

TEAA (Teachers for East Africa Alumni) Newsletter No. 28, January 2013. Published and edited by: Ed Schmidt, 7307 Lindbergh Dr., St. Louis, MO 63117, USA, 314-647-1608, <[eschmidt1@sbcglobal.net](mailto:eschmidt1@sbcglobal.net)>. Send items for the newsletter to the above address. PLEASE KEEP THE EDITOR INFORMED OF ANY CHANGES IN YOUR CONTACT INFORMATION. It is easier for you to tell me than for me to re-find you!

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

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

Circulation of the newsletter is about 390, of which 90 are printed and mailed. By latest count, recipients include 291 TEAA-USA households, 59 TEAA-UK households, 11 surviving spouses, 8 TEAA “kids,” and 19 guests.

Included in this edition is a somewhat lengthy article by Edward Hower about teaching in a New York prison. Nothing directly to do with East Africa, but I was influenced to include it after my visit to a Missouri prison for a presentation by Prison Performing Arts, a local not-for-profit. Your opinions about including such articles are welcome. In this issue:

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WE’VE HEARD FROM YOU

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YOUR STORIES, Robert (Bob) Gurney

DIRECTORY UPDATE

PRESIDENT’S MESSAGE, Brooks Goddard

Dear age-mates,

When I used that term in a recent adult ed class, there was some confusion until I repeated Mike Rainy’s mantra, “There is only God and age-mates,” and explained it. The youngest of us just turned 70 which sets a certain edge. Nonetheless, I would argue only another reason to celebrate. Which brings me to a recent letter from Ron Stockton:

“By the way, Jane and I are going to Kenya in two weeks in celebration of our 50th wedding anniversary. We are taking our two sons, who were little boys when we were there in 1971 (post-TEA). They have always identified with Kenya even though only the older one, then four, has any memories. We are taking their wives and children (10 people in total) with us. We found a local tour guide operator and told him exactly what we wanted to do, including visiting our old school. One stroke of genius was to put in the Daily Nation an advertisement that said ‘Machakos Boys School, 1964-66. Ron and Jane Stockton will be in Kenya in December. If you were their student, they would like to have lunch with you. Please contact...’ According to our local guy, we may have up to 50 people there, including the Minister of Education and Philip Waki of the Waki Commission\* fame. What a thrill.” We are hoping that Ron will have a report for us

for this newsletter, but the larger issue is that other TEAArs are taking and have taken similar kinds of “return” trips. Not merely nostalgia but reconnection. As I’ve said before, “just go.”

Henry and Ed will be taking a trip of a different nature, one of their review and assessment trips in which they visit many schools, ferret out backpacker hotels to stay at, and renew friendships. They are veterans of local buses and the eponymous boda-boda. They will report in the next newsletter.

CO13 is well-planned and awaiting registration: just go to [www.tea-a.org](http://www.tea-a.org). Then send your \$75 registration to Henry Hamburger; 6400 Wynkoop Blvd.; Bethesda, MD 20817. We shall have a gorgeous site in September 10-13, 2013. We are using mid-week dates to take advantage of good rates, and the setting will help us discuss among other things the future of TEAA. Lest you think certain thoughts, please understand that Mpls15 is also in the works. Denver might be a good spot to continue on from. There is more of Colorado to explore, or north to Wyoming, west to Utah, and southwest to Four Corners. I hope that you will register soon. Another tack to take would be to search the TEAA directory [available from Ed] for, say, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Arizona, and New Mexico to locate friends you can contact to ask them to join us at Estes State Park.

While there continues to be a dearth of good fiction coming out of East Africa, I can report that there is a new book about Dar es Salaam by Sarah Merkes with evocative drawings and commentaries by local residents titled *Street Level*. It is currently available from <http://www.africanlookbook.com/> and should soon be at [amazon.com](http://amazon.com). Merkes has been living in Africa since 1998 and in Dar since 2002.

We are hoping to print our own book based on the Teakis available on our website. Please take a look and write your own; then send it to Henry H. at [henryjh@comcast.net](mailto:henryjh@comcast.net).

See you in Colorado, Brooks

\* The Waki Commission, officially The Commission of Inquiry on Post Election Violence (CIPEV), was an international commission of inquiry established by the Government of Kenya in February 2008 to investigate the clashes in Kenya following the disputed Kenyan presidential election of 2007. - Wikipedia

HAPPY 2013, YEAR OF THE COLORADO REUNION!, Lee Smith

The Planning/Program Committee sends a reminder that in just eight months (10-13 September) we will be meeting in Estes Park. I hope that, as you recover from the hectic holiday season, you will turn your attention to plans to attend TEAA’s seventh biennial event by reading some information we have provided about the reunion, reserving your room/board with the YMCA and paying your registration fee to TEAA.

