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Greets Volunteers (left) Jane Keple and Theresa Frisk, and returned Volunteer Freda Martin at the

Apple Gives Computer To Botswana

Apple Computers of Cupertino, Calif., has donated a computer system to Peace Corps for use at Self-Help School in Botswana, Africa.

"The small computer system will be used primarily to train students in data entry," says Botswana Country Desk Officer David Brown. "This will increase their chances of employment with firms in Botswana that do use computers."

Peace Corps Volunteer Bob Higgs of Monroeville, Pa., a teacher at the Self-Help School who has been in Botswana since 1981, is responsible for the donation.

Before joining Peace Corps, Higgs had worked with computers. After arriving in Palapye, a village northeast of Gaborone, Botswana's capital, he began to solicit U.S. companies for computers to introduce computer teaching systems to students.

As a result of his efforts, Higgs donated an \$8,000 small computer system and all the software.

The school's student population consists of Botswana's least advantaged

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Volunteers Greet President During Costa Rica Visit

Peace Corps Volunteers and staff served in the welcoming party when President Reagan visited San Jose, Costa Rica in December, as part of his four-nation Latin American Tour.

Co-Country Directors Pepe and Jean Lujan served as official escorts for Presidential aides James Baker and Michael Deaver.

The President's trip in support of the changing emphasis towards democracy in the Americas was focused on restoring economic growth to the Western Hemisphere and the President's Caribbean Basin Initiative. "This will be a journey for the cause of democracy and peace," declared the President upon his departure for South America.

In conjunction with the President's visit, Peace Corps Director Loret Miller Ruppe announced Peace Corps' participation in a joint project with the Agency for International Development (AID) and the Costa Rican Ministry for Plan-

ning some of the most needy rural communities of this Central American nation.

Peace Corps' involvement in the Presidential visit came at the request

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Use Private Sector More, Council Advises President

"... in praise of those Volunteers who have effectively served their country and their host communities, often under trying circumstances."

That's the first thought of the thirty-member Peace Corps Advisory Council's report to President Reagan, submitted this month after a six-month study of the agency.

Chaired by Diana D. S. Denman, a San Antonio, Tx., rancher and David L. Jones, a New York City consultant and former top executive of Pepsi Cola, the Council's report

on the two topics of private development and public awareness. Initially, the group developed major suggestions regarding the topic:

Private Sector. (1) Private government (and other government agencies) should: make available training programs to Volunteers; adopt a project or program overseas to encourage host countries to encourage small-scale marketing; (2) Adopt a Volunteer pilot program

