

TEAA (Teachers for East Africa Alumni) Newsletter No. 33, August 2015.

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The TEAA website, designed 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 Newsletters. From the home page, 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. "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. Send news items, suggestions, corrections and requests for assistance to 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.

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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE, Brooks Goddard

Greetings,

We look forward to our next gathering MN 15 in Minneapolis, Minnesota, August 28-31, while relishing Barack Obama's recent visit to Kenya. I suspect that many of us are going through our own identity assessments, and speaking for myself I have to say that it is fascinating. Speaking of which who knew that the Tour de France winner was born and raised in Kenya?

My current musing is occasioned by a reading of two new engrossing cross-cultural books, *Ghana Must Go* by Taiye Selasi and *The Lowland* by Jhumpa Lahiri. The authors and these books are cosmopolitan in general and certainly in the current political sense of the word. They are also both disturbing, and you may wonder why I would call attention to disturbing books, however cosmopolitan they may be. Let us start with the Zulu term “ubuntu” which might be translated roughly “I cannot be me unless you are you.” Humanity seeks common ground, one would hope “higher ground.” But these novels engage us in stories of disparate destinies, not common destinies. The titles become metaphors for loss not triumph, as if neither author subscribed to William Faulkner’s Nobel Prize acceptance speech which champions prevailing over enduring. In *Ghana Must Go*, Kweku Sai, child of Accra, marries Folasade, child of Lagos, and produces four children of the diaspora. No Ruth of “whither thou goest” there. Nor does Ruth appear in *The Lowland*, the low land of brothers Subhash and Udayan Mitra, their dutiful parents, or Gauri and Bela, women of their lives. I think I have been drawn to this commentary in part because our gatherings have been so much coming together rather than drifting apart.

Where TEAA goes after MN 15 will be one item of discussion; we are wise elders and can read the tea leaves. But we also have “that within us which passeth show” and realize that whenever we gather we do so in some small but grand way to further our own humanity and give succor to all who share our destiny.

Cheers, Brooks

PROBLEMS AND DISCIPLINE IN UGANDAN AND KENYAN SCHOOLS TODAY, Ed Schmidt

During my TEA stint in the early 60s, I remember being approached only once by the headmaster at my school to serve as a witness to a caning. I don’t remember the “boy” or the infraction. I believe it was three swats to the buttocks. I verified that I had observed the punishment by signing my name in a record book kept by the headmaster.

In all the times I’ve returned to East Africa in recent years, I don’t believe the issue of corporal punishment has been raised. Until this year.

In 2013, Henry and I were invited to visit the campus of a humanist school in Uganda. Either during the visit or shortly thereafter, I learned that the director of the school had organized a workshop on discipline without corporal punishment. Teachers from the area, near Masaka, were invited.

I got to wondering about the current attitudes and practices in TEAA-supported schools, so during my trip in June this year, I decided to ask.

My first stop was at Leo Atubo College near Lira in northern Uganda. H/m Maxwell Engola was recently posted to the school after completing an advanced degree in counseling at a university in Kampala. As you can imagine, corporal punishment was something he avoided. Chopping grass and other tasks seemed the preferred punishments. He made an effort to use positive reinforcements, too. He said that when a team or group did particularly well, he liked to reward them with a goat. Bad luck for the goat!

Maxwell mentioned that when he came to the school, discipline was lax. A major problem was boys going “over the fence” at night for drinking and other mischief. Solution? He called in the parents and told them in front of their sons that they were

wasting their money on trying to educate their sons unless the boys changed their ways. Problem solved!

In Kenya, there is an official ban on corporal punishment, and assigning manual labor seems the preferred punishment. Yet in at least two schools I visited caning still occurs. In one school, I was told parents are called in for their sons' serious offenses. The parents often get very angry and beat their sons, but in some cases they ask the school staff to do it. And they do.

When I asked about corporal punishment in another school I was told, "I'm not supposed to say anything about that."

The main offense again seemed to be related to going off campus at night for various activities. In addition, boarding students pay day students to bring in contraband -- alcohol, cigarettes and illegal drugs, including marijuana, and something called "kuberi," described as commonly used by Indians that makes one "drunk" when placed under the tongue. I'm curious if anyone knows what this is.

On the other hand, the most persistent "problem" in one school was said to be "adolescence." I assumed this referred to problems around boy-girl relationships. Often the parents are brought in as described above. Peer counseling was mentioned in a few schools, and it seemed there was training for some students in this area.