Henry has created a CO’13 section at [www.tea-a.org](http://www.tea-a.org), our website, under the log cabin icon. There, you will find more information than you may need and many documents addressing most questions to help you plan. He has organized the updated section as follows:

**Information:** Gene Child’s June announcement about the Reunion  
**Get a Room at Y:** a direct link to the YMCA’s TEAA reservation site  
**Program:** an updated Program Schedule for the Reunion (Doc A)  
**Facilities:** a YMCA of the Rockies pdf site facts/info piece (Doc B)  
**Things to do:** the first of several pre/post-Reunion tour suggestions  
**RE: Colorado:** recent articles and information about state and site  
**Chat Groups:** an opportunity to help set the stage for 2013 (Doc C)  
**Who to Contact:** Planning Committee Coordinators’ tasks (Doc E)  
**FAQs:** attempts to address FAQs we have received to date (Doc D)

I have e-mailed information to a suggested nine “regional leaders” encouraging them to initiate informal email chat groups in arbitrarily designated regions to ensure all TEAAers, including those who have already expressed interest, have the opportunity to add their voices to our planning for 2013 as well as its follow-up at Minnesota 2015. I have touched base with at least one member of all of the optional groups and we Committee

members will address implementing any suggestions at our next scheduled Committee meeting on February 12<sup>th</sup> in Denver. Check for new update on the website in March.

A list of TEAAers who indicated that they plan to attend, or who have expressed interest in attending, is on the website. Please make your own reservations as soon as you are able; encourage colleagues, family, former students and friends to consider attending.

WRITING DANGEROUSLY, by Edward Hower [The following article appeared recently in the Cornell Alumni Magazine. Edward Hower has published seven novels and two books of stories. His work has appeared in The Atlantic Monthly, The New York Times, Smithsonian, American Scholar, Epoch, and elsewhere.]

Picture a box of dark, stagnant air five stories high with walls of stone and windows glowing dimly like pillars of ice. The floor is puddled pavement; the lid is the frozen night sky which presses down overhead, making you feel very small as you walk the hundred or so yards from one end to the other. Behind the heavy glass you glimpse the guts of the place: the cellblocks with their rows of barred cages that seem to stretch into infinity. Muffled shouts from behind the windows seem aimed at you—in jagged tones of longing, hilarity, and who-knows-what anguish. Hundreds of men you can't see are in there, watching your every step.

When at last you reach the classroom area indoors, the empty prison yard's chill fades from your bones. The radiators hiss softly, and these fogged windows hide all views of walls and bars; you could be in a school in a poor neighborhood in the 1950s, with its exhausted blackboards and porcelain water fountains in the corridors. Warmth radiates from the students. They file in with grins on their faces, shaking your hand and joking—but politely, politely—with your beautiful 19-year-old teaching assistant for whom they've spent the week rehearsing their greetings. She's the only civilian woman some of the men have spoken to in years, and you're the first teacher many have known whom they didn't hate for making them feel stupid and ashamed.

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Welcome to Auburn Correctional Facility in upstate New York, the nation's oldest operating prison, built in 1816, and now visited on weekdays by volunteer teachers from Cornell University. I've been giving Fiction- and Personal Essay-writing classes here for three years. Auburn, a maximum security institution, has broken my heart repeatedly, but it's also given me the most exhilarating teaching experiences I've had anywhere.

The Cornell students are the brightest of the prison's 1700 inmates; all of them have high-school diplomas or GEDs and have spent a great many hours with books as their favorite companions. Some have read more Russian classics than I have; they've inhaled Shakespeare, Plato, Charlotte Brontë, also tons of paperback Westerns, crime thrillers, and plenty of porn. Black, White, Latino, Indian, young and old, they're wildly eclectic in their interests and constantly hungry for activities that challenge their minds. No wonder I like them. Aside from the chaotic lives they've led and the brutal crimes most of them have committed, they're a lot like me and my writer friends.

