

TEAA (Teachers for East Africa Alumni) Newsletter No. 26, January 2012. Published and edited by: Ed Schmidt, 7307 Lindbergh Dr., St. Louis, MO 63117, USA, 314-647-1608, <eschmidt1@sbcglobal.net>. Send items for the newsletter to the above address. PLEASE KEEP THE EDITOR INFORMED OF ANY CHANGES IN YOUR CONTACT INFORMATION. It is easier for you to tell me than for me to re-find you!

The account that is used to fund printing and mailing of the newsletter is running low. Donations to the newsletter fund should be sent to the above address. Checks should be made out to Ed Schmidt.

The TEAA website, <<http://www.tea-a.org>>, is an easy way to keep up with TEAA happenings, news and photos from East Africa. Suggestions and specific contributions of content are strongly encouraged. Send to Henry Hamburger, <henryjh@comcast.net>.

Henry is also our treasurer. Donations for TEAA support of schools in East Africa can be made by sending a check made out to TEAA to: Henry Hamburger, 6400 Wynkoop Blvd., Bethesda, MD 20817-5934, USA.

In this issue:

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE, Brooks Goddard
AN EAST AFRICA REUNION ACCOUNT: BOOKING IT IN KENYA, by Bill Jones
ON ASSESSING NEEDS AND MAKING GRANTS, by David Newbury
RECENT TEAA GRANTS, compiled by Henry Hamburger
LETTERS FROM OUR CONTACTS IN EAST AFRICAN SCHOOLS
TEAA PARTICIPATES IN FOT EVENT IN DENVER, by Leal Dickson and Lee Smith
TEAAers IN THE NEWS -- Betty Castor and Henry Hamburger
TEAAers CREATE -- Edward Hower and Emilee Cantieri
NOTES FROM MYANMAR, by Dale Otto
WE'VE HEARD FROM YOU
LETTER FROM THE PAST, by Julie Sulman
IKE, 1-10s, MEMORIES AND ME by Jay Anderson
WELL-PRESSED SHIRT, by Jay Anderson
PAPA, MARTHA, AND ME, by Jay Anderson
YOUR STORIES, by Jim Shields
RECOMMENDED READING
OBITUARIES: Wangari Maathai, Margaret Macpherson

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE, Brooks Goddard

Greetings of the New Year, 2012. Writing from snow-less Boston with good cheer.

Right now, I'm caught in-between memories of the reunions of 2011, fears of the impending political mess of 2012, and thinking ahead to a TEAA reunion in 2013. Details on the latter will be available soon.

Permit me a few reflections on NYC11 and EA11. The last time I was in Grace Dodge Hall at Teachers College was the spring of 1969, and the place hasn't lost its creaks and groans nor its charm. Our rooms were lovely, and the Bill Jones-led committee attracted many dynamic speakers. From emails in December I can tell you that Ken Woods is still drilling wells in Tanzania (and visited the ruins at Kilwa) and Anita Mpambara-Cox is still raising money for the Kigezi section of Uganda. That L.O.V.E. DVD soundtrack still rings in my ears as does Ward Heneveld's research detail that elementary school students can decode words without knowing their meanings. EA 11 brought home the power of repeated visits, the diligence of our East African teaching colleagues, and the need for improved English language training (without going into the language issue). And better vetting of service providers.

In trying to get current contemporary African literature into the hands of some of the teachers we met on EA11, I have had success in sending 2 paperback books in a Flat rate envelope for \$13.95. You can put 20 pounds into the medium box and send for \$43.23. We have usually brought copies of *Oxford's Advanced Learner's Dictionary* and/or copies of a good atlas for secondary schools when visiting campuses. In a similar vein, we might think of bringing some contemporary subject area reading to teachers.

I am about to teach an adult education course on Kenya which I have avoided in the past because of the emotional connotations for me (I'm an old romantic). I am going to base the course on Ngugi's *Dreams in a Time of War*, Huxley's *The Flame Trees of Thika*, Dinesen's *Out of Africa*, and Wainaina's *One Day I Must Write About This Place*. I shall try to present the country without too much colonial baggage, but I am looking very much to showing folks my copy of *The Kenya Settlers' Cookery Book and Household Guide*. Mine is the 12th edition of 1958. Copies are collectible (a 1948 edition is selling for \$75).

Which brings me to a pet topic: what are we going to do with all that stuff? It is one thing to contemplate the future of TEAA but quite another thing to think about gourds, shields, Flora pieces, headrests, or even Lamu-built model dhows (with a shout-out to Frank Smith). It's all been packed and repacked, cleaned, and cherished for 50 years. Anyone with good ideas, please tell me. Please.

TEAA continues to raise money for its grants; the organization remains solvent. Applications picked up following EA11, but we were saddened in December to learn that two prospering TZ schools have been removed from the control of the headmistresses who had proved so capable (we gather some internal diocesan squabble). We would like to expand the recreational reading program and offer similar support for the needs of teachers.

Two other programs deserve your attention. First is the Teaaki Project: a single memory from your East African experiences and how it affected you; write as many as you'd like. Read the existing ones; they really are fun. Go to <http://teaaki.pbworks.com/w/page/41733103/FrontPage>. Second, you'll want to sport a new TEAA T-shirt and support our cause. Our duka is open. Go to <http://tea-a.org/> and click on T-shirts. Order 5 shirts by May 1, 2012, and take 20% off. I promise fast service. Salaamu, Brooks

AN EAST AFRICA REUNION ACCOUNT: BOOKING IT IN KENYA, by Bill Jones

I knew the East African reunion trip would suspend me in a quiet bubble of pleasure. I would have none of the duties routinely undertaken if it were to be a trip out with Henry Hamburger to monitor alumni-sponsored school projects. This was to be a vacation trip, a celebratory occasion, an extension of the good time the alumni had had at Teachers College. I would have the company of pleasant folks, and I had plans to do only what I wanted to do: read, rest, and make certain I spent time with some of the East Africans I have grown fond of.

I did undertake one school-project-like duty in Migori at Mukuyu Secondary School. It was in no way a chore. In fact, it was a simple act in a short series of activities that marked the visit to Mukuyu as special. We had gathered for a school assembly, a celebratory occasion for visitors. I was asked to say a little something to present the school with a collection of books that the Reverend Peter Indalo, a minister and school board member who lives just across the road from the school, had had a hand in selecting for the recreational reading project that TEAA had funded, books by African writers and by British and American writers, too. They were, by my judgment, appropriate, titles arrived at by knowledgeable local school personnel. The school captain came forward to accept the books. The applause he received, even before he made his short acceptance speech, made it clear that the respect he had earned could be directed in efforts to establish recreational reading as a functional feature of school life. I imagined that, if he said that recreational reading was a good thing, students would respond and would, along with him, champion the project, making recreational reading the student-driven activity it ideally should be.

We were outdoors, but the assembly had an appropriate academic feel to it. In addition to the school captain speaking, a young woman recited a poem. She had worked to write well and to be clever. A male student comedian performed. He had a routine that he had obviously prepared for, giving consideration to what he would say and how he would pace and sequence it. The preparation paid off. All of this -- the school captain's speech, the recitation of the poem and the comic routine -- was linguistic activity, a designation rightly selected for a school assembly undertaken for visitors who would likely give an evaluative edge to whatever they took away from the visit. Certainly, nothing negative could be assigned to the performance of the school's music ensemble. Instrumental music with vocal accompaniment, it was sophisticated in rhythm and tonal variation, a performance of a quality that I imagined someone at the school decided had to be established for a nonacademic activity that was associated with the efforts of its students. I was pleased, doubly so, since dancing was not an adjunct to the musical performance.

I left Migori, headed for Nairobi with a short four-day stopover in the Elgeyo countryside, pleased

that I had decided to travel as far as Migori with the group, instead of traveling only as far as the guest camp in Kakamega Forest, the destination just before Migori. Not one of the group, in fact, managed to get to the guest camp, but that's a story outside my concern here, a story, I'm certain, that someone else will tell. Remember, mine is a pleasure tale.

