

There is no typical returned Peace Corps volunteer. There are as many individual approaches to life as there are returned Volunteers—namely 12,000.

But the Peace Corps has discovered that the returning Volunteer is nonetheless a new breed of American, different and special despite his protests to the contrary. He is not someone who will slip, as one official put it, "into the bog of affluent living."

Sophisticated, mature, toughened, confident and independent, the returned Volunteer refuses to be cast into a mold. Place two of them together and the odds will favor a debate.

However, a closer look at the records will disclose, albeit hazily, a pattern that is to some extent common to all.

Almost invariably, the returned Volunteer seeks a job, education or a personal mode of life that will enable him to make a contribution.

The chances are he is the sort of person who would have done so anyway, but there is no doubt that two years of Peace Corps service propels him ever more strongly into a way of life where service never really ends.

Peace Corps Fifth Annual Report

Four for the Peace Corps





Vera Colbert

“Poor Vera, she won’t make it.”

“When I faced graduation from Bennett College, ‘The Negro Vassar’, there was no engagement ring, no promise of a teaching job in Atlanta. I don’t suppose I had any well defined goals; I’d changed my major three times and I wasn’t an ‘A’ student. I was interested in archeology, but my family thought this was farfetched and impractical. I guess you’d say I felt introverted and inferior.”

If you could meet the Vera Colbert of 1967, it would be difficult to visualize her as ever being introverted—physically delicate and fragile, yes, but not introverted. The Peace Corps doesn’t cause a complete metamorphosis in anyone, but in Vera’s case, it has perhaps brought to the surface qualities which she always had—poise, warmth, effervescence, sensitivity,

and a penchant for challenge.

As an only child raised in Macon, Georgia, Vera had a sheltered beginning. She attended segregated schools with low academic standards and her only contact with “foreign people” was in Atlantic City where she spent the summers with her grandmother.

Vera’s parents pushed her to go to college. They encouraged her, but her teachers warned her, “Don’t dream of equalling.” Among her best friends were two students from Panama and Nigeria. Her favorite teacher of Spanish was a Cuban refugee. In retrospect, Vera says, “I identified with those who needed friends; I appreciated the fact that they might not be a regular part of society.”

She thought about the Peace Corps in passing when, as a junior,

she was assigned to welcome to Bennett a returned Volunteer from the Philippines. The campus was inclined toward international affairs but when Vera applied for Peace Corps service in February 1964, her friends were shocked. There was no girl friend to talk to about it—no one who thought she might succeed, except her professors at Bennett. “They encouraged me, but that was different.” Her friends teased her about the “Kiddie Corps” and quietly commented, “Poor Vera, she won’t make it.”

“When that official, invitation bearing envelope arrived from Washington, I was scared. I didn’t know what was going on. I wasn’t familiar with the Peace Corps process you know—it all happened so fast and my parents didn’t even know I had applied. I wanted to go to Peru or Chile. I never heard of British Honduras but I accepted the invitation immediately, because I didn’t want to take the chance of turning it down. I later learned another girl in my class had been invited to Ethiopia and one to Malaysia. I didn’t ask my folks; I just told them. My mother was frightened but she didn’t fall apart.”

Vera graduated on June 1. She reported for Peace Corps training at the University of Maryland on June 15. It was her first direct experience in an unsegregated society—“There were seven single girls in my training group, two from the East, three from California, one from Casper, Wyoming and me, Negro and from Georgia—Yes, you can believe I felt nervous and I didn’t like to talk to anyone because of my Southern accent and all.

Training was rough, with classes and seminars six days a week from 8 a.m. to 9 p.m.

We studied ‘Espanol de la cocina’, kitchen Spanish. I thought the program was adequate, but in some ways we were prepared for a situation more difficult than we found. In B. H. I never saw a snake and had to look hard for a horse. During the three weeks at Camp Crozier, (our outward bound training camp in Puerto Rico), I didn’t do much of that physical fitness stuff; all I had ever known was sand-lot baseball. I didn’t know how to climb rocks and swim. I explained that to the instructors and they seemed to understand.

I was upset when my roommate



Vera had a remarkable rapport with the younger members of the Corozal community, so important to the success of all Peace Corps activities.

was de-selected at the final board. She was the girl from Casper, Wyoming and the only one of our group of seven who was selected out. I never really knew why she didn’t make it and I don’t think she knew either. We’re still friends, and I see her when I’m in Washington. She’s teaching here, and I guess she has her own little Peace Corps going.”

After two weeks with her family and friends, Vera Colbert departed for Corozal, British Honduras. She spent two days at the Consulate in Belize and a few weeks in a questionable local hotel in Corozal.

“I was pretty disappointed after those first few weeks. I was anxious to know the people and get on with it.”

It didn’t take Vera long to establish herself. She was the only female teacher in a Catholic secondary school, but there was one

other PCV teacher there, a male. The local priest was also the principal of her school. There were a number of Papal Volunteers at the school and in January, another girl from Vera’s training program came to Corozal.

“I was a little jealous of my role in the school, I guess. For a town of 30,000, I thought Corozal had too many Volunteers. I thought we were clannish and I didn’t feel enough like a local. I loved being with the other Volunteers, but thought my contact with them limited me in associating with the nationals. I wanted to go it alone.”

Vera taught typing and shorthand in the secondary school and at night she worked with adults and school drop-outs. The equipment was poor so she became a typewriter repairman as well as personal counselor to many students. Most of Vera’s girls got married or worked in the sugar cane factories of Corozal. Very few pursued any further education.

“Everybody in Corozal either cuts cane, stacks cane, processes cane or raises cane! Most of the sugar is shipped to England.

There is very little contact be-



Happiness is becoming a valuable member of a foreign community and being accepted by young and old alike. Appreciation for work well done comes in many forms. That look on Vera’s friend’s face tells us we must be doing something right.

COVER—Part of 1000 returned Peace Corps Volunteers at 1965 Washington Conference at which hundreds of adventures such as those found here were exchanged.



*Vera happily discovered the joy of new, warm, and lasting friendships.
"Mrs. Codd was a fat, jolly, mother of the world — she was a mess."*

tween the British and native people. Castilians, Creoles, Carribs, Mexicans and Indians make Corozal the melting pot of the world."

Vera fought the "manana" spirit and there were those lonely times when she felt like packing up and coming home, but there were two great joys in her life—her landlady and her music.

"Mrs. Codd was a fat, jolly, mother of the world—she was a mess. She couldn't write but read a little. Her husband died just before I came to Corozal and she continued running his drug store although she was far from a qualified druggist. Her best friend, Miss Dolly, was a card cutter, what we call a fortune teller. Miss Dolly frightened me a little at first. She was huge, smoked Mexican cigarettes, had buggy eyes and was the town gossip.

I wish you could have seen Mrs. Codd's house. When I moved in, she started making improvements. I bought a kerosene refrigerator in 1964 and I think that started it all. In '65 she bought a bath tub and later a gas stove. The chickens used to come into the kitchen, so she put screens on the windows. But the greatest thing she did: when my parents came down for a visit after my first year, I went to meet them in Belize . . . we arrived at Mrs. Codd's and she'd had the house painted! I loved that house. It was a half block away from the bay. I used to walk in the evenings

by the water watching the sun set. I guess I'd seen the sunset in Macon, but it was never beautiful like that.