I've learned what their offenses were by going to the Department of Correction's web site and Google News, but soon I'm so busy I nearly forget their backgrounds. Occasionally, I'll find myself marveling at a student's deep sensitivity and suddenly remember that he'll be making license plates in here forever because he emptied his pistol into a 7-11 clerk during a robbery. That's when I feel awful—what a horrific waste of lives, both my student's and the clerk's! And for *what? Why?* It drives me crazy. Then I get back to work on the man's writing project.

These questions are much more burning for my students than for me. Some grapple with them in their essays and stories, but indirectly and cautiously. I usually don't encourage them to write about their criminal activities, which are too depressing for them to dwell on. I give them class exercises that challenge them to examine the parts of their lives that have given them some insights, some pride, maybe even some laughs. Like getting a crush on a neighborhood girl, dealing with bullies, handling a family member's problems.

The stories I get at the prison aren't much like the ones I see in other classes. One first girl an Auburn student loved became a teenage prostitute, a bully was a rival gang member who left him for dead with stab wounds, and one family problem resulted in a mother's death from a heroin overdose. The students know, though, that

spilling their pain onto paper isn't enough. They want to use their new writing skills to transform their material--to create essays and stories that allow them to find some meaning and dignity in their lives.

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After reading James Baldwin's "Sonny's Blues," a story about a man leaving his parents' family to get off drugs and become a musician, I asked my students to write a letter that a troubled younger brother might mail to an older one about his struggles. A few students wrote angry, defiant letters justifying their reckless adventures. Most wrote more introspective ones, explaining how bad breaks and worse judgment had led them astray; they hoped that they could still be valued as human beings.

When the men read aloud, I heard some voices crack—in a place where, normally, showing emotion can brand you as a pussy and put you in grave danger for your life. But my classroom wasn't a normal place in the prison, as my students often told me. Here they could show feelings without being scared or ashamed; they trusted me and their fellow students to keep it a safe place for them. Though most of them are black and/or Latino—as are about 90% of Auburn's inmates--members of different groups were unusually supportive of each other, too.

The students wanted to dig into the meanings of their letter-writing exercise. After reading his paper full of bad-ass bravado, a man called Harry listened to the critical discussion he'd inspired and suddenly asked, "Hey, do you think the criminal life-style—all the danger and excitement—is as addicting as the heroin the brother uses in Baldwin's story?" Many of the students nodded gravely at him. Now he understood "Sonny's Blues" in new ways, and so did I. It wasn't a grim realization; the jolt we all got from having that insight was powerful, and empowering. Sonny could keep working at playing the piano, despite carrying the burden of his past troubles, and we could find the courage to keep writing stories ourselves.

I gave the men an exercise in which they were to describe a toy they'd treasured as a child and then to use it as the object of a conflict in a made-up story. Several wrote about super-hero action-figures who, in their daydreams, had helped them vanquish childhood enemies and rescue girlfriends in distress. "Does writing give you super-powers?" I asked. "Hell, yes—that's why I'm taking this class!" one student answered. And so it does, I'm convinced—the most powerless people in the world get to fly through space (and through prison gates), right the wrongs done to them (or atone for the ones they've done), and experience the elation that comes from successfully imagining a character into life on the page.

Inevitably, one guy wrote about a teddy bear. I told the class that I'd assigned this exercise in workshops in several states and overseas, and in every single one somebody had written about a stuffed bear. I was just marveling out loud, but one student asked me if I was trying to show them that they were part of an international community of writers. I hadn't thought of this but of course it was true—they *had* joined this community, and I could tell that the stone walls that surrounded them had just gotten a little bit more porous.

I invited guest writers to come to the class and talk about their work. Jeanne Mackin read the students a ghost story, then asked the students to write about strange happenings that they'd heard about. Some reported on spirits that had been spotted in cells near the storage room where "Old Sparky"--the first electric chair used in the US, in 1890--was reputed to be kept. One student named Jack wrote about visiting a conjure woman in the backwoods of Georgia where he'd grown up. This led to a discussion of how folklore can inspire new stories; the wonder old tales evoke is similar to the way people still feel when reading good fiction.

Novelist and English professor Helena Viramontes discussed her first-person story about a mother's anguish at holding her dying baby. A somber subject, and several students offered her commiseration. "No, no," she said, "this didn't happen to me! I just got the idea from a photo I saw in a magazine." The students were amazed, and asked if all writers could put themselves in the place of anyone they saw. "Pretty much," she said, "But I couldn't have written about that character if something in the woman's picture hadn't woken up my compassion—the way it did you guys when you read it."

