President's Message

Regional News

The regional retreat that was held at Camp Vista, Wisconsin, January 10-12 was a tremendous success. Despite the short notice given, representatives from four geographic groups (including one National Council Board Member) attended, and members of two groups who could not come sent written materials. Moreover, someone from nearly every group that received an invitation called either myself or Mike McQuestion to express interest and support for a regional organization.

Retreat participants from Madison, Milwaukee, Chicago and Indiana set four goals for the North-Central Region:

1. Publish a two-page regional update to be inserted in each group's monthly newsletter.
2. Establish a regional "flophouse" system. This would allow members throughout the region to visit each other more easily. A coordinator from each local group would be in charge of arranging housing in their town. When someone from another town was planning to visit, they would contact the coordinator who would arrange lodging in an RPCV home.
3. Travel to the National Conference in Fayetteville, Arkansas, as a region. One possibility would be to charter a bus. A proposed route would be: Minneapolis, Madison, Milwaukee, Chicago, St. Louis.
4. Hold another regional conference/retreat in April. Possible locations are Chicago and St. Louis. A strong effort will be made to provide groups with one or more month's notice.

For more information about these or other regional activities, or to find out how you can participate, contact: Mike McQuestion, Don Sauer, Rose Ann Scott, Meredith Green, Ken Coffeen, Buck Trawicky, Jim Smith or myself. (Did I forget anyone?)

National Council

The National Council seems to be moving forward again, having weathered a $30,000 deficit, the resignation of the Executive Director, and several staff cuts.

In a December 1991 letter to the Board, President Doug Siglin said recruiting contracts with Peace Corps and private donations have significantly improved the financial situation. Through a generous contribution, the Council was also able to hire a headhunter to conduct the executive director search. The Council hopes to hire a new executive director in February. The staff has been reduced to four members: Sue Ueberhorst, Jeff Drumtra, Vicki Newell, and Barbara Rawlins. Doug and other board members and volunteers from the D.C. area have been helping the staff to keep things running.

In his letter, Doug identified three ways to improve the National Council:

1. "Make an iron-clad commitment to top-quality organizational management."
2. "Build our programs based on a clear understanding of a) what we are and b) wherein lies our comparative advantage." This incorporates five areas that the Board agreed to focus on at their October retreat:
   1. "Giving our members a concrete return for their dues."
   2. "Facilitating group networking and group programs."
   3. "Supporting the Peace Corps."
   4. "Providing an advocacy voice for RPCV's."
   5. "Promoting international education."
3. Understand how effective programs are produced and make the commitment to a professional staff.

Anyone interested in serving on the National Council Board of Directors should contact me for more information.

501(c)(3)

Gordon Malaise and Buck Trawicky have renewed their efforts to finish filing for 501(c)(3) status, and Kevin Nies has volunteered to help them. I am confident that with Kevin's financial expertise and Gordon's legal expertise, they will finish the job shortly.

Happy Thoughts

Belated congratulations to Barbara and Henry Nehls-Lowe on the birth of their daughter, Abigail.

A grand "Gracias" to Dean Jefferson for his work on the newsletter, and a whopping "Merci" to Gordon Malaise for agreeing to take over.
Hi! Starting next month I will be the Newsletter Editor for the time being. Accordingly, there will be some procedural changes as we get used to the new regime. First, if you want to submit something for publication, send or hand deliver it to me, Gordon Malaise, at 1447 Spaight St or, if you work for the State, by Inter-D (my boss has never been a state trooper!). At first, anyway, we will go back to the cut and paste format, so send hard copy the way you want it to appear. Then maybe later (much later), as I learn how to use one of these contraptions, we can see about going back to the computer format. But it is kind of fun watching Dean push these buttons and seeing little pictures appear and disappear on the screen. Well, that’s about all I have to say. We will give it a try and hope for the best. Don’t forget—the deadline for submitting material for the March Newsletter is Thursday, February 13.

