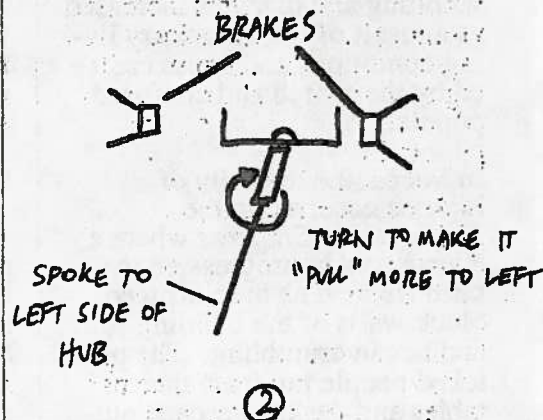
B) With your bike still flipped over, rotate the wheel and note where it wobbles dramatically along its axis (a side to side motion as it spins freely). If the wheel is catching the brakes, loosen the brakes a bit (see last article on this).

Okay, now it gets tricky, so go slowly with this. The spokes "pull" the wheel towards the side of the hub its on. One spoke pulls one way while the alternate spoke pulls the other way, thus canceling out. So your objective is to equalize the pulling. If the wheel goes one way, tighten the nearest spoke that pulls the other way. So if it wobbles left, tighten the nearest right-hand spoke and vice versa. Got it? You might have to do this over several spokes to make the smoothest transi-

tion and to avoid over-tightening any one spoke. But with patience and tinkering, you'll at least get rid of the worst of the wobbles.

Since spoke nuts come in from above through the wheel rim to connect with the spoke, a counter-clockwise turn on the nut tightens it, which is opposite of how at first glance it appears—and this even gives me problems from time to time. Do the tightening in small amounts, a quarter or half-turn—no más—each round. Then spin the wheel and readjust if needed. It's a rather simple procedure, just go slowly and constantly visualize what you're doing.

*While you're doing this, it's worth wiggling every spoke to test its tightness. Noticeably loose spokes should be given a half turn or so.



Last note, I'll list the articles I've done from now on, 'cause chances are you didn't have that particular problem that month: 1) chain cleaning and 2) brakes. Until next time, may the cabs grant you passage and the dust taste sweet!

News Flash -- News Flash -- News Flash

by Eric Cosgrove, Sucúa

Monday night, October 2, an earthquake of magnitude 6.1 on the Richter scale rumbled through Morona Santiago tumbling houses, ripping open roads, causing thousands of landslides, collapsing the Río Upano bridge isolating the area from the rest of Ecuador, and causing widespread panic. Thousands of people fled their homes in fear heading for Azuay, Guayas and Pichincha. No radio, newspaper or other modes of communication were active for a week following the quake. This lack of information only kindled the flames of rumors and false information racing through the area by word of mouth. Rumors of a ground-splitting quake (*terremoto*) expected to occur at 10:00 a.m., Tuesday morning increased the panic causing literally thousands to flee the area. As the sidewalks and public parks filled with plastic tarps and flimsily-made shelters, colds, vomiting and diarrhea increased as a result of the unsanitary living conditions and stress created by the scared and confused population.

In Sucúa, the majority of injuries occurred in the *Sindicato de Choferes* where a course was in progress on the third floor. The unreinforced block walls of the building split and began crumbling. The panicked people ran from their tables and desks to escape out the one door, down the stairs, to the street outside. All the injuries occurred from people being trampled by the panicked crowd or shattered glass falling on them while running outside.

In Macas, the two-year-old bridge uniting the area with all of northern Ecuador and the sierra collapsed. The road span separated from the towers and landed flat over the river, a ten

meter section below the water. People anxious to leave the area crossed by climbing onto the fallen road section then building a flimsy bamboo bridge over the part where the river was washing over.

In Sucúa, a survey counted about 150 structures with split walls and about a dozen with structural damage requiring reconstruction—including the bathrooms of two schools. Near Mirasal, a town evacuated in the Trans-Cutucú region, a lake has been bubbling with escaping gases from below the ground. Near the Yaupi/Morona region, the ground split open and landslides destroyed many rivers and transportation routes. These landslides, occurring mostly in unpopulated jungle areas, have affected the rivers greatly, causing the Shuar Centers which rely on them for fishing, traveling and drinking to lose a valuable resource. Some Shuars living in the Cutucú mountains returned to their farms to find them covered from landslides or washed away with the liquefied soil.

The *Defensa Civil* brought tents into the populated areas as temporary refuges and evacuated the Colono/Shuar towns of Mirasal and Yaupi. The *Federación Shuar* evacuated a few Centers in the more affected regions supplying refuge in their *Centro Formación Kiim* in Sucúa. The *Municipio* with help from the *Defensa Civil* has supplied food, soap and basic supplies for the refugees in Cantón Sucúa. *Ayuda en Acción* with the Boy Scouts have done the same for the area along the Río Upano valley and the affected FIPSE Shuar Centers.

Two weeks after the first quake

hit, most families have moved back into their undamaged homes and workplaces, but many people are still sleeping in the parks. The more isolated Shuar Centers are just beginning to receive some basic supplies. The aftershocks continue as well as the anxiety and fear of the people living here.

As in any disaster or emergency, the panic of the population can cause unnecessary complications and damages. This is vividly exhibited in the incident at the *Sindicato de Choferes* in Sucúa and the sheer quantity of people living in unsanitary conditions in the parks while their homes were unaffected by the quake. While assisting in the emergency response, I found that the majority of the people have no idea what an earthquake is, much less how to respond to one. There is little to no education in the schools, and absolutely no emergency-preparedness taught.