Mrs. Codd taught me to cook. On Mondays we had red beans with rice; on Tuesdays, black beans with rice; on Wednesdays, white beans with rice. Then, on Thursday, we started over backwards with rice and red beans, and so on to Sunday. Once a fisherman gave me a huge ten-pound red snapper. We ate all we could and then we called in the neighbors to finish off the leftovers. It was marvelous.

Aside from Mrs. Codd, I had another kind of social life. We started a non-Volunteer singing group with a guitar, marimbas and other local music-makers. We entertained ourselves and everybody else with Spanish songs and Creole spirituals. One of the fellows in the group taught at the Catholic School, but he left when he got an assistantship at the University of Kentucky. That sort of broke up our group, because he was the guitar player.

I was never really sick overseas. I had bronchitis and measles. The Peace Corps doctors came ever so often to give us hepatitis shots. The staff didn't support us very actively, but they made regular visits to Corozal, and I went to the Capital city to meet with them now and then. They were always accessible in case of a crisis, but fortunately, we didn't have any."

It was hard for Vera to leave

British Honduras in August of 1966. Her landlady went as far as Yucatan with her; their parting must have been an odd scene to passers-by. Mrs. Codd thought she would never see Vera again.

"I haven't changed so much, but the Peace Corps has, in a way, separated me from Macon, from Bennett, from my old friends. There are some things I never want to be a part of again but there are some other things I never want to lose. I'm proud of my identity now, I'm proud of Negro spirituals and my ethnic heritage—these are the things I will always hold on to. I want to live at a slower pace so I'll always be aware of what's happening around me and concerned about the people I know. I'd like to go back overseas, maybe to Africa next time, with the Peace Corps or any other group where I could be with the real people, the common people.

I may decide to get an M.A. in Spanish or even go back to Atlanta or New Orleans, but wherever I go, I want to look at the sky without breaking my neck, I want to see those sunsets."

Today, Vera is a Peace Corps recruiter. She has travelled all over the South for the last six months, verbalizing her experiences as a Volunteer, encouraging young Negro students.

"As a recruiter, I talk to everybody, not just the 'A' students. I want to explain away their inferiority and convince all of them to make the plunge. I recruit for more than the Peace Corps. It's like being a PCV again—I'm an attitude changer, maybe even a missionary. Lack of exposure has crippled Negro colleges in the past, but they're changing and I want to help them change."

Vera returned to Bennett College this fall where she met with graduating seniors who remembered the quiet, introverted Vera Colbert of the Class of '64. Thirty-six of Bennett's one hundred seniors applied for Peace Corps service.

She will probably go back to Macon, back to British Honduras, back to Mrs. Codd and Miss Dolly and the school, but there's a lot more world out there and Vera Colbert is liable to find it, for she is today only 24 years old.

“The Turks didn’t know who Steve Allen was.”

“One week-end I had a date with a Stanford girl. Funny, I don’t even remember her name. Anyway, I picked her up at the library where she worked. I’d seen Shriver the week before and while I was waiting for her I noticed a post card saying the Peace Corps test was being given the next morning. She caught me being interested and when we went to a party later, everyone teased me about it. After all that partying, I got up at seven the next morning and that damn test took eight hours. Those were the old days, baby!”

Steve Allen grew up in Beverly Hills, California. His father was a television producer — they lived well, Steve and his twin sister and his brother and his six aquariums filled with tropical fish. He was probably gregarious even then,

entertaining the neighborhood and birthday party groups with his own magic shows and fast talking marionettes.

“My dad died when I was sixteen. Sure it was traumatic. I guess it made me more independent because I was the oldest man then, but I didn’t feel any real insecurity. My mother wanted things to be like they had always been, so I still played the brother role. I missed those latent teen-age times — I wasn’t allowed that privilege.”

Steve entered the University of California at Berkeley in the fall of 1958. During his sophomore year his mother died suddenly and the family was uprooted to San Francisco to live with his grandmother.

“I wasn’t a student per se, but I was an impulse thinker. I got side-tracked into economic theory.

It was all right and I could work with it, like playing a game of chess. Berkeley was big and impersonal and I wasn’t attached to any particular groups, but I got involved in various unimportant activities. I studied a lot and went to concerts and lectures. I had some really great professors, and you know, the diversity and the atmosphere there made it more than just an education.

Hell, I don’t know how I got interested in the Peace Corps. It just struck me. It was a positive, not a negative thing to do and it was something different and unknown. I got an invitation to go to Turkey and I couldn’t even find anybody who knew anything about it. I talked to my Uncle and he said, O.K.; however, my grandmother wasn’t as convinced. It was

Steve takes time out from a busy schedule to participate in a friendly game of Tavla, the Turkish counterpart of our Backgammon and enjoy a bit of coffeehouse life. The learning process takes place in various settings.





Steve and his partner Eric Olsen confronting a group of their students in Ceyhan's town square. This picture underlines the total involvement of the teaching volunteer both in and outside the classroom.

weird—The Peace Corps wanted me to teach English and I had to learn Turkish to do it. I almost didn't graduate from Berkeley because I had difficulty with an easy language like Spanish. Really, I mean it, I took this freshman Spanish class with silly, smart little girls when I was a senior and I made a D-, by the grace of God."

Four days after graduation from Berkeley, Stephen came to Washington to begin training at the University of Maryland.

"I'd been east before, but this time I was scared. I hit Washington

on Sunday and I couldn't find a place to have a drink. The next day I got a bus to College Park. There were all these funny looking characters on the bus and would you believe it? They were the trainees! Yes sir, there I was and it was hot, hot, hot. I had never seen a campus like that with all the brick and columns. After a while the Jeffersonian architecture bored me. Ours was far from 'Southern Comfort', as we lived in trailers behind the campus.

After one week I decided the people weren't so funny looking and I had to learn something. I thought

training was great—I loved it—I devoured it like a sponge. For the first time in my life education had relevance, because I knew I was going to use what I learned. You see, Turkish history is contemporary; it's still happening. The revolution of 1960 was not so far away and it all seemed terribly real to me.

Our program was interesting, too, because it was an early one. We were a real slice of life any way you looked at it. We were all very different and sort of far out and nobody was knowledgeable about Peace Corps. Ours was the first

group to Turkey and we knew we had to make it. If one person made one faux pas, it was all over for everybody. The Turks didn't know anything about the Peace Corps and they weren't too eager to have us, so we clung together and there were no quitters."

Forty teachers and agriculturalists departed from New York for Paris, Rome, Istanbul and finally Ankara in August of 1962.

"I'd brought enough tooth paste to brush the teeth of the entire U. S. Army and found the Turks had well equipped drug stores.

The bus ride from Ankara airport to the city was beautiful. The sun was going down; it was dusty and there were peasants along the roadside. When I saw Ankara, I thought, 'What a one horse town'. A year later, this was Manhattan!

