President's Message

We have had a couple of changes in recent months as people who have done certain jobs for several years have stepped down and others have taken their roles. Specifically, a few months ago, Walt turned over the Newsletter Editor position to Dean, and at our last meeting Rose Ann turned over calendar sales to Don. These people all deserve our appreciation—Walt and Rose Ann for their years of service in important, but not always visible, roles and Dean and Don for their willingness to pitch in. But even more so, these people deserve our emulation—as role models whose examples we should all try to equal or exceed. Well, there is a good opportunity right now to get involved and that is to serve as an officer next year. It's not all that hard and it's an excellent opportunity to contribute. If you're interested, talk to Nancy, Earl, Buck or Don of the Nominating Committee. I am sure that some excellent candidates will throw their hats in the ring.

At our last meeting, Buck, our Master of Creativity, unveiled an exciting new proposal, that is, to establish a multi-media resource center featuring videos, slides and music of our countries of service. Such a resource center would enhance our speakers bureau program and be an effective recruiting tool. Indeed, Buck has already organized 2 multi-media team presentations for the Masons—one on Nepal and the other on Ecuador. Many more are possible as we have several countries and regions that are heavily represented in our group. I could see a Filipino team, a Central African Republic team, a Pacific Island team and many more.

Buck, Dave W. and Henry will be forming an ad-hoc committee to advance this proposal. Sounds like an idea whose time has come.

Finally, don't forget that due to a conflict with National Conference and scheduling conflicts at Union South, our August meeting will be a week later than usual, that is, it will be on Thursday, August 8, rather than on August 1, and it will be at the Vilas Park Shelter rather than at Union South. Potluck picnic at 6:00 p.m. and meeting at 7:00 p.m.

So come on out to Vilas for some amazing true stories from our delegation to the Conference!

* August Highlights *

1. National Conference - Aug. 1-4
2. Tibetan Organizing Meeting - Aug. 7
3. Picnic Meeting at Vilas Park - Aug. 8
4. Canoe Trip on the Wisconsin - Aug. 10-11
5. Pig Roast, Mike & Marcy Read's - Aug. 23-25

See inside for details!
July was a month packed with RPCV - Madison events, and as you will see by browsing this newsletter, August promises to be just as busy. Perhaps, at our September meeting, we should bestow some type of award on the person or people who managed to participate in the most summer events.

The 1992 RPCV Calendar is now available and Don Sauer, 244-3732 (h), is the new person in charge of distribution. He has promised an article for the September newsletter giving all the details about calendar sales. However, if you want to take advantage of the bargain $4 price to members, better see Don before the September meeting or give him a call!

The deadline for the next newsletter is August 15. Again, I will be out of town, but only on the 13th and 14th. Send submissions to PO Box 335, or call me at 249-6094 (h) or 266-9565 (w).

In regard to why this newsletter was published about a week later than usual, I refer you to symptom #5 of the 15 Symptoms of Chronic Peace Corps Withdrawal elsewhere in the newsletter.

Many of you may be aware that arch rivals Apple Computer and IBM have recently entered into a joint venture to produce 'the next generation' of personal computer system software. Not to be upstaged, Buck Trawicky and I, who use IBM compatible and Apple Macintosh computers (respectively), have collaborated to bring his minutes from the IBM to the Mac for printing on a laser printer.

Meeting Notice: Potluck at Vilas Park Shelter, north shore of Lake Wingra, just west of the zoo.

Report on National Conference.
Thursday, August 8, Picnic at 6 p.m., Meeting at 7 p.m.

Future meeting dates:

Friday, September 6 - Potluck at John Click's 2322 West Lawn; Near Edgewood School, 238-9909 (note address correction)

Monday, October 7, at Union South, 127 N. Randall; Elections!

Tuesday, November 5, 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.
PIG ROAST
August 23, 24, 25
Mike and Marcy Read's

As you know, this is one of the 12 best things we do each year.

Here's the details. We gather at the Read's farm in Arlington. The most adventurous (about 20) come on Friday afternoon/evening, pitch their tents, and the kids (Rogue Scouts all) light the constant fire; they're allowed to play with this all weekend, under supervision. (Eat beforehand, or bring your own. Definitely bring drinks to your taste, and organic marshmallows.) The Chicago folk come, and we stay up all night, guffing. The conversation is outstanding. The Scribe takes notes.