The NCRPCV seeks Executive Director who has experience with nonprofit organizations in fund raising, creating and implementing new programs, working with affiliated groups, building membership, working with board of directors and its committees, and managing staff and office. Must handle multiple priorities and match the extremely high commitment level of board of directors, volunteers, and membership. Some travel. Strongly prefer someone who has served as Peace Corps volunteer or staff. Salary and benefits commensurate with experience. E.O.E. Deadline for applying postmarked by 12/20/91. Send applications to:
Search Committee
NCRPCV
970 East 64th St.
Cleveland, OH 44103

Meeting Notice: Saturday, February 8
Potluck at the home of Carrie Loranger and John Gaska in Columbus. See map elsewhere in this newsletter. Come any time after 2 p.m. to ski, skate or whatever; meal at 5 p.m.; meeting at 6 p.m. Contact: Carrie or John, 414/623-4530.

Future meeting dates:

- Monday, March 2, at Union South, 127 N. Randall
- Tuesday, April 7, at Union South
- Wednesday, May 6, at Union South

Newsletter Policy
Since we’re always trying to get new members, We’ll send three copies of our newsletter to anyone we think will be interested. After that, you have to pay to stay on our mailing list. Details can be found on the back page. ONE EXCEPTION: Contacts in other RPCV organizations can continue to receive our newsletter if they will send us theirs.
February Meeting
Feb. 8th (Saturday)

Take Hwy 151 north from Madison to Hwy 73 exit at Columbus. Go north on 73 to the stop lights in Columbus and turn right (east). Drive 3 miles to County Highway TT and turn left (north). Drive about 2 miles and it will be the 1st house on the left. We're in a white brick house.

Any time after 2 p.m. for winter sports
Potluck meal at 5 p.m.
Meeting at 6 p.m.
When: We have the site reserved from 5 pm Friday, Feb. 21st until 3 pm Sunday, Feb. 23rd. However, people may come or go anytime during that period.

Where: Camp Luceme, about 70 miles straight north of Madison (see map next page).

Facilities: We will be staying in winterized cabins with semi-private rooms. There are some cribs and play pens in the cabins and high chairs in the dining hall for children. There are bathrooms in the cabins and hot showers in the retreat center nearby. The cabins are furnished with beds, chairs, desks, fireplaces, and even kitchenettes.

Activities: The camp grounds are crisscrossed with scenic cross-country ski trails and hiking paths. An exciting toboggan hill runs down to a beautiful little lake just outside of the retreat center. If weather permits, some may also wish to try their hands at ice skating.

As for organized activities, there will be a rather informal meeting (as usual) in the Retreat Center Saturday afternoon to brainstorm about plans and dreams for the future of our group. There will be a slide projector on hand in case anyone would like to show slides Saturday night.

What to bring: Bring bedding or a sleeping bag, towels and toiletries, warm clothing, a dish to pass Saturday night. (If you bring a hot dish there are facilities for cooking and/or reheating at the camp.) Skis, snow-shoes, sleds, toboggans, depending on the weather. Slides, musical instruments, . . .

Registration: Registration forms must be turned into Karen King (1032 Fiedler Ln.; Madison, WI 53713) by Friday, Feb. 14th with payment (non-refundable) so that she can call the camp to plan meals.

Registration Form for 8th Annual Winter Retreat

Name: __________________________ Phone #: __________________________

Address: __________________________

Number attending: Adults _______ Children (1 to 12 yrs. old) _______

Check the nights and meals you plan to attend: __________________________ Cost: ______________________

- Friday night (Adults: $12.00, Chldr.: $7.50) __________________________
- Saturday Breakfast (A: $3.75, C: $1.90) __________________________
- Saturday Lunch (A: $5.25, C: $2.45) __________________________
- Saturday Night (A: $10.50, C: $7.50). This rate only applies if you stay both nights. Otherwise pay Friday night rate. __________________________
- Sunday Breakfast (A: $3.75, C: $1.90) __________________________

Total (Complete pkg. cost A:$34.75, C:$21.25) _______________________

How many in your party (if any) would like to be served vegetarian meals?
Will you need a ride?
If driving up from Madison, how many people are you willing and able to take?
Recommended Routes to Camp Lucerne:

From Madison: Take Hwy. 51 North to 22. Go through Montello to YY. Turn right (E) on to YY and follow it past the intersection with Hwy. 73. Camp Lucerne is 1/2 mile East of 73 on YY.

