

IvS

Reporter

November 1972



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AN OPEN LETTER TO MY FRIEND DOCTOR AREZKI

(Article in *El Moudjahid*, page 2, 25 April 1972 by "A. F." Translated by D. Young)

Since our separation at the Lycee in Tizi-Ouzou, time has passed and we haven't met.

You're already a Practitioner with a white coat and a stethoscope hanging on your chest. The dream that you cherished so long has come true. Isn't it said that the successes of our friends are our own? I'd be very happy about it . . . if only you had kept your promises, but no!

On seeing you recently behind the wheel of your car, I started and rubbed my eyes. Never, but never, would I have imagined that "material advantages" would tear you away from your own kind one day. Destiny is sometimes a nasty director. I thought about those whom you promised to "return to nurse the wounds of the war." Yes, you would tell me, That was in '62 or '63!

How you've changed! You're not the young lycee student of yesteryear—so enthusiastic about the future. Didn't you promise to return and take up your practice in the village once you finished your studies? Didn't you hope for, some years ago, a development policy for poor areas?

When you were still a student, you would say, "The Government must launch a special development program in our areas. It is a means that will permit us to develop our country-side and banish forever the hideous image of an impoverished rural milieu."

Your project is no longer a project, it's a reality; others, animated by a revolutionary spirit have made it happen.

You built great hopes on the future. It was, I remember, during the spring vacation that you and I were hobbling down a stony path leading to Tizi-N'Frah. Since then, the special development program has been fully achieved. The face of the country-side has changed. For three years we worked unremittingly to the sound of cement mixers, drillers, cutters, whose noise pierced the hearts of the peasants with hope. New schools sprung up. The "little ones," of Tizi-N'Frah no longer have to get up at 6 to walk 8 kilometers to school in Tighilt Oufella. The road leading to the village has been tarred. Six new fountains have just completed the hydrology infrastructure. There's also a pretty Mosque.

Everything is working well except the A.M.G. (Assistance Medicale Gratuite). The medical staff is limited to a single nurse—Khedidja, your old secondary school classmate. Even though her parents live in Algiers, she preferred to return to the village that was suffering due to the lack of a nurse.

Recently, our communal Council President, Si l'Bachir, said that the infant mortality rate for 1971 was deplorable. He specifically expressed his wish that a permanent doctor be installed in the village. Moreover, many people in the village hoped that you would come back.

Do you remember that you used to complain about your relatives having recourse to medical methods practiced by charlatans? You argued against that "medicine of **fetichisme** and herb-peddlers." You railed against people engaged in such dishonest practices and you tried to protect your family from them.

Doc, those methods are still practiced **BECAUSE THERE IS NO DOCTOR!** Really, you also, my dear doctor, you're sick. You too have the symptoms of that fearsome illness that we call "**dinaritis.**"

Nevertheless, numerous are your colleagues who have been able to avoid the illness and who have not forgotten their **origines**, their native "bled." They have been faithful to their hippocratic Oath.

As for you . . . but it's never too late . . . unless you took the oath of a hypocrite.

IVS EXPLORATORY TEAM TO AFRICA

These persons have investigated possible involvement for IVS with Governments of the Sudan, Yemen, Kenya, Madagascar, the Federation of Cameroon, Nigeria, Botswana, Zambia and Tanzania.



Robert Minnich



Dorothy Young



Jonathan Howard



William Brieger



Mechell Jacobs



Dr. Winburn T. Thomas
IVS DIRECTOR IN BANGLADESH

Laying the foundation for IVS work in Bangladesh and maintaining continuity until a permanent Director can be selected.

all things by immortal power
near and far
hiddenly
to each other linked are
thou canst not stir a flower
without troubling of a star
francis thompson

In contrast to a traditional eastern approach to life—the strive to feel “at one-ment” with the universe—the European and western approach to life has been to strive to control or be on top of the happenings of the universe. The dominant mood of the century has been increasing specialization, and unquenchable thirst for knowledge, the competitive desire for power, and unprecedented progress in all areas of life.

As man’s mastery over nature has accelerated by virtue of his expanding scientific and technological knowledge, his mastery over the interior universe of his own personality has diminished. Man is told that he now shows the symptoms of an “alienated automaton”. What has happened? Why does he feel estranged and alone when he has so much materially?

