

TEAA (Teachers for East Africa Alumni) Newsletter No. 34, January 2016.

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Editor's note, Ed Schmidt

Please send any changes to your contact information and/or items for the newsletter to Ed Schmidt, 7307 Lindbergh Dr., St. Louis, MO 63117, USA, 314-647-1608, <eschmidt1@sbcglobal.net>. Articles that are more or less print-ready tend to move up in the line!

The newsletter is currently operating in the red. Costs for each issue run about \$150 for printing, envelopes, and postage for members who do not use email.

Donations to the newsletter should be sent to the above address. Checks should be made out to Ed Schmidt (not TEAA). (The newsletter pre-dates TEAA, thus the separate account. Donations to TEAA, which are sent to Henry, go mainly to support our grants to schools.)

President's Message, Brooks Goddard. [Read recent book reviews by Brooks, many of them on things African at <http://www.tea-a.org/cool/1-recent-reads.htm>]

Dear friends,

Bob Gurney in London has begun the "where were you 50 years ago" cumulating reverie. In December of 1965 I had completed my first half-year of teaching in Kenya at Kitui and planned to transfer to Kagumo School in Kiganjo, near Nyeri. I had had good times in Kitui and good colleagues and adjusted to kerosene/paraffin refrigerators but I wanted change, and Don Knies got me to Central Province where I found several other TEAers. I also found a father-figure (I had accumulated some good ones along the way) in a sprightly Yorkshireman named Fred Bennett. So 1966 became very special for me. I hasten to add that I also met Mike Rainy, Andrew Carothers, Brian Ferrier, Chris Tongue, Ian Illingworth, and other worthies. Fifty years later I am remembering

not only my East African adventures but the wonderful mentoring that Fred gave me which I find that in various ways I am able to pass on.

We have become *wazee*, male and female carriers of culture and sensibility. (Jane Austen lives in each one of us! That thought will set you back.) I return to Joan DeJaeghere's talk at MN15 when she said that in her analysis of successful NGO programs in East Africa, she found the ones that focused on aspirations and agency to be the best. I believe that those two values are important to TEAA and to us individually (I'll spare you my accolade for Gawande's book, *Being Mortal*).

As many migrants were working their ways west in Asia and then Europe and their ways north from Africa, I found myself in October at the Woodrow Wilson Elementary School in Framingham, MA, a small city with a large Brazilian population (enough to have bilingual Portuguese-English classrooms). I had gone there at the behest of Claire Lowe, 4th grade teacher. She is also the daughter of Henry Lowe who was in my wave 4B cohort and taught in Thika. In the late 1990s she had gone to Kenya on her own for 3 years. She asked me to talk about human migration and Africa (which I did for 4 consecutive classes). Planning the talk moved me to review my own migrations that, in short, describe a huge arc that begins and ends circularly in Boston. I suspect that many of you have crafted a large circle while others may have shaped their lives with some other geometry.

Life is a work in progress. Go well, Brooks

The TEAA Story Project, by Henry Hamburger

The TEAA Story Project will be 5 years old this coming summer. It's well-organized, thanks to Bill Jones. It's accessible online where its invisible keywords may attract searchers. Seventy-two of you in TEAA have written a total of 129 stories based on your East African experience. Moses Howard has been prolific. He and Brooks Goddard have been eloquent in their exhortation to all of you to join in by reading and writing. Jim Blair told me in 2014 that he'd read every one of the (then already over 100) stories. Today (1-7-16) Rod Hinkle brought to my attention a 55-year-old NY Times piece on TEA in which J Butts laid out the glorious recruitment standards we would all measure up to. I hope the stories are testimony that we did not let him down!

The project is still open (and hopin') for more stories. Just email them to me at henryjh@comcast.net. To jog your memory about the kinds of things you did and maybe even get yourself into a writing frame of mind, you can find the stories by going to our main page, <http://tea-a.org>. There, look for the open book icon and click either Living Hyperbook or Author-Story List. You can also send me questions about the website or to open a discussion of possible topics.

[In his role as webmaster, Henry notes that the TEAA website will keep you up-to-date between Newsletters. From the home page, tea-a.org, a single click will take you to the TEAA *Story Project*, current and all past *Newsletters*, Africa-relevant *Book Reviews* by Brooks and sketches of *Grants* awarded to EA schools. *What's Hot* features news as it reaches us.

2015 TEAA Treasurer's Report, by Henry Hamburger

TEAA has assets of \$16,067, all in immediately accessible form. For the year 2015, we made 8 grants totaling \$12,400.

As a comparison, during the 10-year period 2005-2014 the average annual figures were 17 grants totaling \$23,650. We began in the latter half of 2003; between then and the end of 2004, there were 7 grants totaling \$10,000. From these figures you might reasonably conclude that grant size has been pretty stable, and you would be correct. Specifics on each of the 183 grants ever made, along with annual subtotals of the amounts granted in each year, are posted at <http://tea-a.org/actions/grants.html>.

Receipts during 2015 were \$7,195, with just over 90% of that coming in the form of contributions from members. Thank you!!

[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.]

Aerobics with Soul in Minneapolis-15

An optional item in the Minneapolis program was “Aerobics with Soul” on Sunday morning with Maria Nhambu. Who is Maria Nhambu? In the early 1960s she was a secondary school student in a Tanzanian secondary school where she was taught by at least one TEA teacher. Today she is founder of AWSoul, Fitness Instructor, and African Heritage Educator in the Minneapolis area.