From Milwaukee: Take Hwy 41 North to Fond du Lac. Exit at Rt. 23 and go W. to Princeton. Turn right (N) on Hwy 73 and go through Neshkoro. Turn right (E) on YY. Proceed 1/2 mile to camp entrance.

From La Crosse: Take Hwy 21 East through Wautoma. Turn right (S) on Hwy 73. Proceed about 3 miles and turn left (E) on YY. Camp entrance will be on left in 1/2 a mile.

Once at camp grounds: Turn in at the main entrance and turn left at the first road. At the end of that short road take another left. Stay to your right and follow that road around until you see a parking lot. We will be in the two cabins across from each other to the left of the lot ("Elm & Pine") and in the main lodge across from the lot.

Note: Camp Lucerne is a United Methodist Church Camp and as such, has strict rules against the use of alcohol or illicit substances on the premises. As the official organizer and leader of retreats at this camp, I could be held responsible for any infringements of this policy. Therefore, I would prefer it if people were to leave such substances at home. If any feel it necessary to take such items along, I don't want to see or know anything about it.

--- Karen King
SLICES OF LIFE

Memorable moments from our Peace Corps Service

TRAVEL DISTRESS

by Don Sauer

Waiting for the bus in Afghanistan in 1968, truly meant waiting for its departure. To travel from Kabul by bus, one went to the "serai" from which buses bound for your destination departed. The most reliable way to get a seat was to arrive there quite early in the morning. I always took my lunch and a book to read. I arrived mentally prepared to spend the day.

On a day I will always remember as particularly trying, I needed to return to Bāрак-1-barak, my assignment location. It was the capital of Logar Province. Curiously, although about two thousand people lived there, the town's lone telephone was in the governor's office. From Kabul, the town was situated only about 40 miles to the southeast. Fifteen years later the area would be one of the main battle fields of the Russian-Afghan War.

Not wanting to be left behind, I went to the "Logar Serai" early in the morning armed with a book and sufficient Afghan to purchase some kebab and nan. Nan (the local bread) is best eaten shortly after it is removed from the underground oven. When fresh and still warm, the natural sweetness of the coarsely ground wheat flour comes through strongly, and the bread is moist and delicious. After it cools the bread becomes leathery, dense and unappetizing. It turns to stone in one's stomach if eaten cold.

The Logar bus was a bob-tailed truck with a low roof of cheap tin built over the bed. Rows of low wooden benches were fastened to the truck bed and meant to be filled to capacity. Buses left only when the driver and his ko-li-nah (a Farsi corruption of the word "cleaner") were convinced that the trip would be profitable. There was no way of knowing when the bus would leave or even if it would leave that day. One had to be prepared for possible disappointment.

On this particular day I was not to be disappointed. As the morning progressed, I munched on my congealing nan and began exploring the writing of Alberto Moravia, an Italian author I never knew existed when I lived in Kansas. Soon the seats were filling with many travelers. And, miracle of miracles, the driver was making final preparations to leave before midday. The ko-li-nah was pitching the last bedrolls and bundles onto the top of the bus and arguing with latecomers about standing room and top rack prices.