At girls' schools, there were occasional instances of fighting. This was handled by calling in parents and suspending the students for a time.

A tale of devil worship was told to me by the principal at one girls' school. The accused student normally spends between terms with her grandmother. Her parents are separated. At the grandmother's home she comes in contact with a cousin who is said to have been forced to kill her 5-year-old sibling. Somehow in this process the student came under the cousin's spell and was, in turn, putting something on other schoolgirls' beds that would cause them to be drawn into the web. At the time of my visit, the principal had had all the girls involved to the office. She was concerned that the group of supposedly affected girls were going to harm the accused student. The principal was in the process of calling in the girl's father to suggest that she be moved to another school to remove her from danger.

In this and other cases, it is not possible in Kenya to just expel a student. Due to the concerns about terrorism, the government insists that principals keep track of their students. Principals are also required to keep track of girls who become pregnant and leave school to have their babies. The girls must be allowed back in school after giving birth or given assistance to find a spot in another school.

LETTERS FROM OUR EAST AFRICAN CONTACTS

Dear Henry. Receive greetings from Nkoaranga Secondary School, [near Arusha]. Our school is doing well and we have managed to handle the food shortage for students as I told you earlier. Students now have enough food. We expect to have holiday on 6 June 2015 and the students will come back again to school on 13 July 2015. Students now are busy preparing for their terminal examination. They are enjoying the books which you donate to school. We thank you very much together with your team. I'm still

requesting you to still think of Nkoaranga Secondary School and to give us academic help. Please convey our love to all your team. Best regards. Ombeni.

Bungoma Baptist Girls School, Kenya. Hello Mr Schmidt, My students are so excited after the lesson you taught. They still marvel at the way you taught after so many years after retirement. We are working on the proforma for the books and would also wish to make a formal requisition for recreational readers. On behalf of the Bungoma Baptist Girls High School fraternity, I want to thank you most sincerely for finding time to pay us a visit. We are grateful for the continuous support we have received from TEAA. Pass our regards to Henry and the TEAA team. God bless you, Rose Kalerwa, principal

Okunya Milton, principal, Wandiji Secondary School near Homa Bay, Kenya. We are doing fine and are very appreciative for your visit. We have given our students a little break to ease off until tomorrow. Last week we took them to tour sites in Kisumu for a learning expedition. They visited Great Lakes University, the Kit Mikayi rocks and the Journalism students toured the Radio Lake Victoria studios, it was beautiful. The old professors at Great Lakes were quite an inspiration to the students. On Thursday and Friday the verse speakers will be performing at a regional competition for all schools in the former Nyanza province. We feel proud to have reached this far in the competitions. Pass regards. Okunya.

Doris Onyango, principal, Amagoro Girls Secondary School, Kenya, in February. Hi Ed, Happy New Year, too. Teachers were on strike for two weeks of January but now we are on after a small struggle with our Government. Am happy to have heard from you. Our reading program is progressing well and the girls have really benefited. We are also partnering with another programme "English Access." Our great needs are in sciences. The Peace Corps program has not resumed. Doris

PROJECTS IN THE CONGO, by David Newbury, TEA, Uganda, 1964-67.

[As a lead-in to the article below, David wrote: "This is the successor to several earlier initiatives -- capped water springs, adult education classes, a mill run by a community women's group, a small library. One after the other, they were all eventually simply taken over and converted into private purposes by local male "leaders," sometimes with the help of outside authorities. That was the cost for not being there. I tried to address this by taking out there two former students at Smith (after paying for their summer-school courses in Kiswahili). But those efforts too were aborted, as at the last minute one had to stay home to care for her mother (diagnosed with cancer for the second time--now in remission), and the other accompanied Cathy and me there but had to be evacuated at the time of the attacks of "M-23" in November 2012. (Having taken Goma with Rwandan support, they then threatened to advance on Bukavu; the threat was real, as the former Rwandan-backed group, "CNDR," had actually occupied the place several years before. So we insisted that she leave Congo.) Congo's a challenging place to work!"]

On October 26, 1997, the Catholic Archbishop of Bukavu, Christophe Munzihirwa, was shot dead by Rwandan troops on the main boulevard of Bukavu, the

capital of South Kivu Province in the DRC. He had been an outspoken advocate for local schools, local development projects, and local dispute resolution within the Diocese. For three days his body lay in the street: neither religious personnel, nor lay medical authorities were permitted to attend to the corpse to prepare it for burial. Today in Bukavu he is considered a martyr—as much for his values, courageously advanced, as for his brutal death. (And subsequently his two successor Archbishops of Bukavu were also to die prematurely.)