Some men have found an answer in accusing science of creating a powerful, destructive, and unhuman society. Nineteen hundred and forty five opened all eyes to the colossal sources of power science releases to humanity, and today, in a fear-ridden and frustrated world, perhaps science and technology are the causes of man’s internal disease or disintegration. But if man has accomplished what he set out to do — that is, to control his environment — is it not probable that in the process, he too, feels controlled and mastered?

The spirit of Zen Buddhism hints that man is one with his environment. He creates it and is created by it, and the survival of each depends on the awareness and capacity to respond and adjust to any changes in either. What one does, directly or indirectly affects the other. Given any study on human or animal isolation, or observe life around you carefully, and the natural fact that man is not separate from nature, but a part of nature becomes obvious.

Man’s awareness of himself does not have to be an awareness of his separation, of his aloneness, of his alienation. Man’s self-awareness does not mean he is a separate entity. Man does not and cannot live alone. No individual can live alone. Even the most withdrawn person does not live alone, he takes with him wherever he goes the language, thought, and physical expressions of his human community—living and dead. The longer man or men believe they can live alone, the longer violence will exist; the longer feelings of unrelation to and independence of everything and everyone else will pollute man’s self-definition.

We have far surpassed eastern cultures in our technology but perhaps not in our wisdom. If we looked more closely, we might see that their conception of man is that of a life united with other forms of life, living within a life — the universe. One is not separate from the other. Life is an interrelated and interdependent ongoing process. It is an indisputable fact that man is different from other forms of life, not that man is separate from these forms.

It is the self-awareness of man which leads him to ask “What is man”. And it is the answer to this question which determines every action of man toward other men, and also toward his universal environment. It is this answer which becomes the integrating principle in men’s lives; so an answer must represent all that man is — an objective and subjective experience; a cognitive and existential being; a different but not separate living form; one expression of life. Before man can honestly feel free, or unique, or happy, he must see and experience the inter-relatedness of all life, his included.

Rita Werner

A BOOK REVIEW

"But then came the time when the planes came and destroyed all our homes. . . ."

Voices from the Plain of Jars. Life Under an Air War., Compiled, with an Introduction and Preface, by Fred Branfman. Harper Colophon, 1972, 160pp., \$1.95.

This small volume adds to the growing literature on Indochina by ex-IVSers. Like most of the accounts by former volunteers, Branfman's book helps to bring home the mounting human costs of the continuing war in Indochina. However, unlike other observers, Branfman allows Laotian peasants to tell the story of the war in Laos in their own words.

In the course of his post-IVS work in Laos as a free-lance journalist, Branfman talked with hundreds of refugees from the Plain of Jars in northern Laos. His contact with the refugees led him to the remarkable idea (and like other innovative ideas, quite obvious once it is put forward) which is the basis of his book. He simply asked the refugees to write of their lives and the war which they experienced—or as they called it the war of the airplanes.

One 39-year-old farmer tells his story thus,

Four planes of the jet type dropped their bombs together to destroy my village and returned to shoot twice in the same day. They dropped eight napalm bombs, the fire from whirned all my things, sixteen buildings along with all our possessions inside, as well as maiming our animals. Some people who didn't reach the jungle in time were struck and fell, dying most pitifully. By the time the fire died down it was dark. Everyone came out of hiding to look at the ashes of their houses. Even the rice was all burnt. Everyone cried at once—loudly and agitatedly. Some families had been wounded. We were all heavy hearted and mournful almost to the point of losing our minds. The other villagers and I got together to consider this thing. We hadn't done anything, nor harmed anyone. We had raised our crops, celebrated the festivals and maintained our homes for many years. Why did the planes drop bombs on us, impoverishing us this way?

In addition to some sixteen refugee essays, this slim volume contains twenty-eight drawings by refugees which bring home the human anguish caused by the bombing far more effectively than the printed word.

Regardless of what one thinks of the validity of the ends which U.S. intervention in Indochina purportedly serves, these essays and drawings give us pause to consider the proportion between these end and the means employed to win them. The disproportionis, in fact, manifest in the steadfast refusal of the U.S. government to acknowledge what U.S. bombing has wrought in northern Laos. Officially, all villages "even in a freedrop zone, would be restricted from bombing." Yet massive evidence indicates that virtually every village on the Plain of Jars was destroyed by bombing. During the early months of 1969, when the United States was officially conducting nothing more than armed reconnaissance in northern Laos, American bombing reached levels of 300 attack sorties a month. Small wonder then that one of the refugees recounted "the planes came like the birds and the bombs fell like the rain."