Away we went. I was cramped into a space one and a half feet square and about three feet high. On my right was what I took to be a middle aged woman. It was hard to tell. She was swathed from the top of her head to the tips of her bare feet with a chador. This is the proper attire of a conventional Muslim woman. It consists of yards and yards of filmy material, often pleated and with embroidered lacwork over the face. The face covering allows the woman to see out only dilyly. In Kabul, unfortunate incidents of chador-clad women walking in front of buses were all too common. The woman was holding onto two unardy little boys. They wore the colorful skull caps and baggy pantaloons customary for Afghan males. On my left was a young student, apparently heading home from boarding school. He was very interested in my clothing—especially my Levis. He wanted to buy them. I politely told him they were not for sale. He wanted to know everything about me. "Was I married?" "Which was better Afghanistan or the United States?" "Would I come to dinner at his home and meet his family?" I accepted this invitation graciously.

About five miles outside of Kabul we ran out of pitiful blacktop. From then on the road was like my grandmother's washboard. My discomfort became agony as I realized I was again in the clutches of an intestinal beast. I had been through several bouts of dysentery and I was not overly concerned. I just gritted my teeth and tightened up. It wasn't much farther, I consoled myself. My new friend continued to chatter on in his fractured English and I replied in my "farcical" Farsi.

As the bus bounced viciously over that giant laundry appliance of a road my guts protested more and more severely. How much longer before we arrived? Several times we stopped to take on passengers and let people out to walk around. These ultra-modest Muslims, both men and women, wandered out into a neighboring field and squatted down. Arranging their clothing around them like a tent with a head sticking out, they answered nature's call. I couldn't do that. My clothes weren't adapted to that type of thing and I simply could not bring myself to use the field in full view of a busload of people. My jaw ached from clenching my teeth as I tried to will people back onto the bus and all of us down the road to our destination.

I could feel my fever rising. My head was aching and I was nauseous and thirsty all at the same time. My neighbor chatted on apparently oblivious to the pain and discomfort of the "harajem" (foreigner). My body was being slammed repeatedly into the rude bench seat. Would the ride never end.

Nearing our destination, the road became bumpy and the bus was forced to travel even more slowly. Finally we rounded a little hill and I saw the curve of the river that ran below the village. At last, home. Privacy to be ill. Respite. The bus pulled to a stop.

As I alit from the bus, it seemed everyone wanted to show their politeness by asking the harajem several questions. I answered again many of the same questions my young academic friend had been asking all the way from Kabul along with various additions and permutations. Trying to respond to their friendliness, I smiled and answered as best I could through clenched teeth. I edged my way toward my street and finally escaped. I turned the corner and ran like a man being chased by devils. I flung open the courtyard gate and ran into my toilet.

The toilet was a raised room with walls made of mud. In the middle of the floor was a hole about six inches square. Nothing to hang onto. Nowhere to sit. No need to flush. I squatted and exploded. Feeling worse than ever, I went to my room and collapsed onto my pallet to rest. It seemed that every few minutes I had to return to the toilet but with very little relief.

During the night my fever reached 105 and I feared I might actually die. This was bacillary dysentery which caused a much more virulent reaction than the more common amoebic dysentery I had experienced before. However, by noon of the following day I was pale and heartily again, and glad to be alive.

Send your stories for "Slices of Life" to Ken Coffeen, 1619 Reetz Road, Madison, WI 53711.
33 were present, including one Better Vet, kids, and the chappie (Andre Rakower-Buckles) who set up the video equipment for the Peaceful Viet Nam show. Nancy had us introduce ourselves with the standard data (country, years, diseases), and with an evocative word from our country. (A yellow sheet immediately started around, to record these; some will show up on future Calendars.)

Money (report transmitted by John): we have $3663: 189 gen'l checking (sic, but dues will start rolling in); 5 savings life support; 3469 Global Ed grant.

We, courteous people, then turned our attention to the evening's guest, a former Viet Nam Vet named Mike Boehm. Peter Joyce vouched for him. At the height of the War (68-69) Mike enlisted in the military, for reasons he now thinks insufficient. After he returned, he internalized his time there, and deeply regrets the role he played. He's quite sane, and speaks with admirable clarity. His life here is that of a softly-living housewright, and he's working as a volunteer in a short-term building expedition to Puerto Rico.