We had two weeks of in-country training at the teachers college in Ankara. It was a waste since we couldn't understand the Turkish lectures. The food was incredibly horrible so at the end of our two weeks we went out to a great hotel for 'the last supper'.

The next day Eric Olsen and I were the first to leave. Our Rep. put us on the train and said, 'So long fellows. See you in a couple of years.' Eric was my partner and he was a good guy. His name in Turkish means, 'it is a plum.' The kids loved that and constantly called him, it is a plum, an apple, a pear, everything. For the first time in my life I got away from my name. The Turks didn't know who the hell Steve Allen was.

Anyway, we rode that stupid train on wooden seats for 14½ hours until we reached Ceyhan. It looked like a movie set; it was unreal. There was manure in the streets and rows of buildings and no people — only one little kid and his dog. It was hot and quiet and nothing moved. All of a sudden the train pulled out and we'd had it — we couldn't get out of there. We didn't know where to go or what to do, so we just stood there a long time. Finally we asked the kid where the school was — he ran away — just like that — poof! All of a sudden he reappeared with all the people in the town.

They ushered us off to the school

and introduced us to everybody in a very formal manner. The ingratiations went on for fifteen minutes and we drank tea all afternoon. We met Ali Simsek that day and he became our best friend, our confidante.

I guess our biggest initial problem was with 'misafirlik', which means guest. The Turks love guests and this thing went on for four months with us. We were outsiders and they wouldn't let us reciprocate. It was genuine; they went out of their way to be kind and helpful and to stare, but this 'guestness' was overwhelming. Although they loved us as guests, it went only so far in the beginning months.

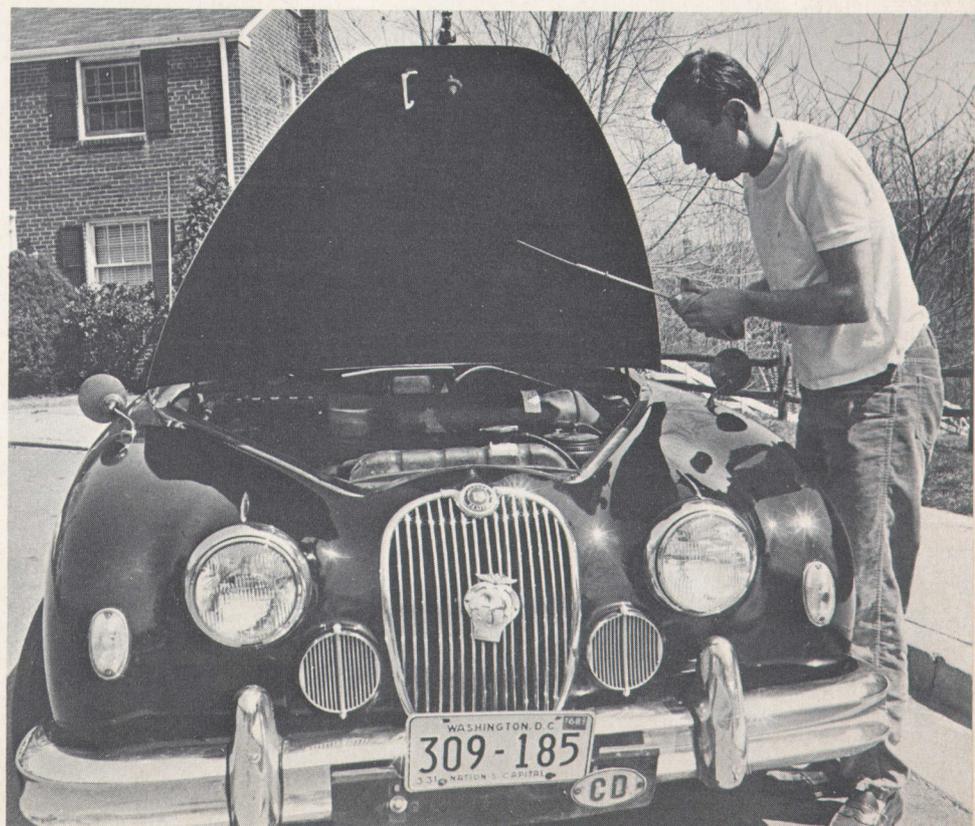
We had trouble finding a house to live in, too. The rent was high and we were frowned upon because we were bachelors. In a Muslim society, people don't trust bachelors. We finally did find a place. It was good on the inside — two bedrooms and a bathroom and all that, but you should have seen the outside. When Shriver came to see us, he loved it. 'This is a perfect Peace Corps house, he said. Who cares about the inside. The outside looks great!' It looked like hell.

Once we had a domain, the Turks were omnipresent. It appeared that they didn't have anything to do except drink and visit. Later, we realized that in an agricultural area like Ceyhan, farmers worked only two months out of the year. Every afternoon, our day students would follow us home to talk and when we'd come back from night classes, there would be ten people. We wanted to read and be alone, but what could we say?

We had lots of male friends, but we couldn't be friendly with the female teachers or even look at girls on the streets. We had to live like priests — it was tough, but we decided early in the game that we had to live the celibate life. It was the only way to erase that fear about bachelors and the additional fear that Turks had about foreigners in general — derived mainly from U. S. movies. You know, it took seven months for our friends to invite us into their homes. Once it started, it never stopped. But it was seven months before they trusted us.

My job was the easiest part. I could communicate, I spoke nice Turkish and it seemed I was a good teacher. The day-classes were

Now actively engaged in the administrative planning of the Peace Corps, Steve typifies the attitude of many returned Volunteers whose contributions and interest do not end after two years of service.



crowded and discipline was bad. The kids didn't care about English or anything else really, but the night-classes were great. We knew all the adults in town and they wanted to learn English. We had druggists and lawyers and that kind and then we had the peasants. It became a great sociological study. The 'in' group was there and the 'out' group was there and they all merged together. We had some real characters. The mayor wasn't too bright, but we didn't embarrass him. We talked about medicine in America, U. S. schools and home life here. One evening we would discuss how we grew up in the states and the next class meeting, they would explain how Turkish people live. It was a two-way street. It showed how our lives were parallel to theirs and yet different. They understood where we'd come from and we learned about them. 110 people came five nights a week for an hour and a half. I guess half of it was social, but they really learned English.

Our Müdür bey, the school principal, learned such good Peace Corps English that he became the Assistant Director of the Ford Foundation lycée in Ankara, the finest high school in the country.

We had an interesting summer project. I proposed a sports and English camp for the three or four top students from eighteen schools in which Peace Corps Volunteers taught. The Turkish Red Cross provided funds and let us use their camp site. The food was donated by CARE. Turkish teachers served as sports instructors and PCV's taught English. I thought the results were good, especially in swimming. Turkey is surrounded on three sides by water and none of those kids could swim. We dumped them all in and they sank, but they learned in a hurry."

After a year in Ceyhan, Steve was transferred to Ankara and Eric to another area. By joint decision of the staff and Volunteers, it seemed wise to have everybody move. Steve taught economics and English at the Middle Eastern Technical University.