A part of my feeling good can be attributed to my reading Manning Marable's *Malcolm X: A Life of Reinvention*. I'd been reading it for about two weeks before leaving for London, flying out of Newark on the evening of June 20, headed for Entebbe. The publication of a book that had a new take on Malcolm X was significant. Malcolm X, what the flesh and blood man represented, had been a lodestone pulling back to the United States fifty years earlier. I left Nairobi days after attending Kenya's independence celebration in mid-December 1963 and had spent about a month in Accra on my way back home. Accra had a sizable American community, black folks who had begun to call themselves Afro-Americans instead of Negroes, among them Maya Angelou, then married to a South African and had the last name Make (MAHkay). I remember our animated conversations about Black Muslims and Malcolm. I'm almost certain that I had left for East Africa in 1961 with a copy of C. Eric Lincoln's *The Black Muslims in America* among the books I had packed. So it was curious that I would have in my possession a new book about Malcolm as I headed back to East Africa in celebration of that first trip, fifty years earlier.

In the twelve hours I spent in London on the way to Entebbe, I had helped my old American buddy, Joe Towns, find the British edition of the book. He had come down from Cambridge to see me. Joe's trips to London are routine for the stopovers I make sure I have on my way to anyplace in Africa. I make certain that we hit bookstores, confident that there will be black texts somewhere to delight us. When I returned three weeks later, we would find a copy of *The Atlases of the Trans-Atlantic Slave Trade* for him. But in the first hours in London on June 21, we found the Malcolm book without much effort and made it a part of what we talked about when we had a late afternoon meal at Food for Thought, a little vegetarian restaurant on Neal Street in Covent Garden. A meal at Food for Thought is always a part of what we do in London.

I left London, still reading, and continued to do so as the alumni group made its way from Kampala to Migori and was still reading when I was on my own in the Elgeyo countryside. By the morning of July Fourth, when I had found my way to Nairobi and had spent just one night at the YMCA, I had finished the book. I sat in the lounge, waiting for the arrival of Justus Kyalo, a Kenyan painter, an old acquaintance, so that we could head out to make the rounds of Nairobi's art world. On the last two visits to Nairobi, that's what Kaylo and I did: We looked at art and visited artist friends. When he saw the book, he derailed my intention to leave it in my room. With a short exchange there in the lounge, his excitement so evident, his knowledge of Malcolm so poignant, it became clear that the book had to be his. I gave it to him, my heart made happy.

The book could have easily left my hands the evening before. I had visited Elimo and Phillda Njau within an hour of arriving at the Y. I had called them, just to let them know that I had arrived in the city. I hadn't even been given a room. A party was in progress, Phillda said, at Paa ya Paa, their art center outside Nairobi, a taxi ride away in Ridgeways off the Kiambu Road. Two Americans were headed home after completing long-term projects in Nairobi. Phillda said I had to come. I left my luggage at the desk and hired a taxi. I managed a bit of time alone with the Njaus as guests were leaving. We talked about the book. I told them that I had gone to school with one of the Muslims that had figured in Malcolm's assassination. There had been rumors, and, indeed, I found my schoolmate's name in Marable's book. It turned out that the same was possible for Phillda: One of her high school classmates was in the same category. He was named as well. The book was a must-read for her. I didn't have to leave the book with her, however. Her daughter would be in Kenya at the beginning of August. She would make sure her daughter brought it when she came.

Phillda's interest didn't surprise me. Neither did Kyalo's, but I assigned his interest to a special category. For me, Kyalo is a diaspora man, an African diaspora man. He seems to have a project to familiarize himself with the black world. He had spent time earlier in the year in Cameroon, there as a member of an artists' workshop. When I met him in Nairobi in the early nineties, he had already spent a year on his own in England, living in Brixton. He got around. I even spent two days with him in New York in 2004. We went to Harlem. We were in the company of Kwado Ani, an artist I know from my trips to Ghana. Kwado had studied in London. He had won a prize in an international competition that included a trip to Japan. They both had been in the Vermont Studio Center workshop that spring. By design, workshop

participants spend the last week or so in New York, visiting galleries and museums. During my two days with them, I made sure that they visited a number of the art spaces associated with black art in the city: June Kelly Gallery in Soho, Skoto Gallery in Chelsea, Bill Hodges Gallery and Michael Rosenfeld Gallery, both in the same building on 57th Street, and Sikkema Jenkins, the gallery in Chelsea that represented the Kenyan artist, Wangechi Mutu, at that time. The Studio Museum was on our list, and we included a visit to the National Black Theater east of the museum on 125th Street to see the Oshogbo art that was worked into the architecture of the theater's interior. Of course, we had to see Aaron Douglas's murals at the Schomburg. Ani had the address of a space on 124th Street near Madison Avenue, owned by a friend of someone who had visited Ghana. We went there, too. We had a fine time. A chance conversation between Kyalo and Ani while they were in Vermont had revealed that they both knew Bill Jones, "this black American who collected contemporary African art." We behaved like old friends. They had a fine growing familiarity with the work of black American artists. They had encountered them mostly in books.

Trips through Nairobi with Kyalo almost guarantee small surprises and delights. At our first stop, we ran into James Mweu, a member of a dance troupe that has rehearsal space at Go Down, an artists' collective in one of Nairobi's abandoned industrial areas. Go Down has studios from visual artists -- painters and sculptors -- in addition to the rehearsal space for dancers and musicians who also have recording facilities there. James is an old acquaintance. I have a set question for him whenever I see him: "Have you met any new Biggers?" When I first met him, somehow the fact that he was reading Richard Wright's *Native Son* made its way into our conversation. "Nairobi," he said with cool seriousness, "is full of Bigger Thomases." This time he said that they were still around but that he understands them now. Then he said that he continues to read Wright and, recently, had found a copy of *Eight Men*, Wright's short story collection. Sidewalk purveyors of used books dot the city. A knowing eye, he said, can locate gems. I knew that. That's one of the pleasures of walking Nairobi streets. Not one book in what any street vendor offers will be wrapped in cellophane as they annoyingly are in almost every bookstore in Nairobi. And, as Kyalo knows, there are always surprises: He found a CD of the music of jazz tenor saxophonist, Gene Ammons, for less than one dollar. Kaylo knows that jazz, like books by black writers, can offer insights into the black world.

That's one of the conclusions he and I came to in the company of another diaspora man, Njee Muturi, a painter turned jewelry maker. He had lived for a number of years in Jersey City, New Jersey. He reluctantly gave up painting to make jewelry, bracelets and pendants, mainly, from forks and spoons, sterling and silver plate. The pendants are handsome objects, often startling so, especially when they hang from his deftly fashioned black-corded lanyards, their lengths adjusted by clever knotting. The artist's life, Njee said, was hard, difficult for him, at least, so he returned to Kenya. He lives in a handsome apartment, one room a cluttered studio. It is clear he makes a decent living. Tourists seek him out, and he has a clientele among Kenyans.

He finds young Kenyans who seek him out a curious lot, identifying them as modern, their equivalents found across the urban world. He said that some of them could easily pass for American kids. He refuses to judge them negatively, but, realizes that who they are in large measure is dictated by the ideas and attitudes that come to them through what he calls "the world culture of the young." To my amazement, he said that when he finds any of them who seem particularly off-centered, he tells them to read *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*. He said he had done that just a few days earlier, naming a young woman and then saying, "She's probably off somewhere reading *Malcolm X* and crying."

What else other than delighted could I be in the company of this Njee Muturi? He obviously recognized that books could change lives. Kyalo and I told him about the new Marable book, Kyalo letting him know that he would be the first in line to read the book after he had finished it. That was when Njee linked listening to jazz with reading. He said that jazz cooled him out. He said it put him in touch with his feelings, with who he is, and with what he thought about himself. Oh my! I knew what he was talking about. He lived in Jersey City, certainly then, he had listened to WBGO, Jazz 88, the twenty-four hour broadcasts out of neighboring Newark. Sadly, he hadn't. When I left his apartment, both he and Kaylo knew that their computers, there in far off Nairobi, could give them access to WBGO, 88.3 FM in far away Newark, New Jersey, USA. They would be joining Joe Towns, who told me that he makes that access a reality every Sunday from his place in Cambridge, that university town in the UK. Doing so is the proper province of African diaspora men, especially those who also love books.

ON ASSESSING NEEDS AND MAKING GRANTS, excerpted from an email from David Newbury

I hope [the discussions in Arusha] ... represented both a fair balance (characterizing the group as a whole, with our commitments to all three countries), and a fair distribution, directed to schools which are most in need and which are well run. It's hard sometimes to know that latter issue with a single visit: personalities sometimes override solid substance. But with our (your!) close contacts over several years with these schools and people, we're in a good position to differentiate the real needs from the ego-selves (on both sides of the donor relationship).