To try to prevent a dangerous panic in a future emergency situation, I plan to create a simple emergency-preparedness charla to present to students, and help devise/revise an emergency plan for the schools. My problem is I'm no "emergency expert" nor a practiced teacher. If you have ideas, advice or would like to offer your expertise towards this cause, please contact me. I plan to include earthquakes and fires: how to react immediately (i.e. drills), how to prepare an "emergency kit" and how to establish a safe meeting place for the family. To help prepare and present the charla, I hope to use an ex-teacher/co-worker and the Boy Scouts in town. Ideas? Comments? Do you want in on the project? Contact me at: Eric Cosgrove, Correo General, Sucúa M.S.°



by Dr. Esteban McLaughlin,
Cayambe

From the mailbox:

-Well sports fans, a letter flooded into Vet's Corner last week from *Cuy Farmer and Barbecued Rodent Aficionado* John Hays. He writes:

Dear Docs,
How do you de-worm *cuyes*? I've been told one cc of Albendazole orally per kilogram of *cuy* but I've also been told to administer even higher dosages because smaller animals have more active metabolisms. What's the right dose for *cuyes*? I know for cattle it's one cc per 88 pounds live weight, but I've yet to see an 88 pound *cuy*! Maybe it's because I'm not hitting them up with the right dosage so far . . .
Signed, Perplexed in Puyo

Dear Perplexed,
Generally it is true that smaller animals require higher relative dosages of a drug than larger animals. For instance, for Albendazole, we dose dogs at 50 mg/kg and we dose cattle at 10 mg/kg. It's a similar ration for Panacur (Fenbendazole). I've little experience with serious *cuy*-wrangling, but I have gathered some good information from Dr. Ted Townsend and Dr. Thelmo Hervas. Just before he *se fue*'d, Dr. Ted imparted these sage tidbits on guinea pig ranching in the Oriente:

DE-WORMING: 0.4 cc Panacur 10% or Albendazole 15% orally in adult *cuyes*. These are both liquids. Don't deparasitize a pregnant female or she'll abort.

Christine down at the feed store says the vet recommends Piperazine 53% powder. Dissolve a 10 gram packet in 10 liters of drinking water. This is second-hand, but Piperazine is generally considered a relatively "safe" drug.

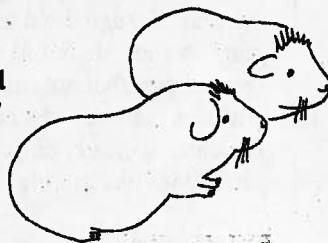
Incidentally, when Dr. Erica asked a *zoo technista* at the Ministry of Agriculture (M.A.G.) how to de-parasitize *cuyes*, the woman gave her a blank look and said "Why de-parasitize them at all?" The feeling was, apparently, that meat *cuyes* don't live long enough for worms to be a problem. Of course, it's different with your reproducers.

EXTERNAL PARASITES: lice or *piojos* can be a problem in *cuyes*. Dr. Ted recommends:

1. GAMMA, a powder bath. Put some GAMMA in a sack, throw a *cuy* in and shake him up. Another powder is BOLFO. Bolfo is probably an organophosphate because Atropine is the antidote. My formulary doesn't list Gamma, but that's probably an organophosphate too.

2. NEGUON bath. This is a liquid.

Only use it on a sunny day or they'll catch cold and die. DON'T confuse NEGOVIN with the much stronger and potentially toxic NUBON. Again, these are organophosphate pesticides that inhibit cholinesterase, the enzyme that allows your muscles to stop flexing, among other things. Signs of toxicity are drooling, vomiting, frequent urination, pinpoint pupils, weakness and/or convulsions. ATROPINE is the antidote. I'd try 0.1-0.2 cc ATROPINE injected intramuscularly in the hind leg. You'll find this drug in both human and vet pharmacies as *Atropina Sulfato al 2%*. Its cheap.



FOOD

Guinea pig wrangler Dave MacNamee, lately of Macas, recommends a six-inch high grill-like affair upon which to put your *cuy's hierba*. Imagine a short table made of welded bars on which you stack the food. The *cuyes* can go under it for shade, and pull down their food to eat. It provides shelter, and less food is wasted (as in pooped-on).

STRESS

Cuyes are fragile souls and very susceptible to stress, particularly COLD STRESS. They can die for no apparent reason and you might hear the owner say, "He was sad, and then he died." Stress happens anytime you transport *cuyes*, with sudden weather changes (particularly cold), or anytime around birthing. If you suddenly find one or two *cuyes* "*patas arriba*" (i.e. Dead) assume everyone is stressed.

You can avoid *triste cuyes* in times of stress with an antimicrobial called FURAZOLIDONE or "*polvo amarillo*" as most people call it. Put one teaspoon in five pounds of ground corn and feed this mixture daily for 15 days to keep those guinea pigs *alegre* in times of stress.

ANTIBIOTICS

Like rabbits and horses, guinea pigs are hindgut fermenters. Their cecum (the appendix in we humans) is a big fermenting vat of microbes whose sole purpose is to break down indigestible plant cellulose into usable energy. As the microbes reproduce and die, their bodies in turn provide a protein source for Mr. Cuy. It's an elegant and synergistic system which just about any antibiotic will kill off in no time.

After almost all the "good" bacteria are killed off, evil clostridial bacteria overgrow in the gut, killing your *cuy* with a nasty enterocolitis. That's a fancy way of saying "diarrhea'd to death." Not pretty. This is the same family of bugs that brought you Lockjaw (Tetanus) and Botulism. The take home message—DON'T go

injecting your sick *cuyes* with antibiotics! Try that Furazolidone stress mix.

Senora Silvia Ponce of the *MAG Granja Experimental* in Chaltura (south of Ibarra) manages *cuy* and rabbit projects. She recommends the following dilute mixture for sick *cuyes* and it does in fact contain some antibiotics. Apparently, it works for them. Questions? Call (06)910-691

In two liters of water mix:

-one cc CHLORAMPHENICOL 10%—abroad spectrum antibiotic
-three grams SULFAVIT—an antioccidial and antibiotic
-two grams DUPHASOL 13/6-2 (INDIA company)—a vitamin mineral mix, probably many brands will do.
Give a sick *cuy* two cc by mouth, once a day for a week (if he lives—like I said, they're fragile souls.)

SEX AND MONEY

With a tasty, plump guinea pig selling for 10 to 20 *mil sueres*, it's purient but profitable to take interest in the sex life of *cuyes*. There are two things you can do to improve the profitability and productive life of the reproducing females. Some advice from Dr. Thelmo Hervas:

1. ONE MALE per ten females. The life of a "stud" guinea pig is rough, but it ain't that rough. Sell the rest of those bad boys off to the bar-b-que.
2. Don't allow the male to breed any female until AFTER SHE'S WEANED (*destetar*) the babies. A female can and will conceive if bred in the first two weeks after giving birth, but this is a big stressor. Normally babies are weaned at about 25 days after birth. *MAG* studies have shown that females bred AFTER WEANING give birth to larger and heavier litters (*camadas*) than females bred whenever the male jolly well feels like it. Also, females bred AFTER WEANING have a useful reproductive life span of 36 months, DOUBLE that of females bred soon after birthing. Bottom line—keep the male separate until you want to breed a given female. This is, of course,

totally contrary to random, every piggy for himself melee I see scurrying across the dirt-packed kitchen floor of most campo houses. As ever, *manejo* is the key.