"I had to re-adjust to living in Ankara and I don't think I ever really knew the city. It was too big and the people were too sophis-

ticated. My friends were middle class Turks who were educated, mostly my students and other teachers at the University. 85% of my class passed the English exams and I was pleased because I felt I had contributed to their success. Now that they knew English they could continue with University training.

I did some travelling while I was in Turkey. I used to take my students on week-end field trips, skin-diving and sight-seeing. We traveled through the area where Crusaders had passed and I was fascinated by the ancient castles and villages. There's still a lot of feudalism in Turkey; some whole towns are owned by one man. People live in sections, according to their income and education.

The two years went quickly and I suddenly woke up in my grandmother's house in San Francisco. I had applied to graduate school, but I wasn't really interested in it. I came east to Washington and stopped by the Peace Corps Office to see a friend, but never got out; I have been here almost three years now. The first year I was a recruiter for small colleges, covering approximately five schools a week. That year I visited 96 different campuses and I probably talked to 500 students a day. It was fun—I guess I am an innate recruiter, and it was easy for me to talk about Turkey. The next year (1966) I took a desk job, scheduling other people's recruiting visits. I was the deputy in the western region and then deputy in the northeast. I've done personnel work, statistical studies, systems analysis, almost everything in the five years I've been a part of the Peace Corps.

Sure, I've been offered lots of other jobs on Madison Avenue and in San Francisco, but the Peace Corps is exciting and keeps me alive. I know I'll have to leave here some day—cut the cord—and move on to other things, but when I do, I want to move to something I can be just as committed to as Peace Corps—something I can believe in and be a vital part of."

The people of Ceyhan, Ankara and Washington, D. C. won't forget him—loquacious, creative, probing, genuine—

Will the real Steve Allen please stand up!

The giant step from Floodwood to Esmeralda

"After graduating from high school in June of 1962, I ventured to Minneapolis to work as a secretary for the Dow Chemical Company. I stayed in a girls' club—a type of dormitory for working girls. My roommate was very interested in the Peace Corps. As I remember, I had never heard of the organization until she started telling me about it and showing me literature. I became more and more enthusiastic and finally sent to Washington for some information. An eight-page detailed application form was included in the packet returned to me. It took a good while to complete the application and, upon finishing, I remember thinking that surely, the Peace Corps must know more about me than I knew about myself."

Terry Dusek Perkins probably knows herself much better than the Peace Corps does, for as the following account will indicate, even at the age of nineteen, she possessed an unusual clarity of purpose and a realistic assessment of her abilities.

"I was raised on a small dairy farm in northern Minnesota, the oldest of five girls and two boys. Because the boys were very young, much of the work and responsibility was given to me. (It seemed very strange to go to Chile and find that girls did not work in the fields and seldom milked cows.) I attended grade school and high school in Floodwood (population 700), about 40 miles northeast of Duluth, Minnesota. It was difficult to convince my 'big city' friends that a town so small could exist; even more incredible was the fact that my graduating class contained only 34 members. I participated in band and both church and school choirs and was on the school newspaper and year-book staffs. Athletic activities, too, were always a great favorite. The summer of my junior year, I worked part time at one of the local grocery stores. Leaving Floodwood and going to Minneapo-

lis was a giant step for me. I imagine that made it easier to take the next giant step, the Peace Corps.

Why did I apply for the Peace Corps? That has always been a difficult question and I still find it hard to answer. I think it was more of a feeling than anything else. I wanted to do something for somebody else, yes, but I must admit the desire for adventure was also involved. I have always felt better when I could be on the giving end of any type relationship—perhaps this was the major factor that influenced my decision. I do remember very distinctly, however, a certain incident that really started me thinking seriously about the Peace Corps. I was walking to work one day. The streets were always filled with buses and, invariably, the buses were filled with girls like myself bound, I suppose, for some

office somewhere in that big city. The girls always had blank, expressionless looks on their faces, as though this was what they did because they had to be doing something. That day it hit me that I did not want to be just one more 'dead-pan' face. I wanted to have an aim and purpose in life and did not want to spend it riding buses and looking as though nothing in the world mattered. Perhaps it was the subconscious mind working on these little incidents in life that lead me to join the Peace Corps. I filled out the application in November and sent it off, thinking that with a good deal of luck, I might be spending my next Christmas in South America. From my reading, I knew that the Peace Corps needed people with an agricultural background and that there was a great deal of emphasis on South Amer-

ica. Somehow, I guess I knew I would be going there rather than to Asia or Africa, though I had not listed a preference on my application.

One Saturday in January I went down to the Minneapolis Post Office to take the Peace Corps entrance exam. In those days, the test was about four hours in length. As I left the building, I was sure that my chances for being accepted were nil . . . but, as we had been told there was no passing or failing score, I tried to be optimistic.

The months went by and each month a Peace Corps Volunteer arrived in my mailbox. I devoured every word in each one, I am sure, but each month my hopes died a little—I had heard nothing since I mailed the application.

I shall never forget that day in June when Western Union tele-

"When we decided to get married, we knew Chile was the only place to do it. Our romance had developed in the Peace Corps around the people of Esmeralda and we knew none of them would be able to make a stateside wedding."



phoned and read me that wonderful telegram inviting me to train for Chile at the University of Notre Dame starting June 24. I had less than a month to get ready and train a new girl for my job—and I didn't even know where the University of Notre Dame was!

My parents were not as elated as I, though, I must say that it wasn't long before they became almost as interested and excited as I was. My roommate?—how many times I have thanked her for letting me in on one of the most wonderful experiences in the world."

Terry was one of 62 urban and rural community development trainees at Notre Dame. Although she had never attended college and was the youngest of her group, she met all her anxieties head-on. Her openness and optimism, her facility for being herself, led to a solid beginning.

"We had a tight schedule in training, but always managed to have fun too. Despite five hours of rigorous Spanish instruction each day, most of us felt quite inadequate when training was over—a fear that was soon to be confirmed. I firmly believe the mastery of another language is all important—without it we could have done very little. At times it seemed impossible and we became discouraged, disappointed, and frustrated, but we kept trying and the later rewards were worth our efforts. The second day of training I met Jerry Perkins, a handsome young lad, also from Minnesota. He was from Worthington in the southwest corner of the state and had attended South Dakota State University in Brookings, South Dakota, graduating with a BS in agricultural education. Although I didn't know it then, he was soon to change my life—the Peace Corps has been called one of the world's greatest marriage bureaus.

In mid-September we were given a ten-day home leave, and what a hectic ten days those were. They were spent looking for items I thought I would want while overseas—everything from clothes to chocolate candy bars. The 'extra' time was spent in goodbyes.

Our entire group met in New York after which we were flown to Puerto

Rico for twenty-six days of physical training. Of course, many of us went early so we could look around a little.

Soon we were in Puerto Rico. Our first experience there was one of utter terror—riding on a bus. We have never been able to figure out how the drivers squeezed through so many tiny places at such great speeds. Talk about defensive driving!