More people come on Saturday. We play volleyball, visit the Withered Forest we planted, go birding (before he left, Bob Meredith led this; it involves rare songbirds and slingshots), guff, and buy more beer. In the evening the Buddhist vegetarians prepare the meats, the Chicago guys dig a huge firepit in the lovely sandy loam, and the Rogue Scouts kindle the luau fire. We sit around it, baking our skins, until midnight, when we insert the wrapped sacrificial meats, cover same, and move over to the main fire. (This year we will not have a gross pig carcass, because there's always too much left over. Instead, we'll cook little piggies, and other tasty things. It's a pity that we've already eaten up Mike's dairy herd. The Big Bad Wolf will be our meats consultant.) Also on Saturday evening is a potluck; there's also pats of chili prepared, both meat and veggie, for all comers. By this time, there are about 40 people. Again, we stay up all night. From 2 in the morning to 5, it rains. (By the way, what is the "it" that rains?)

Just before Sunday's dawn the children (especially Betsy) wake everyone up by tickling. Gina leads us in yoga asanas. Together we do the Sunrise Chant ("There is but One god, he is the Sun god, RA! RA! RA!"); this causes the Sun to rise, and then stay up longer than normal. Breakfast is cooked for all, with Lots Of Coffee. The designated New York Times person arrives, and is swarmed over. Everyone becomes increasingly human (except the kids, who never stopped). More and more people appear, and the guff gets very dense. The festive board is spread with everyone's offerings. At noon, a solemn invocation is intoned to the Meat Deva, the luau pit is opened, and the joints exhumed. The carvers fall to. The Treasurer goes about with a sack, collecting money: about $5-6 per adult, a couple of bucks per kid. (Beer is extra, and is collected ad-hoc.) 75 people are in line, all well-behaved, considering. Trencher feats are performed, rivalling the belly heroes of ancient Greece ("he ate a pig, an ox, a sheep, and one hundred loaves of full measure, all before witnesses"). No one but the kids wants any more volleyball for a bit. Lots of people are horizontal, and some are dazed. But most recover, and have fourths. Life (ie, movement, growth, reproduction) resumes, with more guff. By 6, many are thinking of Monday (a weekend ends at sunset Sunday), and departures begin. By 8, all have left for their villages.

A sweet time, even for the Reads. Come, and bring your friends.

Directions
Go north from Madison on Highway 51, to Highway 60. Turn right (east) and go one mile to the intersection with Harvey. Turn left on Harvey, and drive about a half mile: Mike's farm will be the only thing, and it's on the left.

Mike Read - 635-2161
Safely Returned Peace Corps Vols
Wisconsin/Madison

meeting of 28 June 91
Potluck at Donna Shalala's

This was our July meeting (a bit early), and our annual potluck at Donna's manse. The food was outstanding and ample, the beer was scant. We were 53 humans and Bucky the dog.

Yup, said Kevin, we do have money: $5394 to be precise (5 in checking, 532 from the Cardinal Bar benefit, 729 general, and 4128 Global Ed).

91 Calendar money report: another $1238 has come in since last month.

Calendar 92 (Jim): it's DONE! Everyone oohed over it, and it is outstandingly splendid. All bookstores will unhesitatingly put this one on the prime (eyecatch) shelf. (No more need to rearrange University Bookstore's stock for them; they'll do this themselves.)

We've printed 4980 copies, and we'll take lots to the Conference. But we need a new Rose Ann to handle distribution. (We paused to applaud the original Rose Ann, who has done this job so impeccably for three years.) Don Sauer, knowing exactly what he's getting into, but who's proud of his big dry basement, volunteered. We were stunned with gratitude. The Lorangers, who gave us the 92 Tonga photo, will help, so will John A.

We approved these Calendar prices: to ourselves, until Sept. 1, $4; thereafter, $5; at the Conference, $5; to the public, $6.50; shipping surcharges to be worked out by Don after he's factored in postage rate increases; and bulk rates as well.

Global Ed (Lisa): read last month's newsletter. And check this one's, for meeting times. The Manual will be made more closely attuned to the Calendar. Wade is a treat to work with on this.