Pick up **Voices from the Plain of Jars**. You'll find what life—and death—was like for those living under the bombing. Though you may not completely agree with Branfman's introductory analysis, you will agree that the passion of his concern is fully warranted by what our government has perpetrated on these people of northern Laos.

And perhaps you will come to share the passion of his outrage.

IN MEMORIAM

The old young man who joined IVS in 1963 and went to Laos at age 59. The grandfather whose first wife had died but whom, himself, was ready to take on a new life and eventually a new wife, is dead.

I knew Dell first when he came to IVS orientation in 1963. He immediately stood out as a warm, fun-loving human being with whom it was nice to walk around the block and talk.

We knew Dell in Washington more through his newsletters which were a delight to type and to read. His newsletter of January 1967 follows:

Dell Johnson
Vang Vieng, Laos
January, 1967

Dear Long Suffering Friends,

Well here I am, 150 miles up north, in a home up in the mountains! This is certainly different from my apartment at Dong Dok.

It's a typical Lao house, built about 5 feet off the ground level, the walls of the rooms are covered with split bamboo woven in a basket pattern and every crack and crevice has a little mound of wood borings where the termites and worms have left their inevitable trail.

I am Vang Vieng, mostly a military outpost, in a house rented by B.P.R. personnel. They are up here building a road to Luang Prabang.

The lumber in the house is "My Doi" and "MyKhen" (roughly translated) which are in English, Rosewood and a sort of Accassian walnut, beautiful furniture woods in the States but common as dirt over here.

The lumber is dressed by hand with wooden planes and never has felt the caress of sand paper.

The metal roof distinguishes this house from its neighbors which are thatched with rice straw, palm leaves or elephant grass.

This is a concession on the part of the landlord to finiky Americans who feel that the animal and insect population which lives in the thatch is intolerable.

At night when the sun goes down between two towering peaks of limestone outside my west window it's a lovely sight to behold.

As limestone mountains are always growing or, I should say, changing shape albeit, slowly, because in the rainy season the rain dissolves the lime and precipitates it further down the mountain and it settles out in many interesting and unusual forms, they are interesting to explore, especially the caves.

Plant life is very sparse, only very hardy alkali-loving plants grow there, the soft green of the plants with the base gray rock makes an interesting pattern. It's somehow very relaxing.

I catch myself thinking a dozen times a day, "I don't have to climb those mountains." I can just look at them and take pictures and be content.

Any time from 50 to 15 years ago I'd have felt impelled to climb to the top so I could holler down, "Hey Mom, lookee, no hands!"

Now it's no longer necessary to impress anyone so I just look and look again. Is this getting old or just sensible?

The hospital job here at Vang Vieng is progressing well but we do have difficulty with supply.

But, as on a farm, when we can't go on any further with one line we switch to something else.

I started out with three men, partially trained, now I've given each of them a couple of helpers and they are all doing a certain part of each bathroom.

They stay just about one room ahead of each other and if one crew gets caught up I switch them to installing fixtures so we don't waste a moment.

The job calls for using lead pipe connectors from supply lines to faucets and you would have laughed to see them when I showed them how ridiculously easy it is to bend lead pipe without flattening it in the process, by just tamping in dry sand before bending it.

Yesterday I purposely let one of the boys install one without instruction and before he got it connected he had three flat places which would guarantee no water would flow through it. So I bent a pipe about 12" long into a circle without a kink in it and they just stared at it in delight.

Then I had each of them make an S so they could see how easily they could do it.

The one he had kinked up, he tried to squeeze out the flat places with a plier and, of course, it bit gouges out of it which, sooner or later would leak so I doubled it over and twisted it out of shape so nobody would be tempted to use it again and threw it away.

This is teaching and they will never try to do it any other way.

Now they race with each other so they can get a chance to try out their newfound knowledge.

The Operation Brotherhood, a Filipino volunteer organization similar to IVS only in the health field will staff the hospital when it is done.

Last night Colonel Samphao, the Commander of the Army Unit here threw a party for Dr. Max Baltao, (a Filipino) who has been resident chief doctor at the present infirmary they now staff here, who is going home on leave today.

There were about 200 guests including most of the Americans and other T.C.N.s, all officers above lieutenant grade and all local officials for 50 miles around.

It was an extremely wet party with an orchestra which played for dancing native dances such as the LamHong and the Sus Phong.