Since then, eastern Congo has been through some difficult times, ravaged by both external and domestic armed groups, by brutality on the part of many parties, by massive displacement, and by the devastation of any semblance of an ordered or just economy.

There are few areas of physical and social security. Ijwi Island is one of those places. It is also happens to be where I had lived for several years in the early 1970s as part of my research at the time. Over the decades since then, I have retained ties to several communities there, and, returning frequently, have tried to support various local community initiatives intended to alleviate, to some degree, the challenges that people in this zone of insecurity face in their everyday lives.

Some of these projects have failed, in part because of pressure from the national or local authorities, in part because of local tensions within the community, and in part simply because of the culture of individual avarice that has emerged in an economy of such devastating scarcity. But one current project thrives: a scholarship program to honor the values and memory of the late Archbishop Munzehirwa. In part because of the commitment of the Congolese religious sisters who run the school and the support by the Diocese, and in part because of its locale—slightly removed from the turmoil of the mainland—the Catholic secondary school on Ijwi is highly respected in the region, and includes many boarding students from Bukavu.

The core of the Munzehirwa Scholarship Program is to select annually four girls, residents of the island, to pursue six years of secondary school study. Those selected are of superior academic achievement in elementary school but whose family circumstances would not permit them otherwise to attend secondary school. By this program they are provided free tuition and basic school supplies, a school uniform, and the fees for state exams (normally expected to be paid by the students' families). The program continues for five years; thus over the duration of the program a total of twenty students will be awarded these "Bourses Munzehirwa," with each supported for their full six years of secondary school education.

But in this context such a project cannot exist in isolation: to protect the core objectives, a range of other beneficiaries are included as integral to the "Projet des Bourses Munzehirwa." In addition to the full-scholarship awards, to assist other worthy students who might otherwise lack the funds to continue in any given year, the school itself is provided partial assistance for other students (male or female); such supplemental assistance is to be provided at the discretion of the School Director assisted by members of the administrative committee of the project. Furthermore there is a small separate fund designated for library acquisitions (including computer assistance); this is also at the discretion of the school director and an oversight committee of the library. By such supplementary assistance both the school

administrators and other students have clearly defined stakes in the continuation of the project—which depends on the probity of its administration.

In addition, to try to protect against broader divisions disrupting the project, there is also included a fund to assist with the material needs of other secondary schools on the island. (These funds are at the discretion of the Congolese priest who directs the Catholic school network on the island assisted by a committee of lay members and teachers.) By this initiative it is hoped that other schools also will also become “stakeholders” in the project: if the project as a whole should fail (or funds be diverted), many individuals and institutions stand to lose. Finally, there is a small fund to establish an annual “seminar” to reflect on the social values of Archbishop Munzihirwa, bringing a member of the Catholic network—priest or lay—to discuss the relevance of Archbishop Munzihirwa’s legacy in Congolese public culture today. In this way it is hoped to embed the project, with its focus on local issues, into the broader fabric of social discussion in the region.

In short, the core purpose of this project—to provide educational opportunity to women who otherwise would not be able to attend school—is rooted within a series of larger communities assured by a variety of beneficiaries. If the resources are misused—by outside intrusion or by internal circumstances—many others will also see an end to their own benefits: by extending the benefits in a series of expanding concentric circles, it is hoped to provide a protective environment for the continuation of the project over its lifetime.

The project emerged from discussions with teachers, priests and lay people on the island, and the key to its continuation is found in the local administration of the project itself: in its vision, organization, and success—indeed, in its name—this is entirely a Congolese project. The administrative committee consists of three extraordinary individuals. One, a Congolese priest, is the head of the school network within the Catholic parish; he is highly respected both within the church community and beyond, and is active in many local development institutions. A second member is a woman highly regarded in the community: as a former 25-year administrator at the only hospital on the island, she is respected by all for her intelligence, integrity and community commitment. The third member of this committee is one of the leading teachers at the school involved—and again, respected for his outstanding energy and integrity. Together, they oversee the selection of (and support for) the scholarship recipients, the overall distribution of finances (including those within the school domain), the choice of schools receiving supplementary grants, and the organization of the broader “Séminaires Munzihirwa.”