National Conference: We'll take lots of Calendars to sell, and we approved of paying the attenders 10 cents/calendar to transport them (the UPS rate). We'll all help sell; Nancy W. will coordinate. We're driving (most of us), and will leave at noon on Wednesday, reach DC early morn Thurs. We'll depart Sun afternoon. Earl is coordinating transport.

Don handed out Ashoka coffee, and gave his spiel again to the fresh. (It's very good coffee.)

Nominating Committee: As per the ByLaws, our VP Nancy Westbrook will chair; Earl, Don, and Buck will assist. If you want to be on the committee, call Gordon. More to the point, if you have nominations, call Nancy 241-5332.

Buck and Dave Wakely proposed that we think of beginning a (modest) Video Library. This sparked some lovely discussion. First, we should get our slide library in better shape, (better organization and cataloging, a description of what's happening in each slide, etc.). Next, we should build on Chris and Wade's Lesotho program, and the presentations we've done for Buck's Masonic Lodge (Nepal and Ecuador), and develop slide shows on specific countries and topics (a listed sequence of slides, a brief script, accompanying music tapes, etc.). Thus, anyone wanting to present a talk on one of these topics could just pull the slides, look at the script, and alter to suit. All this should precede diversion of effort into a new venture like the Video Library.

Then, we should indeed build up a Video Library. This would include all kinds of things, of all lengths, relating to Global matters. We can start with copies of the best stuff in our personal libraries, and go on from there. (The letter to the creator would go "Other people ask you for a donation, or at least a free copy of your video; we ask only for permission to make a copy, and show it, free, to the public, in the furtherance of our mutual aims. Isn't it courteous that we are not like those other guys who just pirate your stuff? Isn't it a relief that we don't ask for your money?")

We should also build up a Music Library, again starting with our own personal collections.

Henry N-L will be Maximum Leader, and will lead the organization of the Slide Library. Don and Julie will lead the Vibration subCommittee (videos and music).

2 requests: Karen (256-2141) seeks info etc. on Japanese culture, and material for skits for "values clarification" for 3rd-9th grades.

July treats (all over by the time this reaches you):
Tibetan tea-party, at Deer Park, 6 July; for everyone wanting to help out the Tibetans when they come this fall. (Buck, Sharon and John went, and it was very nice. Superb snacks, too. Somehow, one doesn't associate Tibetan monks with caviar.) "Results" potluck, 4 July. Muskies game: Dave is organizing, and Rose Ann can get free tickets. Tues, July 16.


August treats: you know about the Conference, in the first week. Thereafter, our August meeting, Thurs 8 August at the Vilas Park shelter, potluck, from 6 p.m.

Canoe trip, on the Wisconsin River. 10-11 August. Henry is coordinating, and you should call him. 835-5976. This will be very lovely.

Pig Roast: weekend of August 24, at Mike and Marcy Read's farm. See squib previous page.

And we were done, all in good time. We had departed by 9:30, and many of us adjourned to the Union Terrace for music, talk, and pitchers of beer. We even got a decadent speedboat ride on the lake.
## Dates to Note

### Special Events

**NC** National Conference - August 1-4  
Washington, D.C.  
Theme: Continuing to Serve.  
Call Earl Bricker if interested in renting a van:  
h) 257-2392, w) 263-5732.

**TM** Tibetan Resettlement Project Organizing Meeting -  
Wednesday, August 7, 7:30 p.m.  
MATC Downtown Campus, 211 N. Carroll St.  
Organizing of committees covering all aspects of  
the project—language, sponsors, jobs, fund-  
raising, housing, publicity, legal, etc.

**VP** Vilas Park Meeting - Thursday, August 8  
Potluck meal 6 p.m., Meeting 7 p.m.  
Vilas Park Shelter, north shore of Lake Wingra.

**CT** Canoe Trip - August 10-11  
Wisconsin River, Put in at Sauk City at 10 a.m.  
Aug. 10; campout near Arena; continue on to  
Lone Rock Aug. 11; one day paddlers welcome.  
Call Henry Nehls-Lowe for details: 835-5976 (h)

**PR** Pig Roast - August 24-25  
Mike & Marcy Read's farm; details elsewhere in  
this newsletter.

**PL** Potluck Meeting - Friday, September 6  
Potluck meal 6 p.m., Meeting 7 p.m.  
Hosted by John Click, 2322 West Lawn;  
Near Edgewood School, 238-9909.