At the opening session of the reunion on Friday evening, when Maria expressed her appreciation for the education she got as a result of TEA, there was not a dry eye in the room. So there were a few more attendees to the aerobics class Sunday morning than those who had signed up beforehand.

A week after the reunion, Ann Dickinson received an email from Maria: "It meant a lot to me to see all those wonderful women and men making an effort and taking the time to come to the Reunion. It was a pleasure to dance with you all."

Ann suggests, “Maria is an extremely fit 71 yr. old and if you exercise regularly with her DVD you, too, will begin to age backwards! “

Letters from East African Head Teachers and Principals

Maxwell Engola, head teacher at Leo Atubo College near Lira, Uganda, on October 21. Hello, How are you there? Hope all is well, warm greetings from Leo Atubo College. We are fine, just that we are in a very busy season, the S.4 candidates have just started their exams. The practical papers were done successfully last week. Thanks to TEAA support in equipping the lab. Now they are getting on with the theory papers. No big challenge yet. Meanwhile the S.6 will start on the 9th Nov. Hopefully all will end successfully. Regards, Maxwell

On November 10, from Rose Kalerwa, principal at Bungoma Baptist Girls School, following a teachers' strike in Kenya. Hello Mr Schmidt, You are right about the situation in our country. I have never experienced such confusion in my 27 years of service as a teacher. It was very hectic having students in school with no teachers. The form four students have however completed their examinations. The rest are still in school. We appreciate your support. Kindly pass our sincere appreciation to the TEAA team. The Management Board are grateful for the support to the school. Thanks, Rose

On December 24 from Ombeni Ndosi, new head teacher at Nkoaranga SS, Tanzania. Dear Henry, Its my hope that you're doing well. On behalf of my family and the entire community of Nkoaranga Secondary, I'm very happy to send to you this mail just to wish you a good Christmas. We remembered you and your work of supporting the school with books. Students make use of them and I'm sure they benefit from using the books. I wish you Merry Christmas and Happy New Year 2016.

Posted on the TEAA Facebook page on December 31 by Okunya Milton, principal of Wandiji SS, Kenya. As we usher in the new year, friends, I have taken time to reflect and count my many blessings in 2015. It is gratifying that TEAA has over the years been a prominent feature in my professional career and a major reason for my achievements. I pledge my friendship in the years ahead and allow me to count on you too!

Memories of Uganda Voluntary Work Camps, by Kate Parry, (UK TEA '69-74), Kigezi HS, Kabale U. [Kate divides her time between teaching at Hunter College in New York and Uganda. In Uganda, she has played a prominent role in the Uganda Community Library Assn. since being a co-founder of the Kitengesa Community Library near Masaka: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kitengesa_Community_Library]

In my second term at Makerere, one of my fellow TEAs found out about the Uganda Voluntary Work Camps Association. He persuaded me and two of our East African classmates to join and took us all off to a work camp at a place called Kashongi. President Museveni comes from there, so it has doubtless changed completely by now, but then it was a small village in open cattle country with a single shop that sold sodas and a primary school for which we were to build a latrine. We slept on mattresses in the primary school classrooms, which as yet had no furniture.

The first camp activity was to select camp officials. One of my Makerere friends became Camp Leader, and for some reason they chose me to be Chief Cook. It was a mistake—the first thing I did was burn the *matooke*, and all my efforts to keep everyone supplied with boiled water for drinking failed; we were reduced to drinking water from the borehole, which was clean, but salty, and had to be fetched from half a mile away, or else Mirinda, which we bought from the shop, and which I've never been able to drink again.

We finished digging our latrine pit and covering it, but didn't have time to put up walls around it; there was much laughter about how anyone using the latrine could be seen by anybody. There was laughter about a lot of other things as well, and everyone enjoyed the music we played on a portable record-player and the dance that always took place after supper. For us *Bazungu* it was a wonderful introduction to rural African life, and for everyone it was a rare bringing together of the worlds of the school and the village.

So when I got to my posting at Kigezi High School in Kabale, I initiated a Work Camps Club there and took a bunch of students to a work camp two or three times a term. The camps were immensely popular, and students kept coming to me with ideas of classrooms that we might build or roads that we might dig. We took our volunteers from the three secondary schools in Kabale, and they always got on well, despite the schools being bitter rivals, and the schools gave us the food that the students would otherwise have eaten in school.

The Kigezi High School lorry took us to our camp site, except when we were working, as we often did, on Bwama Island in Lake Bunyonyi, in which case we used the boat that belonged to the rehabilitation centre which was on the island and for which we were working. The rehabilitation centre was for disabled people, and a visit of twenty able-bodied school students was always welcome. We built a fishpond for them, and a road, and I've lost count of how many primary school classrooms we built in other places.

I learnt a lot about mud-and-wattle architecture (slapping mud onto a wall is immensely satisfying) and also about the students and the kind of music and dancing that they enjoyed. I believe the students learnt too, about one another, about their several schools, and, I hope, about how they, as educated people, could contribute to their villages' development.

Letters Home, by Jack Humbles. Holy Ghost Boys School, Moshi T (2A) and Butimba TTC, Mwanza T (TEEA3). [Jack notes that all the following stories come from letters that he wrote home and were saved by his mother. During Nov-Dec 2015, he transcribed all the letters onto his iMac so he can share them with nephews and nieces.]