Now he's about to return to Viet Nam for 2 months, with about 15 other artisan Vets, to help build a health clinic there. This will replace one destroyed by US bombing during the War. The Vets will do the grunt work (just like then); the locals will provide all the (very) skilled artisans.

He sought our financial support, to assist him in paying his way. (Total cost, mostly airfare, is to be ca. $2500; he's putting up a good part of it himself, and has arranged a loan to cover all of it, if need be.) This is not a China-type project, where money is extorted from the visiting helpers. The Vietnamese are contributing their own labor, and some of the cost of building materials. And, refreshing news, the US Gov't is putting no obstacles in the way of this program. The Vietnamese themselves bear no grudges: "That was war, and it's long done with; our countries have had an intense relationship, and we want to be at peace with you, and cooperate as allies." This is a very healing experience for a Vet.

Mike is visiting local ally groups, soliciting donations. He'd raised $500 at that point. The purpose in seeking supporters is not only to spread the financial burden of redressing our communal havoc, but also to inform and engage us. And to this end, he presented a video ("Vietnam, In Search of Peace") depicting a similar clinic-building project. (This was a well-done film, though 10 minutes too long for a dense business meeting.)

We liked Mike a lot, and many of us were of an age to have been draftees by the Viet Nam draft; it was only a high lottery number that exempted us from the three basic and unsatisfactory choices: go do it; go to prison; go into exile. (Because we had prior notice in the Newsletter of this proposal) we (legally) moved and approved AYE, give him $200, from present or future Calendar monies. He promised to return with a report on his experience. (His phone No. is 835-9488. Departs 18 Feb.)

Onwards. Upcoming stuff: Ski Retreat and National Council Curra, at the Chicago Group's annual winter escape-to-Wisconsin ritual (Jan 11f). MiKe McQ, lately of Chicago, urged us to go (a half dozen promised), so we could (play and) discuss ways to vitalize the National Council of Returned Peace Corps Volunteers (hereinafter called the Nat'l Council, or the NC). The NC, which means to be our voice, and our influential chisel edge, is in crisis (though you might not think so, to read their literature). many many of us love the Nat'l Council, and do not want it to go under in a surf of red ink; we've been gathering on loose weekends to discuss strategies to transform it. Don arose and summarized his "Madison Manifesto," which argues for more realistic fiscal operation, an emphasis on the local groups (the gene pool of our national identity), and the need for sharing tasks among regional associations. (The scribe could not attend (alas), so cannot summarize the gathering's lucubrations.)

Freeze For Food Run, Sat, Jan 25 (Deb): This is our annual 10km run/2 mi walk, with proceeds to Oxfam. We all work on this. (It was announced that this year we are consciously to prepare ourselves for the Polar Bear lake dip, in Sheboygan. So we are to stand about, well mayonnaised, in our tank suits and mittens, as we urge the runners on.) Flyers were passed around for distribution, and a sign-up sheet for tasks and for goodies at the potluck afterwards. Pickers-up of promised prizes signed up, too. (By the way, Deb is running in this year's race, a requirement for retirement. We'll need a replacement for her, come 93's January. Might it be you? The Freeze is now down to a painless science, one easily learned and painlessly improved. Call Deb for the straight skinny: 244-8609.)

Next Meeting: SATURDAY, 8 Feb, home of John Gaska and Carrie Loranger, in Columbus. Come after lunch (=12:01 pm), and play outside during the waxing waneight. The Potluck will start about 5 (go heavy on the grease, one of the four basic winter food groups) and it would be nice if you brought your own utensils; a short meeting will follow. You are welcome to stay the night (pref. in your own sleeping bag) and attend Mass or Coven the next morning. Columbus is a sweet town, with rail service to grander places. (Phone: 414/623-4530.)