These were probably fertility rituals hundreds of years back but have been refined into remarkably beautiful and stately popular dances.

After watching the chacha, the mashed potato, the twist and the Frug, I wonder which nation is the underdeveloped one.

In passing, I'd like to note that I and my partner took first prize in one of the dances which takes quite a little balance and dexterity.

After the movement was over, the Master of Ceremony called me to the center of the dance floor and a pretty girl brought me the prize.

It was a half tumbler of Lao-Lao, a native liquor which tastes like varnish, goes down like a handful of fishhooks and when it hits bottom, the stomach twists and turns like a bucking horse in a rodeo.

The accepted way is to take a deep breath, dump it down the hatch, (nobody could sip it) and try to stay upright and conscious.

That deep breath comes in handy now as it's usually 15 minutes before one can draw another deep breath and you need all the oxygen you can hold to tide you over.

I didn't dare to light a cigarette for half hour for fear that fumes might backfire and blow my head off.

It sure "larned" me a lesson tho. Don't be such a darned showoff!

There is a 9:00 PM to 6:00 A.M. curfew here and as we did not leave till 2 A.M. we got stopped twice by police armed with carbines and submachine guns as we wended our way homeward.

But when we mentioned we had been guests of Colonel Samphao, they were very agreeable.

Such is the use of power and prestige.

6:00 A.M. came around as usual this morning and found me waiting to get up but I noticed that there was a sort of purposeless, lack of lustre air about some of those who had been so gay the night before.

This leads me to believe that dancing is less strenuous than drinking and has many other advantages.

I felt no unusual side effects other than a slight strain in my foot caused by trying to go under the rope while doing the "Limbo".

Luckily, I lost out on that to a younger, more supple young man.

The prize, of course, was a glass of Lao-Lao.

One of the USAID men offered the use of his belt as a bar to go under in the "Limbo" but due to the excitement as the level went lower and lower and the fact that his dimensions above the belt were greater than those just below, his pants dropped nearly to the floor.

With the usual poise and personality of a U.S. official he nonchalantly lit a Murad as he retrieved his trousers and again secured them with his belt and, with the substitution of a rope, the dance went on till only one contestant made the test at about 16 inches. No record but good none the less.

I retired at the four foot level and was among the first to go down to defeat.

I maybe **could** have gone lower but I did not relish winning any more prizes so I chickened out.

Guess that takes care of happenings here so I'd better wind this report up.

Just in case the Main Office should get the idea I'm not covering my beat at Dong Dok, I hasten to inform them that I'm home each weekend and inspect the work done and lay out another two or three weeks work for the next week so both jobs are getting the benefit of my services as a paripatetic advisor.

The IVS Educ. division here is noted for its cooperation with various departments of USAID and are always willing to go the last mile to establish better and better relationships with them.

Besides, we want more wells drilled and some heavy equipment to repair roads, build fish ponds and other jobs for which they have the men and machines and we do not.

We will, in due course of time remind them that one hand washes the other and its time to turn the other check.

As ever,
Gadabout Johnson

P.S. No! No! not him! the other one.

Knowing DELL JOHNSON as one who lived fully makes me believe his death cannot be mourned rather celebrated. He was someone we all loved.

DICK PETERS

IN MEMORIAM

IVS regrets to inform you that we have also lost by death Miss Dorothy W. Pelzer, listed in the IVS REPORTER issue of August 1972 as an alumna with whom we had lost contact; she died in Boston in April 1972. She served with IVS in Laos 1962-1963.

She was in the midst of a comprehensive study of domestic architecture in Southeast Asia at the time of her death, JDR3rd Fund had supplied her with a grant and they now need someone to see her project to its completion as she would have wished. Contact: Rockefeller Plaza, the JDR3rd Fund, New York, N.Y. 10020, Care of Mr. Alan Campbell, Associate Director.

PEOPLE IN PERSPECTIVE

"Arbitrarily, for the exact date of man's appearance will never be known, let us estimate that appearance at about one and a half million years ago. Then let us propose a comparison of mankind's history with a calendar year in which one "day" equals four thousand years of human history.