The project is theirs. But in its administrative architecture it draws directly on the experience of TEAA projects elsewhere, combining extraordinary individual talent and energy of local people with careful external accounting, and the cooperation of many overlapping institutions and individuals. It is not easy to organize such a project, even on a small scale—indeed in this political context part of its success will depend on its remaining a local project in a peripheral community. But the goals and the personnel make it worth trying. *On va voir.*

A GRIM MAU MAU LEGACY, David Sandgren. [David’s article below is part of the TEA Story Project. You can get information about The Story Project and submit your own

story through the TEAA website, <<http://www.tea-a.org/>>. A direct link to a list of all the stories in the Project, which are on the TEAA wiki, or teaaki, is <<http://teaaki.pbworks.com/w/page/41733103/FrontPage>>. If you have not yet written your story, or two, you are encouraged to do so.]

Sometime during the fall of 1963, a few months after arriving at Giakanja Secondary School (Nyeri, Kenya), I was looking out over my front lawn and saw row upon row of little mounds or bumps in the grass, illuminated by the slanted rays of the late afternoon sun. When I asked a fellow staff member, he said they were graves and added that the school had been built on the site of a former Mau Mau detention center (Mau Mau Rebellion 1952-60) and those who filled the graves had died under interrogation by the security forces. When I asked my students if they knew that my front yard was filled with graves, every hand shot up! Upon reflection, I realized that I should not have asked the next question, but it just popped out: did they know anyone buried there? At least half the class raised their hands. None volunteered more, nor did I pursue it, thinking that it was traumatic for them.

But, thirty years later when conducting interviews for my collective biography of Kenya's post colonial elite, *Mau Mau's Children*, I learned more. Several former students told me that they had relatives or neighbors in those graves. Another said that his mother had been held for a year at the center, where she was forced to be the concubine to the security forces. I also learned that in 1962 when Giakanja officially opened, local people interrupted the ceremony to point out to the visiting dignitaries that the bright future they were forecasting for Giakanja students was only made possible by people's sacrifices during Mau Mau, some of whom were buried beneath their very feet. Of course, none of this was known to me when I first sighted those bumps in my lawn 18 months later.

CAMPING WITH BABOONS AND OTHER WILDLIFE IN THE SERENGETI, by Kate Froman

Five of us just fit in the VW Bug if we packed it exactly the same way every time. Bill drove, Gladys or I sat in the front seat and held Laura, 15 months old. Chris, 2 ½ years, sat behind the back seat and spotted giraffe, seeing only their legs through the dusty window. We were on a 3 week safari and we were equipped with a 2 room tent (on the roof rack), the diaper pail, a 3 gallon container of water, a food box and the usual assortment of cooking utensils, stove, clothes, sleeping bags—all squashed into half of the back seat and on the floor. We left the main road in the Serengeti National Park and took the dirt track that our friend Hank had described as the most perfect campsite he had ever seen. "It has a flat area for a tent and it is beside a beautiful stream." This sounded great to us because it would take us another 3 hours to the official camp ground in the park and it had been a very long day.

We parked beside the track and looked down to the sandy bank beside a shallow, gently flowing stream. Our friends, Julie and Ron Richardson, drove down to the stream and parked their Renault wagon a short distance away. We all began unloading our camping gear. Gladys kept track of Chris who was busy digging in the sand. Laura sat on a pile of sleeping bags while Bill and I began putting up our

enormous tent. While holding the tent poles as Bill pounded in the stakes I noticed lots of round depressions in the sand and wondered out loud what could have made them. It looked as if someone had pressed a large waste basket into the sand repeatedly. And it suddenly dawned on me. "This is where elephants come for water!," I yelled at Bill. "We can't camp here." "It's the only flat spot," and he kept on pounding.

I slept very little that night realizing that I would never hear elephants coming because the baboons -- 30-40 of them living in the eucalyptus trees on the other side of the stream -- were making so much noise. It was entertaining to watch them carry on their family life as we made our dinner and got ready for bed. Babies were hopping on and off their mothers' backs. Teenagers were dangling or swinging from branches. Large baboons were gazing at us but never made a move to cross the stream.

