

TEAA (Teachers for East Africa Alumni) Newsletter No. 32, February 2015.  
edited and published by: Ed Schmidt, 7307 Lindbergh Dr., St. Louis, MO 63117, USA,  
314-647-1608, <[eschmidt1@sbcglobal.net](mailto: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 TEAA website**, redesigned by Henry Hamburger for simplicity, appearance,  
and ease of use, is "teeming with a lot o' news" and will keep you up-to-date between  
Ed's Newsletters. From the home page, [tea-a.org](http://tea-a.org), a single click will take you to specific  
*Reunion* information for 2015, current and all past *Newsletters*, the *TEAA Story Project*,  
Africa-relevant *Book Reviews* by Brooks and sketches of *Grants* awarded to EA  
schools.

The quantity is almost as remarkable as the quality. There are now *31* past  
Newsletters, *58* reviews and *176* grants. The story project numbers *120* stories written  
by *70* of us. Tell your story! ... or tell another. Send it to Henry and he will post it for you.

"What's Hot" is a complement to the Newsletters, featuring news as it reaches  
us, typically once or twice a month, on the schools we assist and more broadly on East  
Africa matters. In January 2015, for example, Bill Jones tells us the fascinating  
background of Elimo Njau's Murang'a murals. Send news items, suggestions,  
corrections and requests for assistance to [henryjh@comcast.net](mailto:henryjh@comcast.net).

Henry is also **TEAA treasurer**. Registrations for the reunion and/or 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.

For reunion registrations, please indicate "reunion" in the memo line. The  
registration fee for the reunion/conference is \$150 for TEAA members (former TEA and  
TEEA folks) and \$75 for their guests.

A list of grants to support schools in EA is at [http://www.tea-a.org/actions/  
grants.html](http://www.tea-a.org/actions/grants.html). In 2014, TEAA made grants to schools totaling \$24,050.

In this Issue:

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE, Brooks Goddard

MN-15, AFRICAN CONNECTIONS THEN AND NOW, Ann Dickinson

THE LAZY MAN, Robert Gurney

TRAPPED ON A HIPPO ISLAND: MURCHISON FALLS N. P., Bill Stoeber

ON VOLUNTEERING, Henry Hamburger

PEACE CORPS IN UGANDA, 50TH ANNIVERSARY, Alan Olson

TEAAers CREATE.

LETTERS FROM OUR EAST AFRICAN CONTACTS

LETTER FROM JUBA, Lydia XXXX

WE MAY SPEAK THE SAME LANGUAGE, BUT....Don Knies

WE'VE HEARD FROM YOU

OBITUARIES Sally Fechtmeyer Bolar, Howard Carstens, Moira Harbottle, D. T. Joshi,  
Steve Lord, Chris Tongue, Doug Williams

DIRECTORY UPDATE

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE, Brooks Goddard

Dear fellow TEAAers,

NEWS FLASH: Chimamanda Adichie's lovely novel *Americanah* is going to be made into a movie starring David Oyelowo and Kenya's own Lupita Nyong'o.

First, now is the time to register for MN15 with Henry, address above. Then contact the Minneapolis Marriott City Center Hotel via the TEAA website connection. Then call 2 TEAA friends and tell them to do the same. Remind me, and the first beer is gratis.

Second, it may be or have been chilly in your area, but it is reasonably warm on the Kapiti Plains, the Zanzibar beaches, and in the Kidepo valley. Gulu is relatively peaceful, Machakos increasingly dry, and Iringa less dusty. We all are slowly but surely going through 50 year anniversaries of our initial departures to various East African destinations. Bob Gurney in UK is getting a cohort to tease out all kinds of memories, some into book form. No doubt other subgroups within TEAA have been doing the same. The hope lives on, the dream will never die.

One sign of this hope is Henry Hamburger's re-organization of the TEAA website: <http://www.tea-a.org>. Go there right now and look around. More colorful and easier to navigate. The picture-and-poem idea clearly didn't work, but our girl at MasSae Girls School in Monduli, TZ, is doing just fine as she enters her 3<sup>rd</sup> year. It occurs to me that some of you just might want to see her graduate in late October of 2016. We can arrange for good seats!

Third, some of you may have seen the current NASA projections for climate change. One result is that East Africa, especially northeast Kenya, is going to continue to get hotter. Which means less water, less grazing, less Tusker beer. Birth rates also continue to rise, and the rule of law makes only minor gains. Makes me glad I was in East Africa when I was even if the road from Nairobi to Thika is now a 6-lane divided highway.

Our sister organization ACCES in Canada makes great strides, and you can check that out at <http://acceskenya.org>. They work in western area around Kakamega. Friends of Kenya/FOK is another organization with legs; see them at <http://www.afkinc.org>. Friends of Tanzania is at <http://www.fotanzania.org>. Clearly the trick to sustaining these kinds of activities is to have energetic leadership and a constant flow of younger activists. The lack of the latter for TEAA is impacting our abilities to continue pursuing our mission.

Finally, CO13 began our hard look at our own future, and we shall continue the conversation at MN15. One question that will provoke discussion is "Who will organize Reunion 17?" What we can do is to continue to commit our memories to Teaki; we can continue to work locally on behalf of East African matters. If your charitable giving account is flush, you can request it to send money to TEAA.

See you in Minneapolis, Brooks

MN-15, AFRICAN CONNECTIONS THEN AND NOW, Ann Dickinson

Greetings from Ole, Lena, Sven and our entire planning committee up here in Vikings territory. We've been congregating at our lake cabins, sharing favorite hot dishes (you call them casseroles) and planning how to make this the best get-together of any kind that you'll ever have the opportunity to attend.