Karen King (256-2141) reminded us that soon will be our Winter Retreat at Camp Lucerne, up in the piney woods. Weekend of 21 Feb. (All you out-City chaps are hoped for, because we miss you so. And come to Columbus, too, with your sleeping bags and PJs, so we can talk late.) (Come, especially, you people from Mineral Point, to confer with Buck on a springtime Iowa County dense-tourism project: how to visit a sweet Wisconsin town for a 9-day week, and quickly establish a richly satisfying social life.) The Retreat spans the whole weekend. Friday eve is for the true party dogs (airedales and mutts) (the ones with kids): we play board games and guff with bright languor around the cabins' fires. Saturday is snow yoga, a carbohydrate breakfast, vision quests in the woods, and an afternoon of long-range goals. (Let's talk about our transformed National Council, and about how sweet it will be to have 500 Tibetan families living in Madison (all at Meredith's)? Won't that raise our tone, hey?) (Saturday afternoon is the whole group's version of the annual Deadwood Committee planning meeting, the one held right after the Halloween election. So think of good topics, to raise for a straw poll agenda, at our Feb. mtg. in Columbus.) On Saturday evening we provide our own food, in an ample potluck. (And Oh! it's yummy.) Then we have the first cut of possible slides for next year's Calendar, with Ahsignaling the best. (We also have time for your own personal favorites; even if you had fungus in your lens, we want to see them, if they'll show us how you lived. But not more than 10: it's a packed amateur night on Saturday.)

Then the kids go to bed, with secret plans to be collegially rambunctious, and the adults slip into long talk. We cast the year's hexagram of advice for the group, using Mary Grace's I
Ching. We admire the snow (or the bare frozen turf), and we walk on the lake and admire the waning moon.

We arise on Sunday, full of beans, and mooch around the woods again, and sit about the fire, and go home with reluctance. We aren't ready yet, to go back to our villages. But we must: we're volunteers with hosts depending on us. They have the best trip who travel home on the tiniest back roads, using the Wisconsin Atlas, the one filled with large-scale topographic maps.

So, COME. And tell Karen you're coming, and pay in advance. At the least, call her, so she can reserve you a place at bed or board: 256-2141.

The Parents' Brunch (Helene: 238-2792): We picked a date: Sunday, 5 April. (Note that this is the weekend of the time change, and clocks spring forward.) At CUNA, as last year. Helene has done this so dandily (growing on past traditions), that we're confident it'll be ever so yummy. Each year, we mail out invitations, in collaboration w/the Minn. PC office, to all the parents of PCs in the field. They come and mingle with us (and are well-fed, to boot), and we talk with them about what it's like, and why they aren't getting any letters. The PC/Minn chaps have a (brief) update speaker, and Helene gets several guest speakers from PC's host countries. It's very fine. Some parents (and even some taciturn RPCVs) drive a long ways for this each year. We all like it. You come, too. But tell Helene, or there won't be enough fruit. (The Credit Union staff are very impressed by how much fruit we gobble; most of the humanoids they serve want biscuits, gravy, coffee, and big ash trays.)

Ongoing Stuff: The Calendar (Don, the Marketer): as decided, we did a second printing of 3000 (over the 1st of 5 thou), and we have sold enough to pay for the second run. Great relief and satisfaction. And there is another month of sales, before we have to treat the remainder as clutter in Don's basement. Don gave heartily appreciative marketing thanks to John Click, Lisa Paff, and the Goods.

Don will have a profit statement for us in March, after the financial perturbations subside. Assume that we'll clear as much last year, about $4000 or so. We'll plan on giving away $2500 in one big orgy in the spring, after publication of proposals in the Newsletter. (The rest we'll fritter away in random spasms of generosity throughout the year. We've already done some of this.) So, you gift-givers, be thinking of where we can worthily donate our slack monies. Get details, and be writing up a terse and convincing paragraph for the Newsletter.

The Calendar is very far from filling its manifestly destined market niches (30,000 copies sold), and Don wants suggestions and energies. Talk to him (244-3732). He's full of ideas: getting other local groups to commit themselves early to a bulk purchase (which will stimulate their own planning juices); broadly and engagingly soliciting good slides; communicating with the regular postal patrons; selling off-planet....