### Regular Fare

**M** General Meeting - 7 p.m.  
Union South, 227 N. Randall  
Elections, Monday, October 7.

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

**N** Newsletter Deadline - Submit material to:  
Dean Jefferson, 249-6094 (h), 266-9565 (w)  
P.O. Box 335, Madison, 53701
Camping Report
Devil’s Lake Park
7–9 June, 1991

Oh, chaps, this was fine all over. In fact, I think this was actually the very best campout we’ve yet had. (And I’ve been on almost every one for the last 10 years, and as a coomissar.) At one point I made an incomplete count of all the people in the fire, all talking jovially in their own language with high animation. It was beautiful, seeing your silhouettes against the smoky blaze. This was an exhilarating weekend: no one wanted to go back to their village.

The park had picked a very popular group campsite for us, and we were all charged with negative ions and good ozone energy by the time we arrived on Friday, because the late afternoon light was so splendid, slanting against the grain of the hills.

Devil’s lake is a sacred place. Any time you see “Devil” in a placename, it’s a good bet that it’s a particularly special spot. The missionaries had the xenophobic practices of renaming the Indians’ holy places as sites of the Devil. “Devil’s lake” almost always was originally “Spirit.” It’s certainly so in this park.

The park is lush and moist, dense with maples and their companions. And the lake itself is geologically very important. The rocks still remember the Ice Age (especially the last one); they crack and rumble about it to each other, on winter nights. There are long lovely climbing cliffs, and slopes of bare boulder. By the lake there’s a particularly special Indian sound, a man effigy, with two magical stones in the head.

The park rangers wear tight shorts and pistols, and were quite courteous, even to the Louts from Chicago, who were afoot next to us and who shouted all night, and were issued $25 in tickets for being such a nuisance. (They felt put upon: this is the way all Chicagoans act, by the way, when they go as tourists to a foreign country.) The next day, some of them asked Don if they could camp with us, and he backed away in absolute rejection, hissing, with his index fingers forming a cross, and his thoughts on garlic and sharp wooden stakes.

We had two campsites, but all except a few (Gordon and Therese, for obscure reasons, and Doug Nepalwalla, from the need for solitude) found room for their tents by our group fire, which burned until the tiny hours on both nights. We had such fun. We could talk for hours with everyone we wanted, and go on walks (inhaling deep the breath of the forest), and sit up to the top of the cliffs and guff with the (many many) climbers, who take up absolutely minimal room (the very opposite of golfers), and play in the lake with the kids, and otherwise amuse the children. Ken was up on the cliffs at dawn, viewing the sunrise, all rosy-fingered and nice.

On Saturday afternoon, about 6 (ha! and remember December, when 6 p.m. was 90 minutes into dark? Isn’t this a neat latitude? And won’t summer last forever, this time?), a car pulled up to our site, bearing a man, woman, and boy. The man leaned out and said, in an Eastern European accent, that the park was full and he was looking for a camping place: could be pitch his tent among us? (Just like in the first chapter of John’s gospel.) Well, we said, already liking him, You seem to be from another place: Where did you get your accent, where are you from? We are from the Ukraine, he said. (And glancing more broadly, our judgment was that they were indeed excellent people.)

The interrogating committee retired to consult the handiest clump of our group, and did a rapid poll, and returned.

Certainly you may camp here, and you are very welcome; would you like a beer? You bet we’d like a beer, several in fact; and we have a lagoon of rozo to put on the table.

They’ve been in the States for two years. Oleg pulled out a Russian hatchet at one point: we admire families that really mean it when they emigrate, and peak essential tools, not trusting to the metallurgy of the savages they will live among. And they’d brought fishing rods.

These three were the polar opposite of the Chicago Louts. They were courteous, self-sufficient, and rich company. Oleg is a Spanish teacher (he gave us the correct pronunciation for Spanish names on the calendar), and just laid off; we rejoiced in his vacation, though his own joy was a bit ambivalent. Nadya is a music teacher, and a comely person. Hermann is a teenager, and someone you’d like in your canoe. (Should we invite them on the Canoe Trip?!) Several of us independently gave them our several addresses, urging them to move to Madison, and be our friends. We liked them a whole bunch.