At the Minneapolis City Center Marriott you will encounter Serengeti lions, Kibera soccer stars, women with Wings, Maasai in Bootstraps, Soul aerobics, Books – millions

of them - for Africa, and much, much more. It's hard to be humble Midwesterners while pointing out that all these successful programs started in our fly over state.

Please don't fly over us on August 28! As your plane lands, look out the window to view a beautiful site: the Land of 10,000 Lakes. Prepare to be amazed by big bodies of water scattered throughout Minneapolis. While you're here, cross over the Mississippi River into St. Paul, aka the Last City in the East or St. Small, to see a little city where time stood still, buildings don't get torn down and folk are either related or know each other somehow.

Uff da! I nearly forgot the most important part of our program, you TEAAers, who comprise the THEN in this "African Connections Then and Now" event. Pack your favorite memories into your greying head and a few precious memorabilia into your beat up luggage. And as soon as possible, right after scouring your attic to locate them, send us your ten very best slides and/or photos, which will be digitalized into a masterpiece for showtime at the conference (details below).

Okee dokee there now, don't be that poor soul who's left out in the cold. Register asap for MN-15, August 28-31. Yep, you betcha, we'll leave the Coleman lantern on for ya.

For schedule details, hotel and registration info, and area attractions, visit: [www.tea-a.org](http://www.tea-a.org) No web access? Other questions? Call Linda Donaldson, 763-557-1108; Ann Dickinson, 651-341-0860; Sharon Bigot, 612-378-2783. It is possible to reserve at the hotel, Minneapolis Marriott City Center, by phone. To do this, you must use this group number: 1-877-303-0104 in order to get our special rate of \$119 per night. (Local Group number for Mpls area only is 1-866-315-9403.) Also, five rooms are still available at that rate before and after our event.

Mail your 10 very best slides/photos to Larry for digitalization: Larry Olds, 3322 15<sup>th</sup> Ave., Minneapolis, MN 55407, 612-722-3442. Email already digitalized items to: [larryolds@comcast.net](mailto:larryolds@comcast.net)

THE LAZY MAN, Robert Gurney

I may have given you the wrong impression about my social life in Uganda. I may have led you to believe that I spent all my time in a bar.

Let me explain. There were several choices. There was the Kampala Club which was fiendishly expensive. There was Okello's Bar which was a bit of a spit and sawdust. There was the rugby club which was often empty during much of the day. There was the Makerere University Club which could be rather cliquy. And there was the City Bar.

Now, it was, in some ways, more of a club but without a joining fee. You could play billiards, for example, and have a good meal. For me it was the easiest option.

I have never had a curry since that was better than that served by Babu in the City Bar Restaurant. The side dishes, for a start, were out of this world, a meal in themselves: pineapple, coconut, tomatoes, cucumber, relish, banana, sultanas, paw-paw, peppers, the list went on and on. I understand that the cuisine was basically Gujarati and had evolved into something more local. I didn't need to go any further.

That wasn't the best. It was the place which really interesting people made for when they arrived in the city. It was fascinating just to sit there, without stirring, in the city centre, lie back and bask in the stories that flooded in. There was no need to go outside the municipal boundary. The world came to you. It suited my lazy personality down to the ground. The sun shone down, flooding my lazy body with its heat.

Colin came in, covered in dust. He dusted himself down and ordered an ice-cold Bell, the local lager.

"I have a friend," he began, "quite a bit older than me, who owns a cattle ranch north-west of Nanyuki in Kenya. It's the second last farm before it becomes scrub and the road ends." He took a deep sip of his lager.

"It's practically desert," he went on, "and they reckon on ten to fifteen acres per cow. I believe this farm is 5000 acres." He ordered another beer.

"He has a couple of hundred cows," he said with an "Ah!", wiping his top lip with the sleeve of his safari jacket, "and goats and a couple of camels to fetch water from the river nearby. His wife is a charming local lady and he has five gorgeous copper-coloured daughters in their teens. He's an Australian who has been all over the world. He even worked for a year or two on the Alaska Highway in the 1940s. There are bomas made of thorn bushes dotted around the farm so that they can corral the cattle overnight to keep them safe from the lions of which there are a lot in the area."

This is the life, I thought. I can stay here for ever listening to these tales, without moving a muscle. I stretched my legs out.

"Whenever the farm workers report lions in the area," he continued, "he takes his rifle and goes and sleeps out at the boma. It seems to me that this is more often than not and when I visit, I sleep somewhat nervously in a tent next to his battered old Land Rover hearing grunts and roars that sound a bit close for comfort."

I snuggled deeper into my chair, the one from which I would watch the world going by without raising a finger. I was enjoying the story.

"One morning the workers," he went on, "reported that some thieves had stolen a dozen goats. One of his workers is an incredible tracker and we grabbed him and a few other workers, the guns and the Land Rover, and the tracker had no trouble finding their tracks. We started around eight in the morning and with all of us crammed into the Land Rover, we followed the tracker who was going at a steady jog, except for an occasional pause, as he cast around when the track got confused -- never more than a couple of minutes -- and off we set again."

This is the life, I felt. I can let others do my living. All I have to do is sit here and listen.

"A lot of the ground was very rocky and there were no hoof prints but it never seemed to cause him any problem - he would see a bit of bent grass or a leaf torn off a bush and off we would go again."

He paused. I ordered my new friend a third Bell and a cappuccino for myself. The heat was making me sleepy.

“It took us about five hours,” he continued, “but we caught up with them. As soon as they saw us, they ran off into the bush, leaving the goats behind. For good measure he fired a couple of shots over their heads, handed the gun to me and told me to have a go. It was the first time I had ever fired a rifle, in fact, and I had a bit of a bruise afterwards to prove it.”

I felt myself suppressing a yawn. I wasn’t bored. It was the midday sun. I felt exhausted just imagining the scene.