In this scheme January first would witness the appearance of our *Homo habilis* ancestors. *Homo habilis* could walk erect and use the most primitive tools. Hunting in bands, he probably could not talk as we do, though he undoubtedly had some method of communication. Speech, as we know it today, evolved very gradually during the first three months of our "year." Man's evolutionary progress was at best tedious and halting: fire first for protection from the cold and wild animals, and only much later for cooking; tools chipped from stone; the skills of hunting; the slow concentration and involutions of the cerebral cortex. Summer came and went, and the fall was two-thirds through its course when Neanderthal man finally appeared around November first. The first indications of a religious belief can be seen in the burial sites of the later Neanderthaloids, around December 17 in our scheme.

By December 24 of our hypothetical year, all the nonsapiens or primitive forms of man had died out or been absorbed by the more progressive and modern Cromagnon man. Agriculture began around December 28 and the whole of our historical era, the brief six to ten thousand years for which we have records, is nestled in the last two days of our "year." Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle were born about 9 a.m. on December 31, Christ at noon and Columbus about 9:30 p.m. The final hour of December 31 from 11 p.m. to midnight New Year's Eve, embraces all of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries."

If the 3 billion people of the world could be represented in a community of one hundred:

Six would be United States citizens; ninety-four would be citizens of other countries.

Six would own one-half of the money in the world; ninety-four would share the other half; of the ninety-four twenty would own virtually all of the remaining half.

Six would have 15 times more material possessions than the other ninety-four put together.

Six have 72 per cent more than the average daily food requirement; two-thirds of the ninety-four would have below-minimum food standards, and many of them would be on a starvation diet.

The life span of six would be seventy years. The life span of ninety-four would be thirty-nine years.

Of the ninety-four, thirty-three would come from countries where the Christian faith is taught. Of the thirty-three, twenty-four would be Catholic and nine would be Protestant.

Less than one-half of the ninety-four would have heard the name of Christ, but the majority of ninety-four would know of Lenin.

Among the ninety-four there would be three communist documents which outsell the Bible. By the year 2000 one out of every two persons will be Chinese.

LAOS NEWS

The three-way letter of Agreement between USAID, RLG, and IVS/Laos, signed in December 1971 calls for a long-term plan to mesh with the RLG five-year Plan. IVS/Laos is preparing a two-year plan as a first step towards the Agreement's fulfillment. Such a planning process will enable the IVS team to work towards consciously setting objectives and better programming.

A number of educational IVSers are engaged in the preparation of class materials, such as, lab experiments for the 1972-3 integrated Science curriculum. IVSers attended both the Regional Education Center for Science and Math (Prenang) to secure teaching materials and guidance for the training of Science and Math teachers, and the English Language Materials Seminar (Singapore).

IVSers are visiting Nutrition Centers in order to become acquainted with their operation. An IVS team is doing a nutritional survey of the food served at The Orthopedic Center in Vientiane.

Mike Fields was invited by the Laos National Basketball Federation to select and coach the team which represented Laos at the invitational meet in Singapore in August.

Robert Wood and Mary Lou Gething were married in Vientiane on July 15th.

Telephone (501) 436-5766

Peel, Arkansas 72668

September 15, 1972

To: Anyone connected with IVS (past, present, or future) who wishes to visit us.