The next morning after breakfast I carried the dishes down stream a short distance to rinse them. Chris ran up and down the bank as Bill carried loads to the VW. Gladys sat on the bank with Laura. I gathered up the last of our belongings and we all got into the bug. Bill wanted to move it so our friends could drive up onto the track. As he turned the key to start the car a large, black maned lion slowly rose up out of the grass about 20 feet away. We three adults all screamed at once. Gladys managed to take a photo while the lion stood there for a few moments and then he slowly sauntered down the track and disappeared into the savannah. Our friends heard all the commotion and saw the lion moving above them and jumped into their car, locking the doors and peering out of the back of the wagon where their 2 kids were sitting and noticing the hatch was still open. The parents looked at each other and Julie -- The Mother -- got out to close the door. I have always found this fact very interesting. As we left this "perfect campsite" and continued down the track we soon came to a freshly killed zebra. Maybe the lion wasn't hungry. Maybe he was curious. Maybe he was just waiting for the right moment.

It was an uneventful drive to the official campground in Serengeti Park. The grass had been closely cropped so that animals (including snakes) would be visible. We got water from a tap about a mile away and there was an out house. These were the only amenities. We took turns with our friends going out with a park ranger to observe cheetahs, leopards, herds of gazelles, zebras, dik diks or babysitting in camp where there were interesting people to talk with.

After a few days we moved camp to Ngorongoro Crater at 10,000 feet. Some of the time we were actually in the clouds. I was babysitting that day and I left Bill with the kids while I walked ¼ of a mile to a little shop (duka) to buy a loaf of bread. I planned to make garlic bread to go with the spaghetti. As I approached the cross road a rhinoceros the size of a tank lumbered past me. I turned 90 degrees and ran back to camp. We did not have garlic bread that night.

THE TIME I RAN A TRUCK LOAD OF FREEDOM FIGHTERS OFF THE ROAD. by
John Mitchem, TEA, Mpwapwa SS, Tz, '64-'66

Late December 1965

There we were: my one year old son, my wife, and I in our very beat-up old VW Bug with a large lorry full of freedom fighters blocking our way. We were on a spur road

to the railway which was off the spur road to Mpwapwa which was off the main Dodoma-Dar road. The road was too narrow and muddy to go the other way. The lorry of freedom fighters blocked the only way forward. And sitting next to me in the VW was a freedom fighter who was blaming me for the accident he had had 30 minutes earlier, while driving a different lorry of freedom fighters.

It had been a wonderful holiday--Amboseli, Tsavo, Christmas on the Kenya Coast. Now we were driving through the rain and mud on the spur road to Mpwapwa. As always I was following the dictum, "In Britain they drive on the left side of the road, in the U.S they drive on the right, in Tanzania we drive on the best side of the road." As usual there was little traffic. While crossing a small narrow bridge, I noticed a large Chinese made lorry approaching the bridge. We passed one another without incident, each driving on the appropriate (British) side of the road. After a few hundred meters I glanced in my rearview mirror. The truck had gone off the bridge and was lying on its side. I turned around to lend assistance. Its cargo of bags of rice and perhaps 10 men were strewn about the waterless but muddy stream bed.

Knowing the truck and the existence of a freedom fighter training camp in the area and seeing the men, it was clear that they were from the camp. Fortunately it quickly became clear that no one was injured other than bumps and bruises. Knowing also that it might very well be some time before any other vehicles came by, I offered to take the driver to town. Instead he wanted to find his lieutenant (remember the first syllable is pronounced "left") who he thought was at the railway station which was on a smaller, muddier spur road. So Gini squeezed into the back seat with baby Derek, the driver climbed in to the front and off we went to find the lieutenant .

Once on the smaller road it became clear that our little bug could not go through the mud to the station. We would have to turn around on the very narrow muddy road without getting stuck. I asked the driver to get out of the car and direct my turning to prevent getting the little car stuck in the mud. He refused to get out and it was at that time that I finally realized that HE WAS BLAMING ME FOR THE ACCIDENT. Oh! Oh! Until then I had viewed myself as a concerned citizen who was trying to be helpful to accident victims. Now things were different!!! And just then another truck full of freedom fighters drove up and blocked the road. I had my wife and my son in the car and I knew that these were pretty tough guys and some (all ?) had legitimate grievances against white folks. There had been reports of run-ins with white folks who happened to stop for a rest near their camp as well as with local black Tanzanian farmers. WHAT DO I DO NOW??

Fortunately the driver and men of the second truck were all cool, and it was soon decided that I would drive into Mpwapwa with the driver of the wrecked truck to report the accident to the Chief of Police. The Chief and I happened to know each other because some months earlier he had delivered some opened personal mail from abroad to me with an apology. Apparently some bright spark in his department decided to check up on the Mitchems. I guess the family news from my parents in Elwood, Nebraska, was not very interesting.