“We rounded up the goats,” he said, “had a makeshift lunch and returned home, leaving the workers to bring back the livestock. All in a day’s work for him but an adventure for me,” he concluded.

I felt I had just watched a film with a script by Rider Haggard. I felt I was in one of the best seats, the most comfortable one. No need, I thought, to venture out far. There’s too much going out there. He excused himself and went to the bathroom.

The next thing I knew, Babu, the bar owner, was tugging at my sleeve. “Sir, sir, do you want supper?” My friend had gone. It was almost bed-time.

(With thanks to Colin Townsend) Notes: ‘The Lazy Man’ and ‘El perezoso’ were published in Mexico the Antología de cuento breve: Pereza, serial pecados II, BENMA grupo editorial, México 2013, editoras Elena Arroyo Hidalgo, Ma Guadalupe Arroyo Hidalgo, Susana Arroyo-Furphy, pages 57-59 y 125-127. ‘El perezoso’: traducción de las editoras con revisión del autor. Primera edición: mayo de 2013. ISBN: 978-607-95988-4-6.

[Benma.editores@gmail.com](mailto:Benma.editores@gmail.com) (grupo [editorialbenma.blogspot.com](http://editorialbenma.blogspot.com)). It was also published in El Salvador in the magazine Diario Co Latino, [www.diariocolatino.com](http://www.diariocolatino.com) (NO. 1212 / SÁBADO 17 / AgOSTO / 2013 FUNDADO EL 24 DE MARZO DE 1990; ‘El perezoso’, ‘The Lazy Man’. <http://www.diariocolatino.com/attachment/3696/tresm1212.pdf>)

## TRAPPED ON A HIPPO ISLAND: MURCHISON FALLS N. P., Bill Stoeber

Somebody at the lodge told us there was a youth hostel nearby, so after supper we started walking down the gravel road. It happened to be a dark, moonless night, and we could barely see the road ahead of us. We heard grunting and snuffling sounds all around, but it was too dark to see who was making them. We’d gone a few yards down the road when a Land Rover came along. We stuck out our thumbs, and the driver stopped for us. When he turned on the headlights, we saw a mama hippo and her baby crossing the road not thirty feet ahead. Thank heaven we hadn’t walked close enough to alarm her! -- mama hippos are ferocious in defending their calves. Despite their size and blimp-like appearance, hippos can run twice as fast as most humans, and their jaws are strong enough to bite a ten-foot crocodile in two. If we’d walked much closer, this one might have attacked us and severely injured or killed us. Fortunately she ignored the Land Rover.

The driver dropped us at the “youth hostel,” which turned out to be a dilapidated oval-shaped adobe structure with a tin roof held up by mud-brick pillars. It was open-air, with large windows all around, except they had no glass; we were sheltered from rain but not from wind. It was on a mud platform about three feet higher than the

surrounding swampy ground, with a couple dozen decrepit metal cots but absolutely no other facilities. Well, it would do for our needs. We each selected one of the less-dilapidated cots and spread out our sleeping bags.

Sometime in the middle of the night I awoke and had to urinate. No problem: I could simply step outside the structure and pee off the raised platform. By that time the moon had risen, and I could hear lots of grunting and snuffling and see lots of huge dark shapes moving around: mama hippos and their babies! They come up from the river to feed on land at night. They ignored me as long as I stayed on the platform, but I suspected they might have attacked if I'd ventured to walk among them. We were marooned on an island in a sea of hippos!

In the morning they were all gone, leaving no trace except for eight-inch piles of smelly dung.

[William A. Stoeber is the author of *Hitchhike the World*, available on [Amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com)]

ON VOLUNTEERING, Henry Hamburger

This is a brief essay on **volunteer work**. The topic is worth thinking about, because if we reach retirement still strong and alert, volunteering may seem like it would be a satisfying way to spend some time. It can be, but it's got to work, because if a volunteer position is not yielding good results it won't satisfy either the volunteer or the organization, and that means it won't last. I know because I've stumbled and been discouraged at times. The better news is that I've arrived at a good point in the process, so here I've tried to figure out what went wrong and what ultimately has gone right. If you're looking to get out there or are already engaged in volunteer work but not really satisfied, I hope you find this essay useful. The story it tells has been strongly and positively influenced by Marsh and I am grateful for that. I welcome your thoughts, critiques, examples, stories, as they bear on the issue. Here is the short version of what I have to say:

- Be doing something you're good at, like to do and think is important.
- Have a talented supervisor and be worth her/his time.
- With help, build yourself a niche that serves the goals of all parties.

For over five years I've been trying to ignite "aha!" moments in Washington DC high school students' math experience. That spark is, for me, the first item above, the thing I think is important. On December 11, 2014, a good day, there were quite a few of those moments in Mr. P's 75-minute honors engineering class at Cardozo High School as I wandered the room offering coaching, never running out of customers. Mr. P exemplifies the second pointer. He's a talented teacher who knows his stuff and provides clear expectations of both performance and behavior. Later that day I went to College Bound where, three evenings a week, my coaching protocol is similar but there are just a few students in a session, so each one gets more individual attention.

The biggest useful idea here is the third pointer above, the one about creating one's own niche. Yes, you do have to facilitate your supervisor and others in ultimately getting their job done and meeting their personal goals, but you may not have to do stuff the way it's Always Been Done, provided that at the outset you can sell the plausibility of your way of working it and that as time goes by it seems like it's working.