A STORY:

Among the Sierran indigenas in particular, *cuyes* are sometimes used by *brujos* (witches or medicine men) to diagnose illnesses. The *brujo* moves a bewildered *cuy* over a sick person's body for a while, then kills the poor beast and spreads out the insides for a diagnostic look-see. The belief is that the *cuy* will have a lesion of some sort- in the same organ as the patient. I'm told that the *brujos* "sometimes" will strategically squeeze the dickens out of the poor *cuy* as they make their magic passes. This pretty much insures the presence of lesions somewhere inside. The rest is interpretation. While I have my doubts about CAT scans from *cuyes*, I don't discount for a minute the healing power of a strongly held belief.

Since eating a roast *cuy* is supposed to be good for convalescing sick folks and mothers recuperating from childbirth, I suppose it's convenient that your own personal rodent *radiografia* is also available as dinner.

One *ganadero* with whom I worked was known for the prodigious amounts of *trago* he'd drunk daily for years on end. He fell ill two months ago and died, but not before a local medicine man waved a *cuy* over him. The entrails clearly diagnosed- you guessed it, liver trouble.

FYI Dr. Thelmo A. Hervas has worked as a technical trainer in Animal Production in the past and has a great deal of practical experience with managing *cuy*. Dr. Jorge Delgado, program manager for Animal Production can help you contact Dr. Hervas if you need advice. Volunteer Dave MacNamee, lately of Macas, is also quite knowledgeable. *MAG* has published an excellent guide—*Manual de Crianza de Cuyes*. Again, contact Dr. Jorge Delgado. He can help you locate a copy.

CALENDAR Coming soon in November—The '96 Ganaderia Calendar.

Those of you at the recent job conference in Ibarra have seen the work in progress. Every month covers a new topic like: Mastitis, diarrhea, how to pull a calf, milk fever and more! Lots of humorous and informative drawings of cows and their *campesinos* to keep folks interested. Just the thing for your favorite *ganadero* come Christmas. Cost will be about s./3000. Available soon in the Peace Corps Office or through me, Dr. Steve McLaughlin, Cuerpo de Paz, Correo General, Cayambe. Phone & fax: (02)360-516.

I'll close with a quote from a professor of mine from school. "75% of the sick animals you treat will get better no matter what you do, and only 15% will get better BECAUSE of what you do. That leaves 10% to providence, hard work and luck." This same guy would hang a rubber chicken over the stall of any horse or cow with some particularly resistant disease. We had a saying of our own, "Put not your faith in rubber chickens . . ." but we never took that chicken down. . . I mean, you never know.

Keep them cards and letters coming!



Street Smart in Ecuador

A reproduction from the Peace Corps New York Office. Sept '95

Picture a city vividly divided between the haves and have-nots, where people live on the streets or in boxes in shanty towns without electricity or running water. Picture a city where youths barely beyond childhood leave school and family and get by any way they can, have little education, and feel an anger that can sometimes turn to violence. A perfect placement for a Peace Corps Volunteer? No—the training site for one. Miguel Carias has lived, worked and done volunteer work with inner-city youth in New York City. In August, he began Peace Corps service in Ecuador, working in an Urban Youth at Risk program. Miguel, 23, learned the obstacles and opportunities for city youth first-hand, and hardships of his childhood provided the initial motivation for his volunteering. "I missed out on a lot," he says. "I wanted to give something to kids because I know what it means to be deprived." While his brothers and sister turned to drugs and violence, Miguel used community service as a way to escape and make a contribution. As a high school student, he volunteered in his community, first in a children's hospital and at the YMCA, then as

a teen leader in his parish. This past February, he began his most intensive volunteering experience yet: working at Safe Space (run by Eileen Coneely, an RPCV from Sri Lanka). Miguel tutored GED students and went on Outreach Missions to talk with youths working the streets, to distribute condoms to them and to let them know that they have somewhere to go, someone to talk to, if they need. Miguel's mother viewed her sons' passion for volunteering with alarm—wasn't he ever going to make any money? Miguel—who graduated from Manhattan College with an education degree and turned down a post as a high school teacher—wanted to pursue a dream. As a college sophomore, he saw a commercial about "The toughest job you'll ever love." It was then that he decided he wanted to be a Peace Corps Volunteer. His decision surprised many of his friends, and his family did not want him to go so far away. Only in the last few weeks did his mother accept that he was really going. Miguel will be working with at-risk adolescent street kids, developing programs that will help them economically, socially and culturally, and working teenage girls who are pregnant or have young children to improve their health care and education. Ralph Cherry, Peace Corps placement officer for community development assignments, says "Peace Corps started urban youth programming in response to the urban migration happening all over the developing world." How does Peace Corps choose Volunteers for such assignments? Cherry says, "Ideally candidates are comfortable in the urban environment and have a commitment to the issues it presents." Qualities which Miguel Carias has in abundance.

NEWS FROM SAN LUIS

On November 1st, the Training Center hosted the Swearing-In Ceremony for Omnibus 74 Volunteers. We changed the schedule this time around so that, for the first time, counterparts who participated in the Counterpart Orientation in Week 12 could also attend the ceremony. The presence of the Counterparts at this important time of transition to Peace Corps Service was highly appreciated and really added something special. A total of 30 Volunteers - 16 in Rural Public Health, 8 in Special Education and 6 in Youth Development—successfully completed training. As always, they all worked incredibly hard during their 12 weeks with us here and we are all confident they will be excellent Volunteers. We wish them luck and success in the two years to come.

For those of you who are interested in receiving assistance from the Training Center staff, including additional Spanish or Quichua classes, this is the moment to do it. To take extra classes you'll need to check first with your Program Manager before contacting us to set up a schedule. We're waiting to hear from you.

from Tim Callaghan, Training Director

The following is a collection of selected goal statements as generated at the Integrated Job Conference in September and submitted by Jean Seigle, Country Director. Volunteer attendees were asked to define what they feel is the goal of Peace Corps/Ecuador. This information will be used in correlation with budget review and creation.