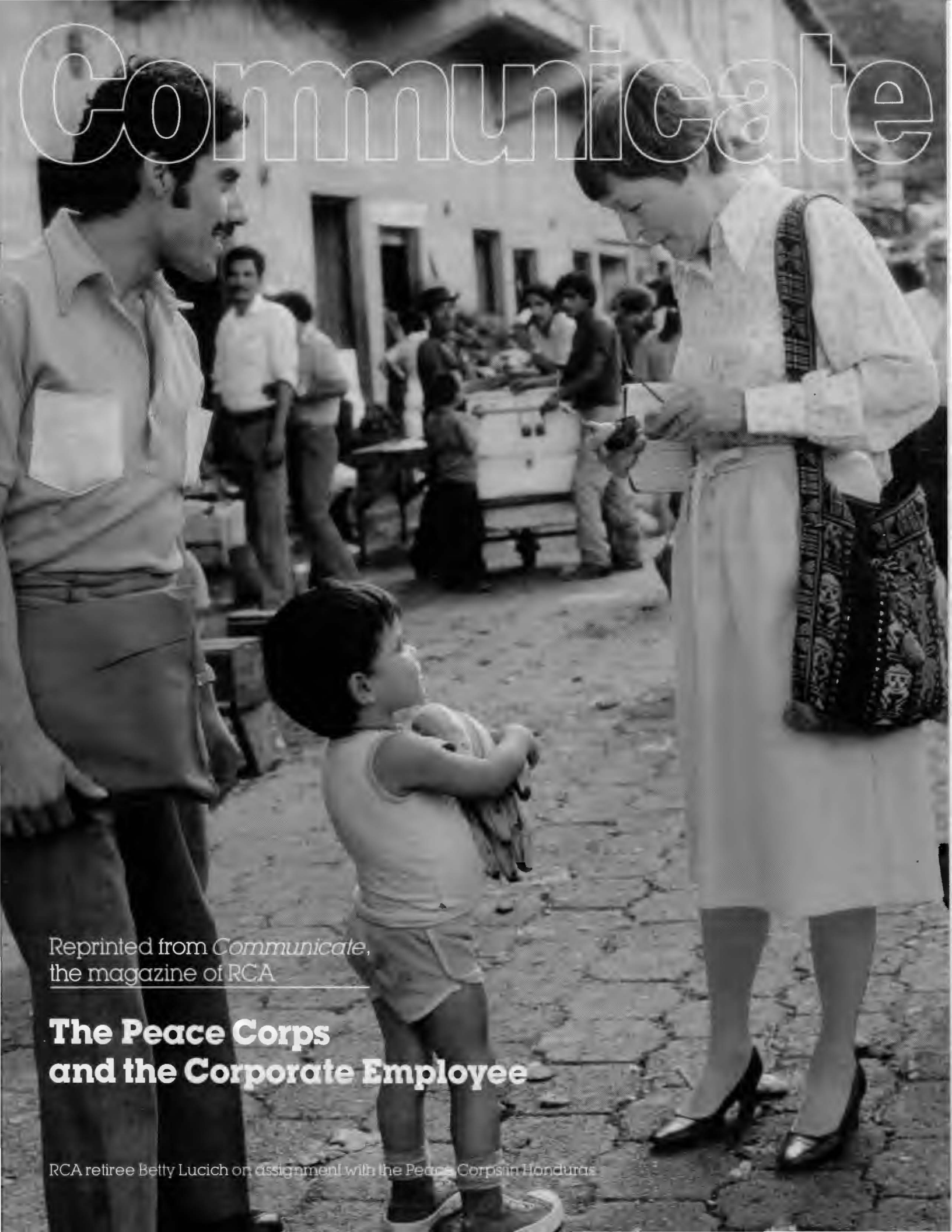
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Communicate



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The Peace Corps and the Corporate Employee

RCA retiree Betty Lucich on assignment with the Peace Corps in Honduras

"You Look Like Us, But You Wear Lipstick"

Former Peace Corps volunteers now working for RCA Corporation have some good stories to tell—and some thoughts on how the experience changed their lives

Whatever changes the Peace Corps has seen in the tumultuous years since its inception, its original goals remain constant: to promote world peace and friendship and to improve mutual understanding between Americans and the people of other nations. Since the first planeload of volunteers—"PCVs"—touched down at Accra, Ghana, in 1961, an additional 80,000 have served in 85 developing countries, with nearly 6,000 on current two-year assignments.

Today, returned volunteers are making contributions in all areas of American life. Recently, ex-PCVs now working for RCA Corporation recalled their experiences and reflected on how the Peace Corps shaped their lives:

If it hadn't been for Humphrey Bogart, **Nancy Tollefson** might never have gone to Sierra Leone.

"I was living in a sorority house at the University of Kansas," recalls Ms. Tollefson, a financial cost analyst for RCA Cablevision Systems in Van Nuys, Calif. "College was fun but I looked forward to doing something a little different after graduation." After seeing *The African Queen*, the 1953 film classic with Bogart and Katherine Hepburn, she says. "I knew I had to see Africa."

For two years starting in the summer of 1977, Ms. Tollefson worked in Freetown, capital of Sierra Leone, as a statistician in the planning division of the department of education. "I had an office downtown," she says, "but the best part of the job was traveling into the interior, collecting data on the schools and meeting the people."

The weather, however, proved less to her liking: searing equatorial heat interspersed with tropical rainstorms of unimaginable intensity. "The water would come down in sheets," she says. "The people didn't know what raindrops were." There were also some nasty run-ins with the local fauna, especially sharks (which menaced the very waters in which she water-skied), poisonous snakes (including one eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation with a



Then and now: Nancy Tollefson.

five-foot hooded cobra), and the infamous tumba fly, which often lays eggs in drying laundry. "You'd have to iron everything 16 times or else the flies would dig into your skin and drive you mad with itching," she says. "Once I had 26 at the same time."