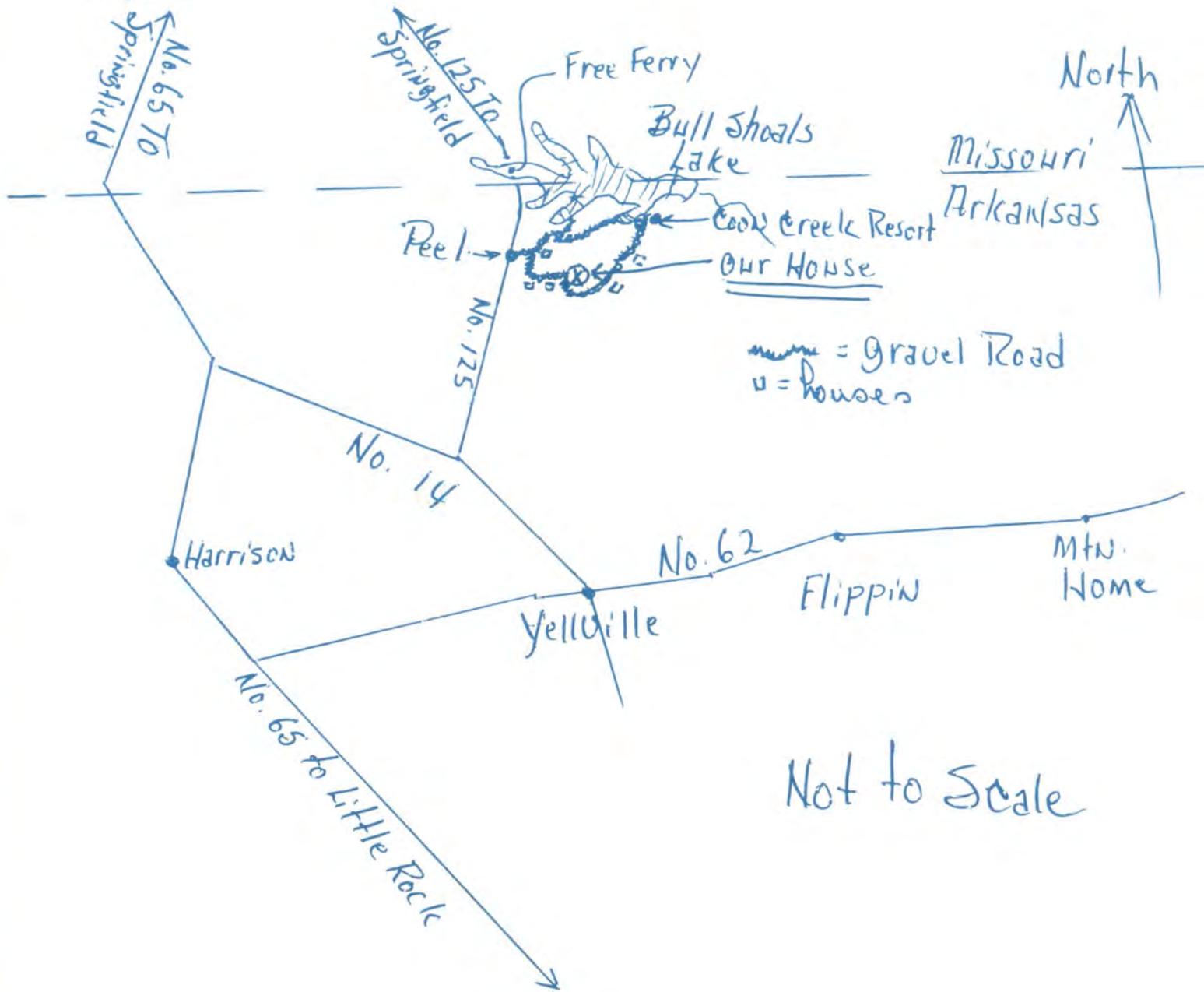
From: George W. Baldwin.

Subject: How to get to Peel, Arkansas (where ever that is).

Note: If you cannot call or write before coming, come on anyway.

Directions: Turn on gravel road opposite Post Office in Peel — Take first right (another gravel road) — Our house is the 1st on left after this turn. The house is white and has a white fence around it (parts standing up, and parts lying on the ground). The post office in Peel has gas pumps in front of it. So, it doesn't look much like a post office. Peel is 5 miles south of Bull Shoals Lake and 20 miles north of Yellville. There are only a few houses in Peel, so watch out or you will miss the whole place.

Diagram:



TO ALL ALUMNI AND FRIENDS

You are used to being dunned for financial support and we've always been able to count on your moral support. Here's another thing to consider.

If it is true that the strength of an organization is ultimately the people who worked with it and those who consider themselves a part of it, IVS has much strength left to expend on the woes of the world.

The account of IVS in Vietnam assembled by Dr. Winburn Thomas suggests that the history of IVS in Indochina is the history of IVS. An historical debt is also owed to the ferment and conflict of the late Sixties and early Seventies. It provided the reason and impetus for IVS' recreation.

The Harpers Ferry Charter spells out what we're looking for — program independence and primary responsiveness to the needs of those with whom we cooperate. It specifies some ways to reach that intent, "internationalization" (more of it), a broadened financial base, and a broader geographical orientation including the United States.

To do this we need, along with financial and moral support, program ideas . . . things to do, places to go and organizations to work with. Who better to seek this from than friends and especially alumni of IVS? You know what we can do as well as what pitfalls to avoid. We need your knowledge of opportunities, your contacts and any other kind of useful advice and assistance you can offer.

In return we promise a thoughtful reading and acknowledgement. If your ideas can be handled given our constraints of money and time, we'll probably bother you a great deal. We can further promise no expansion for expansion's sake and if the corporate word on that point needs reinforcement, our financial state provides it.