The men liked the idea of becoming another person for a while—something every writer enjoys doing. Next week, I brought in Xeroxed photos from the Robert Frank book, "The Americans." Each student picked out one that interested him to write about. A picture of a man staring out at the Mississippi River captivated Benny, a lifer who'd spent time in the South as a boy. He read aloud from his narrative about an old man who believes his

life is ruined when his home is destroyed in a flood until he comes upon a woman and her child, whom he's able to pull to higher ground. This was one of many redemption-themed essays the assignment inspired.

"Great photo," the author said.

Poet, essayist, and professor Kenneth McClane discussed his article about Martin Luther King, Jr., whom he'd met as a child with his father, a prominent Harlem doctor. The students, who'd been reading Barack Obama's memoir, were enthralled by the idea of meeting such an important historical figure. "You guys have known people who were important to you, too--in your families, your neighborhoods," Ken said. "Think about it." They did, and came up with essays about adults who'd had powerful influences on them as kids. Some of these people had been positive role models, but others had been drug dealers and gangsters, whom a few of them still looked up to. Some said that these people had betrayed them, and now they hoped they'd do better for their own kids. I hoped so, too; at the same time I realized that many would never get a chance to influence their children at all; their families had stopped visiting them years ago. Still, I could see that all the men were beginning to view themselves as role models for other prisoners; several reported that, as students, they were getting more respect from their block-mates.

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I assigned the class a chapter from *The Language of Clothes*, a book written by another visiting author, my wife, Alison Lurie, an emerita English Department professor. In it, she explored messages about inner qualities that people communicate, consciously or unconsciously, by the outfits they wear. She brought in pictures for the students to write about. Later, she said she'd heard that even people who have to wear uniforms, like nurses or soldiers or prisoners, find ways to make themselves look distinctive by creating subtle alterations in their clothing. "Is that true here?" she asked.

I'd hardly noticed the students' baggy "forest green" uniforms—drawstring pants, work shirts, hooded sweatshirts—since the first class. But now I did, as they wrote about the ways some men tried to look laid-back by leaving their sleeves loose while prisoner leaders rolled up their sleeves to show they were ready to defend turf. Gay prisoners wore their pants higher than gang members, who wore them far down on the hips, despite a poster on the corridor walls outlawing this fashion. Physical descriptions of characters in the students' stories improved dramatically after Alison's visit.

I gave the men a chapter from one of my own novels to read; in it, one old man in a mental hospital did such credible impressions of a preacher that the other patients, and even the staff, came to listen to his sermons. "Was he just crazy, or was he onto something?" I asked. As they debated this, I heard rhythmic drumming from a room up the hall where Native American prisoners were having a service with their visiting chaplain. In a moment of synchronicity, a student recalled a character in a Sherman Alexie story I'd assigned--a misfit whom other members of his Indian tribe considered both a madman and a wise prophet. Many students had known neighborhood eccentrics, whose behavior they wrote about with fresh insights.

"Hey, look—she's at it again!" a student named Jackson said, pointing through the window to a room across the hall where Clarice, the official Pagan Chaplain of the Auburn Correctional Facility, was sweeping the air with her broom and wafting the scent of burning sage toward our classroom. The men liked her, a woman with waist-length gray hair who wore "witch shoes" and dresses decorated with arcane symbols. They decided that she resembled the Holy Fool in Native American and European traditions, and also the conjure women and Santeria priestesses in African-based lore. Often preferring to stick with realistic fiction, the students' imaginations roamed further into fantasy in their next assignment.

James McConkey, another visiting writer and retired English professor, discussed one of his autobiographical stories about spending parts of his youth in Arkansas and rural Ohio. His shame at being poor and homeless, he said, had felt like a "psychological prison" to him. One student said that learning to deal with this kind of mental prison was the only way to survive inside a physical one; creative writing was the best way he'd found of doing it.

Friends have asked me what I think the point of teaching prisoners is; that man's insight is part of my answer. Another part comes from John Crutchfield, my only student so far to publish his work; a chapter of his memoir-in-progress recently appeared in *Epoch*, a top literary journal which is published at Cornell. He wrote me

that “the training and criticism I got in class shaped a genuine confidence I’d never had before. Writing helped me build a new identity.”

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Auburn’s superintendent, Harold Graham, one of his field’s more enlightened administrators, welcomes educational projects like Cornell’s, which is funded by a grant from the Sunshine Lady Foundation, a project of Doris Buffett, the sister of Warren Buffett. “The more of your programs we have,” the superintendent told me, “the less these guys are going to be using their minds to get in trouble on the blocks. The place will be a lot safer for everybody.” I see his point and agree with it. But I hope we can do more than tranquilize our students.