At the outset, I wasn't thinking about any of those bulleted items at all, much less as a Big Idea. Least of all was I thinking about niche-creation. I just found an existing

niche and went for it. Specifically, the DC Public Schools monthly call for volunteers listed a high school needing a math tutor. I called. I went. There was a 24-year-old supervisor of after-school academic activities still also attending training. We talked. We seemed to be in sync. She seemed willing, even eager, to do the things I suggested as I tried to help her do her job of identifying students and getting them to show up. We failed. It didn't happen. But, looking back, that was my first attempt, as a volunteer, to not exactly create a niche but at least to specify how things needed to be done for me to be effective.

Mr. Ward, on the other hand, does not fail. He is first generation in his family to go to college, which "changed my life." His mom scraped and scrambled to make that possible and he figured he had no right to be anything but serious. He is inspirational, sets high standards, and is the executive director of the NGO called College Bound where, in a troubled city with a high dropout rate, every student graduates and enters college. He too is a talented supervisor.

College Bound is different from school. It is fundamentally a mentoring operation. It pairs up students and mentors. People volunteer to be mentors, not tutors. So when I applied in the fall of 2009, it was to be a mentor, one of 120 mentors working with 120 students. (There are now 160 students.) When I went to training sessions, that too was for becoming a mentor. But by the time all that was done and I actually understood the job, it dawned on me that it wasn't really the right job - that it didn't, so to speak, fit my skill set.

Y'know, I said, I'm not going to be an outstanding mentor, but I could be a heckuva good math tutor. Oh, they said, we've thought about that problem, the fact that so many of our students need to get better at math; maybe that would be possible. Little was done and my main contact did not stay in the organization, but in January, 2010 there was more talk and we agreed that when I returned from travel in mid-March we'd get right on it.

And that is how, on April 1, 2010, I began to establish my niche as the math guru of College Bound. Until that time, the position had not existed. For the next three years, I went three nights a week to 2-hour meetings at various sites in DC. At each, there would be 20 or more student-mentor pairs discussing schoolwork, college, family, friends, personal problems or triumphs or whatever. Sometimes they would interact with others, which could now mean getting math help from me.

The good news was that a student who was further along in math than what her/his mentor could handle could have a knowledgeable math tutor for a chunk of time. The not-good news was that the mentor had to spend that time *not* doing what she or he had come to do. I had good mentor relationships and some mentors joined in their student's session with me. Also, I tried to be quick, taking it as a challenge to get an aha! in less than 20 minutes, hoping that the sensation of success would cause a lasting uptick in math attitude... or at least enough interest to earn me a return engagement with that student in a subsequent week. Some did come back, but very few became regulars. Also, of course, any amount of time with me, however brief, came at the expense of time away from the mentor, who had given up an evening for this.

Then in the spring of 2013, it occurred to me to try to empower the mentors to be better math tutors, so as not to be standing between mentor and student. For that purpose I devised the College Bound Math Problems of the Week, with Solutions. The

Problems were at different levels for these 8th to 12th graders. Each student was supposed to pick one or at most two. The Solutions were for the mentors and gave them clear detailed solutions and sometimes one or more of: alternate approaches, pedagogical comments based on my three years of experience with students like these, comments on real-world applicability, a whole toolkit each week. Problems were to go out from the office some days in advance. For mentors they were accompanied by the Solutions. This is still happening.

In the Fall of 2013, I was taken out of the sites and my three evenings a week of tutoring has been taking place in the College Bound office. For a long time attendance was frustratingly low, as I worked with office staff and site coordinators to get my message out through existing channels. In the end, though, success came only by short-circuiting those channels: at my request I am now directly in contact with parents by phone. As you would hope, many of them have influence. Also, some provide needed transportation. But perhaps most important, there is now not a wizard but a real person behind the screen, one who talks without symbols and evidently cares about their teenager. I believe this is the principal reason why, at last, students and their parents have started to regard their chosen night with me as a regular weekly event.

In sum, the pointers mentioned at the top have been crucial. Obvious as they may seem, each one of them could easily have eluded me. Go for it. I hope this helps.

#### PEACE CORPS IN UGANDA, 50TH ANNIVERSARY, Alan Olson

The U.S. Peace Corps in Uganda held multiple events and activities in 2014 to mark its 50th anniversary of first arriving in Uganda. I was one of the few RPCVs (Returned PC Volunteer, not Ex, not Former) to travel back to help them celebrate. I was there Oct 7-27, the first ten days traveling with PC staff as they visited various current volunteers to see their projects. The PC staff did a lot for me via e-mail communications to help me plan my trip. We attended the Eastern Regional celebration at the Mukuju Primary School just north of Tororo. It was a gathering of some 100 officials, parents, and teachers and probably 200 students, for a series of speeches and awards by local officials and PC staff, some singing and dancing by students, a series of informative displays of PC projects in the area, and the official opening of the new school library worked on for years by the school, and now completed by current PC volunteers there. Schools go in for great acronyms, and one is D.E.A.R. (drop everything and read) to encourage everyone together to have a 20-minute time of silent reading. In that spirit I was asked to read from a library book on Aesop's Fables to a Primary 5 class with a few parents. Though I read slowly and demonstratively, I'm told the students still had a hard time with my accent. The PC Uganda Director Loucine Hayes and I also visited Tororo Girls School, the working site of RPCV Gail Wadsworth from my group who did a lot of work in their library. TGS was built by USAID, and is celebrating its 50th anniversary this year.

Back in Kampala, the main formal event was held the afternoon of Oct 17th on the lawn of the Ambassador's residence for 250 invited guests. The main speech was from the Inspector General of Uganda Police, General Kale Kayihura, who related that his PCV teacher Carl Mulhausen at Mutolore HS Kisoro in 1971 had re-awakened his interest and success in maths and chemistry, that enabled him to do well in the exams and his profession. Better than that, Carl has come back to Uganda after all these



years, and re-volunteered for two more years, and those two met there. Carl is now teaching at the Teachers College in Kabale.