Jack writes that, on arriving at his first school, "I was the first white teacher at Umbwe Holy Ghost Sec. School and the four Fathers put me up for a few days. I told them, you all studied for many years to become Fathers, usually men become fathers in 9 months, and since all the local *Wachagga* think I am a priest and call me Father, I told them I had become a father in one day. They were wonderful men to work with, and I'm not even Catholic."

Female circumcision, Jack Humbles. Last of April 1963.

It was late April when I took a bus from Moshi for Arusha in the evening. One of my Masai students, Richard Koila, wanted me to visit him near Arusha during a school break. I arrived at Monduli late that night. Monduli is a Masai town of about 3,000 people and Richard's brother-in-law is the Area Commissioner, so I stayed at his house. The house is very nice but no electricity but also no mosquitoes. Richard was not there, but his sister was expecting me. The next day the Commissioner's driver took me to a Masai *boma* where Richard was visiting. They were having a circumcision ceremony for a young girl about twelve years old. According to local custom, the girl's future husband had to be present with a friend. Richard was the friend. The operation was Saturday morning. Before the operation, she had to walk in the cold rain about eight miles without any clothes on. This was to make her numb before the procedure so she would feel less pain. Afterwards various young men took turns trying to pick her up, but she refused them all until Richard's friend tried. Then she let him pick her up. We were still celebrating the next day and had two kinds of beer (one was honey beer which we drank from a cow's horn) with about 200 people standing around. Soon the young warriors started dancing. They danced for hours. Much to my surprise, several of them who could speak English asked me why I didn't have a camera with me. After drinking a lot of beer, they decided we should eat some food. The young men are allowed to eat only meat, soured milk, and cattle blood. Luckily they gave me only milk. It was not good but Richard said that it was his favorite food. I managed to drink one glass. Fresh

milk is placed in long, narrow gourds and shaken often while souring. Just before serving, the milk is shaken again. It still has lumps in it and is very thick.

Hospital care, Jack Humbles, TEA 1962-64. Early November 1963.

Last Wednesday I took 67 of our students to Machame Lutheran Hospital about 10 miles from Umbwe just for a visit as part of their health science class. It is a large, modern hospital with 175 beds, x-ray, modern surgery, etc. They deliver about 60 babies a month. Their incubator for premature babies is a little wooden box with a wooden lid. The sides have little compartments for hot-water bottles to keep the baby warm. One of the unusual things about the hospital is that it does not do any cooking for the patients. If you are sick, you must bring a friend or relative who cooks outdoors over open fires for you and then serves you the food. These cooks have a large building for them to sleep in, on the floor, and they bring their own blankets.

The Cambridge Overseas Exam, Jack Humbles. November 1962.

I am giving the Cambridge Exam this year down at Old Moshi Secondary School. I have been asked to be the main invigilator. During the exam today, I had only 17 students in chemistry to observe. One student splashed acid in his eyes but we quickly washed his face and eyes and he was okay. That was Monday. On Tuesday during the Physics Exam, we found out that their physics teacher had not put out the correct equipment and that made the experiment impossible to do. He noticed this after the exam. The students were so upset during the test because things didn't work for them. We will have to write a report to the headquarters of the Cambridge and explain what happened. Wednesday was the chemistry practical in the lab and the students were to do a quantitative analysis. The students were to analyze an unknown substance, but the teacher had not stirred it completely so some students got a weak solution and others a strong one. Another chemistry exam with terrible results for the students.

Nature notes, Jack Humbles. 1967-68.

Sunday down by the lake, I saw three monitor lizards, the largest about three feet long! That night termites starting swarming. Hundreds were flying about my house. I turned off all the lights except the front porch one. Then I stood by the glass doors and watched. About ten bats began to catch them in midair. When the termites tried to rest on the walls, the geckos captured them. Then a white-tailed mongoose walked right onto my porch and ate all the termites that fell to the cement floor. I was about two feet from the mongoose.

After my sea freight wooden crates arrived, I left them on my front porch for several days and finally decided to move them to my storage area. Under the first one moved, I found a small cobra! It was so beautiful, shiny jet black, black collar, yellowish chin and throat. It raised its body, spread its hood, and slowly moved towards me. A stick was near, so I was able to capture it. Now it is a part of our college zoo.

Recently I was driving to town when some prison guards stopped me and said that a snake had been found in an open field by some prisoners. All the guards knew that I was interested in snakes for our biology lab at the college. I got out a large burlap sack from the back of my VW and told them to drive the snake towards me. I walked out into the field near the prisoners and soon a snake about 4-5 feet long crawled right

into the burlap sack. I put it in a large glass cage back at the college and only later discovered that it was a spitting cobra.

Student teaching-practice notes, Jack Humbles. October 1966, May 1967, and August 1967.

At our college, all the students leave for about one month to do practice teaching in surrounding primary schools. I was to report to the Bukoba area across Lake Victoria from the college. I left Mwanza late evening on the boat Usoga with my VW. We arrived in Bukoba after having breakfast on the boat.

Bukoba is a lovely little town pinned in between Lake Victoria and large hills on all sides. Many of the hills are sandstone. A little tea is grown here with coffee and banana trees. We will stay at the Lake Hotel. In front of the hotel is a white sandy beach with palm trees and hippos.