Goals

the tricks of the trade of life—and vice versa (i.e. capacitation of Volunteers by host country nationals)."

"An exchange of cultures and education/skills on the part of the U.S. and the host country."

"The goal of PC/Ecuador should be to enable developing countries to develop themselves."

"The goal of PeaceCorps/Ecuador should be to give grass roots development to communities keeping in mind their interests, needs and limitations and also keeping in mind the larger interests of the country. The cultural exchange factor is also important and integral to the process."

"Craft a creative response to meet the expectations of the people who asked for our assistance in whatever area of expertise; start with a clear analysis of strengths and weaknesses, opportunities and threats, with input-output to achieve goals. Always keep an open perspective."

"To stick to the grass roots theme—working with motivated counterparts, directly with communities; sharing, learning and teaching. We should not be big volunteers working for the rich people. We should not be free employees of the large aid organizations that only give stuff without training or follow up. This should not be a *Cuerpo de Paseo* experience so we need viable projects or directions."

"They asked for us to come here and, WE ARE HERE."

"The goal for Peace Corps should be to empower the country of service with the ability (capacity) to achieve self-sufficiency. This should be done with as little foreign assistance as possible to ensure that eventual departure can be easily achieved without an economic grant."

"Inspiring development that is sustainable and appropriate."

"Promote peace and goodwill through education and culture exchange. Provide opportunities and support change for those who wish to change. Help preserve that which is of value."

"My goal: (to be a) Good Will Ambassador; make a difference even if (only) a tiny step; a grand adventure; to learn new skills and understand Third World countries."

"... I believe education is the key."

"That Volunteers be placed in rural sites with more grass roots individuals (counterparts)."

"To efficiently and effectively

assist the people of Ecuador to be maintainable (in general maintenance/basic survival); however, after 35 years, I feel that this goal has been achieved."

"My job as a Peace Corps Volunteer is to facilitate what the *campesino* is interested in (ground up!). No single innovating capacitation is as important as the fostering of self-reliance. I see my job as a simple empowerment. The specific projects I do are the means but the point is NOT, say, more productive fields or more milk. The point is using each such capacitation as a stepping stone on the tower of self-reliance."

"To bring communities in Ecuador to a level where they have the capacity to assess their own problems and take a course of action to solve those problems."

"The goal of Peace Corps Ecuador is for the Volunteers to provide and generate new ideas to help provide a learning environment for the host country people and also learn (the Volunteer) from the experience."

"Capacitation of target groups in

A Hammock Beneath the Mangos Book Reviews from the Coast

A Hammock Beneath the Mangos: Book Reviews from the Coast submitted by the Manabí Volunteers. Those of us living here on the coast have spent some time (but not too much) laying in our hammocks and enjoying the rewards of the written word. There's not much else to do in our free time when it starts getting too hot to move around. So as *invierno* approaches and with it, mango season begins, we're looking forward to another spell of swinging and expanding the mind with an occasional break to *chupar* a few mangos. Here are some of the more recent books we've

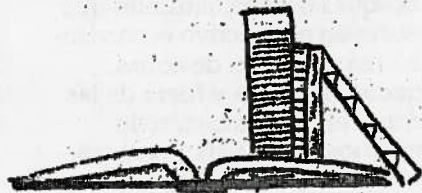
read and our take on them. Join us in one of the finer pleasures of Peace Corps life and read a book today! Cowboys Are My Weakness by Pam Houston

I first read this collection of short stories while I was in college. Needless to say, I've reread the stories many times since, whether for a little taste of humor, comfort or strength. Houston's voice makes almost every line one you'll want to highlight. Most stories tell of strong women in love with drifter cowboy-types who will never settle to be caged and seem to love their dogs and freedom more than the

woman beside them. Houston gives her heroines worldly advice: "Tell him it don't come easy, tell him freedom's just another word for nothing left to lose. . . If you can, let him sleep alone for at least one night. If you can't, invite him over to finish trimming your Christmas tree." This is one of those books you'll want to go back to again and again; a permanent fixture on your bookshelf.

"Everybody knew what she was called, but nobody anywhere knew her name. . . It was not a story to pass on." A tale from late 19th century America, Beloved, by Toni Morrison, gives a bird's eye view of the life of the freed slave through a chain of events in a Southern Ohio neighborhood. Spirits of evil that come back to avenge, a family set apart by tragedy and the hope of

a young woman trying to break away, the reader is taken to the heart of a struggle that, granted, few of us can imagine. Morrison paints a realistic picture and aids in bridging a gap between race and time. One's left wondering, was it all a bad dream or a view into that which only few will every truly understand? Both an educational and cultural read, Beloved, awarded a Pulitzer Prize for Fiction in 1988, provides enjoyment and fulfills curiosity. A must for anyone pursuing that "worldly" title.



Devil in a Blue Dress by Walter Mosley Ooooo! Weeeel! Man, talk about fast and easy reading! This ain't no Fountainhead or The Source. Don't expect to kill no weekend with this book. No way man! This book is the shit! It's straight up and all that! Two, three hours, tops. It's smooth baby. And coool. Vivid pictures of post WWII-L.A. makes me want to go back, in time. And the language! Today's slang ain't got nothing on Mosley-speak. Easy Rawlins is the man. Can't wait for the movie!

"A hundred themes and subjects spin through it, dozens of characters, and a whirl of time and places," is a statement written by Ursula LeGuin in support of Alice Walker's, The Temple of My Familiar. As a sequel to Walker's Pulitzer Prize-winning, The Color Purple, I found The Temple... just as LeGuin describes, but contrary to LeGuin, I found it to be simply too much. There are so many characters and so many themes that I feel none are fully supported. While reading, I longed for the simplicity and support of theme as well as the full development of character found in The Color Purple. I suppose I just wanted more of what Walker blessed us with in The Color Purple and in that expectation, it was inevitable that I'd be disappointed. But isn't that always the case with sequels? submitted by the Manabi Volunteers

The Story of the Day on March 1st...

After 35 years, the Peace Corps is still a symbol of America at its best: personal commitment to service and international cooperation for peace and progress. And that calls for a celebration—with a purpose: to reinvigorate the Peace Corps spirit throughout the Peace Corps community, and to share it with all of America and the world.