Currently there are some 140 PC volunteers working in Uganda. The living conditions and working methods for PC Volunteers have certainly changed over the years. First, with cell phones and the internet, they are much more connected to other volunteers, to support staff, and to parents and friends at home. The downside is they don't have the time or motivation to learn and be immersed in their local culture. Second, the PC and Uganda are much more security conscious. The PC HQ has guards in front, rolls of barbed wire along the top of the stone fence, double gates to impede entrance, and no sign outside. You have to know it's there. But it's a very nice compound inside. Finally, volunteers are cooperating with many more international agencies in their work. For instance, those in malaria eradication cooperate with an international anti-malaria group to good effect.

TEAAers CREATE.

Bob Gurney's second book on Dylan Thomas, *Dylan's Gower*, is just out. For details go to <http://verpress.com/dylans-gower-2014/>. For the first book go to <http://verpress.com/to-dylan-2014/>. Both are available from Amazon, Kindle and Cambria Books. <http://www.cambriabooks.co.uk/portfolio/dylans-gower/>. You can buy it direct from Bob ([bob@verpress.com](mailto:bob@verpress.com)).

Emilee Cantieri. In November, my latest book, *The Christmas Dance*, was published and is available on Amazon as both a paperback and e-book. It's set in an inn in a small mountain town much like where I live. Three generations of women find love and learn to trust. There's also a bit of mystery, and a sexy chapter (#11) which I'll have to rewrite if my agent succeeds in selling it to Hallmark.

I've also written 3 new chapters for the second edition of *Remarkable Virginia Women*, published in 2002 by Globe Pequot (now Rowman & Littlefield) at their request. New women added: Amelie Rives, writer; Julia Gardiner Tyler, young second wife of Pres. John Tyler; and Patsy Cline.

I'm now working on 2 new chapters for the 2nd ed. of *Mysteries & Legends of Virginia*, published by same company in 2006. Additions are Edgar Cayce and the legendary Carter musical family.

Edward Hower. I've recently had published *What Can You Do: Personal Essays and Travel Writing*, which is available on [Amazon.com](http://Amazon.com), Barnes and Noble. com, etc. In it is a 70-page essay about my 1963-64 year at Makerere, highlighting the teaching several of us did at a camp for Sudanese refugees in Bombo [just north of Kampala]. After 50 years, I don't claim absolute verisimilitude, though I did keep and use my student essays from the camp. As the old movie tag goes: "Based on a True Story!" [Editor's note: If you do a search for "Edward Hower" on Amazon you will find several works by Edward.]

Alan Young. I recently published a memoir entitled *Roads Taken*. Its three final chapters describe my experience in Uganda and Kenya with TEA from 1963 to 1966. The book is available from [Amazon.com](http://Amazon.com) for \$13.95 or as a Kindle file for \$4.49.

## LETTERS FROM OUR EAST AFRICAN CONTACTS

Doris Onyango, principal, Amagoro Girls School near the Uganda border, Kenya on August 1, 2014. Hi Ed, Thanks. Yes it's true, our PCV has been withdrawn. She flew back to U.S. on 22/7/2014. It's been a big loss to us. The unfortunate thing is that our government is not giving security the attention it deserves. We however hope that things will change and the programme reinstated. The challenge is that many countries out there are in dire need of these services. Our country is letting go so easily. You can imagine our frustrations as citizens. We thank God for bringing volunteers to our school. Thanks again, Doris

Okunya Milton, principal, Wandiji Secondary School near Homa Bay, Kenya on September 27, 2014. Ed, I hope that you are doing fine. We have come a long way this year in our school work. Mid next month, our 2014 candidates will begin national exams. We are doing our best with them. We have had some exciting times lately. Last term, the local branch of World Vision trained 30 of our students in Life Skills. They came over two weeks ago to "graduate" them. Then last Monday we invited a gynecologist to talk to our girls about the "woman's body," and how to take care of it. Our students' Council held elections on the 12th after one week of campaigns, all in an attempt to teach the young people democratic ideals. We now have a very vibrant team. Am looking around for somebody who can give them some training on leadership. On the same day, Madam Beryl took 10 girls to a public lecture by Mrs. Susan Mboya, the wife of the Nairobi Governor. Yesterday I gave a talk to Form 4 students at Ungoe Secondary School on "The Winning Strategy" which was very well received. I feel fulfilled despite the times. Okunya

Margaret W.Mbise, Headmistress, Nkoaranga Secondary School, Tz, on Wednesday, December 24, 2014. Dear Henry, What a wonderful season is upon us! I just want to greet you all and share the joy that is in my heart for Christmas.

Here we have been busy with external and internal exams. We thank you very much for your support in academic issues. We bought some of the science books as the proforma invoice indicates and we are sending the receipts and the list. We have stamped the books with these word DONATED BY EAST AFRICA TEACHERS ALUMNI. You may see the photos of those books after we open the school because it is in the school library now and it is closed.

Once again we thank you for your tireless efforts to support this school. Every time you support us, it eases and improves teachers' and students' work, thus better academic performance. The school year starts on 13 January 2015.

May the peace, joy, and wonder of Christmas be yours. Love, Margaret W. Mbise, Headmistress, Nkoaranga Secondary School, Tz

LETTER FROM JUBA, Lydia XXXX

[Following the TEAA EA reunion in 2003, which began in Kampala, Betsey Anderson and I asked Senteza Kajubi to pick an education major at Nkumba University who was in need of financial aid. We paid Lydia's tuition for three years. After getting her degree she took a job with an insurance company in Juba, South Sudan. Nowadays we only receive a letter once a year. I have edited her English usage for clarity. Lydia's mother died of AIDS, and she addresses us as Mum and Dad. Ed Schmidt]

Mum, It's really been by God's grace that we are still alive. The political tension has been so high here in South Sudan. Bullets all over on the road, highways. In the nights, thousands and thousands have died, but God has been so faithful to me and I am happy to declare to you that I am alive and preserved. A lot has been going on in my life. The South Sudan system changed for foreign workers in the local companies and with this regard I am no longer working with Savanna Insurance.