Of course requesting funds is not itself a bad thing, but at the same time, some of the most modest teachers and school heads are also some of the most reliable and committed to their jobs, and to education. We shouldn't confuse the two.

From this experience, in fact, I came to the conclusion that perhaps a group as big as this was, with such diverse personalities and commitments, might not be the best forum to make specific decisions on fund allocations. I think those decisions can best be made by small groups of people, without previous commitment, spending time in the schools (at least one day each, for one or two people working separately), and learning what to look for in assessing effective learning environments, and the backgrounds of the students being served. To roll up in a bus (or even a van) with 8-12 foreigners (bearing resources so avidly sought) means immediately getting thrust into local forms of receiving honored visitors, and that process tends to override the purpose of the trip and obscure the very elements of teaching, supplies, and teacher commitments that are crucial in making effective decisions on resource allocation. And the chance to go through the budget in detail--expenses and gaps, both--is invaluable, to see how our (somewhat limited, but potentially crucial) funds can best be put to use. For example, in Lira, our discussion with the Sister was very useful for me--as she pointed out how she used her allocation (for now, investing in basic material infrastructure), and what was being neglected (teachers were sometimes working on a near-voluntary basis in some cases). She had a chance to explain her thinking on what factors motivated her decisions, and what directions she wanted to go. I was a little concerned that she was very invested in "big" infrastructure projects--dorms, etc., at the expense of teaching salaries (though not, as far as I could tell, at the expense of pedagogical supplies). But that may have been because she took us as if we were some major aid organization, with the capacity to fund big projects (such as USAID). Nonetheless, I appreciated the chance to see her thinking, and think it is well thought out for setting a long-term foundation. With that and the nature of student selection--girls, and often orphans--and the clear recognition (which she was not reluctant to share with us) that some of the girls are severely traumatized, and that creates problems for their ability to study effectively, but also for the school to address those problems--which they seemed to be doing, or at least aware of the need to do--was impressive to me. But that kind of conversation can best be done in the framework that you have worked in so effectively before, when you and Henry and Bill have gone out able to focus on such issues in an environment where social conventions don't override the real purpose of your presence.

In that sense, I feared that our recent large-group experience might not have been the best foundation on which to make serious and well-considered decisions on the allocation of our modest, but not inconsequential, funds to the schools. Of course we want everyone to have a voice. But not everyone has the same data base. And different values were in evidence in how members of the group were making these commitments (sometimes in public, as if committing the group to a major decision without consultation within). We need to have those voices, and we need to talk out those differences.

But we also need to work towards a common commitment to the methods of assessment, and to the reality that while our contributions can be very important, they are also modest, and that we have essential commitments to all three societies, to rural as well as urban contexts, and to balancing need and skill. All of that would seem necessary, but unlikely: I doubt that many people would have wanted to have taken the time to think through the parameters of our decision-making process at that level. So my feeling is that it would have been best to have had a discussion on such matters without determining final allocations, and then forward that to a committee to make those decisions on material matters; they would then forward those, with a justification of their decisions for the group to react to, before proceeding.

And as we have done all along: implementation and follow-through must be an essential part of the process. That's why your annual trips are so valuable--and admirable. That is where the rubber really hits the road. And when there is follow-through, and it is known that that will be the case, you can be sure that

those funds will, in fact, be used in the way they were intended. Without that, it is not so sure--the needs, at many levels, are so urgent and so great.

[Editor's note: Following the June trip, it was decided to combine the TEAA steering and grant committees to more efficiently process grant requests. Grant requests are made by a TEAAer familiar with the particular school, then forwarded to Brooks Goddard, who distributes them to the combined committee for comment and voting.]

RECENT TEAA GRANTS, compiled by Henry Hamburger

These are the grants made by TEAA since EA-11. Most are to Kenyan schools, where grants had been lagging the past few years. For a complete list of grants, go to the website, <tea-a.org>. Go to "Grants Awarded" under "Taking Action."

124. Aug '11: \$500 to Amagoro Girls, Kenya, for math books at all levels. This is a first-time grant to this single-stream school, which is in its fifth year and is located in Kenya just outside Malaba near the Uganda border.

125. Sep '11: \$800 to Mukuyu, near Migori, Kenya, for textbooks, to attain a 4:1 ratio of students to books in all subjects in Forms 3 and 4 at a cost of \$580. The remainder is to be used for revision books and possibly a few books for the lower forms.

126. Sep '11: \$1,000 to Nyakato, near Bukoba, Tanzania, for A-level science textbooks.

127. Nov '11: \$2,100 to Prudent Primary near Migori, Kenya, for a simple one-room structure to hold classes for 50 students at a time. Currently all classes meet outdoors. Construction will be overseen by TEAA rep Peter Indalo

128. Nov '11: \$7,740 to MacKay, Kampala, Uganda. This is approximately half of a matching grant to help complete the construction of a library, classroom, computer lab building. The parents have so far raised exactly this amount. The foundations, concrete floors for the first floor and some of the columns for a second floor were finished when construction was halted for lack of funds.

129. Nov '11: \$400 to Moonlight Primary, Bungoma, Kenya, to replace concrete floors in several classrooms. The deteriorating floors create an unsafe walking surface and the pulverized concrete gets into the air, which is bad for all students, but especially those with asthma.

130. Nov '11: \$800 to Oruba Girls Secondary School in southwestern Kenya, near Migori. This first-time grant is for math books and chemistry equipment.

131. Nov '11: \$1,000 to Bungoma Baptist Girls High School, Kenya. This first-time grant is for 12 microscopes.

132. Nov '11: \$900 to Moringe Sokoine, Tanzania, for reading books, English language activity books, and A-level textbooks to support the English program.

133. Nov '11: \$900 to Notre Dame Academy Njiro, near Arusha, Tanzania, to purchase electrical apparatus for physics in the science laboratory.

134. Dec '11: \$1,000 to Toloso Secondary in Chwele, Kenya, north of Bungoma, for math textbooks and library books for a program of independent reading.

LETTERS FROM OUR CONTACTS IN EAST AFRICAN SCHOOLS

Onyango Doris, principal of Amagoro Girls School, Kenya. Dear Sir, On behalf of the school community, the B.O.G, P.T.A., teachers and students, I wish to sincerely thank your organisation for donating the above to our school. Through your good gesture, we were able to purchase 96 mathematics text books. This has boosted the resources in our maths department. We hope the performance of the girls in maths will improve. Do convey our deep appreciation to madam Ruth of Computers for Africa, who introduced us to you. Thank you again. Yours sincerely, ONYANGO D.A., PRINCIPAL/B.O.G. SECRETARY

Quilinous Otim, director, Ave Maria Vocational Training and Youth Development Center, Lira, Uganda. Dear Henry and all Members of TEAA,

Its all about your selfless love of mankind that you are still making efforts to support our many needy schools in East Africa. I am following your (TEAA's) programs with a lot of interest. Although I did not meet the team on their recent visit to Uganda, I must send you (TEAA) my most sincere thanks and

appreciation for this great love for us.

Further to that, I must also thank you wholeheartedly for reaching Iceme Girls Secondary School again and for your support to that girls' school. For your information, I am also the Chairman, Finance and Development of this (Iceme) school and among 5 people representing the Foundation Body, which is the Diocese of Lira.

Your contributions to this school and others have entered our records and you (TEAA) will always be remembered for these great and important contributions. Kindly Convey my warm greetings and love to all the TEAA members / family. Best Regards, Quilinous Otim

Dec. 5. Dear Ed, Hi, I visited the cyber [internet cafe], and I was happy to receive your email of 18th Nov 2011 and the funds that were delivered. I have already started the work of flooring the classrooms [in Moonlight Primary School]. I wish to express my sincere appreciation for this sacrifice from the group. The children are very happy to see new floors. Once more I want to apologize for irregular checking on my email. This time Tabeel [daughter] informed me about the email. Thanks again, greetings and gratitude to every member of the group. God bless. Enoch

Kalerwa Rose, principal, Bungoma Baptist Girls School, Kenya. December 16. The school account was credited as confirmed by the school accounts clerk. I am participating in the marking of national exams which ends on 22nd December 2011. The school tender committee will meet after Christmas to tender for the supply of microscopes. I will send the invoices immediately it is done. Thank you for extending a helping hand to the young school and girl child. Receive sincere appreciation from the school management. God bless you. Rose

Sister Mary Shaija, principal, Notre Dame Academy, near Arusha. My dear sisters and friends one and all,

It is with great joy that I write this message to you all. First of all I want to tell you that I prayed for you all during the Christmas Mass and prayers as well as during the New year Mass and prayers. I have said a small prayer for you all each one by name. I believe that my Jesus has heard my prayers. He has allowed us to live again to work for the Lord and for His people. He has given us good health, he has given us deep trust and faith in him, He has given us a loving heart, a reflective mind, and inspiring thought, a beautiful world to live in. We lack nothing and we have everything in order to live. So my dear friends with all its giftedness let us be grateful to God for all that He has been to us, for all that He will be to us, and for all that He was to us. I WISH YOU A HAPPY, PROSPEROUS AND SUCCESSFUL NEW YEAR.