In Mpwapwa I took Gini and Derek home, then we found the Chief. He along with the driver jumped in his Land Rover, and I followed in my bug. On the way to the accident site we found the Lieutenant in his new Land Rover. He was dressed smartly in a military uniform and spoke very excellent English. This confirmed that the camp

was probably stocked with fighters from Zimbabwe/Rhodesia or South Africa. This was contrary to the official explanation. When our Mpwapwa Boy's Secondary School football team played a team from the camp, they officially were playing the "Mozambique refugees." Given the Lieutenant's proficiency in English it is pretty unlikely that he was from Mozambique. And there had been a report in the International Edition of *Time* about a freedom fighter camp near Mpwapwa.

The Chief of Police, Lieutenant, driver and I went to the accident site. The truck tracks were still easily seen in the muddy roadway. It was apparent that the truck driver could have easily avoided running off the bridge. The Chief ruled that I was not at fault. And although I agreed 100% with his conclusion, I suspect that he was happy not to have to have any legal proceedings between an expatriate school teacher and a group of "Mozambique refugees." I returned to Gini and Derek at our home on the school grounds, never hearing anything more of the incident.

STAGING, *A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS*, by Bob Jameson

[<bjameson42@yahoo.com>](mailto:bjameson42@yahoo.com)

I would like to relate one of the highlights of my time in Uganda -- (3B), 1963-1966 -- and ask for responses from any of those who took part. It relates to teaching practice at Teso College, Soroti, in Jan 1964. The students taking English were required to read and answer questions on Robert Bolt's play, *A Man for All Seasons*, set in Tudor England in the 15th century. How on earth African students could be expected to understand Tudor England I fail to grasp. However, that was their task.

What followed, however, was teaching of the most imaginative kind!! Chris Brumfit, one of our student colleagues, who had produced plays for the Oxford Drama Society, called a meeting of all the ex-pat teachers and ourselves and proposed doing a production of the play on the school stage. The response was overwhelmingly positive and within a few weeks, after rehearsing on the school tennis court and the making of costumes by lady staff, who knew how to sew, the production appeared on the school stage. The students gave it a rapturous response and we all felt huge satisfaction. But that was not the end of the project. Unknown to us, a representative of the British Council had got wind of it and was in the audience. And to cut a long story short, he arranged for us to transfer the production to the National Theatre in Kampala. We were given a three night run, which was equally successful.

Unfortunately, Chris Brumfit died a few years ago, having been a major influence in University College, Dar es Salaam, and as Professor of Linguistics at Southampton University in the U.K. It is he who deserves the praise!

By the way, in the play I played King Henry VIII. I haven't got over it since.

BEST/WORST EXPERIENCES IN EA DURING YOUR TEA YEARS, initiated by Bob Gurney in an email. He writes,

"Dear All, I realise this could be a deeply personal question but I am collecting best and worst experiences of living in East Africa. Mine are:

Best: a drop goal right through the middle of the posts from the half-way line (or thereabouts) during a downpour in a game of rugby at Kampala Rugby Club (disallowed). Whistle blew as the ball took off. X had committed an infringement.

Worst: Being shot at point-blank range by one of Obote's soldiers near the walls of the Kabaka's Palace during the ousting of King Freddie. The bullet missed me. Witness: Clarence Hunter.

What are yours? What was or has been your best moment and which your worst? Please mark 'confidential' [and don't send it to the newsletter editor!] if you do not want the experience to be sent round. Please take your time. Cheers, Bob

Here are some more:

Mary Jo Mcmillin. One of my best experiences while living in remote Songea, Tanzania 1963-65 was learning traditional Indian cooking. As I often sat surrounded by small charcoal braziers on the concrete floors of Mrs. Singh's, Mrs. Mystery's and the Pardhan family kitchens, I carefully noted the pinches and handfuls needed to create exotic, spicy dishes. I rushed back to the school compound and translated my observations into a now frayed exercise book. The delights of true Indian cooking have been a part of my professional work in the food world ever since. Thank you, Aunties!

The hardest thing was waiting for the weekly mail delivery during the rainy season when washed out roads and muddy fields kept any air or land entry into our village on hold.

John Allen. Best: probably the best experience was climbing Mt Kilimanjaro as a temporary instructor with Outward Bound. That was in 1962. But the best circumstance was having someone (I hate to use the term "houseboy") to cook, clean the house, and do the laundry. That definitely made life very comfortable.