I am very happy to reach you today via this media. I am alive and I thank God that I am among the survivors. Though we lost most of it but life is most important of all. Job we lost, money we lost with all the benefits of the years worked and the owners of the company prove not to give anything at all because we toiled about it and they are less concerned. The labor office here is not advocating much on foreigners, it is only God we are looking unto for intervention and one thing that keeps encouraging me The source of wealth, that is the Education you gave me. That is the strongest key that I have which I will never lose out of my hands. I will protect it, defend it and always be appreciative to all of you for that unrewarded treasure given with an open heart. God will surely bless you up to your tenth generation.

Greetings to you all. Love you so much. I am alive and I will live to the fullness of my expected age/years.

WE MAY SPEAK THE SAME LANGUAGE, BUT....Don Knies' Christmas letter excerpts

What a crazy, expensive and disorganized summer we've had!! We flew from London to San Francisco on June 19th, expecting to be in California for 2 months and returning to UK on August 20th. Instead for a combination of medical and red tape immigration reasons we stayed for 4 months and 10 days and returned on October 29th.

To go back -- in April we went over to Belgium to spend a couple of weeks with Holly and family. On our return we were delayed at the Calais ferry terminal by the British Border Agency who told me I needed something called a spousal visa and could only stay in UK until June unless I got this visa. In more than 15 years of travel in and out of UK no one had said this was required. "But don't worry," said the Border Agency guy cheerfully, "it's quick and easy and costs about £50. Just call the Home Office in London."

In fact there was no way to speak to a real live person, either at the Home Office or anywhere else in UK or in the British consulates in CA. The Brits have become automated and completely hopeless. It finally took more than 5 months of bloody hassle to prove I was really married to British wife Maureen (we have our 50th wedding anniversary next year) and could support myself. And since it proved impossible to get through this bureaucratic nightmare by ourselves, we had to hire a London immigration

lawyer at a cost of more than £5000. £50 he said, HA! Just sending the original documents back and forth from CA to UK and back to CA by Fed Ex cost \$348.

In spite of all this our first 3 weeks in Modesto, CA, were reunion time. Then it all fell apart. An auto accident on July 8th which left friend Lloyd's car smashed (both my collisions have been in other people's cars), me with 2 broken vertebrae in my neck and a couple of broken ribs, firemen using the "jaws of life" to extract me from the car and finally a half mile ambulance ride to the hospital which cost the insurance co. more than \$2000. Luckily no one else was injured. But I can't understand the outrageously unbelievable costs of medical care in America. And as the costs skyrocket the quality of care seems to have noticeably deteriorated, at least in Modesto since we were there 2 years ago. But enough bitching...it could have been worse.

After the car crash all our West Coast travel plans changed. Over the next 3 months our travel was strictly local to see doctors and be examined by various machines (a piece of one scanner even came loose and fell on my arm, giving me a nasty scrape. M said I should sue for free medical care). She had her own problems, fighting a running battle with her British travel insurance company who wanted to send her straight back to UK. This would have left me to look after myself which at that point I couldn't do, being semi-crippled and having given up driving. Our doctors had to certify that neither of us was fit to fly.

We had to move from Dan and Alice's house because their daughter was having a baby and they needed the downstairs bedroom. But guardian angel Lloyd came to the rescue. He not only forgave me for wrecking his car but he had an empty house where first he and then his mother had lived, and he turned it over to us for the duration. See what I mean about Modesto friends? We set up light housekeeping, Mo drove a rented car, I had physical therapy sessions, we both spent a lot of time on the phone with medical and legal people, friends came to visit sometimes bringing lunch or dinner. Occasionally we even went out to a restaurant or to someone's house. My recovery has been slow. I still have a stiff neck, shaky balance and get around with a cane.

Finally in mid-October my blessed visa came through and at the same time after more red tape we were cleared to travel. Virgin Atlantic airline must have heaved a sigh of relief, gave us bulkhead seats with extra room and waived a \$69 excess baggage charge. I must admit for the first time I was happy to be leaving CA. Cousin Roger met us at Heathrow and drove us home through welcome rain and fog. Since then we have been mostly hunkered down in Fontmell Magna, sorting out our affairs, trying to find the money to pay the lawyers, and I am doing more physio therapy. We are hoping for an inexpensive winter and not surprisingly we don't plan to travel far at Christmas. Just a family get together with Mo's cousins who live nearby.

To add to our difficulties last spring our computer was hacked and most of our email addresses disappeared. Holly has rebuilt our list and hopefully all will receive this message. Finally a tribute to both our daughters---without the help and support of Tara and Holly in telephone and computer communication we couldn't have survived this crazy summer. In particular Holly dealt with the London lawyers from her home in Belgium, and their expertise combined with Holly's cheerful patient response to the seemingly endless immigration nightmare brought about a happy ending.

Have a Merry Christmas and a healthy peaceful New Year. All the best from Don and Mo

## WE'VE HEARD FROM YOU

Emilee Cantieri. I've registered for our TEAA conference in Minneapolis and reserved our room. Looking forward to seeing all my former colleagues, now friends. In the meantime, Jerry and I plan a Norwegian cruise followed by a land trip of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania in June, before Putin takes them. I continue to support organizations to protect elephants, rhinos, gorillas and other endangered animals.

Manny Flecker. Penny and I are both well. We will be traveling to Israel in 2015. We are both very retired: I indulge myself with woodworking in the mornings, making and teaching pottery, and tutoring at a local community college. Penny has several book clubs, meets up with other former teachers of the schools where she taught, and, of course, babysits our grandkids when needed.