"This 35th Anniversary provides an opportunity to retell the story of the contribution the Peace Corps Volunteers make and of the large contribution Returned Peace Corps Volunteers make every day," said Mark Gearan, the new Peace Corps Director. A series of celebrations will occur throughout the year, beginning with a special March 1-3 focus on the anniversary of the day President John Kennedy signed the executive order creating the Peace Corps. Events include a "Teach-In" at District of Columbia schools, a dinner, concert and dance in Washington, D.C. Peace Corps, the National Peace Corps Association and affiliates around the United States are planning similar Volunteer Day and festive events throughout the year.

"If everyone will join in, the Peace Corps will be the story of the day on March 1 throughout the world," said Chic Dambach, president of the National Peace Corps Association, "and its message can become the theme of a new spirit in America."

"We want every group involved," said Tuey Murdoch, coordinator of the NPCA President's Forum. "Most groups are talking about having a Volunteer Day, a potluck and, maybe, a peace march. It depends on what

each region wants. We're not talking about big workshops. This is just fun and in the spirit of the Peace Corps." Murdoch and New Orleans organizers are discussing a Saturday volunteer activity in the city, and a big potluck dinner in a warehouse. "We're trying to get the whole community and RPCVs outside this area to come to our events," she said. To encourage out-of-towners, they're organizing homestays with local RPCV residents.

Kick-off events will be held in Washington, D.C. on March 1-3. All Peace Corps supporters are invited to attend. These events are the start of a year of celebratory events being held through the United States. In the nation's capital and down the street from where it all began, the Peace Corps, the National Peace Corps Association, RPCV/Washington and several country-of-service groups are planning a grant event in Washington. The celebration in the nation's capital includes a city-wide "Teach-In" about developing countries, a big party, an international parade of flags with participants from all over the world, a concert, a gala benefit dinner to honor past directors, country-of-service briefings, social events, and a presentation by the new Peace Corps director, Mark Gearan.

The third goal is the focus of activities in Washington, D.C.-area schools to teach global understanding. The U.S. Postal Museum, which is part of the Smithsonian complex, is planning a special Peace Corps exhibit.

The Peace Corps is also editing a second volume of "To Touch the World," the popular collection of stories written by serving and returned Peace Corps volunteers and edited by John Coyne. The second volume will be available March 1. Send short essays of less than 1,000 words that demonstrate your most memorable, enlightening, touching or profound Peace Corps experience to Penny Anderson, Peace Corps, 6 World Trade Center, Room 611, New York, New York 10048.

ECOTURISMO:

Una Alternativa Economía Y Ecologicamente Sustentable, apropiada para el Ecuador y el Cuerpo de Paz

por Francisco Garcés, APCD,
Recursos Naturales

Mucho se ha hablado sobre la destrucción de los bosques naturales de países del tercer mundo como el Ecuador. Pero poco se ha analizado sobre algunas alternativas a la deforestación, que provean simultáneamente una conservación adecuada de los recursos naturales y generación de ingresos.

Una de las dichas alternativas es el ecoturismo. La posibilidad de generar beneficios económicos a través de las visitas que realizan turistas a lugares como los bosques tropicales sin que estos sean destruidos, constituye uno de los retos más recientes.

Su potencial es bastante grande, como lo muestran los siguientes datos.

- El turismo en general creció en un 300% desde 1970 a 1990
- En 1991, 450 millones de visitantes internacionales generaron tres billones de US dólares.
- De esos 450 millones, 68 millones de visitantes participaron en viajes relacionados con la naturaleza.
- La proyección de arribos de turistas internacionales muestran que dichos arribos se duplicarán entre los años 1990 a 2010. Se estima que los 450 millones de arribos en el año 1991 pasarán a ser 937 millones en los primeros años del nuevo siglo.
- 62% de los operadores turísticos

cos citan a los ecosistemas de bosques tropicales como la preferencia principal de sus clientes.

- Los niveles de rentabilidad de algunos negocios dedicados al ecoturismo van de entre el 80% al 130%.
- El producto que más divisas genera para Costa Rica es el turismo. El banano es ahora el segundo renglón de la producción de dicho país.

Si comparamos al Ecuador con Costa Rica encontraríamos que las ventajas del segundo son su proximidad a Estados Unidos (que es una fuente principal de turistas) y su tranquilidad política y social. Aparte de dichas ventajas, Ecuador dispone de una biodiversidad más alta, (nuestro país posee un mayor número de especies por hectárea al estar ubicado en la línea ecuatorial), tiene amplios ecosistemas de páramo, cadenas montañosas masivas y elevadas que facilitan la existencia de una gran variedad de nichos ecológicos, bosques secos y húmedos tropicales, grupos indígenas diversos y un excelente nivel en la calidad y cantidad de productos artesanales.

De la comparación con Costa Rica y de las proyecciones en el crecimiento del ecoturismo en el mundo se desprende que el Ecuador tiene un enorme potencial dentro de ésta industria.

Como cualquier actividad, sin embargo, la responsabilidad de desarrollar el ecoturismo dependerá de un adecuado nivel de información y una gran dosis de decisión por parte de gobernantes y gobernados.

El Cuerpo de Paz en el Ecuador puede jugar un papel importante en la implementación del ecoturismo a través de acciones de variada índole. Así por ejemplo voluntarios de pequeños negocios pueden asesorar en estudios de factibilidad de nuevas empresas dedicadas al ecoturismo, en técnicas

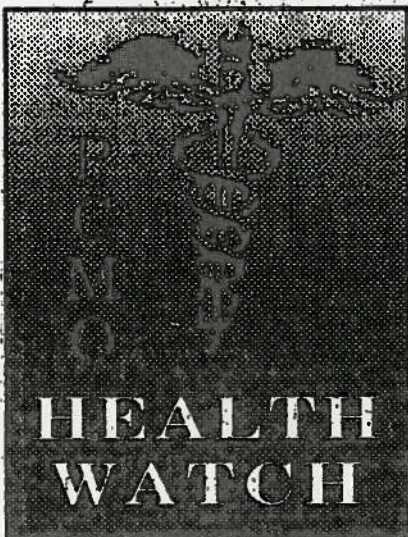
de mercadeo y en asesoría de diversos aspectos administrativos. La identificación de nuevos productos sostenibles, provenientes de bosques tropicales, como son los artículos de tagua, es otro aspecto que puede ser considerado.