Camp Crozier's little cabins were a welcome sight. In the heart of the rainforest, we studied, swam, hiked, and climbed. It is one of the few places where women are expected to do exactly what the men do. Although it wasn't the consensus of the entire group, I, for one, enjoyed it immensely. We got accustomed to downpours every day and to little lizards popping out of nowhere. It was here that the selection board took its heaviest toll—eleven members were 'selected out'. As our group had been very close, it was a great blow to all of us.

At the end of the 26 days in Puerto Rico we returned to Miami to take our flight for Chile. We celebrated by having our 'last meal' in the United States in an extravagant way, each to his own liking. We departed late that night and twelve hours later arrived in Santiago, Chile. I think we all took pictures on the way down of the magnificent Andes mountains; they are truly majestic and quite impressive to someone brought up in the plains.

The first few days were spent in orientation, after which we were dispersed throughout the entire country. To my great surprise and joy, I was stationed with the Minnesota boy, and Ann Hogan, a charming home-ec teacher from Florida, was also stationed with us. We were all sent to a farming community of about 900 people.

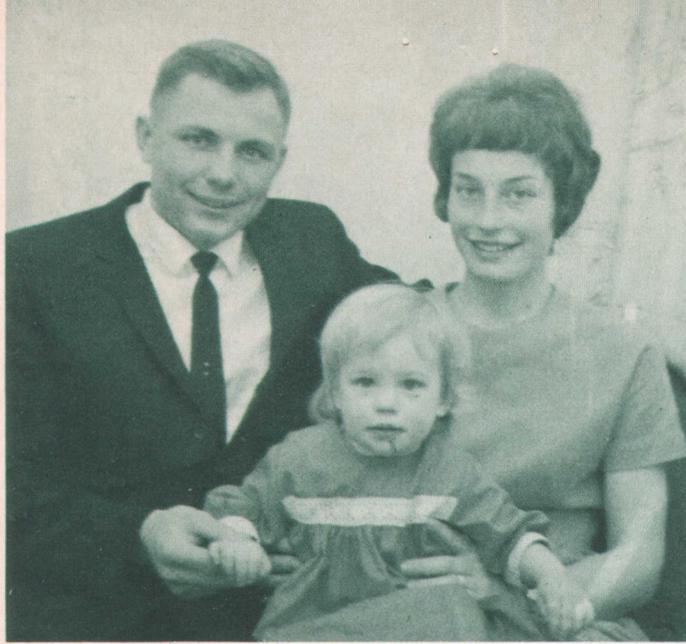
Soon we were in Esmeralda, a little colony of the Chilean Agrarian Reform Corporation located about seventy miles south of Santiago. Agrarian reform is a process by which governments try to break up some of the very large estates into smaller plots of land. These plots are then sold on long-term loans to workers of the large

farms. Esmeralda, our colony, had recently been divided into ninety-five smaller acreages of land.

As in many instances with Volunteers, we were responsible to a host country organization already established. In our case, it was an organization that taught girls to be what might be the equivalent of home extension agents here in the States. The former landowner of Esmeralda had a magnificent house. It was 160 years old, had forty rooms, and the adobe walls were three feet thick. Upon selling his land, he sold his house to the organization we worked with, who in turn, made it into one of their girls' boarding schools. This was our home during our stay in Chile.

We had been cautioned in training not to become overly involved in projects before observing and learning the true conditions and problems of the area. Also, we were told not to start any projects without having the Chileans work with us, understanding everything we did, and, more important, wanting it done themselves. Moreover, time was needed for acceptance by the members of the community.

We had been at our site for several weeks and were getting a bit tired of doing so much observing. We noticed, however, as everyone invariably does, that the fly problem in Chile is a very serious and ever present one. As this was a school, supposedly teaching good health habits and because the building had no screens on the windows and doors, we decided that this would be a very worthwhile project. The director of the school agreed to let us screen the kitchen and dining area and gave us money to buy the essentials. The girls (between the ages of 12 and 18) were very excited. They wanted to know what the gringos were doing and why. We explained all our work and Ann and I, in our meager Spanish, gave a skit about flies hopping from garbage to food, etc. We explained the importance of keeping the doors closed at all times. Well, everybody laughed and seemed to enjoy the skit and we thought we were making great progress. However, many times when we went down to the kitchen, the doors were found open. The girls often stood and held the doors open



Terry had to travel thousands of miles from home to meet the boy next door. Julie is already bilingual in anticipation of their return to South America.

while they chatted. The more we pleaded and explained, the more, it seemed, we found the doors open. One day I went down to the kitchen and found the doors propped open. Only the cook was inside so I asked her why. She said it was to let the air through—it was just too hot with the screendoors closed. That was the last straw! We started re-evaluating our project and realized that we did not have the full support of the school's director or of the teachers and students. We were the only ones that enforced the rules and it was our project, not theirs. We were taught a valuable lesson, and stayed more 'behind the scenes' in future endeavors.

How were we accepted by the community? First of all, I think it was quite a shock to the area to all of sudden find three gringos among the people. I am sure that, even as we left, many of them did not know why we had come. We were received very cordially by everyone, however, and Chileans are extremely outgoing and friendly. They made us feel at home from the very beginning. They treated us as guests, but perhaps the 'day of reckoning' came after we had been at our site for about six weeks. The colony was trying to raise money for Christmas toys for needy children through a benefit soccer game. We were asked to help and Jerry was asked to be the cashier—not a very easy job in Chile. Soon a young man, about 20, came and walked through the gate, not intending to pay. Jerry called him back, but the man brushed him aside. Jerry wondered just what he should do. He hated to cause a

scene and yet, it wasn't right to let the man on through. Finally, after carefully weighing his position and the circumstances, he decided to take a stand. Jerry asked the Chilean to pay once more, and when the man refused he literally threw him out. The next day, everybody knew who Jerry was, if not us, and he feels that it was then that the ice was broken for our acceptance into the colony. I think that Jerry's directness in handling the situation indicated to the Chileans that we had some spunk. From then on, we seemed to be accepted as people of the community and not as guests.

The days, weeks, and months passed by very quickly. Our Spanish gradually improved. Ann helped plan and teach along with a Chilean home-economics teacher these courses in the school. I taught the girls physical education. I am proud to say that 'my girls' developed into such good volleyball players that they won a series of games with a much bigger school of the nearby town. Jerry worked mostly with the new landowners of the colony. Ann and I also worked in the community after classes.

Soon we were approached by several youths in the community, asking if we would help to re-establish a cultural club. We were delighted, and were elected to positions on the board of directors, thus participating as active club members in an advisory capacity. The club sponsored dances, gave help to charity causes, and went on cultural trips. It also showed educational films obtained from the different embassies in Santiago.

We helped to organize a 4-H club, and found that parliamentary procedure was virtually unknown to the youngsters. We had to start at the very beginning and one of our biggest problems was lack of parental support. As much as we tried to interest and involve the parents, they didn't seem able to comprehend the benefits derived from a 4-H club. The extent of our results were a few adult club leaders, although it should perhaps be said that 4-H is not developed nearly to the extent that it is here in the States. Also, many of the mothers would not allow their daughters to attend the meetings unless Ann or I escorted them back home again afterwards. At least this shows we were trusted and it also indicates something about Chilean society, which is geared to adult needs rather than adolescent ones. The role of the Chilean woman is in the home.