And Buck (for Text) solicits corrections and additions to the holidays. He really wants your country's holidays, and he absolutely loves correction. (Just like in those ads, in the "Berkeley Barb."). Make your list, and check it thrice.

You slide chaps, talk to Henry Nehls-Lowe (835-5976). We're upping rewards this year, for accepted slides.

Global Ed. (Carolyn Peacock): Oh! our video will be so yummy! And it's almost done. The raw product has been critiqued, and will now be further edited, down to about 90 minutes long. Each of this year's Calendar countries is featured. We'll even have a Spanish version! There'll be a book of prose to accompany the video. The result will be dandy, and it'll be done in another month or two. What a fine creation we'll have. And how canny we've been with our $5000 grant. We'll even be able to sell our video/book, very reasonably, and clear an income, for use in future projects. This work has stimulated much local interest. We're invited to present a summary of it to a UW conference of global ed teachers, all panting for this kind of rare material. Customers on the hoof, with marasupial (and institutional) checkbooks. Moreover, ones with judgment, who'll tell us how to improve our work. (Why stop, now that we know how to do this thing? We can keep adding to it, yearly, if we want; like the Calendar.)

The Speakers Bureau (Jim Smith 262-11219w, 255-5702h): Jim, our PC campus recruiter, has professional reasons for nurturing the Speakers Bureau, but he needs a co-chair. The Bureau coordinates talkers, often using our Slide Library, for groups of the interested.

New Business: Dean urged us all to write our Congress persons encouraging them to become cosigners of a letter to the new president of the World Bank. The idea is to encourage him to follow through on promises to direct more of the Bank's resources toward programs which benefit the poorest folks in third world countries. A copy of this appeal from Results appeared in the January Newsletter.

Newsletter: Dean is retiring, because of the pressures of grad. school. Gordon, though a computer illiterate (and him a consulting lawyer, too) sorts sidled into becoming our next Editor. Hooray. (And Aha!)

The upstart Poker Committee (Mike McQuestion 238-5458) announced the first official game, at his house. Sat, 18 Jan. No silly games (wild cards, etc): 3 bets; dollar max, quarter ante; declare on high-low. Results to be published, but the figures surely won't compute. (Winners will exaggerate, losers will deny.)

Well-dressed Dancing sub-Committee (Earl 257-7880): he's organizing a Two-Step Dancing Club. And he can't dance alone.

Paul Tsongas (or is he Egyptian? Is Ptsongas the primordial spelling?) requests our mailing list, so he can be our next President. Even though we like the idea of an RPCV Pres, and many like him himself, we easily said NOPE, we never give out our mailing list to politicians, much less sell it. BUT, if he joins the group, he'll get the Newsletter, which comes with an annual mailing list. It's there for the attentive reader, for $12 per year. Such a deal. A chiding letter to this effect will be sent.

Karen King seeks housemate. Nice apartment, within the city's aura. (256-2141.)

Gerry Butz will celebrate his marriage, on June 5 in the Memorial Union (Tripp Commons). Come, with a thirst.

Henry and Barb have a new daughter, Abigail; they are full of joy.

Our Baron Bliss Day Tropical Heat Wave Party will again be at Dave Wakeley's house, on Sat, 7 March. Come, with a skimpy costume. (The furnace will be cranked way up, and there'll be deep sand on the floor.) Bring food. We'll hype this at the next meeting.

Yamanja Day: Sunday, 2 Feb. (Groundhog Day to you sluggish spirits.) February 2 is a cross-quarter day (ask your wiccan consultant for an explanation), and Yamanja is the Brazilian/Condomble Goddess of the Waters. On this day, in Brazil, her devotees launch gift boats, lush with precious presents, out on the ocean's currents. She's a lovely deity. And a by-product of this ceremony is protection from drowning during the coming year. (For which Brent and Buck are durably grateful: she once snatched them, then let them go.)
Dates to Note

Upcoming Events

Y Yamanja Day - Sun., Feb. 2, 6:50 a.m. (sunrise)
Gather at the foot of the Rutledge St. bridge.
Have coffee afterwards at Brent's 244-0289.