It is really interesting going to all the little primary schools observing our student teachers. All the little children wearing colorful uniforms. John Bend, British, and I are staying in a comfortable hotel on the edge of the lake. Breakfast is typical, but the other meals are too large and complicated: first soup, next is fish, third is meat with potatoes and vegetables, then pudding followed by a fruit tray, then cheese, and finally coffee served on the patio. The evening meal is at 8:00! Luckily tea and sandwiches are served at 5:00 pm.

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Another student teaching practice took me to Mwadui, where there is a world famous Williamson's Diamond Mine. There are many small villages around the mine but none with a hotel for Europeans, so we teachers got to stay right at the diamond mine. It is fenced in with barbed wire, guards all around, passes needed, etc. It is like a small town of about 500 people with a very good restaurant, post office, shopping center, a club with swimming pool, electric lights in all the homes plus running cold and hot water. In the shopping center are special shops for shoes, dresses, pastries, a meat shop, a men's shop, radio and record store, etc. All the yards are beautiful with very green grass and many colorful flowers and trees. Every Wednesday night is a movie. There is also a gas station and a Catholic Church, an Anglican Church, and a Mosque.

There are three of us here from Butimba. We have been given guest quarters with three bedrooms, two sitting rooms, and a small service area. The service area is used by the caretaker. He fixes morning tea for us at 6:30 and washes our clothes everyday, and our cars, and cleans our rooms! We eat all our meals at the restaurant. There is no choice of food but it is all good and too much. Every morning we have hot cereal, eggs, bacon, coffee, and a full quart of milk with cream on top. For lunch we start with soup, then we have meat and at least two vegetables, cold milk again, dessert, coffee, and cheese. Supper is also a very large meal.

The days keep us really busy. We have 44 students to supervise, spread over 15 schools. The schools are spread apart with the farthest being almost 60 miles away. I seem to spend most of the day just driving but the country is beautiful and I am taking lots of pictures.

One day we were able to take a tour of the mine. It is an open pit that looks like a strip mine in southern Indiana. They sift and search through about ten tons of dirt and rock in order to find one diamond. The mine is located in an almost semi-desert area.

But with all the wealth here, it is much more modern than Dar es Salaam. All the streets are paved, all the water is safe for drinking, and there is electricity full time. Also they have their own city buses and school buses for the kids. There are rumors that the mine might not last more than three more years but the UN says 20 years. What will happen then? (I checked the Internet and the mine is still operating as of 2015.)

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In August we had another practice teaching month for our students and about 66 of them were assigned to small primary schools around Mwanza. They slept at the schools and four of us teachers drove around to observe them. We had to visit each student at least four times. These schools are very poor, some with dirt floors and the children sitting on big tin cans as chairs. There are no desks for them. In one school, the “blackboard” was a torn chunk of ceiling board painted black and attached to a tripod of limbs. Much of the school work is done outdoors so the children can write in the dirt with sticks. Most of the schools I visit are better with desks and cement floors. But even there, books are scarce, sometimes one textbook for the whole class. Teaching aids usually cannot be found.

A Lucky Encounter, by Anita (Bird) Hayden. Machame Girls SS, Moshi and Korogwe Girls SS, Korogwe T, (3C UK) ‘63-’68. [Anita now lives in Arkansas. She suggests the events described below probably occurred in 1966.]

Clive Lovelock, Pat Nield, Hugh Burkett and I decided to try and drive to South Africa on the long vacation. It was during the time that the whole world was against the white government in Southern Rhodesia so there was an oil embargo on, and we had to use petrol coupons to fill my Volkswagen Beetle. All petrol was being shipped in by tanker trucks, and the roads were terrible.

All went smoothly until we got to Zambia. We got soaked at Victoria Falls and then, farther along, we had quite a long wait at the government offices to get our petrol coupons. We made it to Bulawayo and were in Salisbury for Christmas. We crashed a wedding party to get some food and drink as no one would serve us since the guys didn’t have suits and ties with them.

We made it as far South as the ruins of Zimbabwe by coasting in neutral on every opportunity. We could just about see some hills in SA in the far distance.

We decided to go home via Malawi as we thought it would be shorter. We were told not to stop for anyone as there were a lot of *shifita* guerrillas in the area we were going to drive through. We were going along just fine on this narrow and very rough dirt road, when all of a sudden the car died. We eventually found that the bottom of our very heavily loaded VW had hit a rock in the middle of the road and peeled the oil pan cover right off, so no oil!!! We were in the middle of *shifita* country by then and of course provided lots of entertainment for the locals.

Being British we brewed up a cup of tea and decided we would sleep in the car and try to hitch to the nearest town in the morning. But it was a desolate road and no vehicle came along it. We ate and were preparing to settle in for the night, when we saw headlights approaching us. It stopped and a jolly Scot jumped out and said he was doing maintenance on the petrol trucks on the oil route and so he had a complete workshop in the back of his truck together with several African mechanics. They got to work and made us a cover for the oil pan from scratch. He would not take any payment

but said if we had any scotch to give it to his boys. We piled in and took off arriving safely in Malawi where we found a nice government guesthouse for the night.

That night is one I will never forget. Talk about luck!

The Roadblock, a work of fiction by Richard Baines, (3B UK), Kangaru SS, Embu K. [Richard lives in Australia. He writes, "Although I know no TEA folk here, there are many Africans now settling in Oz." Regarding the story below, Richard notes, "I have always believed that the future of any country resides in the strength of its women."]

From the moment she opened the door she knew that Kamali was dead.