Once a week I took the educational films and the school's movie projector to a little country school down the road. The reactions were fantastic. Many had never seen a movie before and they really looked forward to the time when 'Senorita Terry' would come to show pictures.

Jerry's home town high school raised money and sent down a shipment of sports equipment to be used by the colony. Recreation programs proved to be good mixers and we found that many social barriers were broken down when individuals were induced to play together. We found that although most everyone we worked with was poor, there still existed intraclass structures, a problem which the recreation programs helped to alleviate.

Regarding our work, we feel that here in the U. S. we are too eager to progress in materialistic terms and tend to measure it in this way. We like to see buildings, roads, and schools built, cooperatives started and large factory output. I think we are often guilty of forgetting that progress in many other countries sometimes takes a longer, slower, and more natural course. An awareness of need and education should precede the actual material advancements. In Esmeralda, 68 per cent of the people drank

irrigation ditch water. This water was contaminated with human and animal wastes in generous amounts. When we came, there wasn't much awareness of the water problem. The cultural club started showing films about the need for clean water and also sponsored a few talks by doctors. Prior to this, the people when questioned by us, had answered that they had drunk this water all of their lives and that it was good enough for their children. Gradually the feeling began to change—somewhat aided by the discovery of a dead man lodged in the irrigation canal. The canal was near a country school and the children (140) had this as their only water supply. A few of the citizens became interested enough to call in a group to survey the problem. Because the water was 90 feet down and because money was so scarce, the group decided the most feasible means of supplying well water would be one well for every four farms (the farms being quite close together). The idea was poorly received. Each was afraid the other would take more than his share of the water and there was endless disunity. The people didn't realize the need for clean water bad enough to sacrifice themselves to obtain it. Shortly before we left, a group came to us asking if we would go and get a loan for them. Having had the previous experience of not having the people's participation, we cautiously explained to them that it was they and not us that should be seeking the loan. As a result, some of the most interested people organized and began discussing the problem themselves. We probably could have gotten a loan for them in one way or another, but how much good would it have done? Even if the people had gotten their wells, little would have been gained because the necessary steps for progress—awareness, education, understanding, desire, and willingness to achieve a goal—were not complete. And so Esmeralda stands without wells, but there will come a time, we feel, maybe 2, 5 or 10 years from now, when the people will realize the need for clean water and take the initiative to sacrifice themselves for it.

The lack of cooperative under-

standing was one of Jerry's greatest frustrations in Chile, as is often the case in any community development program. He was involved with a local cooperative which contracted with a large Swedish milk processing plant to produce fixed quantities of milk. The price offered by the Swedish company was twice what the dairymen had been receiving from a private party. The only stipulations were that a sufficient quantity of milk would be produced and that payment would be made every two weeks. Meanwhile the private party raised his price, made immediate payment to the producers and caused them to forfeit the contract. Upon the withdrawal of the Swedish company, the private party again reduced his milk prices by half. Although we were discouraged by this episode as well as the water situation, we realized even more the necessity for unity and organization as prerequisites for the further development of Esmeralda.

Meanwhile, Jerry and I were dating steadily. When we decided to get married, we knew Chile was the only place to do it. Our homes in Minnesota were almost 400 miles apart and we had no friends in common except Peace Corps people and Chileans. Also, our romance had developed in the Peace Corps around the people of Esmeralda and we knew none of them would be able to make it to a stateside wedding. We invited all of the people we worked with and in all, about 400 people attended the garden ceremony. Father Hesberg, the president of Notre Dame, was there for the wedding and many officials attended along with the very poor. The people of the colony seemed very pleased that they were witnesses to a gringo courtship and marriage. They were really wonderful. In addition to giving us a magnificent reception, many of them gave us gifts we knew they could not afford.

It was truly a cross-cultural wedding. The ceremony was Welsh Presbyterian translated into Spanish; Ann was my bridesmaid and the best man was Jerry's Chilean counterpart. The genuine fellowship and complete intermingling of the Chileans and the North Americans was summed up by some as

being an excellent example of part of what the Peace Corps is striving to do."

Terry and Jerry used their vacation time for a honeymoon, traveling in Argentina, Uruguay, Brazil and Paraguay. Their work continued in Esmeralda until May of 1965 and was cut short by one month because Terry was expecting another Perkins.

"When we returned, it was quite a switch. One day we had been riding horseback; the next, we were skimming down a Miami freeway in a rented car. As returned Volunteers, we viewed North America more objectively and were particularly aware of the fast pace and lack of time to be friendly. We felt like foreigners in our own country for awhile, like outsiders looking in.

Jerry is now working on his masters degree in animal science at his alma mater, South Dakota State University. For the first time, I am also attending college, brushing up on my secretarial skills, in addition to being wife and mother. Julie, our daughter is a fine, healthy and growing little girl. We are in the process of teaching her to be bi-lingual so that she will not have the same problem we had when we went to South America for the first time.

We know there is still much to be done in the area of foreign relations and development in emerging areas, so we hope to become an integral part of it once again. Jerry's appointment as coordinator of agricultural Volunteers in Bolivia has just been approved by Mr. Vaughn and the director of Heifer Project, Inc. Heifer is a private, non-profit organization that provides farm animals to developing countries. Even though Jerry will be under contract to Heifer, he will be working chiefly with Peace Corps Volunteers. We are awaiting word of his orientation and our departure for Bolivia and we're pretty excited about going back to Latin America. Although we feel we did not build the mountains we had expected to build as Volunteers, we did help to change some ideas and attitudes that will initiate progress in the future. We will continue working toward that goal with Heifer."

“a great world-wide natural laboratory,”

“Early one Saturday morning in April the telephone rang in our West Los Angeles apartment. The operator on the other end said, ‘I have a call for either Gary or Linda Bergthold—This is the White House.’ After Linda got a chance to collect her composure, a voice from the other end explained that the Peace Corps was using the White House telephone to invite trainees to a teaching project in Ethiopia. Were we interested? The voice said, ‘Take your time to think it over—but would you call us Monday with your answer?’

My first reaction when Linda called me at work was that we had our plans made. How could we just take off and do something unknown? Besides, once the recruiter had left the campus we had almost lost interest in joining. I said that we should both think about it during the day and when I came home we would talk about it. When I walked in our apartment that night, I said, ‘Well what do you think?’ Linda answered, ‘I don’t know, what do you think?’ ‘Let’s go!’ I said. ‘O.K., Let’s go.’

Gary Bergthold was born during a period of time which placed him between two distinct generations. By 1938 the depression had ended, but its effects were still being felt. The war had not yet started but it was close enough that his mother wondered if her first baby would survive to manhood.

“Those born before me became the silent generation of the fifties and those born after me became the rebellious generation of the sixties. This being ‘caught in the middle’ is important in understanding my attitudes about the Peace Corps and my experience in it.