M February General Meeting - Sat., Feb 8,
Skiing, skating, etc. @ 2-3 p.m., meal @ 5 p.m.,
meeting to follow. Home of Carrie Loranger and
John Gaska, N4301 Hwy. TT, Columbus;
Contact: Carrie or John, 414/623-4530. Map
elsewhere in this newsletter.

R Winter Retreat - Feb. 21-23
See details elsewhere in this newsletter.

G Global Education Committee - 6:00 p.m.
Every other Monday
Red Oak Grill, Union South, 227 N. Randall

N Newsletter Deadline - Submit material to:
Gordon Malaise, 255-3261, or send or deliver to
1447 Spaight St., Madison, 53703

Future Events

Baron Bliss Day, Tropical Heat Wave Party - Saturday, March 7, at Dave Wakeley's; get your summer outfits ready!

Parents Brunch - Sunday, April 5, at CUNA again this year by popular request!
Contact Helene at 238-2792 for more information.

Minutes continued...

Here in Madison, the only flowing water in early February is the Yahara River. The celebrants foregather at the foot of the Rutledge Street bridge at sunrise (6:50), and send little rafts of cedar shingles, each bearing a lit candle and a freight of goggas, out onto the current. (To the quacking consternation of the ducks.) Come. Dress warmly. Have coffee afterwards at Brent's (244-0289). Sacramental basics will be supplied, but additional presents (suitable for a celestial lady) garner extra merit, as you can well appreciate.

We then adjourned to a nearby tavern (the Red Oak was closed, and was not greatly regretted; those engineers will settle for anything). We talked for several hours, and hugely enjoyed ourselves. The scribe only caught a bit of it: plans to reform Peace Corps (using regional Think Tanks and the DC group), plots to enliven the National Conference in Fayetteville, designs on the slide library, guff about the Chicago Weekend in Wisconsin, arguments about proper Poker, and nifty ideas for a cosmic Parents' Brunch. Sharon, Helene, and Lori sat at the bar, eating french fries, and we could only speculate about their topics. This group needs at least a trio of scribes, for adequate reporting. But,

La.
Buck.
Newsletter Subscription Information

All RPCVW, Inc. members receive the newsletter on payment of annual dues shown below. To avoid record-keeping hassles, we would prefer that our members pay through December of the year of joining ($1 per month for each month through December), then pay for a full year membership at that time. Reduced rates are available for those in extreme financial circumstances.

You can also join the National Council of RPCV's through us by paying a further $20. We strongly encourage all members to join the National Council, which provides us a way to affect national issues.

☐ I want to join RPCVW, Inc. and am enclosing $______.
   --- Individual - $12 for one year (or $1 per month to next January)
   --- Joint - $17 (Two people receiving one newsletter)
   --- Overseas Individual - $20
   --- Overseas Joint - $25

☐ I am also enclosing $20 for National Council membership ($27.50 for joint membership [two people with the same address] in the NC).

☐ I do not want to join, but would like to receive the newsletter and am enclosing $7 ($15 for overseas) to cover the costs.

☐ I'm Moving! Please change my mailing address on your records.

Name: ____________________________ Country of Service: ____________________________
Address: ____________________________ Service Dates: ____________________________
Present Job: ____________________________ Telephone: ____________________________

PC Job: ____________________________

Please make checks payable to RPCV's of Wisconsin, Inc. and send to:

RPCV's of Wisconsin, Inc. - Madison Chapter
P.O. Box 1012
Madison, WI 53701

marked Attention Membership!

QUESTIONS? PROBLEMS? Call Walt Zeltner at 608/835-3083 most evenings and weekends. Or try 608/262-2470 weekdays and ask for Walt.

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