And there was bogs o’ guff. I only took notes on my own conversations, particularly a superb one with Don in the woods. (We said we were off for more foolwood, and disappeared for three hours. Others would come looking for us, and themselves get caught up in the discourse.)

Don, after deep preparatory inhalation, proposed the theme of social and planetary entropy: depressing to contemplate, no? I countered with the negentropic effect of rising planetary conscience, arising precisely when it is almost too late. The world is in hazard. This, in fact, is the theme of the northern religions, the religions of the sacrified savior. But what an ethical disaster if we attain the resolution to save the Amazon only after there’s nothing left to save, yes?

But from there we migrated, by circuitous routes, (which some of we have trained ourselves to confidently map), to more optimistic matters. We talked of good Global Ed projects. (See, we really did this, despite all. Oh! you faithless ones, who believe everything you read in the Minutes. Don’t believe that guy: he just reads his meeting notes, and types them up. And even the phone numbers may be wrong.)

Let’s do a series of short essay-biographies on admirable people, people whom Peace Corps vols especially admire. Great fun to do, and dead cheap. As examples, Richard St. Barbee Baker, the foremost Brit who came from the Trees, and made planting and protecting trees a fine cult throughout Africa (My Life My Trees). Pope Sylvester II, one of the few Sufi popes, elected to usher in the second millennium. Brian Urquhart, the assistant to many UN Secretaries General, a British soldier who consolidated the idea of Peace-keeping forces. Daniel Boone, who was a true Scout, and a man with an open-hearted love for natural wilderness, and who loved most ardently his wife Rebecca, and she with a sweet daughter to present him when he returned from yet another 15-month journey into Kentucky. And Tibet’s great yogi Milarepa, of course, and this present (15th?) Dalai Lama, who refrains from inciting rage against the invading pestiferous Chinese. You, no doubt, have an entirely different list. But what a treat to work on, yes? Shall we do this? It’s easy to organize, and it can grow organically. There’s no deadline.

And so on. The multimedia Country Show. The Nepalese and the Children of Equador have already tested this out for Buck’s Masonic Lodge, to sustained flatteringly attention. It would take only a bit of work to consolidate both country packets (slides with loose script, music, a list of handleable artifacts, a map, a flag (in xerox?!) , a tape of the local jabber (please: this is High Speech), recipes for a fast bolt of the culture, etc.)
baga of the local cigarillo, dust or root...). And from here we could move on to more countries, at a deliberate pace. Lesotho (Wade and Chris have done it all, already, almost) and Kenya (we have jillions of these guys: ideal for the Masas, come August or Fall.) And the CAR (5 activists), and the Philippines (once our most vigorous section). Then the solitary enthusiasts: Yap, and Afghanistan, and countries no one’s ever heard of. And the people we should have: Malta, Cyprus, Mongolia. Yup. Let’s. (Can you Ukrainians understand this? Have you paid your dues yet? And what about our National Council guys? Are you thinking about people and countries? Will you, too, get to work on this, and hustle others?)

And talking about Barbie Baker turned our thoughts to Tress. Let’s plant some more. We did this once, on a weekend at Mike Read’s farm. We showed up, and planted jillions of 5 species, graded for differing places on the times (envelope of Mike’s acres). Lee Zabados was the most experienced one, who, offhandedly taught us all how to work like real Hoedads. It was a long day in hot sun, planting in a plowed cornfield. We felt like heroes at the end: tree to our local horizon. But at every Pigroast we go back and look at our forest, and are disappointed. The trees are still stunted short (you could never take a leak in privacy there), there have been many deaths, and we feel like visitors to a home for our retarded children, many of whom, by the odds, die in childhood. Yuck.

So: Let’s plant trees again: Gaia needs the OZ. With super-strong seedlings this time (preferably from those vigorously robust trees that have survived Madison auto exhausts), with care, with not too many per person, and with commitment towards their nurture. A tree per person, per year, is perhaps just right. On Meredith’s land? On Mike’s? On the path to Ken’s? Perhaps just right. On Meredith’s land? On Mike’s? On the path to Ken’s? Perhaps just right. On Meredith’s land? On Mike’s? On the path to Ken’s? Perhaps just right.

