

## EXCERPT FROM LETTER FROM PC TRAINING AT CORNELL -- #2

August 1, 1963

I'm sitting in a NY high school classroom observing an American history class. Since I'm having a difficult time staying awake, you're going to get a letter.

Graduation is 3 weeks in the future. Already we have lost 8 of our group—3 voluntarily, one mental breakdown, and 4 selected out due to personality problems. The outside world thinks that once you're accepted for training, you have it made. And that just aint so.

PC Washington lost the records of 18 of our physicals. Therefore, I had another complete one. My urine test showed sugar, so I was excused from exercises for 3 days. Afterwards the test was clear. I had a molar pulled 2 weeks ago after a 3-day toothache. Otherwise I'm very healthy.

In teacher training we have been having lectures on teaching methods followed by discussion groups where we give 15 minute talks. The rest of the class acts like extremely bad and dumb students. This is to teach methods for handling pupils. Next week I will teach two 90-minute periods of African geography to the 9<sup>th</sup> grade classes of the teacher I'm now observing. This will be the extent of the teacher education courses.

Week after next we will have jeep mechanic lab. There are few garages in SL and the roads are hideous, especially in the rainy season.

There are 2 returned PC volunteers from SL here this week. They tentatively can tell some of us where we will be stationed. I'm in demand since 20 schools want geography teachers. They tell me that most likely I will be in Freetown. This is by no means definite.

NOTE: And it wasn't definite since I was assigned to Queen of the Rosary School in Bo.

I'm beginning to feel like a pin cushion after so many shots. I've had a reaction to each and every one—huge, black, sore bruises. One man kiddingly wanted to arrest me for being a dope addict. So far the shots have included 3 typhoid, 1

DTT, 1 tetanus (which hurt like hell!), 3 polio, 2 flu, 1 smallpox, 1 yellow fever, 3 novocain, and 1 TB test needle. Not one of us is looking forward to the infectious hepatitis shot in our tail. This is a monstrous injection of gamma globulin—one cc for every 20 lbs. of weight.

Four of us almost got arrested Saturday night for disturbing the peace at 2 AM. We had been at a party and were roasting to death. We decided to go swimming (in our undies) at a lake on campus that is surrounded by houses. Naturally our voices carried and someone called the police. They just bawled us out. They understood because it had been 98 degrees that day.

Enclose is a blank check to use to buy items on the list of clothing recommended for SL that I don't have to try on. This probably will be a big problem since the stores are no longer displaying summer clothes.

NOTE: All our clothing had to be cotton or cotton/polyester blends—no nylon!-- that could be ironed in order to kill the eggs of toomba (sp?) flies before they hatched and burrowed into our skin. Our house in Bo had a clothes line on the front balcony on the 2<sup>nd</sup> floor. But in Makeni, I believe our houseboy spread our clothes on shrubbery around the house to dry.