Voluntarios de recursos naturales pueden (y están ya haciéndolo) colaborar: en educación ambiental con las poblaciones que viven en la zona de amortiguamiento de los bosques o áreas naturales que constituyen el atractivo ecoturístico, en reforestación de zonas degradadas dentro y fuera de las reservas, en la realización de inventarios de atractivos ecoturísticos y brindando capacitación para guías actuales o potenciales.

Voluntarios de agricultura y producción animal pueden dar su aporte mejorando el manejo de los recursos naturales adyacentes a las áreas naturales y haciendo disponibles localmente, diversos productos agrícolas y lácteos para los hoteles dedicados al ecoturismo.

Cualquier esfuerzo que realicen los voluntarios de salud y educación servirá también para fortalecer la industria del turismo. Así por ejemplo las campañas contra el cólera y la educación sobre el respeto para la vida silvestre constituirían un aporte significativo para hacer de una población más segura y atractiva para los turistas.

Con la decreciente producción del petróleo Ecuatoriano y la disminución de las cuotas de exportación de banano a Europa el Ecuador deberá hacer todo lo posible para desarrollar nuevas alternativas de generación de divisas. El Cuerpo de Paz puede dar su grano de arena contribuyendo con el trabajo de sus voluntarios, y desde cada uno de sus programas, para incentivar la implementación de diferentes actividades relacionadas directa o indirectamente con esta emergente industria. •



THE DREADED "GRIPE"

The season of *gripes* is upon us. With the arrival of the rains and the more dramatic temperature changes during the day, the number of Volunteers that we have seen in the Medical Office with respiratory infections has dramatically increased. We thought this would be a good time to review basic information about colds, gripes, URIs. . .

A cold is the most common of all upper respiratory infections. Colds are caused by a virus and any one of more than 100 different viruses can be the culprit. Once the virus settles in your nose, sinuses or throat, you begin to experience those familiar symptoms—runny nose, scratchy or sore throat, nasal and sinus congestion, and head and body aches. Four colds per year are considered average for an adult, while children can expect as many as six to nine colds per year.

Remember that there is no cure for the common cold. Rest and

plenty of fluids can make you feel better and may shorten the duration of your symptoms. Antibiotics will do no good, since colds are caused by viruses rather than bacteria. There are plenty of things that you can do, however, to relieve various symptoms that colds can cause.

SORE THROAT

Sore throats often accompany a viral respiratory infection, but can also be caused by bacteria, allergies or irritants like cigarette smoke. Inflamed, irritated tissues, swollen lymph nodes and hoarseness are all the normal result of the body's fight against infection. Self-care is directed at reducing the discomfort, while the body heals itself.

*Stop smoking/drink fluids—to reduce throat irritation, avoid all irritants, particularly smoking. Drink at least six glasses of fluids daily to soothe your painful throat.

*Suck lozenges, cough drops or candy—to soothe and moisten your sore throat, suck on Cepacol lozenges (they're in your med kit!), cough drops or even hard candy.

*Gargle with warm salt water (1/4 tsp salt in four oz. warm water) or aspirin water (one aspirin dissolved in four oz. water) several times daily.

*Take aspirin.

WHEN TO CALL PCMOs

Fever of 101 or higher, painful swollen lymph nodes of the neck, white spots on the tonsils, great difficulty swallowing or breathing, skin rash, recent exposure to strep.

The only time when antibiotics are indicated is when a strep

infection is suspected—this determination is made based on the presence of the above symptoms or if there is a doubt, via a "quick strep test" which can be done in the Medical Office.

NASAL CONGESTION

Nasal congestion is part of the body's battle against irritants. When you have a cold, nasal congestion increases blood flow to nasal mucous membranes, bringing white blood cells and antibodies to help fight infection. Nasal secretions help flush away invaders and make the nasal passages less hospitable for unwanted viruses and bacteria. Although nasal congestion can be helpful to the body's healing process, it can also be uncomfortable. The goals of symptom relief are to increase comfort, while promoting secretion clearance and relieving obstruction.

*Stop smoking, as this irritates nasal passages.

*Drink fluids—increase intake to at least six glasses daily. Hot liquids such as chicken soup are especially helpful in speeding mucous clearance.

*Steam inhalations can help greatly to loosen secretions—this means boiling up a pot of water, covering your head with a towel and breathing in the steam. Other options are a steamy hot shower (if you're lucky enough to have access to one) or warm washcloths to the face.

*Take a decongestant or an antihistamine. The Medical Office carries a variety—Contact C, Sudafed, Actifed, Benadryl.

WHEN TO CALL PCMOs

When you develop signs of a

bacterial sinusitis—fever of 101 or higher, bloody, brown or green nasal discharge, significant pain in the forehead, cheeks and upper teeth when you gently tap these areas.

COUGH

When you cough, your body is trying to clear your lungs and airways or mucous, phlegm and other irritants. With a cold, your cough may last weeks after other symptoms have disappeared. Since your cough protects you by clearing mucous-filled airways, the goal of self care is to increase comfort, while encouraging the clearance of mucous.

*Stop smoking—smoking paralyzes the cilia and irritates the airways. If you smoke, this is an excellent time to quit.

*Suck on cough drops, lozenges or candy.

*To loosen congestion and thin mucous, drink at least six glasses of fluid a day and breath hot steam.

*See PCMOs for an expectorant/cough suppressant.

*Drink hot tea with lemon and honey. Or simply swallow a tablespoon of warm honey several times a day to relieve your cough.

WHEN TO CALL PCMOs

When you develop signs of a bacterial infection—fever of 101 or higher, bloody, brown or green mucous, wheezing or shortness of breath, severe chest pains.

PREVENTION OF COLDS

It's not possible to completely prevent colds, but the following suggestions may help in either diminishing their frequency or their severity:

1. Take good care of yourself to keep your immunity up. Eat a well balanced diet, get plenty of rest, keep your stress level under control.

2. In order to prevent the spread of the virus, a person with a cold should not share glasses and should throw away tissues after using them and wash hands frequently.

3. Vitamin C!!!! 500-1000 mg. daily as a preventative. A megadose of four to five grams at the first sign of cold symptoms. Once your cold has gotten established however, Vitamin C probably doesn't do much good.



INSOMNIA Z-Z-Z-Z-Z

If you have difficulty sleeping, there are many helpful things you can do. The first few nights—and days—may be rough, but if you are persistent, these steps should help your body settle into a restful sleep cycle.

*Set a regular bedtime and follow it, whether you are tired or not.