And Buck, the same way (but in another moment), said as summary: Americans have no sense of history? I grieve over events that are there, pallidly gone, and remember them often. I know you do, said that sweetheart Don: That’s one thing I like about you.

And Buck, apostle of Eaglehate, (ignore this local geographical pun, you Kansas and DC guys; we’re honored that you’re reading this far at all, but we’ve no time to explain everything; move here, and you too can cackle...). As we say, struggling to catch the flaky main thrust of Buck’s mental ripples, (he left few notes, and this is all transcribed and enlarged after editing), ahem, as we say, (and have your read The Path To Rome by H. Bellope? It’s the best travel book ever written). AHM: (this problem is catching), let’s start all over: Yes.

The Rogue Scouts are distinguishable by trivial attributes (critical to the Boy Scouts, though): our Rogue Scout Troop accepts children from a very young age (2 months old, actually). Boys and girls both. Meetings are monthly, and often spontaneous: not weekly meetings (though this is an ideal, that both the far-flung parents and the feebule Scoutmasters fall to attain: the Scouts themselves would love to meet weekly, like they’re supposed to). No official uniform. Rather, each Scout is expected to devise his own uniform (and this is to be consistently improved, as inspiration and drooling messing off improvements); the uniform is to be competent, smazzy, and affordable. So, as Salvador Dali said at his Fordham University, (he was wearing an outrageous outfit of green velvet): I am wearing the uniform of Salvador Dali.

(Nonetheless, the Boy Scouts are a superb institution: read The Boy Scout Handbook, and other Essays, by Paul Russel.)

But our Rogue Scouts are distinguishable by several facets of their visible personae. First, they each have a pocketknife. (They have passed a character and competence test.) It’s not a single standard pocketknife. Some prefer a particular brand of Swiss Army (or Navy) knife; others think Case the best for metal, and dash the extra tools; others want a Peter Pan knife; like Tarzan has. Some, already knowing their bent, want a Sabattier filleting blade. (All of these are carried to school; but out of sight.) Some have sensibly decided that a true menchknudkitchen needs a minimum of three knives to be ready for everything, preferably with an axe or a kukri in reserve. And thus the practice of a constant daypack begins, with all you need to hand. And humping it is a chore, unless it’s condensed, with most skills and knowledge lodged in the mind and hands.

These Scouts are also Fireworthy. They can build a safe blaze in any conditions. They can safely be left alone to tend it, with no anxiety by parents or other random responsible adults. Indeed, they can, in this as in all else, trusted to faithfully teach the very young children (lena’s age, with lien of Brazil teaching her), all that’s needed about fires or knives, or ever so much more: a very special, a very unique guide to kids the true truth about these things. This is another merit badge: Monsrers.)

(And at this point, it’s time to tell you a Wonderful Story (true), told by Barbara, John Ashbaugh’s friend. Oh, John and Barbara, we think you are exactly the ones, both of you so full of India. Now mind you, at this point you’re hearing a story several times removed from the source. But it feels very true, and confirms our brightest suspicion, which is that kids have secrets that they pass on to the younger ones (and also from the younger upwards to the older). Secrets that we ourselves once knew, but have mostly submerged and forgotten. Children are a benign conspiracy: no wonder daycare workers hold on, despite the contemptible wages: they learn so much, and are given such sunny joy at work. Anyway, a child of about 4 or 5, maybe 6, asked a neighbor family with a young infant if she could be permitted to be alone with the baby. A strange request; but the mother thought she knew the girl, and could trust her good intentions. But, just to be safe, she left the speakerphone system on, so she could hear what was going on in the baby’s room. And this is what she heard.

(Oh, you little girl approached the crib, and, after the customary courtcesies, said Tell me about God. I’m starting to forget. Oh, my; yes.)

The adults with children thought the Rogue Scouts a fine idea (Dan and Mary Grace, for instance, and Don), but I also went among the kids, suggesting this idea, recruiting. It was William who was most explicit for them all: Yes, yes, he said: fires, and knives, and picking and camping out, and learning all this stuff: Oh I want to do this. (Remember Katya Zabados? She and William Good, and Hank Brand, and Jon Cowell, are four rogue scouts, and lots of other kids, too.) We must work out a dicker with the BSA people (not, regrettably, with the SSA people, because they have wobbled on the wilderness focus) on how we can become Eagle Scouts, even though they are Rogue Scouts.
But doesn’t this sound like fun? We’ll all become Rogue Scoutmasters. The canoeing trip will become a teaching ground for the children. We promise that when qualified, they get to carry a knife and light fires. They learn how to save themselves in whirlpools, and to rescue others.... Oh, what exuberantly peacecorpsian kids we shall have, growing up in our midst.