On the 31st of December 2011 we brought our sisters from Ngarenaro [where Sr. was formerly principal] and we handed over our first foundation to the Archdiocese and to another group of sisters. We have completed our work at that place which was the stepping stone for all the other foundations. We left that place by 5:30 p.m. We waited from 11 a.m. onwards to get the signature of the people concerned. We took 19 years of our hard work by pending our energy, strength, wisdom, knowledge and spirit in order to offer this beautiful offering. We had a very good gift to offer to the diocese. We had well furnished and well established Secondary and Higher Secondary school. Besides that we also had about 105 million cash [\$67,000 or 43,000 GBP] for the diocese. It was a great gift that God gave to the Diocese through our sisters' hard work. The priests who accused us of many things were shocked to know that we had saved so much money for the school. It was a total surprise for them. Now I think, they feel embarrassed and ashamed when they see us. After we left the place we have not gone to that place because they had written in the letter that to allow them to work in freedom at their own space without any interference.

We had a very good New Year Celebration. We were all together for lunch from all the three communities. We had prayers from 12 noon to 1:00 p.m. followed by lunch. We gathered together at Zinduka with all the sisters, novices and postulants. We were about 30 people all together. We had a good time sitting, chatting, eating and spending time together. We look forward in meeting the Lord in many different ways during the course of the year. May the good GOD continue to walk with us through out the year. Sister Mary Shaija, s n d [Sisters of Notre Dame]

Okunya Milton, principal, recently transferred from Gunga SS to St Monica Bondo, Kosiemo, Migori, Kenya. Hi Brooks and Ed, happy times. Tis great to live in these exciting times. Our school term has

begun. Am pushing through a boarding program for the sake of my gals. They are excited about it. The challenge is great but am not shrinking back. Am expecting new students next month and have to make a classroom ready before then. Exciting!

We shall also have what will in future be a termly contest in Creative writing for schools in this region. Our English department will coordinate it. Tis hot now and my grass is in trouble. The ministry has introduced new set books, *The Whale Rider* and *When the Sun Goes Down* and other stories. We are looking forward to you all coming this year. Cheers, Okunya

Ekadu Jayne, principal of Oruba Girls Secondary School, near Migori, Kenya. Greetings Mr. President [Brooks], On behalf of my staff and on my own behalf I would like to sincerely thank you and your team for all that you have so far done to our school. We are really very appreciative and we will try our best to put into good and proper use the books and equipments which we are going to purchase with the grant you have given us. We will try our best to ensure that there is improvement in the results. I would also like to really appreciate all the forms of encouragement and help in one way or another you have accorded to our school. I believe that if we put ourselves together then we are going to improve the education of the girl child within and outside the Uriri area. Currently we are having our end of year examinations. The girls are soon closing for their December holidays. We hope that should we receive the grant soon then we hope to make the purchases as soon as possible in readiness for use by the students when they resume in early January. May I take this opportunity to wish you well in your Christmas Holidays and pass Oruba Girls greetings to all Members of your team. God bless you abundantly. The receipts and invoices will be sent as soon as possible after the purchases. Best regards, Ekadu Jayne

Timothy, teacher at Moringe Sokoine SS, Tanzania. Dear. Brooks, I wrote to thank you and your colleagues for a response to a request about the funds for the books. Sorry I replied late, it was just because of some other circumstance around that kept me bit busy. We got the money and managed to purchase the books of the list we sent you from Kase Books store, the books for the reading program of our students for all levels and some for knowledge of teachers to up-to-date their skills. We really appreciate your kindness and concern to MSSS, please pass our warmly gratitude to fellows out there!

We really feel your hearts belong to ours. God bless you always. The books will be in English Department and the students will be encouraged to come and borrow them for personal reading and write a short report of their readings to us, English teachers for analysis. Thanks again! Sincerely yours, Timothy [A photo of MSSS students displaying the books is on the TEAA website, tea-a.org, under "What's Hot."]

Enoch Nandokha. . [Enoch and his wife Eunice run the Moonlight Primary School on the outskirts of Bungoma. They hosted the reunion group in 2011 and arranged accommodations on short notice.]

Hallo Eddy, Happy new year. I wish to express my sincere gratitude for the grant of Ksh. 40,000 [\$400] received to floor the classrooms. I am happy to mention to you that the money covered work for three classrooms. That included purchase of hardcore, sand, cement and labour. We added very little to a total of 41,475 to finish. We still have more work yet to be done to complete the classrooms in bad shape.

We are happy to note you that our 21 of candidates of K.C.P.E. last year did well regardless of the severe conditions. 18 of them passed very well with over 10 joining form one this year, 2012. For those who will not be able to make it we will give them a chance to repeat.

God bless you. Wish you prosperous 2012. Yours, Enoch and Eunice

TEAA REPRESENTATIVES PARTICIPATE IN THE FRIENDS OF TANZANIA NETWORKING EVENTS HELD IN DENVER, COLORADO IN OCTOBER 2011-- Leal Dickson and Lee Smith

Between October 23rd and 25th five TEAA members participated in events sponsored by the Friends of Tanzania (FOT) who hosted the Ambassador of the United Republic of Tanzania to the United States, Her Excellency Mwadaidi Sinare Maajar. Mme. Maajar is a mining lawyer who represented her country in the United Kingdom prior to presenting her credentials to President Obama in 2010. The event was organized by FOT President Patricia Kelley, Secretary Craig Hafner, and members Ana Manega and our own TEAAer, LeRoy Smith.

At the opening reception networking event hosted by the University of Colorado campus in

Denver on Sunday afternoon, TEAA participants organized a table displaying TEAA literature, photos, and a brief description of our efforts on behalf of the 15+ schools we support in East Africa. TEAA members (and spouses) Gene Child, Leal and Audrey Dickson, Shelby Lewis, Lee and Léopoldine Smith, and James and Lorine Williams were present. Gene brought a laptop in order to share his work establishing the Afripad program.

When the Ambassador arrived her attention was immediately drawn to the TEAA table behind which double kangas produced for the occasion of Tanganyika's Independence in 1961 were displayed. The kangas had been sent to Léo Smith by TEAAer Lois Carwile for the event. In her brief opening greetings, Ambassador Maajar—visibly moved by the kangas—explained their special significance in Tanzanian culture. As she described it, the kanga is a singular offering, given by a husband to his wife, a mother to a daughter, a sister to a sister, etc. on significant occasions.

We enjoyed chatting with the Ambassador when she visited our table, and took the opportunity to explain who we are and TEAA efforts on behalf of schools in Tanzania, Kenya, and Uganda. In addition, we had ample opportunity to share our story with many of the approximately 100 people in attendance who represented some 18 NGOs and businesses that have worked in or have an ongoing interest in Tanzania.

We TEAAers were invited to be part of the Ambassador's entourage during the next two days as she met with scholars and spoke on "Tanzania's Legal System and International Law on UN Day" at the University of Denver's Sturm School of Law, "Tanzania and Mining" at the Colorado School of Mines in Golden, and "Tanzanian Business Opportunities" at the World Trade Center Denver. Shelby, as 2011 Vice-Chair of the Board of the Fulbright International Educational Exchange Program (to which TEAAer Betty Castor has also recently been appointed by the President), also spoke briefly at the School of Mines.