There he sat, slumped in his favourite chair in the front room. One arm hung down stiffly beside him like a broken rudder. His head lolled to one side, and when Rukiya tried to straighten it she found that it had set hard. Rukiya understood what that meant. Had she not already lost a grandfather and a brother? It meant that Kamali had been dead for many hours. Now he sat there in a clumsy state, his large stomach protruding from beneath his old blue singlet.

'Well,' said Rukiya to herself. 'So that's that.'

She stood there for a long while looking down at the man in his chair and seeing only a stranger. Then Rukiya did three things. The first was to go to Kamali's rusty cabinet at the back of the house, unlock it and take out his Browning pistol. She handled it warily, turning it over in her palms. Kamali had warned her never to touch it, but what could he do about that now? Rukiya took it outside to the truck, where she hid it among the pile of rags in the tray at the back. Next she went to her bedroom and took out a small amethyst necklace with a design of love hearts on it. Carefully she fastened it around her neck.

She had not worn it for fifteen years.

Not since she had been given it by her golden American.

Then she walked down the murrum road to the phone box on the corner and called the police.

* * *

Rukiya always thought of him as her golden American, though his name was Mike. She met him when she was seventeen and in her last year of school. One day, after Miss Lango had left teaching to get ready to have her new baby, a young man walked into her art class. He had light brown hair and a fuzz of yellow beard. His skin was a beautiful golden colour and Rukiya had to look away for fear he would notice her sharp intake of breath.

'Good morning *wawanafunzi*,' he grinned. 'I am here to teach you art.'

She knew who Mike was of course. In this small township everyone knew when a new *mzungu* arrived. A few Americans and Europeans worked at the agricultural station and a few in the schools and that was all. Mike taught in the boys' school across the road.

Rukiya remembered that first lesson. The American was showing the class some pictures. He turned to a girl named Mary Gichimu and asked her a question. In response she held the open palm of her hand up to her face, turned her head to the side and 'hissed' through her teeth. Mike did not know what to say. He seemed embarrassed. He tried again, with the same result.

After the class Rukiya stopped by the table at the front of the room. 'I am Rukiya,' she said. She held out her hand. He took it, smiling, and she had to withdraw hers quickly because of the electricity. 'I will explain about Mary,' she said. 'If an unmarried man addresses an unmarried Kikuyu girl, then that is the traditional response.' He thanked her, and watched her all the way out of the room.

The art classes were fun. Mike brought in sticks of charcoal and taught the girls to draw with them. Before that Rukiya had only used charcoal in the fire at home for cooking the maize and beans. Later Mike brought an enormous fishing net full of small gourds into the classroom. 'We will paint them,' he said, giving one to each student. The girls all laughed, for gourds were used for mixing and fermenting the local *pombe*. On another occasion he played music and some of the girls danced and when the music stopped they had to freeze while others drew them in those frozen positions.

Rukiya was a beautiful dancer. Every month the senior girls joined the boys for a social evening in their school hall. This was a great excitement. The girls put on their best dresses and some of them wore coloured combs in their hair. They sat around the hall with their hands clasped in their laps and their eyes lowered, waiting for a boy to ask them to dance. Teachers from both schools supervised the evening and poured the drinks. One night Mike was there and he came over to Rukiya and they danced together.

Rukiya never forgot that evening.

* * *

The police van drew up on the open patch of murrum. Yellow weaver birds were playing in the palms by the roadway, and high overhead a fish eagle hovered in the pale blue sky of early morning. The day was heating up.

The sergeant lowered himself slowly and carefully from the driver's seat. He straightened his jacket and put on his blue police cap.

'Hello, Rukiya,' he said.

'Salaama, Mr Okonkwo,' she answered. She led him into the house.

Kamali sat firmly in his chair just as she had found him.

'I'm very sorry, Rukiya,' said the sergeant. Rukiya nodded, blushing slightly. 'You have touched nothing I hope?'

Again she nodded.

'Look at his arm, and his other hand on his chest. I can tell you, the poor man has had a heart attack.' The sergeant took off his cap and scratched his head thoughtfully. He squatted down and peered under Kamali's chair, pulling out some empty bottles. 'Kamali always enjoyed a drink, particularly after a hard day down at the station. He is a big man.'

'Indeed,' Rukiya said. 'He is very heavy.'

The sergeant smiled. 'How was it that you did not discover him until this morning?' he asked. 'Did he not cry out?'

Rukiya waved a hand towards the back of the house. 'He did not come to bed last night,' she said. 'I heard nothing.' She saw the sergeant looking at her in a quizzical way so she added, 'It has been usual lately.'

The sergeant nodded. 'Sawa,' he said. 'Leave it to me, Rukiya. I will make it easy for you. I will get someone to come and take away the body.' He smiled a crooked smile at her. 'But before I go I have to collect some of his things. I will search the house now.'

Rukiya nodded for a third time. The sergeant was being kind to her, and she knew that he would want something in return. But she was one step ahead of him. He would not find the gun.

* * *

Rukiya left school at the end of that year and went to work for the local council. They provided her with a small hut in a row of others down in the *boma*.

One afternoon Mike knocked on the door.

When Rukiya saw who it was she blushed and lowered her eyes. 'Please come in,' she said. 'And forgive the room. I am going to get some matting for the floor and some pictures for the wall.' She stepped aside and smiled up at him. 'At least we have a table and some chairs, so we can sit and drink tea.'

Mike smiled.

'Tea would be nice,' he said.