So, that’s how the weekend went. Others have memories and stories just as lengthy (and this is only a portion of my own, but I know we’re limited by a 29 cent stamp.) Wasn’t it indeed fine, oh you who were there, and don’t you regret your absence, oh you who were absent with falsely pressing appointments?

Our best campout indeed.

June 18, 1991

Walter A. Zeltner
6187 Sun Valley Pkwy.
Oregon, Wisconsin 53575

Dear Walter:

On behalf of the entire staff of Africa News Service, I wish to thank you and the Returned Peace Corps Volunteers of Wisconsin-Madison for your donation of $300.00. This will help us to reach our projected goals and continue to be a voice for Africa in the United States. We could not do it without your steadfast support.

Africa News Service will be participating in the Peace Corps’ 30th Anniversary Conference Celebrations in Washington, DC by exhibiting our cookbook and newsletter in the Exhibits Pavilion. I certainly hope that you and other members of your group will stop by so that we may thank you in person!

Sincerely,

Alice L. Sharpe
Associate Director of Communications
RPCVs of WISCONSIN MEMBERSHIP UPDATE:

NEW MEMBERS:
6/92 ARNOLD, Frederick & Barbara  1242 Meadowlark Dr., Madison, WI 53716.
   Home:  222-2740   Work:  246-6166  Malaysia 1966-67
   Work:  246-6788
1/92 BEST, Bruce  5213 Shawano Terrace, Madison, WI 53705.
   Home:  238-9598   Work:  553-8484  Philippines 1972-78
6/92 CHEPPAIKODI, Barbara  1217 Macarthur Rd., Madison, WI 53714.
   Home:  251-6919   Work:  252-8300
1/92 EDELMAN, Harry  2514 Van Hise, Madison, WI 53705.
6/92 HALPIN, Patricia  2242 Independence Ln., Madison, WI 53704.
1/92 HEIDEL, Brian  2243 Woodview Ct. #29, Madison, WI 53713.

ADDRESS CHANGES
1/92 McCARTHY, Cheryl  Maputo, Dept. of State, Washington, DC 20521-2330.
   Home:  238-9598   Work:  362-9231  Brazil 1972-75
1/92 URBAN, Ruth  Palomino Lane, Apt. 1, Madison, WI 53705.

Cathie Boyles has moved out of state. Please drop her from the Membership Directory and the Phone Tree.

Kathleen Quinian and Char Kalsow-Thompson have rejoined (Exp. Dates: 1/92). Edward Cothroll has rejoined (Exp. Date: 8/92). Linda Kustka has rejoined (Exp. Date: 1/93). Robert Carter has rejoined (Exp. Date: 10/92) and he worked in Nigeria 1966-67. Bruce and Judy Newton have rejoined (Exp. Date: 8/93).

15 Symptoms of Chronic Peace Corps Withdrawal (C.P.C.W)

by Dr. Harvey Heimweh, M.D.*

1. Guilty feelings about your indulgent lifestyle.
2. Salivating when you hear polyrythmic music.
3. Decorating more than two rooms of your house with host country memorabilia.
4. The desire to do everything outdoors.
5. Confusion between "immediately" and "by next week."
6. Greetings exceeding three sentences or eight seconds.
7. Depreciating comments about American beer.
8. Subscribing to magazines normally found only in libraries.
9. Anxiety induced insomnia from lack of mosquito net in bedroom.
10. A fixation with ethnic restaurants.
11. Feeling nostalgic when your commuter bus is filled to overcapacity.
12. Involuntarily using foreign swear words and interjections.
13. Considering yourself better informed about developing countries than top level State Department officials.
14. The inability to use the left hand when making cash transactions.
15. Reaching for the pepper before the salt.

*Journal of Occupational Dysfunction
Bhutan 1969-1971
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: ___________________________________________
  ___________________________________________
Present Job: ___________________________ Service Dates: ___________________________
  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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