We were able to share much more of what we do in specific schools in Tanzania informally with Ambassador Maajar and her Public Affairs Counselor, Dr. Switbert Mkama, as we accompanied them on tours of two western museums (the Buffalo Bill Cody and the Black American West) and a brief visit to the Rockies and its bison herds. At the final good-bye luncheon Lee presented the Ambassador with the fragile 50 year-old Uhuru kangas and Dr. Mkama with a lapel button from the same era on behalf of Lois (who had purchased them in 1961) and all TEAAers to commemorate the official visit to Denver.

The Ambassador was surprised and delighted to receive such a rare gift and did so on behalf of her government, promising that it had found its new sheltering home and would be prominently displayed in the Tanzanian Embassy in Washington; but only after she had taken it to Dar es Salaam to show to the people and President on the occasion of the 50th Anniversary of Independence in December. Before their departure, Dr. Mkama and Ambassador Maajar expressed their thanks for TEAA's continued and future efforts on behalf of Tanzanian schools.

TEAAers IN THE NEWS -- Betty Castor and Henry Hamburger Fulbright Board Appointment -- Now There Are Two.

In a July 29 press release from The White House, President Obama announced appointments to six key administrative posts. Among the six, TEAAer Betty Castor was appointed to the J. William Fulbright Foreign Scholarship Board. Betty joins TEAAer Shelby Lewis, who was appointed to the 12 member board in 2010. Shelby served as the board's vice-chair in 2011.

The biography of Betty given in the press release states: Betty Castor is the former President of the University of South Florida in Tampa, Florida, where she served as President for six years from 1994 until 1999. Prior to her tenure as President, she was the Florida Commissioner of Education for seven years and the first woman ever elected to the Florida Cabinet. Ms. Castor has held other leadership positions in education, most recently as the Executive Director of the Patel Center for Global Solutions at USF. She is a former state legislator having served three terms in the Florida Senate. Ms. Castor is a member of the Tampa Bay Committee on Foreign Relations and the Society of International Business Fellows. She began her educational career as a secondary school teacher in Uganda, East Africa and continues to support the Teachers for East Africa Alumni Foundation. She received her Bachelor's degree from Rowan University, Glassboro, New Jersey and her Master's degree from the University of Miami, Coral Gables, Florida.

Henry Hamburger has been recognized by College Bound, a United Way agency, in its Fall 2011 newsletter for his volunteer teaching of a summer program to support inner city high school youth. Eighteen students took advantage of Henry's instruction in various math topics during the five week program. This was the second summer that Henry has offered the summer session. During the school year he tutors six hours a week for the agency.

TEAAers CREATE, Edward Hower, Emilee Cantieri

Edward Hower's article, THE WITCH TEMPLE OF MEHANDIPUR, was published in the Winter 2012 issue of The American Scholar. His experience in East Africa is cited in the article. Ed is the author of nine books of fiction. He is currently completing a memoir of his years in India as a Fulbright fellow. Ed teaches in Cornell University's Prison Education Program.

Emilee Hines (1-A, Machakos TTC) in 2011 has had published her 16th and 17th books, *Speaking Ill of the Dead: Jerks in Washington, DC History* and *Til Death Do Us Part*.

Jerks begins with Thomas Jefferson and ends with Joseph McCarthy and J. Edgar Hoover, and the collection of liars, cheats, adulterers, extortionists, assassins, murderers and general political corruption proves that little has changed in Washington over the centuries, only the cast of characters. Published by Globe Pequot as part of their "jerks in history" series. Available from bookstores or Amazon.com for \$13.22; Kindle \$9.99.

Til Death Do Us Part is intended for couples, but is useful for singles as well. It tells how to prepare for the inevitable death of your beloved and what to do after it happens, financially, legally, medically and emotionally. Each chapter has a "to-do" list. It's based on Emilee's experience when her husband died suddenly, as well as interviews with other widows and widowers and legal and medical professionals. A good gift for nearly every adult on your list, and affordable at \$9.99 paperback plus postage from Emilee or from Amazon.com, and Kindle from Amazon @\$2.99.

NOTES FROM MYANMAR, Dale Otto, TEA 1961, Group C

January 13, Yangon, Myanmar. After a long flight departing from Seattle at 1 a.m. December 26, a shorter flight arriving in Bangkok on December 27, and a short flight on December 29, I arrived in Yangon. I'll be here until March 25, living with son Justin and his wife Jen (both U.S. State Department employees), doing a little volunteer teaching and other work at a small, private NGO and at the American Center, and experiencing as much as I can of this engaging but politically limited country and its people.

Experiencing Myanmar is constrained because the current military government – in firm control since 1962 – has been very successful in quashing opposition and oppressing the population. It is only in the last few months that the recently appointed president has eased the weight of government and the military on the population. Aung San Suu Kyi is free from her 13+ years of confinement and house arrest, and is now able to revitalize her opposition party and participate in coming elections; a portion of the jailed political prisoners have been released and others have had excessive sentences reduced; China has somewhat been held back in its activities to extract or use Myanmar's abundant natural resources, hydropower and ready access to the Andaman Sea and beyond. There is a palpable sense of change and hope.

My first impressions of Yangon center on it being in an extraordinary mix of the pluses and minuses of a big, sprawling, "Third World" city in Asia. Actually Yangon, like most big Asian cities, is a mix of First, Second, Third, Fourth . . . Worlds. A wealthy class of both Burmese and foreigners exists in enclaves and fancy cars among many Buddhist Monks, middle business and shop keepers, taxi drivers, pedestrians of some means - all of whom are cheek by jowl with the struggling and the really struggling. There are many sidewalk sellers of goods and food, layers and stacks of old and decrepit or new and shiny business and/or apartment buildings, numerous abandoned old homes and other structures which must be in some sort of legal limbo regarding ownership or restriction. Traffic is intense and the air is polluted, as are the large and small lakes within the city. It's the cool dry season now, so most days are moderate in early morning, sunny and hot from midmorning on, again moderate in the evening, and cool overnight. In some ways, it feels much like a busy day 50 years ago in Kisumu, without the weight of size, poor air quality and urban congestion. I don't dare write much about the weather here to my wife Elizabeth, who is in

Seattle and wearing layers to deal with the Washington winter. She'll join me in early March for my last weeks here before we return home.

Traveling a bit, prowling around the city, and getting well acquainted with my students will go a long way towards gaining some partial and at least somewhat accurate understandings of this country while I'm here. It worked well for us decades ago in East Africa, and perhaps we're all a little more clear-eyed about being less quick to judge, categorize and otherwise limit the Other.

[The same day Dale sent the above report, he also sent the following link titled, BBC News - High-profile dissidents freed in Burma amnesty: <<http://www.bbc.co.uk/news/world-asia-16540871>>

WE'VE HEARD FROM YOU

Barry Sesnan. I am back in Abidjan, this time on a Back to School campaign after the post-electoral crisis working, rather boringly, for UNICEF again, on a consultancy. Very comfortable place here, French supermarkets and a constant struggle not to eat everything available. Such a hard life.

Back to School is made easier by the fact that if you open a school most children will go to it. However there is a core number of boy apprentices, housegirls and farm / plantation workers who never go to school.

So you have maybe 75% of the population well-educated who couldn't care a fig for the other 25% (mainly their servants and workers, or their children) who don't go to school. But here's the rub. The twenty-five percent are now in charge with the take over by Ouattara. Barry

Kay Strain Borkowski. In her Christmas letter, Kay reports a mobile phone number: (US, Canada, Mexico) 281-253-3434

Gloria Lindsey Alibaruho. In 1962 I was posted to Machame Girls' School at approximately 6,000 ft on Mount Kilimanjaro. I saw so many people attempt to go up. Some made it and others did not due to the impact of the [lack of] atmospheric pressure on them. I shook so many drinks for Americans and friends going up the "Mountain" and administered meds for blisters, and air sickness for those coming down.

Every morning when I got up I would go to my window to see if the peaks were still there. It was an automatic reaction, the same as I do every morning here in Uganda as I live on a slight plateau facing Lake Victoria. When I returned to USA after my tour of duty my automatic response in the morning was to go to the window, subconsciously expecting to see Kibo, the Saddle, or even the clouds shrouding the mountain. It was always so awesome as are the sail boats that waver in the sun on Sundays here in Uganda. I think East Africa is the closest I will ever be to Paradise.

It was on Kilimanjaro that I heard of the assassination of President Kennedy. I remember so vividly descending the "Mountain" on my way to Moshi Town. The Chagga people, villagers who lived on the slopes of Kilimanjaro, lined the sides of the road and turned their faces in sympathy as I drove down in my small blue Anglia car.