Other encounters were friendlier. Walking on the beach one morning, she met three Chinese men, one of them wearing an oriental rice planter's hat. "When I admired it, he insisted that I have it," she says. "I agreed to accept his hat only in exchange for mine. We made the swap, thanked each other warmly, and went our separate ways, I in my sun hat, he in a Kansas City Royals baseball cap. Later I found out he was the Chinese ambassador to Sierra Leone."

Ms. Tollefson returned to Kansas in January, 1980, then moved to southern California, where she joined RCA. "My Peace Corps experience taught me to be less critical of things not familiar to me," she says. "It helped me shed my blinders."

To her students at Woizero Sisin Secondary School in Ethiopia, **Arwilda Haynes** was something of an enigma. Black like themselves, she wore western dress, down to the tennis sneakers she taught in, and spoke only halting Amharic. Her first day in class the kids cackled in glee at the sight of her name on the blackboard. The first syllable, she later learned, is a local profanity.

"The Peace Corps really opened my eyes," says Ms. Haynes, who served from 1962-64 and is today Manager, Safety and Insurance, at the RCA facility in Lancaster, Pa. "I grew up in Mineola, Texas, where segregation was a way of life and Africa might as well have been part of another galaxy." But she was 21, fresh out of college, and "full of

"My Peace Corps experience taught me to be less critical of things not familiar to me. It helped me shed my blinders."



idealism and wanderlust." Her brother Albert joined with her, "and our parents backed us 100 percent."

At the school, a 12-hour drive north of the Ethiopian capital of Addis Ababa, Ms. Haynes joined a staff of 25 and taught typing, shorthand and bookkeeping. She roomed with four other PCVs in town, where, she recalls, life was more than amenable. The weather was cool, the insects innocuous, and she learned easily to boil her drinking water and eat with her hands. With some-what more effort she adjusted to life as an object of daily curiosity.

"I'd get stares on buses and in shopping bazaars," she says, "just like other PCVs all over the world." But in Africa, black Americans are a special cause of incredulity. "You look like us," her students would tell her. "But you wear lipstick."

Home from Ethiopia, Ms. Haynes earned an M.B.A. degree from Indiana University and later taught in Mississippi, where she was swept up in the civil rights movement in the mid-1960s. With her husband Bill—a former PCV from Malaysia—she settled in Lancaster in 1972.

"The Peace Corps was a growing experience for me in a lot of ways," she says today. "It made me a lot more willing to reach out and take risks and less quick to judge people different from myself."

Rod and Karen Angle had little notion of what they would be doing for the next two years when they stepped ashore on the tiny Panamanian island of Bastimentos in the fall of 1965. Reachable only by boat—the Angles motored out from the Panama coast in a 12-foot dugout—Bastimentos was a community of endless needs, impoverished and

Lancaster's Arwilda Haynes.



Ex-Panama volunteer Rod Angle.

underdeveloped. "There was virtually no electricity, few paved streets, and work was low-paying and seasonal," says Rod, who today is a member of the Technical Staff at RCA Laboratories in Princeton.

For his first project, Rod rounded up a work crew of 15 and set out to install street lamps along the island's mile-long main drag by Christmas. "There were some light poles lying around and an unused diesel generator and the job didn't seem like a big deal, but nobody believed we could bring it off." When the lights went up—on deadline—Rod was hailed as a miracle worker. "My landlady even bowed to me and called me God."

Having established his credentials, Rod promised himself "not to push any project the people really didn't want." The vow hardly left him idle. He ordered cement from the Panama government and helped put in sidewalks, taught third and fourth grade math and science, encouraged local farmers to vaccinate their cattle, and, with Karen, started a 4-H club in their house. Karen also ran hygiene classes for the women at the cantina, a local gathering spot.

The Angles, who joined the Peace Corps out of the University of Kansas, returned to the U.S. in 1967. "I joined out of a feeling that my life had been devoted to myself and it was time to do something for others," says Rod. Among their souvenirs of

"You can't imagine the humidity. When we got off the plane, it was like being hit with a wall of water."



Bastimentos are a taste for broiled iguana and wild boar, the lingering odor of mildew in the books they brought with them and back ("You can't imagine the humidity—when we got off the plane, it was like being hit with a wall of water") and thousands of color slides, which their three children view with unmasked envy. Says their dad, "They're dying to go. Maybe some day."