She was wearing a white blouse with a frill down the front. Her skin was the colour of rich soil, and smelt of jasmine and the bark of trees. They sat and talked and he told her of faraway places and people he knew, and she told him of their tribal customs and her childhood on the family *shamba*. As the weeks passed he continued to visit, and Rukiya put on her best dress for him and he showed her pictures of his home and his family in America and she sat very still and studied them hard.

'This New York,' she said.

'Yes?'

'It is very big.'

'Yes.'

'Do the lights stay on all night?'

When they spent evenings like this together they did not go out, for where was there to go in a town that was little more than half a mile of tarmac studded with Indian *dukas*?

One day she said to him, 'The men are coming for me you know.'

'What do you mean?'

'They are asking for me to marry them.'

He furrowed his brow. 'What do you say to them?'

She studied him from under her dark lashes, searching for some kind of recognition. 'It is hard to be a girl in this country. Everything is politics. Every relationship is politics. I have to be nice to them, but I tell them no. I say I am busy. I have to pass an exam. My relatives are sick.' She paused. 'But soon I must say yes.'

'Why?' he asked her.

'You ask why?'

'You are an educated woman. You can do what you please, surely?'

She smiled up at him, a shy, reproachful smile that accentuated the dimples at the corners of her mouth. 'I live here Mike,' she said. 'A girl who says no too many times gets a bad name. They say she is proud, that a black spirit has entered her heart. Girls have been known to be poisoned.'

He stood up and moved slowly about the room. There was matting on the floor now, and a picture of Mount Kenya on the wall. He breathed in deeply, catching his breath and then letting it out in a slow sigh. He walked to the window, pulled open the

curtains, saw the light shiver on the jacaranda tree. He remained like that for some minutes, looking out into the night.

'Then I must let you go, Rukiya,' he said.

The next day he brought her the amethyst necklace. She took it and stared at it for a long time. She had never seen anything like it in her life.

'You bought this for me?'

'Of course.'

'In Nairobi?'

He grinned at her and fastened it around her neck.

'I will never take it off,' she said.

They laughed aloud together. 'I also have something for you.' She went into the bedroom and returned with a coloured cloth. 'I have done the embroidering. It is not so good, but you...'

He stopped her with a kiss. 'It is wonderful,' he said.

They sat side by side on the worn porch steps breathing in the perfume of the frangipani and listening to the sounds of the night.

'Birds,' she said.

'No,' he said. 'They're cicadas.'

She laid her arm alongside his.

'The wrong colour,' she said, and burst into tears.

* * *

The truck bounced along the murrum road dropping into the potholes, the headlights jumping in the air taking hurried snapshots of flame trees beside the track.

Rukiya had waited until dark to make her escape. She had nodded to the men who had arrived to take away Kamali, produced food and drink for the relatives who had come to mourn their loss, and smiled sweetly at Sergeant Okonkwo.

'When can I come to see you?' he said, and she replied with no trace of irony, 'I am in mourning. Wait until I have recovered from my poor husband's death.'

Carefully she packed the things she would need to take with her. She carried them out to the truck when no one was watching. One by one the relatives left and went shuffling, staggering and dancing on their separate ways home. When darkness fell and the moon came out Rukiya climbed into the truck, said a silent prayer, and drove out of the shamba where she had lived for fifteen years.

She passed the rows of *dukas* where she had shopped for cooking pots and tinned food and coloured threads. She passed the lights of the beer hall, its laughter and music drifting across the police compound where Sergeant Okonkwo slept at his desk. She passed the cluster of mud huts where the round-eyed children whispered together in the dark about the stories they had heard from their grandmothers. And she set her sights for the city.

Now she could see a roadblock ahead of her.

Rukiya slowed down and stopped before a makeshift wooden boom slung across the road. A young soldier with a rifle stood to attention beside the truck. Another man was slouched on a stool, coat off, feet resting on some boxes, drinking beer from a bottle.

'What have we here?' leered the older man.

His eyes lit up.

Rukiya said nothing.

'We are looking for an escaped prisoner,' explained the soldier.

The older man stood up shakily and sauntered over to the truck. He carried a stick. He had a heavy face with rubbery lips and an open-mouthed lopsided grin. 'Why are you on your own?' he sneered. He was dribbling. 'Well? Eh?'

Rukiya said simply, 'Do I look like an escaped prisoner?'

He spat. 'Get out.'

'Why? You can see there is no one here but me.'

'Get out, *mwanamke*! Put your hands on the truck!'

Rukiya got out of her seat and walked to the back of the truck. She rested her hands on the rail just above the pile of rags. She took a deep breath.

The older man walked around the truck, stumbling, occasionally holding on to the side for support. He stopped behind Rukiya. 'What's that?' he asked.

'What?'

With his stick he traced a long scar down the side of her leg.

'I fell.'

It was a lie. That was where Kamali had whipped her on the night of their marriage. 'It is a disgrace!' he had shouted. 'My wife and a *mzungu*! And this,' he yelled, tearing off the amethyst necklace, 'This is finished! You will never wear such a thing again!'

Rukiya turned, one hand resting on the rail of the truck. 'I tell an untruth.' She flashed the man a bright smile. 'That is what my husband did to me when I took another lover.' The older man grinned and put a shaky hand on her shoulder. She could smell the sweat from his body and the beer on his breath. She turned back and reached her hands down towards the pile of rags, left them there, resting gently. 'My husband is not far behind me now,' she said quietly over her shoulder. 'You should see what he did to the *mpenzi*!'