I was born on a small farm in the San Joaquin valley of California. My father leased the land a mile from where his father had raised 13 children. The farmers were some of the last to recover from the financial difficulties of the 30’s. My



The majority of volunteers serve in various teaching capacities fulfilling a vital need in most nations. Here Gary is shown at work in Addis Ababa.

father was forced to leave farming at a time when the war made some of his friends millionaires. They grew cotton for soldiers’ khakis. We moved 25 miles to a place aptly called Lost Hills and my father became an oil field roustabout.

After the war my family, now including a younger brother, moved to Bakersfield, a medium sized oil and farming city in the southern San Joaquin valley. My father went to work in a music store and later opened a store of his own, thus satisfying a long time interest in music.

My early school memories were not entirely happy ones. During the first week in the second grade in a new town, two boys who later became my good friends chased me

home from school throwing rocks at me all the way. I’d never learned to play baseball and other sports in the small towns in which I had lived before. So I spent many unhappy months being chosen last for the baseball games, standing in right field dreamily drawing pictures on the ground with my feet.”

During his high school career, Gary’s confidence in himself increased and he even became something of an athlete, by this time having pitched a no-hit game in Little League baseball.

“I had a good time in high school but, I never seemed to try anything unusual. The best times were spent in summer part-time jobs as a newsboy, caddy, tile-setter’s helper and packing-box maker.”

Gary entered the local junior college as a freshman geology major. He felt that a career in science or engineering would be valuable and geology offered him access to the outdoors. After two years, he transferred to UCLA.

"I had done well in geology courses, but I changed my major the day my fellow students became ecstatic over the discovery of an unusual crystal in a plain, old rock. I knew then that I just didn't feel it. As a psychology major, I liked school much more, but one thought plagued me—what could a graduate in psychology do? I graduated in 1960 without an answer to that question, but soon found a job as a counselor for 16 to 18 year old boys in a Los Angeles county probation camp. There I found that psychology courses don't teach you much about how to talk with a boy who is beaten by his father and has stolen cars since he was 12. The boys in the probation camp taught me more about life in the big city than all my sociology courses.

During my senior year in college I met a beautiful blonde in music appreciation class and we started sitting together during the lectures. She was talented in music and helped me get through that course and we started to date quite regularly. A year later Linda and I got married. That was 1961; as December of 1962 approached, I was planning to quit my job with the probation department, write my master's thesis and go to school full time in a PHD program in psychology. Linda was graduating with a BA in English and speech and was going to teach with a provisional credential in a small town north of Los Angeles."

When that telephone call came from Washington, Gary had completed his courses and research for his master's degree but had not yet written his thesis. He had expected his thesis advisor to discourage him from entering the Peace Corps.

"I walked into his office and told him about the telephone call. To my surprise he said 'that's really great—why don't you go?' We sat down and figured out a way that I could write my thesis in the month or two before we went to training. I also called up the probation department and they agreed to let me

resign a few weeks earlier than I had planned. So I sat down in the living room with a sheaf of yellow paper and started writing. By the time we left for training in June, the paper had not been completed, but I had received special permission from UCLA to finish my thesis at the end of the summer.

Perhaps it had to do with my early experiences on the baseball field, but I wasn't a person who took chances like this very easily. One's motivations for doing something like joining the Peace Corps, however, are not always very clear to him at the time. I'm sure that when I wrote my Peace Corps application, I talked about helping the poor people in Ethiopia, expanding world understanding and all that, but I honestly think that my main motivation was gaining some teaching experience that would be helpful in obtaining my credentials as a school psychologist; and it seemed more interesting to do my teaching in Ethiopia than in Los Angeles county. I'd also received a letter from the Peace Corps saying that five or six people with training in guidance and counseling were going to set up a guidance program for the entire country of Ethiopia. Well, I actually thought this would be possible. It sounded very exciting. The thought must have occurred to me that credit for setting up a guidance program for a whole country would look important on a resumé."

The house was in a furor around May of 1962, as Gary and Linda gathered up belongings, disconnected telephones, cancelled magazine subscriptions, and, to Gary's sorrow—sold his brand new Volvo. They reported to Georgetown University in early June.

"I must say, that when we boarded that jet, we really still didn't have a very clear idea of what was in store for us. Also, that trip was the first time I had ever been in an airplane and it was my first trip outside of California.

The training program at Georgetown was extremely valuable to us but in a way that I'm sure was not appreciated or foreseen by those who were in charge. Our project, Ethiopia I, was one of the largest groups of Volunteers that had gone overseas to that time. Neither the

Peace Corps nor the university was really able to cope with 285 people going to a country that not a whole lot of people knew much about—going to do jobs that no one knew anything about. The confusion of the training program worked out well for me, however. I was able to spend the 3 hours a day that should have been given over to training me how to be a guidance counselor writing the final pages of my thesis. Every day I would put an envelope in the mail sending back to my advisor the latest pages of my thesis. I also think that one of the greatest values of the training program was the very fact that it was disorganized and confusing. We hated it at the time but we later realized that this was excellent training for the jobs we would later face in Ethiopia.

I don't really remember very much about the specific course content in American studies or world affairs, communism and so on, but one incident stands out very clearly in my mind as by far the greatest learning experience that I had in training. One evening all 285 of us went by bus to a play somewhere in Maryland. We arrived about an hour early for the play and many of us decided to go to a small restaurant that was located right near the theatre. Linda and I had sat down to have a beer. Everyone was enjoying themselves very much, when one of the Negro Volunteers walked through the restaurant to the outside door saying 'I guess I'm a second-class citizen here.' At first I didn't know what he was talking about for although California certainly is not without its very grave racial problems, I had never really experienced segregation in public places in this blatant manner. We reacted immediately, all stood up and marched en masse out of the restaurant. Several of us went to the nearest telephone booth and placed a call to Peace Corps who put us in touch with our director to be, Harris Wofford, who had just left his post as special advisor to the President on civil rights. Later we found out that within 24 hours the restaurant that had refused to serve the Negro Peace Corps Volunteer was being prosecuted on civil rights laws that had just been enacted. This was a very significant

event for me because it was really the first time I had affirmed with action what had previously been only talk. This I think was the reason the whole Peace Corps experience was such a powerful teacher for me. In my previous college experience I had learned all of the liberal points of view on civil rights or foreign aid or foreign policy in general. But not until I went into the Peace Corps did I have the opportunity to confirm those beliefs by direct action.

The other highlight of the training program was the visit we had at the White House with President John Kennedy. By this time, all 285 of the trainees had developed a very strong commitment to the Peace Corps and to its ideals. And it was with strong feeling that we listened to the man who first spoke those ideals and who symbolized the Peace Corps to us. I also remember thinking how much I had changed—how much I had changed in the two years since he had become President and much of what I had learned had in some sense come from him.

As the plane landed in Addis Ababa carrying the first contingent of Peace Corps Volunteers for that country, each of us, I think, thought

he knew pretty well the kind of work he wanted to do and what he wanted to accomplish in the country. We were all teachers who had English, science, or mathematics to teach, and I still harbored my dream of helping to set up that most important of all educational enterprises—a guidance and counseling system. The second day we were in Ethiopia, Linda and I went to the school that had been designated as our work site. After we introduced ourselves to the headmaster and explained that we were his new Peace Corps teachers, he asked us what our fields of specialty were. Linda explained that she had been trained as an English teacher and had learned the latest linguistic method of teaching English as a foreign language. The headmaster replied with a comment that has since become rather famous in the Peace Corps—that she had four strikes against her as a teacher in Ethiopia—she was a woman; she was young; she was pretty; and she was white.