I miss the excitement of teaching, being in Tanzania, and the touring I did while on holiday there. It is very hard for me to go to a zoo after my experience there. In the community college, I find myself assisting several African students and enjoy reminiscing with them before getting down to business. Oddly enough, I am doing a lot of English tutoring as well as biology, which is what my training was in. If and when Penny might agree, we might get the opportunity to return to Africa and teach there for a bit, though I think that she would be most reluctant to leave our remaining family here, as would I.

Still live in Columbia, Maryland, (until I can't climb the stairs -- hopefully far in the future!) and keep my property as wild as possible, attracting a bunch of smaller birds, though there are larger hawks in the neighborhood. Regards - Manny Flecker

Ed Rubin. Happy New Year Ed Schmidt & all you former TEA & TEEAs. Little did I know when Columbia Teacher's College hired me in 1969 to help administer the instructional needs of the tutors and specialists involved in the Teacher Education In East Africa Project that the fond memories of that experience remain with me in 2015. In 1994, I inherited hundreds of oil paintings & watercolors left to me by my sister BeA Haverbusch who died of breast cancer. Please check my website [www.treetopsart.com](http://www.treetopsart.com) to see some samples of her art. I have opened an art gallery in my cottage at 78 Nine Partners Lane, Millbrook, New York. I would appreciate it you let potential buyers know about my gallery, which is open by invitation only. I can be contacted at PO Box 1523, Millbrook, NY 12545. Telephone number: 845 605 1211. Email address: [edrubin1932@gmail.com](mailto:edrubin1932@gmail.com). By the way I am a member of the Port Washington, New York, Kiwanis Club, where I am more or less their official videographer. Again, have a Happy 2015. Ed Rubin

Malcolm Maries. Hello Ed, I'm afraid that my sending this reply doesn't mean that I have any interesting news to impart. I'm still living in the Philippines, and we've negotiated the last year without any flood damage, an improvement on the year before.

Are there any other TEAA personnel currently in this country, I wonder? [Not to my knowledge. -ed.]

Apart from Larry Thomas and Kay Strain/Borkowski, I seem to have been a bit idle in keeping up with old TEA/TEEA friends. I'm also in touch with Ian Lornie's widow, Muriel, who is still up in the Aberdeen area. Having been Kampala's songbird in the '60s, she is now more likely to be found on the golf course.

While rummaging through old photos of 1961, I did, however, find separate pictures of a young Harold Hansen and Dave Evans. Knowing how much they would appreciate youthful visions of themselves(!), I sent them off as email attachments and was very pleased to hear back from both of them. Incidentally, one of my New Year Resolutions is to re-establish contact with those whom I was in touch with until, or soon after, I left Saudi in 2011: the likes of Bob Amos, Larry Olds, Pat McGowan and 'Pat' Patterson.

Next month Joy and I will be off to visit my daughter and family near Melbourne. My son has just moved from New Jersey to Bermuda, so it probably won't be too long before we're heading in that direction too

New Year greetings to everyone, especially to all those who started life in East Africa in 1961 and those who, whatever year, were associated somehow with Kampala Rugby Club. Yours aye, Malcolm

Ted Essebaggers. I have been contacted by an alumni group of students from Mawenzi Secondary School, Moshi. All of them finished before I started in June 1964, but none-the-less they know and have kept up with some of the teachers who were my colleagues from 64-67. They have shared photos, news and memories; so this is a very nice development for me.

The highlight event of our year was hosting Ted's **Kodaikanal School [India] Class of 1959 Reunion** in early June at Lake Hurdal just outside Oslo, with 25 attending from the US, Germany, and the UK. Before and after, those who could joined us for a garden party in our home, with some staying over. At the beautiful lakeside venue, reunion attendees enjoyed a long weekend reminiscing, singing, eating together, walking in lovely surroundings, attending a few presentations, and doing a bit of canoeing and swimming. It is amazing how strong those bonds from days long gone still are and how meaningful it is to renew ties, along with our significant others.

With best regards, Ted and Maja

Keith and Ron Schuchard. Dear Ed, Here is a brief note that should be of interest to the first wave of TEAers at Makerere:

Last October we were in Cambridge, MA, for the annual meeting of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, where we were delighted to meet Ngugi wa Thiongo, the Kenyan writer, who was being installed as a Fellow of the Academy. He was enthusiastic about meeting two veteran TEAers and told us that he is currently writing his memoirs, in which he will have a chapter on "the coming of the Americans" to Makerere. He said it was a momentous change for the East African students to meet such a new breed of teachers, colleagues, and friends--a real change from colonial

days. He asked us about several TEAers he remembered, but they were before our time, so we could not give him any information. He will welcome any emails or letters from folks who remember him.

I think we will all be interested in reading his memoirs when they come out.  
Cheers, Keith and Ron Schuchard

George Pollock. Hi Ed, Below is the link to a story I did about the importance of photos in preserving family history and illustrated with photos from my time in Africa. The story contains a link to another story with photos from Africa. Can't believe that so many years have passed since our Africa days. My son Greg, who was born in Kisumu, recently turned 50! As a toddler in Kisumu, he came down with malaria and his life was saved by a British doctor, Dr. Ian Maxwell. There's a photo of Greg at the Kisumu medical clinic. I thought the photos in these stories would interest fellow TEEA'ers and maybe recall their own memories of those glorious days in Africa so many years ago. Thank you so much for all you do to keep these precious memories alive. George Pollock, TEA, Kisumu, 63-65

Here is the link: <http://patientsprogress.blogspot.com/2012/06/sons-african-heritage-moms-old-photos.html>