Worst: there were very few bad experiences, but no doubt the worst was, on the day I left Kenya, leaving my suitcase in a friend's car while we went to a movie. All of my slides from Kapsabet and Nanyuki were stolen with the suitcase. The saddest experience was one of my students (Peter Ngunjiri) at Nanyuki falling off a truck during a school break and dying.

Joyce Kramer. The best: I shall never forget the wonderful students at Machame Girls' Secondary School. The girls were very grateful for the education they were receiving. I have taught in several different settings, but I have never felt so appreciated. The girls were very bright and extremely delightful human beings. I still have and cherish the kanga they gave me when I departed. Their view of the world was, of course, different than mine, and I learned a lot from them.

The worst: There was a smallpox outbreak in the region while I was teaching at Machame Girls Secondary School in 1964. A team of medics came to the school to vaccinate the students. The girls were frightened about the procedure, so I said "Oh, there's nothing to it! They will just scratch your arm. I'll go first, so you'll see that there is nothing to be afraid of." I got first in line, and then to my horror, the same needle was

used on all the girls in the line-up! Of course, we now know HIV-AIDS was already taking its toll in Africa at the time, but no one knew the cause. In 1969, I gave birth by caesarian section in Nairobi and lost a lot of blood. A transfusion was ordered, but I have a rare blood type (O Rh-neg), and they could not find a donor until after I had recovered sufficiently to no longer need it. At that time, I was doing doctoral research in Ukambani, Kenya, that entailed observing health care practices. Many country wadoktoli [sic](clinicians with private practices) were reusing disposable hypodermic needles because new disposable hypodermics cost approximately \$1 U.S. each (the average daily wage), and the United States in all its wisdom had asked the Kenyan Government to dispose of their former metal ones that could be sterilized. Some of the ill people who sought injections of penicillin at these clinics were, no doubt, infected with AIDS, so those following those infected would have been exposed. I am convinced that much of the AIDS epidemic in East Africa has been due to the medical system's use of unsterilized instruments. Also I believe that it is quite possible that I dodged a potentially fatal "bullet" by being first in line for the smallpox vaccination and by healing sufficiently before a transfusion would have been administered to me. (I have other stories, especially about encounters with poisonous snakes, but they are not nearly as frightening as the above.)

Send your Best/Worst to the editor, Ed Schmidt <eschmidt1@sbcglobal.net> for inclusion in a future issue of the newsletter.

TEAAers CREATE

Moses Howard's new novel, *The Sky High Road*, is a coming-of-age story for readers in grades 7–12, young adults, and all readers interested in the coming-of-age challenges for educated adolescents in 21st century African villages. The story involves a teenage boy and his sister who are captured by the Lord's Resistance Army. The book is available on Amazon in both print and electronic formats.

My novel, *African Aftermath*, by Jonathan Bower (pen name), is now available on <amazon.com>. It's a story set in Uganda and Tanzania in the middle sixties about a woman returning to East Africa to rediscover the landscapes of her childhood, and also to discover how a newly independent country can slide quickly into civil war. A story of loving and of disillusion. Best wishes, Paul Cant

WE'VE HEARD FROM YOU

John Dwyer and Jan Kerr were married in May. The couple is living in Washington, DC. Both John and Jan were part of the planning committee for the 2007 TEAA reunion in Atlanta.

Pat Patterson (1B). Last Fall a small malignant tumor was found on my tongue. After two months of radiation and chemo treatments the tumor was excised, no cancer remained. But serious side effects persisted for months: chronic fatigue, anemia, loss

of 40 lbs., and loss of most of my taste buds. I started smoking during my TEA years in Tabora. During morning tea in the faculty room the Brits were always offering me cigarettes. The price has been high—the last 10 months have been miserable. I should have at least quit 10 years ago when my vision deteriorated due to age-related macular degeneration (AMD). I am legally blind. Perhaps also legally stupid.

Finally, I just want to say that throughout my career I have felt indebted to Moira Harbottle for all she did to make me a better teacher. Pat

Emilee Cantieri. June 11-July 2 Jerry and I took a cruise of the coast of Norway north of the Arctic Circle, as far as Murmansk, Russia, then to Oslo and on to Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania, flying home from Warsaw. Cruise company sent Jerry's luggage to Barcelona instead of leaving it with us in Lakslev, Norway, to be taken onward. It was returned to him back here on July 7.

We're looking forward to Minneapolis and plan an additional week in MN, as Jerry grew up there. We hope we'll avoid any adventures like losing luggage.