When I said I was a guidance counselor, the headmaster looked at me with a puzzled expression and said, 'pardon me, what did you say you were?' Well, at that point I first saw that my notions of the im-

portance of school counselors weren't exactly widely shared, at least the headmaster obviously wasn't eager to have a counselor in his school—as I had thought all Ethiopians would be."

The headmaster offered to let Gary "teach guidance" to a class of 30 children one day a week, but such a situation certainly didn't fit his concept of counseling. Instead, he taught mathematics.

"I had not had a math course for five or six years but I found it very interesting to fight that battle of keeping two or three pages ahead of the students. I did stubbornly persist in holding a few counseling sessions; however, I found myself totally puzzled by these boys whose lives were so different from ours and whose values and beliefs I had not yet come to understand.

Our school, Haile Sellasie Day School—on the outskirts of Addis Ababa—was one of the largest public schools in Ethiopia. It ranged from 1st grade through 12th grade, but also had a teacher training component. From the very beginning, I was interested in teaching in the teacher training school, but it took me a while to get the administration of the school to think this was worthwhile—primarily because I had no teaching experience myself. They were looking for a teacher of educational psychology, so since I had taken a number of courses in educational psychology, I was pressed into service.

I didn't have time to prepare a curriculum, so I began to teach what I had studied in educational psychology at home. My teacher at UCLA had started the course in a classical way—that is by teaching stimulus-response psychology à la B. F. Skinner. I had no textbook on Skinnerian psychology, but I set out to tell the students about the relationship between the stimulus a person receives and his behavior and about the performance of a rat or pigeon in a Skinner box. It didn't take me long to realize that this wasn't going to be very helpful when they stood before a class of 40 or 50 screaming and wriggling children. As a matter of fact, after observing a number of my students in their student teaching, I became aware that my concepts of psychology were not always directly appli-

Individuality was a theme at the Returned Peace Corps Volunteer Conference at which Gary said that "Volunteers do not wish to be categorized in any way."



cable to teaching in Ethiopia. I learned that what I was taught in psychology courses often amounted to little more than cultural values we hold in the West which are not necessarily relevant to Ethiopia. I couldn't assume that Ethiopians had no psychology of their own even though they didn't have a Freud or a Skinner in their culture. They had very definite notions of what made people behave the way they did. And about these notions I knew very little.

I thought long and hard about how I could possibly teach educational psychology in Ethiopia. I decided to invite five or six Ethiopian children into my classroom and try experimenting in front of my students about the best way to help the pupils learn. The first day I started to teach the ABC's to the children in English with a method that was more or less a parody of Ethiopian teaching style. I lined all the children up and began chanting the ABC's and made them chant after me. I held a stick in my hand and when one of the children faltered I gave him a gentle slap above the ear. To my surprise a couple of the children seemed to learn quickly that way—but one or two of the others would shrink back in fear if the stick was lowered on their heads. I wanted to illustrate that using coercive methods to get people to learn is not the best way to teach. So the next day I brought the children in, sat them down in a circle around me and slowly began to have them repeat the ABC's. Only this time I rewarded them by smiling and saying 'that's fine' to those who did it well. To my surprise one of the students got up out of his chair and started wandering around the classroom. The others became disinterested and just looked off around the room. A little longer and I would have lost their attention completely. I was dismayed because this was my big chance to show that reward for student participation instead of punishment was the real way to teach. Well, I learned much more that day than my students did. I learned that teaching methods must be appropriate to cultural experience."

While Linda and Gary were still in Addis Ababa, Gary applied to

several graduate schools and was accepted to study as a Ford Foundation scholar at Harvard. Having taught and having learned, they departed from Ethiopia with expanded concepts and the temerity to face new challenges. They travelled through Europe for three months, arriving in this country in August of 1964.

"We stopped in to see some friends in Washington before going to California to visit our relatives. I wanted to see Dr. Joseph English whom I had met briefly in Ethiopia. Dr. English was the chief psychiatrist of the Peace Corps and he had promised to tell me more about the work of the psychiatric branch. After we talked for a while, Dr. English, to my surprise, asked me if I would like to stay and work with him and the Peace Corps for the three months until the spring semester started at Harvard. Well, by this time I had developed a very clear philosophy that one should not turn down an opportunity to try something new, even if it meant changing plans in a drastic way. We decided to stay in Washington. My job at the psychiatric branch turned out to be so interesting that as the 3-month period began to draw to a close, I decided to postpone going to Harvard and to finish a year working for the Peace Corps. Linda spent part of that year in a very interesting teaching job at Dunbar High School in Washington. I still regard Harris Wofford, our director in Ethiopia and Joe English, my supervisor in Peace Corps/Washington, as by far the two best teachers I have had in my entire life. Just as the two years overseas was a two-year seminar of life, the year I spent working for the Peace Corps in Washington was a year in which I learned more about psychology and research than I could have in a comparable time in a university.

Linda and I have now been in Cambridge for a year and a half. I am finishing up my degree and Linda is in her second year of teaching at Brookline High School, a suburb of Boston. She has found the preparation and experience she gained teaching in the Peace Corps to be very valuable in her teaching here at Brookline. Evidently, the school feels the same way because

they have hired three more teachers who were former Peace Corp teachers in Ethiopia. I think the effect of the returned Volunteers on campuses is already strongly felt because now when you sit in a seminar on economic development in Africa, often half of the class has spent a year or two in Africa working on the very problems that are being discussed. This of course makes the discussion much more timely and relevant. Another great advantage we have is a close circle of friends that have been in the Peace Corps. There is, of course, no Peace Corps Veteran's organization, and in fact, the majority of our friends have not been in the Peace Corps; but it's great to come to a new city and know that there will be many people around who share common interests and concerns. I've also enjoyed associating with the Peace Corps through more official channels such as recruiting and research. Last year returned Volunteers at Harvard organized a recruiting drive on campus that was run entirely by Harvard students. We enjoyed the opportunity to talk to other students about what we had done in the Peace Corps and the students responded enthusiastically. I am now at the stage with my degree program at which I am planning my thesis. Since I feel that the Peace Corps is the best approach to economic development in the world and since it also represents a great world-wide natural laboratory, my thesis will link my interest in economic development, psychology, education, and the Peace Corps.

To Gary Bergthold, the Peace Corps will remain one of many meaningful experiences, representing for him a period of self development and learning as well as two years notched in the growth of Ethiopia's educational system.

The Office of Public Affairs wishes to thank Vera, Steve, Terry and Gary for the cooperation and spontaneity they have offered in this publication and for our freedom to make editorial comment. Their stories are unique but their commitment is uniform. They have learned to live in a foreign society, and through this experience, to look at their own society. Their contributions, as citizens of the world, will continue.