The older man swallowed hard and backed away. He dropped his stick. 'Well, go on!' he shouted to the soldier. 'Remove the boom, *mjinga* idiot! Get rid of her! Hurry up!'

Rukiya slowly relaxed her hands and withdrew them from the pile of rags. She climbed back into the truck, and the young soldier gave her a stern salute as she took off in a cloud of red dust. Rukiya grinned as she settled down to drive through the night. 'Politics,' she sighed. She reached down and traced the scar in the darkness, running her fingers along her leg and up her thigh. Then she carefully tucked the amethyst necklace into her blouse.

She passed blue gum trees, giant anthills, and a dead vervet monkey lying by the roadside. In the far distance she could see the sky shimmering with a luminous orange glow. And so Rukiya drove on, heading towards the big city, a world of whispers, and a future that seemed to shift with the patterns of light that played upon her eyelids in the first glare of the morning.

Memories from 1963-65, by Lynn Hopkins

Thirty-six hours en route on Capitol Airlines which ran out of food and woke all the hungry children, who had just settled to sleep, to tell us.

Protest at the luxury of the Norfolk Hotel; the move to Thika Road House with its frigid temperature, no heat, and a lot of mud.

Personal disappointment that we were to remain in Nairobi because Dick was an engineer and could teach at Kenya Polytechnic and then our enjoyment at being a stopover for everyone who came back to Nairobi for provisions.

The horror and shock of Kennedy's assassination. The tears of Kenyans and the condolences they offered.

The celebration of "Uhuru."

Pitching a tent in game parks and waking up to animals looking at us. No fear.

Car caravans to Mombasa and all the tire changing and lifting of cars that got mired in the mud.

Nobody mentioned "Natural Childbirth" to the good number of us who gave birth there, certainly naturally.

Dave Sandgren standing in the sun roof of our VW taking pictures of a huge elephant and saying, "Closer, closer." My realization that he was looking through a lens while I was looking through the back window at a big bull flapping its ears.

The "chicken" that was given as a present to my son at birth and waiting for it to lay eggs. Njoroje saying, "*Bado, bado*" and then my "Aha moment" when the rooster crowed. Of course it would be a rooster and not a hen.

Since I was only familiar with poaching as a method for eggs, I wondered where Callie Evers would find a pan big enough for the poached impala planned for dinner.

Waking up to find our VW stripped of its wheels -- three times. Turning our furniture around to prevent the ever present "fish poling" whenever we left the house. More worry when Njoroje, *panga* in hand, decided that he would become our *askari* and stand on the porch through the night.

Agreeing to meet a new group of teachers and opening the door, halfway around the world from home, to Ron Richardson who was a year behind me at my high school in California. Stranger yet after returning to Calif., we were neighbors in married student housing at UCLA.

The baboons that hitched rides on our cars from place to place in the game park. Our two year old son's suggestion that we get a baboon instead of his expected sibling.

Our son's first word and favorite food, *ndizi*.

Meeting Louis Leakey when he visited a patient in the bed next to mine in Princess Elizabeth Hospital.

The Nairobi police who answered my frantic SOS with "So sorry, *memsahib*, all the cars are in the garage".

From the prospective of age seventy four, I marvel at my youthful naivety. I have to allow that I was only twenty one. I took a six month old baby to a part of the world that most people couldn't find on a map. How lucky were we to know Kenya as it was then!

Best/Worst experiences, by Dagmar Telfer Muthamia

The best experience I had during my TEA experience was the first Open Day at the girls' secondary school in Meru, Kenya, where I was posted. It was a beautiful school on the slopes of Mt. Kenya with a grassy area the size of several football fields laid out in front of the long block of classrooms from which you looked out toward the Nyambani Mountains to the East. On one section of the grass a stage had been set up where the headmistress stood to welcome the visitors and give a summary of the school's progress during the past year. Then some of the girls acted out scenes from a play, I forget which one, but it was entertaining. After the play I was introduced to the headmaster of the intermediate school down the road from my school. The introduction led to a pleasant talk, then an invitation to a local dance and four years later to our marriage.

I don't remember any really bad experiences. The only thing that popped into my mind was the first time I drove from Meru back to Nairobi to visit TEA friends. I miscalculated the time and arrived rather late at night in Nairobi. I had no idea where to meet my friends. I was tired and hungry and most of all I needed to use a bathroom. I went to the only place I recognized, the New Stanley Hotel, assuming that they would offer me the use of a bathroom and a phone. No, I was told. Only guests are to be helped. In desperation I checked in for the night. Surely this was the most expensive pit stop I have ever made.

We've Heard from You

Jim Gilson [Old Moshi SS, Moshi T (3A)], founder and president of Quality Schools International, reports that QSI's Sanaa International School in Yemen was bombed and largely destroyed on December 29, apparently by a Saudi or other coalition aircraft. Jim writes, "The school has taken no part in the civil war and has had no fear from either side in this conflict. Over the years the school has served families from all the parties in Yemen and the branches of Islam. During our time in Yemen [1972-2004] I was not aware of who was a Sunni or who was a Shiite. This was not an issue when providing a quality education for families from both." Most of the students were expats from over 30 countries, but about 40 percent were Yemenis.

Kay (Strain King) Borkowski. Our year has been a busy one, primarily because 2015 was the year Danny finished moving his mom, Fair, now 94, to live with us in Mexico! Danny made many trips, both flying and driving, some with his mom and some without, until Fair's house was sold and the storage unit in Dallas was emptied!