There are occasions that I still have nostalgic feelings about Kilimanjaro. Gloria. TEA 1962.

Shelby Lewis, commenting on a grant proposal to fund the purchase of microscopes for a school in Kenya. "I can personally relate to the microscope problem. When I was growing up we had only one (1) microscope in our high school. Yes, I meant 1 microscope in the whole school. Needless to say, our library was practically bare and we had hand me down books that were out of date and too few in number for each student to have one to take home. That is what segregation was like in my home town. I would not wish that problem on students in Kenya. I support this grant. Shelby"

John Basinger. Ed, I have been meaning to call/write for some days now, but.... Anyhow, you'll remember Joseph Nyoro, the Kikuyu fellow who drove me around much of Kenya, took us up to Sande's and you down to the bus the next day in Migori. Well, he died about 10 days ago or so. He had an onset of malaria hit him again and he was treated with an incorrect drug. It hit me really hard. John

Don Knies. A few paragraphs from his Christmas letter. As predicted, the rest of this year has been quiet and uneventful after our return in July from New York. Mo has been laboring happily in her garden, and

going off periodically with her friend Joyce to antique and assorted junk sales. Fortunately she buys very little. As for me, I spend time reading, watching TV and listening to music (I started collecting records at about the age of 15, and after 67 years my collection of old-time classic jazz, blues and ragtime is as complete as it will ever be... and I listen and love it).

Note on Advanced Technology---to those good people who have asked us to join Facebook or similar schemes thank you but no thanks. I just don't do that stuff. Email and Googling on line test my electronic abilities to the limit, and trying to sort out the mass of irrelevant rubbish that appears on the screen is almost more than my little old brain can handle. Mo has completed a brief computer class and now communicates continually with our two girls. Holly and Tara encourage their mother, while I stand by bemused by the flow of messages, photos, Skype appearances, etc. Actually it's the next best thing to being together.

Now the Festive Season is upon us and we plan to spend Christmas here in England. Tara and Sacha have been given a surprise posting to El Salvador starting next July, so we have the choice of going to Wash D.C. in the spring before they leave or travelling sometime later to Central America. We have never been to El Salvador (and I bet you haven't either). Also California beckons in 2012, and Holly is talking about a week together in Normandy. So our plans for next year are uncertain. Will keep you posted. Peace and Love from us both---Don and Mo

Norrell Noble. Ed, I celebrated my 80th birthday Dec. 23. I was here in New York with my wife, Francoise, and our older son Lawrence and his wife Melanie and their two children, Elizabeth and Christopher, both college students. In November we had been in California for Thanksgiving to celebrate with our younger son Christopher, his wife Susannah and their two sons Sam and Tommy. I go to Egypt now as a visitor. I was there for four months this spring-summer. I will go back in May. Happy New Year to you and yours, Norrell H. Noble, Tabora first wave, 1961-63

Cheri Pinner. Hi Ed, John and I will have a new address as of April. We are leaving Derbyshire and will be living near Stirling in Scotland. We don't have a land line as yet. Cheri

Jerry Atkin. Hey Ed, A brief update. In Memoriam: Julius Nyerere, Revisited and Possibly Corrected. An Ethiopian friend read my piece on Nyerere and we got together to talk about it over coffee. His uncle had been visiting and Semir brought up the idea that Nyerere might have died of a broken heart. Semir's family, including his uncle, had been politically active enough in Ethiopia to be forced into exile in Sudan and his uncle had known all of the East African leaders, including Nyerere. He suggested that Nyerere had actually been very happy at the end of his life. He had retired completely from politics and was living in his home village, in his family home. He refused all special attention, patched his own roof and lived the life of a village elder. All of which brought him joy.

Knowing that brought me joy as well. Still, even with this new information, I'm not willing to completely abandon my hypothesis. More than one thing can be true at the same time. How else could we continue doing the work? Jerry Atkin

Roy Godber. Our plans to return to Uganda have now been finalised and we hope to be there in February. The primary purpose is to help with the establishment of a Christian Vocational School in Budaka near Mbale. However, we may be able to fit in a visit to Soroti and Tororo where I taught in the 60s. We hope to be able to provide a report on our return. Roy Godber

Anita Bird Hayden. I have a question of other TEAers. I went to Loitokitok as an instructor at the Outward Bound School in 1964. Did any other teachers go there and do that? In 1964 it was the first girls class and we got all 50 girls of different races, from the 3 East African countries up Kilimanjaro. Also I seemed to be the only teacher from Machame sent to do proctoring for the O Level exams. I did this in Tanga, Arusha and Ashira. Was this because I was British TEA and familiar with the exams? I am curious as to who else had that dubious pleasure. Who proctored at Machame? Anita Bird Hayden

Brooks Goddard. On Friday, December 9, 2011, there was a gathering of the wazee at the Metropolitan Museum of Art on New York's elegant Fifth Avenue. The occasion was a viewing of the exhibition "Heroic

Africans: Legendary Leaders, Iconic Sculptures.” The wazee were ROMEO’s [Retired Old Men Eating Out?] Brooks Goddard, Bill Jones, Jay Jordan, and Lloyd Sherman; we had invited the photographer Chester Higgins, Jr., to join us, but he was in Ethiopia. We saw the exhibit and then repaired to a French bistro for lunch for sustenance of all kinds. There was agreement that the exhibit was gloriously mounted and presented, but puzzled over the continuing tension between heroic Africans and slave Africans and those who connived to create what I can only call “the whole mess.” In any event, comradeship overcame contention, and we agreed that a certain level of quarrel gave fine spice to matters. Please, please go to see for yourselves before January 29 (following the presentation at the Metropolitan, the exhibition will travel to the Museum Rietberg in Zurich, where it will be on view February 26 through June 3, 2012). Brooks lingered at the Met to see also the new galleries for the art of the Arab Lands. This is a permanent exhibit, and equally breathtaking is the Birch Court which was specially designed and created by Moroccan artisans and the Damascus Room. Undaunted I also saw “Wonders of the Age: Master Painters of India, 1100-1900.” In the process of walking through the museum I saw “Romare Bearden, a centennial celebration” and the annual Christmas tree and Neapolitan Baroque crèche. Exhausted but satisfied I went downtown and took the bus back to Boston.

Jim Blair. Henry, your tribute to Frank [Ballance] was eloquent. The tribute and many other stories can be found on the TEAA website <tea-a.org> by clicking on “Our Stories” under “TEAA Story Project.” or directly at <<http://teaaki.pbworks.com/w/page/41733103/FrontPage>>. When I saw the title I naturally assumed that Frank had died (as so many of our TEA compatriots have done). I was relieved at first to read that he was still alive but I was then dismayed to learn that although he is breathing and his heart is beating he is not really "alive." And yet, he is not suffering and he is not unhappy. He is just unaware. It is indeed sad that a man who was so alive and vibrant and who touched so many people's lives is now just a mere husk of what he once was. When I compare Frank's condition to Stephen Hawking whose brilliance remains but whose body is gone, I believe that Dr. Hawking is more fortunate. Most fortunate of all are those of us who were privileged enough to be in the TEA program fifty years past who still retain (nearly) all of our mental and physical faculties. Frank's disease brings two famous quotes to mind:

There, but for the grace of God go I

The Moving Finger writes and having writ
Moves on; nor all your piety nor wit
Shall lure It back to cancel half a line
Nor all your tears wash out a word of It. -- The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam
Cheers, Jim Blair

Pat Colby. MUSICAL THEATER --FELA! The living stage performance of Fela! is excellent. Set in Lagos, Nigeria in the late 1970's, we follow the story of the hottest musician in Africa, Fela Kuti. At his club, The Shrine, he plays a new kind of music, Afrobeat, and mixes it with incendiary lyrics which openly attack the corrupt military dictatorships that rule Nigeria. On any night he can be arrested and beaten. Dangerous as life is for Fela, his commanding night club presence rivets his audience through music, dance and his personal story. It is vibrant and grounded in the truth of so many African nations. Directed and choreographed by Bill T. Jones and starring Sahr Ngaujah, this is theatre at a high level. Get a ticket! Enjoy the show!