*Avoid chocolate, alcoholic and caffeine-containing beverages for several hours before bedtime. Substitute with an herbal tea.

*Avoid upsetting or stressful activities before bedtime.

*Try to have a regular nightly routine prior to going to bed—it's best to end the day with quiet activities such as reading, writing letters or listening to music.

*Cope with distracting bedtime noises you can't avoid (i.e. the roosters crowing or the dogs

barking. . .) by masking them with a soothing sound, such as soft music or the hum of a fan.

*Try not to take naps that upset your body's timetable.

*Exercise regularly every day, but not just prior to bedtime.

*Get up at the same time every day, even if you didn't get much sleep.

*Try to imagine you are resting in a tranquil place, such as the beach or in the mountains. Close your eyes and feel yourself letting the muscles relax in each part of your body. Imagine you are listening to the surf, wind or calming music. It may be helpful to count forward or backward. Think only about pleasant things, not letting worrisome thoughts linger as you let your imagination help you totally relax.

*If you are not asleep in 20 minutes or so, get out of bed and walk around for a couple of minutes, then read a pleasant relaxing book. After about 20 minutes, return to bed and resume imagining yourself in a restful place.

Remember you are unique and so is your sleep cycle. You don't have to necessarily sleep the "typical" eight hours. For many people, five to seven hours of sleep is sufficient. If you are having problems and the above suggestions are not helping, see the PCMOs, as you may benefit from the short term use of a sleeping medication.

Looking for Donations: The Med. Office could use donations of magazines or other reading material for Volunteers who are in the hospital. Our current supply is very outdated. *

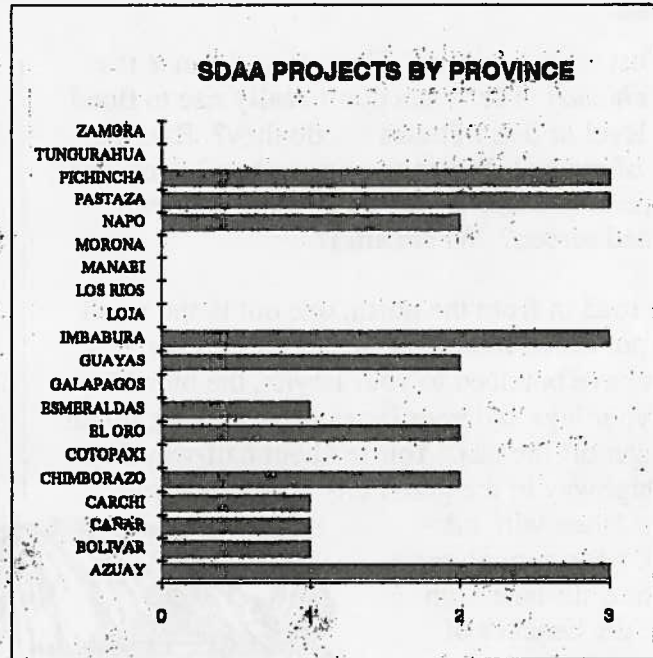
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AS OF SEPTEMBER 30, 1995

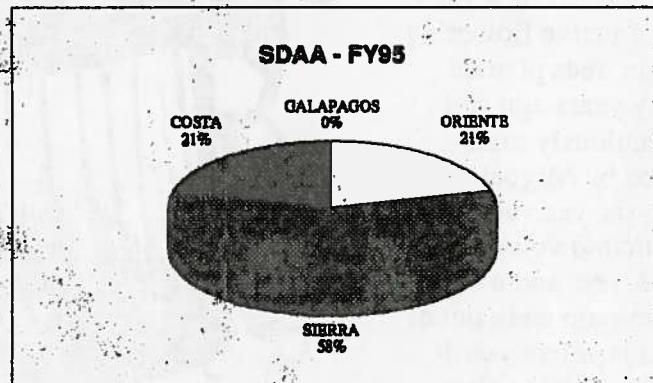
GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF PROJECTS BY PROVINCE, NUMBER OF PROJECTS AND AMOUNTS FY-95

PROVINCE	No. OF PROJECTS	PERCENT	DOLLAR AMOUNT	PERCENT
AZUAY	3	13%	14,416.25	12%
BOLIVAR	1	4%	5,283.93	4%
CANAR	1	4%	1,807.00	2%
CARCHI	1	4%	3,264.97	3%
CHIMBORAZO	2	8%	7,631.70	6%
COTOPAXI	0	0%	0.00	0%
EL ORO	2	8%	14,808.32	12%
ESMERALDAS	1	4%	3,262.96	3%
GALAPAGOS	0	0%	0.00	0%
GUAYAS	2	8%	9,232.26	8%
IMBABURA	3	13%	16,192.45	14%
LOJA	0	0%	0.00	0%
LOS RIOS	0	0%	0.00	0%
MANABI	0	0%	0.00	0%
MORONA	0	0%	0.00	0%
NAPO	2	8%	7,904.90	7%
PASTAZA	3	13%	16,734.08	14%
PICHINCHA	3	13%	19,176.69	16%
TUNGURAHUA	0	0%	0.00	0%
ZAMORA	0	0%	0.00	0%
TOTALS	24	100%	119,715.51	100%



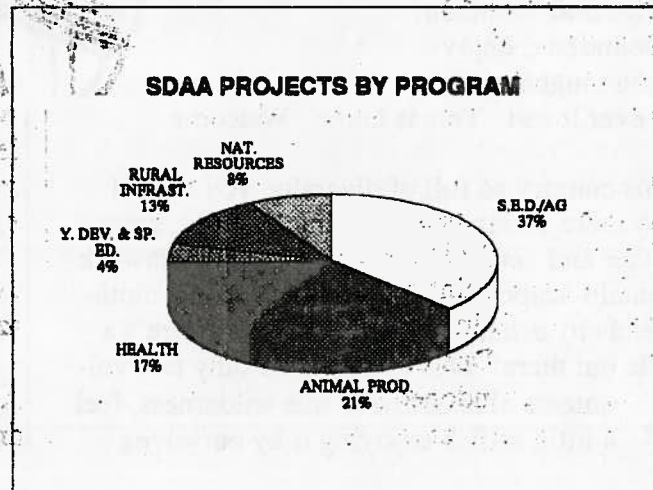
GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF PROJECTS BY REGION, NUMBER OF PROJECTS AND AMOUNTS FY-95