Henry Hamburger. Ed - This came to me from [colorofchange.org](http://colorofchange.org) The 2015 Academy Awards will reportedly be "the whitest Oscars since 1998." But of course, that is hardly surprising when we take into account the fact that the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences (AMPAS), the organization that determines Oscar nominees and winners, is 94% white and 76% male. It is time for the AMPAS to be intentional about diversifying its ranks and ensuring Black artists and entertainers are given the support, respect, and recognition they deserve. Join me in demanding the AMPAS announce and implement a set of substantive steps toward diversifying their membership. [http://act.colorofchange.org/sign/oscars/?sp\\_ref=96265207.176.11258.e.0.2&referring\\_akid=4056.1305478.AOBzV2&source=em\\_sp](http://act.colorofchange.org/sign/oscars/?sp_ref=96265207.176.11258.e.0.2&referring_akid=4056.1305478.AOBzV2&source=em_sp)

Kay Borkowski reports in her Christmas newsletter that she and Danny have now been living in Mexico for almost 10 years and are just now getting their Mexican driver's licenses. On life in Mexico, she says "The people, the weather and friendships keep us basically happy and active."

Jack Humbles. Dear Brooks, What a wonderful surprise was your gift of the small box with some stamps on the "posts" and a flag, map, Mwalimu Nyerere photo, and currency. The map showed the areas of four of my happiest years of overseas work. I was at the Holy Ghost Secondary School in Umbwe about 15 miles northwest of Moshi and at Butimba T.T.C. in Mwanza. For a young biology teacher, what could have been more exciting than living in Tanzania those years.

Our trip back to East Africa in June 2003 was great. When the meetings ended in Arusha, I went on a long trip by bus to Moshi, Morogoro, Iranga, Songea, Peramiho (where I was able to visit a former student), across to Nachingwea not far from Lindi, and up to Dar, where I got my flight back home. It was a rough, long, tiring trip which I would never try again.

As you can see, I have been enjoying some of the many memories that your gift brought back to me. Asante sana, Mzee. Jack

Faye and David Herold. While searching for the correct spelling of an Asst. Headmaster's name, we ran across an ERIC document, *Notes on Pre-Independence Education in Tanganyika*, by a Philip Clarke, published in 1995 by Southampton Univ. This is a very readable article, though 83 pages long. We think it would be of interest to anyone who taught in East Africa in the 60s. Clarke held numerous teaching posts in the 50s and 60s. <http://files.eric.ed.gov/fulltext/ED401213.pdf>

Jack Klenk. TEA 1964-67. I have been retired from the US Department of Education since 2009. Uganda continues to be a big part of the life of my wife Linda, and myself, especially Uganda Christian University in Mukono and Kigezi in southwestern Uganda. I serve on the board of UCU Partners, the US support organization for UCU, and am currently planning for the annual visit to Washington of the UCU vice chancellor (president). Linda and I are active in our church's partnerships in Uganda. In early 2014, a Ugandan in our church and I represented the church at the consecration of the new bishop of the diocese of Kigezi (Church of Uganda). During the summer, my wife and I hosted a wedding reception for about seventy-five Ugandan and American friends of a Ugandan couple who had married in Uganda. Just recently, we were pleased that an old friend of ours became communications advisor to the new prime minister of Uganda. My wife and I are looking forward to taking our granddaughter to Uganda this summer, just before she starts her first year of college. We enjoy our friends in and from Uganda, and their visits to us and ours to them.

Dudley Sims. Ed, Thanks very much for asking about me. I am busy trying to keep my three teenagers on track. This year I am stressed out trying to get my 18 year old girl ready for college. The 16 year old boy is in 11th grade and is mostly interested in driving. The 14 year old girl thinks she is already 18. Hardly a dull moment around this house.

Charles Good. I'd like to find out if anyone has heard of or knows the whereabouts of two formerly close English friends of mine from earliest Kampala days (1961-1964). They are **Ian Masters** and **Tony James**, and Tony's then-wife **Judy**. Ian was an uncommitted bachelor, and Tony was married to Judy. Tony & Judy eventually divorced in the later 1960s. Today they would be in their later seventies. I don't recall whether Ian & Tony were direct hires or came out under the auspices of a British aid program. They were definitely not TEA. The three of us were under contract (seconded) with the Buganda Government and assigned to the Lubiri Secondary School located inside the Kabaka's extensive palace grounds. Ian and Tony taught English & Lit., and Math, respectively. I taught geography, history, and served under the quaint title of Games Master. I'd previously spent 3 months at Makerere in training for the Africanized version of a British secondary school. Or was it the other way round?!



Roy Godber. Dear Ed, You are a very faithful scribe. Although I was never with TEA but rather went out to Uganda in 1963 with the British Ministry for Overseas Development, I have many TEA friends and have appreciated the contact with you.

I have booked to return, in full geriatric garb, to Uganda in February to do both preaching and also continue with my involvement with a Christian Vocational School in Budaka, near Mbale. The school is struggling, largely financially, but I'm hopeful we can retrieve something from the ashes. I will be in Uganda for a month. So if you know of some very wealthy American, it matters not whether R or D, who would be willing to shell out a few thousand then Godber's your man!!

Do you know whether Mont Foreman is still in the land of the living? We worked together at Teso College and I know he married a Ugandan lady and lived in Kampala. If you have any contact details I would love to have them. Also any people you may know who have involvement in Budaka or Mbale. [Editor's note: Though we have an address for Forman's bookstore Alphamat Bookworld in Kampala, he has not been heard from.]

I would love to attend one of your gatherings but as an expatriate Englishman, now floundering in Canada, I just can't afford it. If we could recover the tea from Boston Harbour and restore the losses of the past two hundred plus years there may be a chance!! Keep up the good work.