Also, Christ Church Episcopal, which is still a mission of the Diocese of the West in the Anglican Church of Mexico with Danny as vicar and Kay producing the newsletter, etc., keeps all of us well occupied.

In June the three of us did a lengthy trip to Texas where we visited with our Texas children and grandchildren and celebrated Father's Day and several birthdays.

Emilee Hines Cantieri. I'm still writing and traveling at 80. We've booked a cruise around the British Isles for August and a safari to S. Af. and Namibia for Oct. I'm trying to persuade Jerry to go to the Caucasus (Georgia, Armenia & Azerbaijan) with me. Any

TEAAers been there? Recently finished reading *Sabres in Paradise*, the bio of Shamy, a Daghestani tribal leader who fought Russians in 19th century.

Writing: *Voting for Love*, set in 1914, is available on Kindle. Have 2 books completed, 1 mystery, 1 historical (Kievan Russia, 900 AD) and am writing on *Murder at Biltmore*, set in 1896 with George Vanderbilt & Frederick Law Olmsted as characters (neither is a victim or villain).

I'm appalled to read that [Al Shabaab militants] killed 63 Kenyan soldiers [at an airbase in Somalia] this week [mid-January].

Rod Hinkle (1C) Last night my wife and I endured more than an hour of a neighbor's filmed account on their computer of their recent visit to the Serengeti National Park -- lion after lion, rhino after rhino, etc., until we were looking for a pleasant way to escape. The experience reminded me that back in the '60's I never traveled from Morogoro that far north to see the Serengeti probably because my aging VW bug was not 100% reliable.

Still, watching lion after lion reminded me of my only wildlife experience when back in 1961, my roommate Jerry Shieber and I raised a baby monkey that Jerry found next to its dead mother. I'm proud to say we successfully parented it for almost two years until one day he/she escaped and visited the headmaster's daughter's bedroom. Our little monkey child (named the Swahili name for monkey "Mumbili (?)" [possibly *Tumbili*]) had to be returned to the wild somewhere on the road between Dar-es-Salaam and Morogoro -- a long way from the Serengeti.

Roy Godber. It's now almost 53 years since I first set foot in East Africa for the purpose of teaching in Uganda under the British Ministry for Overseas Development. It is of course a fairly hackneyed saying that Africa gets in your blood, but later this month I will be returning to Uganda for six weeks. Teaching is still on the agenda, but this time I will be introducing the pole lathe, that ancient but very useful piece of equipment which never seems to have been introduced to East Africa. This is my third visit to Uganda in the past few years and what a delight it always is to meet the rural African, who, while economically poor, has something to teach affluent North Americans.

George Pollock reports on his 60th high school reunion on his blog, <http://patientsprogress.blogspot.com/>

Reed Stewart. My only news is that I will be teaching a course on cultural geography at a local senior center [Marshfield Hills, MA] in March and have to learn the newest instructional methods. You are all invited.

Paul Hargrave reports he and Doris took several trips in 2015, including Colorado skiing, Central America, Iceland -- Greenland, a driving trip in the western US, and bicycling Missouri's 225 mile Katy Trail. The Central America and Iceland -- Greenland trips were with Overseas Adventure Travel.

Don Knies writes that in August daughters Tara and Holly arranged a visit for the entire family to the Normandy D-Day beaches to celebrate Don and Maureen's 50th wedding

anniversary. Sites visited included the village of St Mere Eglise behind Utah Beach, Arromanches (site of the floating Mulberry Harbor), And the American cemetery at Omaha Beach.

TEAA treasurer Henry Hamburger, When arranging a bank funds transfer, is always asked for street addresses for banks holding school accounts in East Africa. He writes, "\$750 went off to Wandiji in early afternoon [in September]. I made up an address for the bank: 1 *Sijui Jina* Road, Homa Bay, K. The lady at the bank dutifully entered it on the transmission form. I doubt that anyone over there ever looks at the addresses I invent, but if they do, I think we can count on that much Swahili still being understood.

Bernard Sauers. I just finished reading a book that I believe anyone who worked in Tanzania in the late 60's would enjoy. It is written by a Dr James Penhaligon, who spent the first 15 years of his life in a mining town 50 miles south of Mwanza, and who was so influenced by the local Swahili culture, that he found it hard to speak to, and even harder to relate to, the *Mzungus*. The title is *Speak Swahili, Dammit*. I enjoyed it. I think others would as well.

Paul Cant reports that he has brought out a collection of essays, *Views from an Irish Barbarian*, under the pen name, Jonathan Bower. Paul notes that the collection and his novel, *African Aftermath*, are available on Amazon and should be of interest to expats like ourselves.

Ted and Maja Essebaggers. We are well and enjoying some beautiful sunny weather these days, even though it is very cold and icy here in Norway. We had a good Christmas with our three sons and their families in our homes and with our four grandchildren. New Years was celebrated with close friends in our home.

I enjoyed reading two books on Africa this past year: *Battle for the Bundu: The First World War in East Africa* by Charles Miller (New York: Macmillan Publishing Co., Inc., 1974) and *The Last Train to Zona Verde: My Ultimate African Safari* by Paul Theroux (Houghton Mifflin Harcourt, 2013)

Dagmar Telfer Muthamia. I am finally retired. I left my last job of 8 years in Human Resources at the Boeing Company at the end of April. Since then I have been very busy with volunteer activities and hobbies.