Ed Schmidt. The African Great Lakes Initiative of the Friends (Quakers) Peace Teams publishes reports from Kenya and Rwanda. You can read the reports on their website <www.aglifpt.org> or by emailing <dave@aglifpt.org> and asking to be put on the mailing list. It is wise to read from other sources as well to achieve a balanced view. AGLIFPT's U.S. office is in St. Louis.

Jack Klenk. Dear Ed, Thanks for all you are doing with TEAA. Here is some update info on me, in case you want to use it.

I retired from the U.S. Department of Education in 2009. I served at the Department for twenty-seven years under five presidents and eight secretaries of education, and directed the Office of Non-

Public Education and other offices.

My experience in Uganda with TEA (1964-67) had a profound influence on my life. My wife Linda and I have made six trips to Uganda since 1998, most recently in Oct-Nov 2011. Being retired allows me to spend more time as a board member of Uganda Christian University Partners, the US support group for UCU (the largest private university in Uganda, and the first one chartered by the government of Uganda), and to work with our church and its East Africa Action Group in support of various activities in Uganda. My main involvement in Uganda is in Mukono (UCU) and Kabale (Diocese of Kigezi, a regional campus of UCU, a hospital). We also have visitors from Uganda to our home, and we are planning a visit to the US by the bishop of the diocese of Kigezi, in May-June 2012. We are not sure when we will next travel to Uganda, this year or next.

After I retired, I wrote a booklet about the question of who should decide how children are educated, which is available at <http://www.frc.org/brochure/who-should-decide-how-children-are-educated>. Thanks again. Best wishes, Jack Klenk, TEA 1964-67

Lydia Odaga, an alumna of Tororo Girls School, sent a news item about a U.S. funded mentoring program for high school girls. Participants will be chosen from Nabisunsa Girls, Trinity College Nabbingo, Mbogo High, Gayaza High, Aboke Girls, Tororo Girls and Bweranyangi Girls' school. Trainees from the six schools selected to participate in the program will receive training in entrepreneurship, leadership and other life skills.

LETTER FROM THE PAST, Julie Sulman (formerly Richardson)

This is an excerpt from a letter I wrote to my parents dated March 1, 1966. We had been at Bungoma Secondary School in western Kenya since summer '64. The named people were teachers there.

"Our half term was this past weekend and Ron and I, the Joneses, Les, Bill the P.C.er, and 13 fourth formers went up Mt. Elgon. Ron, Jill, I, and two students rode to the hut (18 miles up) in a trailer pulled by a tractor. We picked up the rest of the group about 2/3 of the way up. What a ride! We were lucky we didn't have internal injuries. That afternoon some Elgon Masai youth came down to our campfire to talk. One of them mentioned that hyenas had been seen in the area. They also said their tendency was to grab a vulnerable animal by the head and that their breath was foul from eating dead or injured animals. That evening, Lodrick, one of the students with a rather vivid imagination, insisted that we barricade the door to the hut from the inside to keep hyenas out. Another student, Edward, was feeling sick from the altitude (14,000 feet). Thus, the stage was set and everyone unconsciously had hyenas on the brain. We slept on the floor in two rows: one the students and across, the adults. About 1:30 a.m. we were awakened by the most bloodcurdling, horrified screams I've ever heard, and a frenzied scrambling about. Suddenly something flung itself over my face and I yelled. Bedlam prevailed for several seconds until all the flashlights were turned on and we could see that nothing was amiss.

This is what had happened: Edward woke up ill (Jill was awake and heard all this) and leaned over Lodrick making retching, animal-like noises and breathed into his face. Lodrick reached up, felt Edward's head, thought it was a hyena and screamed. God what screams! Edward then thought that a hyena was trying to drag Lodrick out of the hut and grabbed his feet. Lodrick, of course, thought that he was being attacked at his feet and drummed his heels on the floor. More screams. At this point Ron flung himself over my face to protect me from the hyena and I, thinking 'God that hyena moves fast' (the original screams coming from the other end of the hut), screamed. This unnerved Jill, next to me, who had until this time thought it was just someone dreaming. Roger laid back and played dead hoping that whatever it was would leave him alone. Needless to say no one got much more sleep that night."

IKE, 1-10s, MEMORIES AND ME, Jay Anderson

In 1952, "Ike" Eisenhower was running for president and he had a problem: Richard Nixon, Tricky Dick, was corrupt, Ike knew it, and both were giving speeches, Dick on TV and Ike in Cleveland, Ohio. Our family was in Cleveland to hear Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians live in Concert next door to where Ike was giving his speech. Our concert let out early, and when we heard Ike would soon emerge, Dad was

ecstatic. We waited, and when we saw Ike, Dad shouted out, "Ike! Remember me?" And Ike said, "Sure! How are you?" Boy, were we proud of Dad. Nixon gave his famous "Checkers" speech that night, and Ike was never able to dump him. The rest is, as they say, history.

Now Ike liked to play golf and didn't like to read much so he and his flunkies always boiled down their advice to one page. I always liked that idea so when I was Director of Research and Interpretation at Iowa's Living History Farms, I asked my staff to write up their interpretive fact sheets as 1-10s [one page -- ten minutes]. About 500 of them. There were some 2-20s also. Two pages, 20 minutes. What did farmers grow? Wear? Do with their milk? Celebrate? Worship? Etc...1-10 for life in 1850, 1875, 1900, and the future in rural Iowa. We called it M*A*S*H research after the TV sitcom. "4077" research and interpretation.

Last year Shelia Riley got sick and tired of my stories. "You're not funny anymore, peanut. I mean I still love you, but your memories are well... I've heard them a few too many times. Why don't you just write them down?" I asked, "For who?" Shelia replied, "Why not for your grandkids? They are probably the only ones in your world who haven't heard them!" My world? Kids, students, etc.

So I decided to clear my mind of my memories and write them down. One memory equals one page [double spaced]. That's about the attention span I think teenagers would be willing to read. So sometime in 2020, Ben, Angus, Annie, Devon, Maddie, and Cooper can read what Papa was all about during his sojourn on Earth.

And daughter Anna gets paid to type, my Mom gets to laugh or cry or a chance to fact check, and I get to flush out my brain during the summer of 2007 on Cape Cod.

A CLEAN WELL-PRESSED SHIRT, Jay Anderson

I was sitting at my desk reading and correcting a mound of student essays. They were 4th form students, that would be American high school seniors if I were in America, but I was in Uganda, East Africa, and the topic they were writing on was in a Nigerian book, *Things Fall Apart* by Chinua Achebe, and it was death, the death of a young African boy. The essays were very good considering that they were children who wrote them.

My "house boy" Charles, actually a grown man and father of four, interrupted me. "There is a man at the door for you." The man was old, African, and serious. Charles translated. I was needed at the school's swimming pool. As the swimming "master" I was responsible for the pool. "What does he want?" Charles said only that I was needed and as a European, a white man, only I would do.

So I left my essays on death and walked with the serious old man and Charles down to the pool. After our walk through the Ugandan forest, we arrived. I saw in the pool with its clear green water, lying face down, the body of a young drowned girl, perhaps three or four years old. She was as still as a floating leaf.

On the hillsides around the pool were many Ugandan men, women, and children sitting silently. They waited patiently for me to bring her to them. Charles whispered to me, "Only a Muzungu (white person, non-African) can touch a dead body that's drowned. It's our tradition." So I slipped into the cold shallow water and crossed over to her and lifted her up. She was stiff but still warm and light as some dead birds I have carried to their graves. I walked up the steps out of the pool, laid her on the bright green grass on the hillside, then took off my white shirt and lay it over her.

Suddenly, the wailing began. Cries, screams, moans, like the heavens breaking in a thunderstorm of African grief. Charles and I left.

A month, perhaps later, Charles called me again. There is a man for you at the door. I went. It was the same old serious man. He held out his hands and gave me back my now clean well-pressed shirt.

PAPA, MARTHA, AND ME, Jay Anderson

In the spring of 1964, I was student teaching at the Kings College, Budo, the "Eton" of East Africa. Budo's cornerstone was laid by Winston Churchill way back before the First World War. An Anglican secondary school, and all the elite of Uganda attended Budo, members of Parliaments, captains of industry, and of course the kings of Uganda's five African kingdoms. Budo was an all-African school. No Europeans, no Asians, just the "cream" albeit black cream of Ugandan society.