Raised in New York, **Bruce Felton** had never been further from home than Chicago when he joined the Peace Corps in the late 1960s. His venture took him to southeast Asia, via six weeks' training in an abandoned schoolhouse in Hawaii.

"I was in Sarawak, Malaysia, a land of tropical rain forests in northern Borneo," says Felton, who is Director, Internal Communications, and editor of this magazine. "I taught high school English in a small frontier town called Bau, about ten miles from the Indonesian border."

Some of Felton's earliest impressions of Sarawak, he says, remain his most vivid: "Whether you were in a classroom, a village half a day's hike into the bush, or a fancy downtown store, there were always a half-dozen or more tiny 'chik-chak' lizards skittering along the walls and ceiling at any given moment. They'd even dart across screens in theaters and turn up in your laundry. In restaurants, it was considered proper to inspect your straw for bugs before sipping a soft drink and to mix in a large pinch of salt. Popular dishes included dog, 'rat noodles,' ice cream sandwiches made with real bread, and durian, a strange-looking fruit with the consistency and smell of rancid cheese. In hotel bathrooms, there was a shower-head on the wall and a drain in the floor. When you turned on the shower, the whole room became a shower stall."



Bruce Felton (seated at right).

Felton found the people of Sarawak, a mix of Chinese, aboriginal Dayaks, Malays, and Indians, "generous and hospitable," and the living comfortable. But he wouldn't have guessed it to be a very pleasant place from the government-published "English-Malay Phrase Book" he was handed his first week in the country. "The first three phrases on page one," he says, reading from the battered paperback, "are: 'Wait while I remove these leeches,' 'I have been bitten by sandflies,' and 'The cockroaches have eaten my shirt.'"



Doña Betty

The ex-PCVs profiled on these pages waited till after college before joining the Peace Corps. Betty Lucich waited till she retired.

"I got hooked on joining through an article in a retiree's magazine after leaving the company in 1975," says the 61-year-old Ms. Lucich, who has been in Tegucigalpa, Honduras, since last fall serving as an actuarial troubleshooter for a merchants' savings and loan cooperative.

Often addressed as "Doña Betty," she'll be in Honduras through November, 1982. After that? "Working for the Agency for International Development and VISTA are both possibilities. I certainly won't be looking to retire." ●

Betty Lucich chats with a Tegucigalpa merchant.

Update: Doña Betty



Tegucigalpa, Honduras, is a city of hilly streets, blistering weather, and endless surprises. RCA retiree Betty Lucich talks about her current experiences as a Peace Corps volunteer there—and her plans for the future

Editor's note: Since the original appearance of the following story in June, 1982, RCA retiree Betty Lucich has completed her Peace Corps service in Honduras and returned home to Northridge, Calif.

With her two-year hitch as a Peace Corps volunteer in Honduras soon to run out, Betty Lucich figures it's not too early to think about packing. It's *far* too early, however, to think about retiring. "The Peace Corps," she says, "is just a beginning."

Ms. Lucich, now 62, has been in Tegucigalpa, bustling capital city of the Central American republic, since September, 1980. Her assignment: actuarial troubleshooting for a merchants' savings and loan cooperative. "I got hooked on joining the Peace Corps through an article in a retiree magazine after leaving RCA in 1975," she says. While it seemed a daring move at the time, her closest

Betty Lucich makes the rounds of Tegucigalpa's open markets with co-op officers Carlos Flores (left) and Melchor Nunez.

"When you are first introduced to someone, it is common to be asked, 'How old are you?'"

friends and two grown children were hardly surprised. After all, she had already traveled extensively throughout Latin America and the South Pacific and taken part in an Earthwatch archaeological dig off the coast of Ecuador.

"Actually, my first choice for Peace Corps service was not Central America, but Africa," she says. "I was hoping to get into communal vegetable gardening." But her current assignment is by no means inappropriate.

"I'd had a lifetime of accounting experience, with RCA and elsewhere," she says, "and since bookkeeping methods here are much the same as in the States, it's fairly easy recognizing debits from credits—even if the books are six months behind." Like most volunteers in Honduras and elsewhere in the Third World, she finds her work by turns challenging, gratifying, and frustrating.