To those readers yet troubled by IVS' role in Indochina or its ending and whose reactions to this appeal are governed thereby, we'd like to borrow a bit from Senator McGovern's address to a meeting of the American Legion. To wit . . . IVS can't disown you, please don't disown IVS. Apart from that we can disagree like hell.

* Acknowledgement herewith provided to Clyde Eastman, IVS/Viet Nam '59-'61 and Las Cruces, New Mexico.
TOM LUCHE

IVS IN BANGLADESH

Aug. 1 — Ministry of Local Government, Rural Development and Cooperatives/Division officially extended an invitation to IVS "to participate in its program to provide middle level technicians to 5 Bengali institutions." Formal agreement includes up to 50 volunteers over a 2 year period following decision by the Ministry on resumes and job descriptions of the volunteers. Initial team size will be 15 volunteers. Expansion depends on response of inviting institutions/organizations and the political realities of the moment.

Obaidullah Khan-Secretary, Div. of Rural Development & Coops in conjunction with Warren Day established 22 specific job descriptions which were approved as of Aug. 18 & Sept. 5th Dr. Winburn Thomas arrived in Dacca Bangladesh to assume the responsibility of IVS-Bangladesh Director with Char Cuento serving as first IVS volunteer as well as assisting the Training Officer for IRDP and helping with administrative details.

General areas of work responsibilities for volunteers will be in: cooperative education and extension mechanical work for servicing farm machinery, pumps and tubes, wells, agronomy, fisheries, poultry-raising, and programs in nutrition, family planning and child-maternal health care.

Presently we are projecting a team of five to ten volunteers to arrive before the first of the year. Dr. Thomas and Char Cuento have effectively established and are maintaining rapport with a host of agencies and officials whose cooperation will enhance the further progress for IVS efforts in Bangladesh.

JIM GINGERICH

The Reporter received a note from a reader who observed our Missing Person's List and here now is the address for:

Chuck & Louise Ross
Viet Nam 1963-1965



GALEN BEERY (IVS Laos 1962-1967 & IVS/W 1959-1962) wrote from Vientiane, Laos, on September 9, 1972, giving state-side change of address as .

IVS ALUMNI NEWS

David Hess (Algeria '64-'66) married Margery Ann Williams at the Fourth Presbyterian Church in Bethesda, Maryland, on Sept. 30. David is with the U. of Maryland Extension Service.

Fred and Carol Soltysik (Algeria '70-'72) are the proud parents of Natasha who weighed in at 5 lbs. 11½ oz. on 9/20/72.

Gerry Thierstein (Viet Nam '58-'60) now teaching at the Agricultural Engineering Department of Makerere University, Uganda, may yet succeed in meeting the IVS Africa program exploration team in Kenya.

Harvey Neese (Viet Nam '59-'61), wife Winnie and daughter Delia, are alive and well in Troy, Idaho. He's selling land but "would not look backwards" at some tropical travel when the snows cover his wares.

Don Schmidt (Viet Nam '60-'62) is working at Debre Zeit, an agriculture experiment station 50 kms. SE of Addis Ababa on "the kind of job I've been seeking for the last dozen years. . . ."

Masafumi Nagao (Viet Nam '67-'69) was visited by Dr. Winburn Thomas in Tokyo in September. August, along with Tei Uehata—IVS Board Member. He unfortunately missed Jiro Oi and Neboro Kondo.

Gene Stoltzfus (Viet Nam '63-'65 and IVS/W) has returned to seminary at Elkhart, Indiana, to continue his studies.

Jon and Carol Wells (Laos '67-'69). Jon has become Soil Conservationist for Balanced Rock District, Filer, Idaho and Carol is teaching school.

Renee Batoon (Viet Nam '67-'69) is now enrolled at Cornell where he joins Laos alumni John Murdock, the Ridenours, George Viles, Carl Coppock, the Iresons and Frank Huffman.

Rick and Marie Matthews (Algeria '69-'70) are planning to leave Uganda where they've been teaching school. A thoughtful essay by Marie on the Role of a Volunteer will be used in orientation.

Richard Carlton (Viet Nam '63-'65) provides IVS with a second generation volunteer with son Scott and daughter-in-law Alice's arrival in Algiers.

Pat and Lucy Basler (Laos '65-'67) write from their "Our Place Resort" in Webster, Wisconsin. Can we assume reduced rates for IVS people?