REGION	No. OF PROJECTS	PERCENT	DOLLAR AMOUNT	PERCENT
ORIENTE	5	21%	24,688.98	21%
SIERRA	14	58%	67,772.99	57%
COSTA	5	21%	27,303.54	23%
GALAPAGOS	0	0%	0.00	0%
TOTALS	24	100%	119,715.51	100%



DISTRIBUTION OF PROJECTS BY PROGRAM NUMBER OF PROJECTS AND AMOUNTS FY-95

PROGRAM	No. OF PROJECTS	PERCENT	DOLLAR AMOUNT	PERCENT
S.E.D./AG	9	38%	38,902.43	32%
ANIMAL PROD.	5	21%	20,868.00	17%
HEALTH	4	17%	25,711.61	21%
Y. DEV. & SP. ED.	1	4%	7,358.57	6%
RURAL INFRAST.	3	13%	16,071.38	13%
NAT. RESOURCES	2	8%	10,803.52	9%
TOTALS	24	100%	119,715.51	100%



WELCOME TO THE JUNGLE

by Eric Cosgrove

Just what is a *paki*? How do you dance the *chicha*? The rivers don't really rise to flood level in five minutes . . . do they? Bats the size of moths? Moths the size of bats? Does the jungle of "Jungle Book" exist away from the painted screen? Where am I?

One road in from the north, one out to the south, and pot-holed mud in between. Once your kidneys have bounced to your larynx, the blood has left your legs and your inner ear is looking for an out, get off the bus. You're about half-way down the highway in the grand city of Sucúa; main street laden with *adoquin*, wide enough for a future six-lane highway; the benches of Central Park comfortably shaded by a variety of native flowering jungle trees planted many years ago and meticulously maintained by Miguel, the fifty-six-year-old *Municipio* veteran employee; and a short ten-minute walk out of town is where you'll find me, eating rice with ketchup, listening to *Bags and Trane* on the soundbox, enjoying the toughest job I've ever loved. This is home. Welcome.

In this country so full of diversity, you should know there's more than bathing beauties, great weather and *ceviche* in the coast, and patchwork mountain-scapes, rainbows of indigenous clothing and *cuy asada* in the mountains. There's a jungle out there! Dustin and I, the only two volunteers abandoned in this wilderness, feel a little selfish enjoying it by ourselves

(well, only a little selfish). Today, we've decided to break the silence and let you in on our secret. But shhh. . . don't tell anyone!

One year in Sucúa and the sunsets over the hill facing my picture window still shock me almost as much as the nightly lightning storms scratched above the canopied Cutucú mountain range. But for me, the real adventure and mystery of the jungle has revealed itself during my five months of work in the Shuar Centers located in the "Trans-Cutucú"—the beginning of the Amazon Basin, just east of the Cutucú Range.

The Land of the Sacred Waterfalls.

I saw it in a horror flick once: savage Indians wrapped in red, black and white skirts, adorned with feathers and armed with lances, blow guns and arrows, attacking helpless travelers to cut off and shrink their heads in a victory party. I saw this on my first visits in May: 150-meter-grass airstrips beside a Center with a couple missionary-built

wood plank buildings; a soccer field; windowless, oval, split-bamboo houses with woven *paja* roofs scattered about, and a beautiful race of people dressed in shorts, t-shirts and dresses. Yes, a few adorned with feather and beaded jewelry, and every man with his shot-loaded musket and *chonta* palm spear. I was welcomed like a king!

As I sampled their *chicha* (a fermented *manioc* drink, not a dance), learned to eat *paki* while



picking the buckshot from my teeth (also called *sagino*, a small, hairy pig-like creature), and boiled *manioc* (*yucca*) with my hands from-a-banana-tree leaf, trying in vain to understand a few Shuar words; they tentatively touched my blond hair, blue eyes and white bug-bitten skin, explored my sleeping bag, laughing at its purpose and watched my every reaction with humorous curiosity. The Shuar can laugh. The Shuar guffaw. The Shuar are fun people, and they offered me everything they had; exalted that an



outsider had visited them. I was at home, among the head-hunters of South America.

There are about 160 small airstrips in the Basin area from Napo to Zamora opening the door to the Huaorani, Achuar and Shuar Indians. A missionary told me they estimate 60,000 habitants. Given the amount of arable land and the extremely difficult living conditions, they are becoming over-crowded. Moving from one Center to

another, I find it hard to believe.

The hike from Kankaim to Yampuna is three hours at the Shuar pace. My first try took 4-1/2 hours, swollen feet, scratched limbs and a full day of recovery. Disappearing from the corner of the airstrip into the bushes, the temperature drops from sweltering hot to chilly. From squint-your-eyes sunny to watch-your-step obscurity. From hard, dry ground to shin-deep mud. Welcome to the jun-

gle. My Shuar guide, Bosco, knows the trail like I know Telegraph Avenue in Berkeley and is ten paces ahead of me when I realize I better jog to keep up. Two minutes of flat, muddy, weaving trail and we hit the downslope.

Have you skied powder? Through a grove of trees? With prickly vines hanging at face level? Choosing my steps carefully, concentrating on every possible root-hold in the cliff, I could only wonder why I

agreed to this. I should have balanced my sleeping bag better. Two seconds to rest, and there's Bosco jumping down the friggin' cliff! I better laugh at my predicament, or I'm going to cry. To hell with caution! Double diamond, here I come! Leaping from slick to slicker mud with memories of the back-side moguls at Kirkwood. I make it to the bottom. Only fell twice. Covered in mud, wet bag, backpack twisted, Bosco looks at me, laughing hysterically. I smile real big—"Made it!"

This part of the trail maneuvers through vine and orchid-laden trees. Trees, some with solid roots, like walls, reaching ten feet in the air, others with thirty fingers reaching down to pull the nutrients from the muddy soil. Everywhere a musty, damp odor. Skate over a slick fallen log to cross a small stream. Into a swamp. Leather-leaved bushes and spindly, twisting trees call this home. We skip our way across, balancing on toeholds made of erupting roots, bunches of grasses and fallen orchids. I'm no gymnast, and leave the swamp with a boot full of red mud and stagnant water. Will Bosco ever stop laughing? I hope not, because then I'd be the only one laughing!

After nearly crawling through a tunnel of tangled branches, following a red stream, we reach the Cangaimo River. "Want to get wet?" Bosco asks. Why he asked I'm not sure, since