Kay (Strain King) Borkowski. We're not going to make the reunion! However, TEEA should have received our annual donation. This is the year of moving Fair, Danny's mom, to Mexico! The 3 of us are in Decatur, Texas, where we watched our 14 year old niece ride in a 19 and under rodeo event, and she came second!! Tomorrow we head to Dallas to pick up some of Fair's stuff from the storage unit. We hope to be back in Ajijic July 10th.

Please give all at the reunion my best. Kay

Clive Mann. My first Xmas in EA was spent with an old friend Bob Stjernstedt, now dead, near Arusha. Martin Wyatt, Dave Watson, and Richard White, all from our year. Bob and I went out to get some meat for Xmas. He asked me to shoot a steinbok, which I did. First and last time I ever pulled the trigger on a wild animal, although I've been with other friends who have killed birds such as ducks, bustards, guinea fowl, francolins, etc. On the way home, Bob spotted a local friend who was carrying a bloody sack on his back. He and Bob chatted for a while and exchanged meat. We ended up with warthog which was utterly delicious.

Another time, I once had a camel chop in Eritrea which was too large for 2 normal sized plates. Clive

Larry Thomas. Hi TEAA guys, I won't be at the reunion, but wish to remain active in what TEAA is doing. The enclosed check will have to represent me. For anybody who remembers me, House 29 at Kyambogo was full of TEA visitors from time to time -- send them my best.

I manage to keep busy editing a literary arts journal, Third Wednesday. It's poetry, short fiction, and artwork, and is in its eighth year. And I'm in my eighty-eighth. Maybe I'll outlive the magazine. All best, Larry

Ron Stockton on Feb. 14. Model Arab League: We Rock! Unless I am losing track, this is the fourteenth year in a row that UM-Dearborn has won the Outstanding Delegation award. This is beyond Awesome!

We took two five-person delegations to Grand Valley State University this weekend. We represented Palestine and Jordan. There were fifteen delegations from around the state. Student delegates serve on one of five committees: Defense, Palestine, Political Affairs, Social Affairs, Environmental Affairs. They write resolutions that their government would like to see passed and negotiate with other delegates to get them approved. They are required to “stay in character,” that is, represent the views of their government, not their own views.

Of our nine delegates (one dropped out the day before we left), three of them won the Outstanding Delegate award for their particular committee. Two won Outstanding Delegate runner up awards. We also won the Outstanding Delegation award for Palestine.

Job well done!

Peter LaBatt (3A), <kibobunny@yahoo.com> Cleaning out boxes, my daughter held up a framed photograph and asked, “What is this?” It was a group photograph of participants in Course No. 77 Outward Bound Mountain School, Loitokitok, Kenya. Seated next to me was Bill Hughes (3A). Bill was assigned to Machakos High School along with Chuck Irby. Bill and I were cabin counselors. The date on the photo reads Dec 27, 64 – Jan 17, 65. Fifty years ago!

There were two highlights from the course. First was New Years Eve, when the school was living in tents on the plain below Kilimanjaro. The evening meal was Thompson’s gazelle roasted on a spit and baked beans. Auld Lang Syne, sung below a moonlit mountain and equatorial stars, memorable.

And, of course, climbing Kibo peak. I remember the crater edge glaciers and the snow fields. Today’s photographs of Mwenzi and Kibo peaks without their snow fields sadden me. For Auld Lang Syne, Peter

Roy Godber. I am continuing my work with the Bugwere tribe in Budaka. The Christian Vocational School which we opened in 2012 had to be closed last year. There were two major causes: although we kept the fees low, many students, or rather their parents, could not afford them; secondly, we were renting premises from a local Muslim, and he took advantage of our vulnerability. We are now working to reestablish the school on a sounder footing. I have offered to buy a plot of land, and negotiations are currently underway. I am booked to return to Uganda in January and hopefully will be accompanied by a few able bodied men or women and we will put up buildings. The need is there and we need to do all we can to meet this need.

WEBSITES OF INTEREST

Kay Borkowski sent a link for a short documentary about a Ugandan who was “saved” by learning to play chess as a boy and became a teacher who used chess as a teaching tool with his students. <https://vimeo.com/112205018>

Brooks Goodard notes that, “Google invented Google maps for folks like many of us.” For historical maps, try <http://www.lib.utexas.edu/maps/> or <http://www.afriterrra.org/>. Both

sites are capable of providing hours of browsing fun. The Web is a wonderful thing, but you have to use it.