Sabina Garcia Fajardo (VN/) and **Steven E. Swift** (VN/) were married in Amherst, Mass., September 9th. The account of the wedding in the Falmouth (Mass.) paper noted that Steve had served under IVS in Vietnam, but indicated only that Sabina had been an instructor at the University of the Philippines, Los Banos. The couple now lives at . Steve is studying Anthropology while taking Chinese and Vietnamese courses at the University of Hawaii.

John Bohn (Viet Nam '64-'66) can be reached . Far out!

Sarah Benson (Viet Nam '67-'69) and **Steve Nichols** (Viet Nam '67-'69) announced an October 22 marriage in South Hadley, Massachusetts.

Art King (Viet Nam '57-'59) is now working at the Maryland State's Attorney's Office to complete his law degree and continuing to serve in the Maryland General Assembly.

Curt Paskett (Morocco '70-'72) is now enrolled at the U. of Arizona, Tucson, in a Ph.D. program in watershed management.

Joe Lomax (Algeria '71-'72) has returned to Houston to care for his ailing parents.

Chuck and Thu Huong Crumpton (Viet Nam '70-'72) were joined by new daughter Kim in Honolulu.

Fred and Atchara Stone (Viet Nam '66-'68) are in Thailand where Fred is doing his field work for a Ph.D. program in Geography at the E. W. Center of the U. of Hawaii.

John Sommer (Viet Nam '63-'67) and family are in New Delhi with the Ford Foundation. John recently visited IVS/Dacca.

Willie Meyers (Viet Nam '63-'65) and family* just left IRRI, Makati, the Philippines and visited IVS home office recently and caught us up. He intends to start his Ph.D. program at the U. of Minnesota this fall.

Bob Majure (Algeria '71-'72) is now enrolled in an M.Ed. TEFL program at American U., Cairo.

(* Char Cuentos' sister. Char is the first IVS volunteer in Bangladesh.)

NEWS OF IVS/W PERSONNEL – WELCOME TO:

Janet Peterson (Portland, Oregon) new Personnel Assistant

Ann Frost (IVS/W '67-'68) now working part-time in recruitment

Marge Deitrich, our peripatetic executive Secretary who found her duties at The Epilepsy Foundation less rewarding than IVS for the serious study of psychology (clinical).

Tom Luche (IVS/Viet Nam '57-'59), Program Development Officer (Staff Program Consultant to outsiders) who rejoins IVS after a checkered career in rural development in Southeast Asia.

NEWS OF IVS/W PERSONNEL – GOODBYE TO:

Michelle Burke, Summer Intern at Personnel from Niles, Illinois, whose return to high school leaves an aching void (Wow!)

WHERE ARE YOU?

We have sent the following notice to all alumni:

As announced in the August 1972 REPORTER, we are preparing for publication of the IVS VIET NAM STORY. So that we might estimate volume of printing, we would ask that you submit your order now. We request a tax-free contribution of \$25 or more for your copy.

Also now in progress is the preparation of an IVS Alumni Directory. This project was begun on the suggestion of an IVS Alumnus; although he has little money to spare after paying his college tuition, he said he would be willing to pay an ample sum for an alumni directory. We request a tax-free contribution of \$10 for the directory.

Please return the enclosed, post-paid card as soon as possible, so that we might get the directory out now. If you do not wish to order either publication, PLEASE RETURN THIS CARD WITH YOUR CORRECT ADDRESS: we'd like to put out a directory that makes sense!

In the case that you did not receive this notice, we have included cards in the back of the REPORTER for your convenience in ordering these publications. Again, if you do not wish either the directory or the IVS VIET NAM STORY, PLEASE FILL OUT THE CARD anyway, with your address, and use the extras to indicate addresses for other alumni that you have. THANK YOU!

JO MARSHALL

I would like to order:

_____ copies of the *IVS VIETNAM STORY*

_____ copies of the *IVS ALUMNI DIRECTORY*

Enclosed is my check for \$_____

Name_____

Address_____

Suggestions, comments, etc. for the Reporter are WELCOME! Let me hear from you
MARY CORBIN

A LEADER IS BEST
WHEN PEOPLE BARELY KNOW HE EXISTS
WHEN HIS WORK IS DONE
HIS AIM FULFILLED
THEY WILL SAY, "We did this ourselves."

Statement Lao Tsu

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