The staff was also first rate. All trained at England "public" (private) schools such as Eton, Oxford, and Cambridge. Except for a few red-brick sorts, universities like Durham and Manchester, and oh my a

Scot, Gordon MacGregor out of Glasgow. And horror of horrors, a Yank. Yes, a Yank. Jay Anderson, Hamilton College, Teachers for East Africa. Now student teaching here and only because he was first in his class of 80 at Makerere College in Kampala, Uganda. Yes, he was also first in his class at Aberdeen University in 1960-61. Took a 1st Class Diploma at that Scottish University. Not bad for a Yank. But still, he's pretty uncouth.

Now, we were having midmorning staff tea. About 10:30. All the limeys were grouped together enjoying each other's holier than thous. Gordon and I were blithering with the red bricks. Lowly. A student hanging around the doorway caught Ian Cameron Robinson, the headmaster's eye. "Please Sir, you're wanted."

Out Ian walked all pomp and circumstance. A few minutes later, he came back in and sidled up to me of all the people, the Yank. "You're on call." He explained that it was not ME exactly but an American, a youngish teacher that was needed to be interviewed by an American, woman, oldish, so go, we will cover your classes, I think she is some sort of writer person. Be polite, if you can. "Now out!"

So out I went. She was oldish, blond, good looking, familiar. I introduced myself. She said, "Martha, Martha Gellhorn."

I told her I liked her writing and I liked her husband, former husband's writing also.* "I don't mind talking about Papa," she said. We both relaxed and she lit up the first of many fags, and I got out my pipe, and we spent hours and hours talking about W.W.II, Key West, the Wild West, Africa, and Papa. She did interview me and yes, I'm in one of her wonderful books, sort of...

At staff tea the next day, I got curious looks along the lines of "You Yanks are a funny lot and who was that lady?"

*Martha Gellhorn was Ernest Hemingway's 3rd (out of four) wives and the only one who divorced him!

YOUR STORIES, Jim Shields

In 1961 I was a doctoral candidate in Comparative and International Education and Assistant to the Coordinator, R. Freeman Butts, Office of International Cooperation, Administration Projects Abroad at Teachers College.

In that capacity I worked with John Laska and others on the recruitment and training in the States and Kampala of the first wave of TEA participants. In addition I served as a Research Associate for TEA at Makerere University College, Kampala, 1961-1962. In looking over some files for that period recently I came across two little publications I authored related to Africa: "The Reports of The Phelps-Stokes Fund on Education in Africa and The Formation Of A Theory of Community Development By The British," Phelps Stokes Fund Occasional Paper #4, May 1961 and "A Selected Bibliography on Education in East Africa, 1941-1961," Makerere Library Publications No. 2. 1962.

In 1964 I joined the faculty of The City College, City University of New York, and retired in 1999 as Emeritus Professor and Director, The Japan Initiative, The City College, City University of New York. Over the years my relationship with Teachers College has actively continued as a Visiting Professor primarily to give the course, "The Fundamentals of International Education," 1965-67, 1993-95 and 1998-2005; Project Director, Center for Educational Outreach and Innovation, CEO&I, and Coordinator, TC Book Talks, 1998-2005; and currently as a member of the TC Alumni Council and an active member of its International Students Committee.

In terms of other publications that relate to my early years at Teachers College, I should note that my doctoral dissertation was published as "Education and Community Development, Its Function in Technical Assistance" by Prager in 1967 in Spanish and English; "Problems and Prospects in International Education" by Teachers College Press was published in 1968, based on the curriculum David Scanlon and I developed in the 1960s for the "Fundamentals of International Education" course; and a series of two articles was published in the "Teachers College Record" in October 1968 and December 1969 on "Social Foundations of Education, The Problem of Relevance" and "Current Progress in the Foundations of Education." This series was very much related to the founding of the American Education Studies Association {AESAS} in the the 1960s.

As I recall these details of my professional efforts in the 1960s in the years around the founding of TEA I am amazed by the energy of youth.

RECOMMENDED READING

Poor Economics: A Radical Rethinking of the Way to Fight Global Poverty, by Banerjee, Abhijit V. and Esther Duflo. Public Affairs, 2011. Reviewed by Ed Schmidt

Some economists hold that huge infusions of aid are necessary to overcome the challenges of disease, soil infertility, poor education, etc. that exist in poor countries. In an opposing camp are economists who believe aid only corrupts, undermines local institutions, and creates a self-perpetuating culture of dependency. They believe instead that with free markets and properly controlled incentives, poor people will find their own way out of poverty.

The authors of *Poor Economics* challenge these two conventional views by analyzing specific projects and strategies through the use of randomized control trials in a multitude of countries and situations. The early chapters are dedicated to examining issues of hunger, health, education, and family size. Later chapters deal with money lending, microfinance, and entrepreneurship.

Interestingly, some of the studies in education were carried out western Kenya, where TEAA has made several grants to schools. In one study, providing textbooks to students did not improve performance much, probably because students were such poor readers of English that the textbooks were of little use to them. In another study, it was found that a way to help girls stay in school was to give them school uniforms.

The book is extremely readable and engaging, a “must read” for TEAA steering committee members and those with similar interests. The authors cofounded and direct the Poverty Action Lab at MIT.

A Singular Woman: The Untold Story of Barack Obama's Mother, by Janny Scott. New York: Riverhead Books, 2011. Reviewed by Henry Hamburger

When you come to think of it, there are some mighty puzzling things about Obama's mother, the extraordinary Stanley Ann Dunham. What propelled a seemingly ordinary daughter of middle-America high school graduates to become a respected and beloved anthropologist and a mother of biracial children? What was she like and how did she affect the future president? This biography addresses the puzzles and unveils a remarkable life with ancestral resonances.

One might also wonder whether a book about Ms. Dunham and Kansas, Hawaii and Indonesia can be appropriate for review in this newsletter. Yet by showing what is most admirable about anthropology fieldwork and its deployment in international development assistance, the book provides object lessons relevant to our continuing efforts in East Africa. Along the way the author, a talented and conscientious journalist, reveals some of her own methodology as she tracks down 200 people to help in her quest.

Born Wild, by Tony Fitzjohn. Recommended by Anita Bird Hayden. Tony Fitzjohn went to Africa and worked with George Adamson for many years before ending up at Mkomazi in Tanzania. I can almost smell Africa while reading this book. He gives very interesting information on how Kenya and Tanzania fell apart after Kenyatta and Nyerere left office and how the wildlife suffered.

OBITUARIES

Wangari Maathai, on September 25, 2011, in Nairobi. Born in 1940 in Kenya's Central Province, Maathai was a near age-mate of many of us. She was educated in Catholic primary and secondary schools in Kenya. The teaching nuns found a place for her at Mt. St. Scholastica College in Atchison, Kansas, and she became a part of the Tom Mboya inspired Kennedy Airlift of 1960 that brought Kenyan students to study in American colleges. Maathai later earned her master's degree in biology at the University of Pittsburgh and returned to Kenya to teach in the University College of Nairobi, where she later earned her Ph. D. in anatomy.

Maathai married another member of the Airlift and had three children. Her husband left her, apparently because she became too politically active for his comfort.

She eventually became involved in environmental restoration, which put her in direct conflict with corruption in the Moi government where political cronies were being given public forest lands for development. Maathai's Green Belt Movement enlisted village women to start tree nurseries using indigenous species.

Maathai's willingness to stand up to the Moi government gained her international recognition as an advocate for the environment, women's rights and democratic values. She was awarded the 2004 Nobel Prize for Peace.

Her autobiography, *Unbowed*, was published in 2006. If you haven't read it, now might be the time.

Margaret Macpherson, former professor at Makerere, died last year. A memorial service was held at Makerere on September 14. Barry Sesnan reports, "She must have taught some of the earlier TEAs. I brought her back to Makerere twice in the nineties...[T]here's no gainsaying the fact that she gave African literature and theatre a big boost, and she was truly tireless. A force of nature." An article in New Vision noted that she will be remembered for: Being devoted to the development of the teaching of English, Literature and Drama. Teaching Literature in both Makerere College School and Makerere University. Pioneered teaching of African Literature. One of the founders of the Music, Dance and Drama department. Started the Makerere Free Travelling Theatre that was active in the 1960s and 1970s. Authored the most authoritative history of Makerere University to date, titled *They Built for the Future: A Chronicle Of Makerere University College 1922-1962*. Publishing the Old Makererean newsletter.