To be sure, advance planning "doesn't seem to be a major priority here," she reports. "Buses jammed to bursting with passengers, live poultry, mail, and merchandise often pull into a gas station because the tank has gone dry. The phones and electricity often go dead with no notice. The downtown stores right now have displays of Halloween masks and Valentine candy. The windows say 'Merry Christmas.'"

Although her age is more than twice the average for Peace Corps volunteers, Ms. Lucich sets a fast pace through her nine- and ten-hour days. ("I'm not the oldest volunteer in my group," she is quick to point out. "There is a 70-year-old anesthesiologist assigned to a hospital.") Much of her time is spent in an office, but there is ample opportunity to mingle with the merchants served by the co-op and to record her impressions of life in the crowded metropolis:

"Tegucigalpa is cool by night, blistering by day, and as hilly as San Francisco. The streets are thronged with vendors selling newspapers, cotton candy, fruit, soft drinks, and nacatamales. These are large tamales stuffed with meat, potatoes, rice, olives, tomatoes, sometimes raisins, and I don't know what else." But Honduras is self-sufficient in few industries, "and there are frequent shortages of everything, including staples like eggs." Housing too is scarce and expensive, and creature comforts, living standards, and health care are a far cry from what she had been used to back home in Northridge, Calif. "In Honduras," she says, "a sixth-grade education is considered excellent."

The people? "Friendly, helpful, and polite. I am often addressed as Doña Betty and offered seats



A day in the life of Betty Lucich includes a lunchtime stroll downtown with co-worker Belinda Juarez (right) and a visit with a co-op merchant.

"I had no choice but to learn Spanish, since English is rarely heard here."



on buses. When you are first introduced to someone, it is common to be asked, 'How old are you?' " Ms. Lucich spoke no Spanish when she showed up for pre-assignment training in Miami two summers ago; now she is fluent enough to do her job and manage most social and professional situations. "I had no choice but to learn the language, since English is rarely heard here," she says.

She still practices her Spanish on host-country friends every chance she has, although some Hondureños insist on practicing their *English* on her. That, she says, can be frustrating. Local English students have also posed some knotty linguistic questions that never cropped up back home. "One young man asked me, 'What is this word, "gonna?"' I hear it all the time, but my teacher cannot find it in the dictionary.' " A pair of her co-workers, both around 20, have developed a unique way of fine-tuning their English. "They walk around with transistor radios tuned constantly to a station that plays nothing but low-grade American rock songs—stuff like *My Eyes Adore You*, *I'm Gonna Make It With You*, and *Come On Over Tonight*. They both love to sing along, and their pronunciation, phrasing and inflections are perfect. When I asked if they understood what they were singing, they laughed and said, 'Not a word.' The fact, is neither speaks any English."

Away from her job, Ms. Lucich has found time to experience aspects of Honduran life that would normally be inaccessible to tourists or business travelers. "With my Honduran host families, I have been to a wedding in a local Baptist church; a large birthday party with music, dancing, and a piñata like those in Mexico; a burial service; and a high school graduation ceremony held in a large soccer stadium." There was also a memorable visit to the nearby town of Santa Lucia, marked by "steep cobblestone streets, tile roofs, a big white church, and green mountains all around."

But all has not been smooth sailing. So far, Ms. Lucich has contracted amoebic dysentery and food poisoning, suffered a nasty fall on a rain-slick street, and been stung in her sleep by a scorpion. The low point in her Peace Corps sojourn came when her host family's dog attacked her, scratching her face badly and gouging out a sufficiently big chunk of her arm to require plastic surgery and 22 stitches. "The worst part," she says, "is that it was my adding machine arm." The wound has long since healed, although a nasty scar remains. These days she makes her home in a boarding house four blocks from the office.

"It's nice having such an easy commute," she says. Unlikely words from a woman with such a pronounced passion for long-distance travel. ●

"RCA is pleased to honor the Peace Corps
and the men and women who make up this distinguished organization.
Volunteers contribute to better American foreign relations
while serving their host nation and gain valuable experience for careers
in private industry, the professions, or government service."

Thornton F. Bradshaw
Chairman and Chief Executive Officer
RCA Corporation

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