Helena Viramontes, who’s also taught prison courses, has told me she hopes to “give a voice to the silenced people” in her class. Having written about Mexican-Americans in the *barrios* of East Los Angeles, she feels as if she’s going home, in a sense, to help bring out messages that not only need to be spoken but to be heard.

Jim Schechter, the Cornell Prison Education Program’s director, believes that prison classes help just-released prisoners to navigate their difficult re-entries into society. Professor Pete Wetherbee, who founded the program in the early 1990s along with Paul Cody and Professor Paul Sawyer, told me that inmates who won’t be leaving find in the courses sanctuaries where they can keep their sanity and productiveness.

One of my students said simply, “Now I know what it means to think outside the box.”

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A few men, though, still give me gangbanger melodramas, full of casual shootings and rough sexual conquests. I have to tell them that frankly, I don’t much like these stories. Action-adventure and porn are very limited genres; what interests me—and, most of the students, too, once they catch on—is exploring the emotions surrounding conflicts and sexuality, feelings everyone faces. Most prisoners have hardened themselves against troubling emotions, and still need to be hard outside the classroom to survive. But my students are as sick of living in a vicious, unfeeling culture as I am of reading about it. And most of them gradually become eager to explore in their writing the inner lives of law-breakers and their victims. John Crutchfield’s essay wasn’t engaging because of the details about drug addiction and burglaries that appeared in its early drafts, but because of the ways he learned, in later drafts, to understand the effects his illegal activities had on the relationship he was trying to sustain with his girlfriend, and the pain he felt when it ended in a prison visiting room. His story was hell to write, he told me, but he’d seldom accomplished anything that made him feel so good in the end.

When I watch my normally shut-down students enjoy becoming writers...well, I have to admit that it’s a terrific high for me. Sharing the trials of creating stories with men who are discovering what a liberating process it can be encourages me to keep at my own writing, too.

When I first started coming to the prison, a student who’d been working on his autobiography for years told me that the reason he was serving a life sentence was that he’d killed another prisoner who’d tried to steal his typewriter. A true story? Doesn’t matter—it illustrates a commitment to writing I’ve never found anywhere else.

#### THE BEGGAR, a poem by Robert Gurney

I hadn't been there long.

He would come towards me  
on a low wooden trolley.

It was like  
a skateboard.

He had no legs.

At first, I used to give him something.

Then I saw  
the lorry that went round  
early each morning  
throwing him  
and the other beggars off  
at street corners.

I began to turn away  
and he stopped asking.

#### TEEA TOUR SPARKS BIRDSALL'S AMAZING CAREER IN ART, Betty Coxson

When Byron Birdsall answered TEEA's (Teacher Education for East Africa) advertisement in 1966 recruiting teachers with five years of experience plus a master's degree, he could not have imagined the dramatic change that was about to take place in his life and career.

After a brief orientation at Columbia University's Teachers College in New York, a group numbering about 30 were on their way to teaching posts in East Africa (Uganda, Tanzania, and Kenya). He and his wife were assigned to Kyambogo Teacher Training College in Kampala, Uganda.

There Byron met Eldon Katter, art professor and fellow TEEA tutor from an earlier year. Eldon and his wife Adrienne had signed up with TEEA after returning from a Peace Corps stint in Ethiopia. Through the friendship that developed, Eldon detected such exceptional creative talent in his colleague that he urged Byron to arrange a solo showing of his art work at a gallery in Kampala. That was all the motivation Byron needed to go into town to stock up on all the brushes and paint tubes he could find in Kampala.

By the time set for the showing, Byron had amassed over 30 paintings, mostly of local subject matter. His prodigious work quickly exhausted the art supply in Kampala. Since there was no white paint needed for oil painting, he turned to woodcuts and added another 16 items to the show.

Needless to say the Birdsalls never "went home again." Wherever they went, Byron painted. He held more than 150 one-man shows in the following years. The couple sampled life in many parts of the world including South America, American Samoa, Russia, and Hawaii. In 1975 they settled down in Alaska where he became a master in portraying ice and snow formations so real they could almost inflict frostbite.

When I met a couple who had recently moved to Iowa from Alaska, the first question I asked was, "Do you know of Byron Birdsall?" They lit up with recognition. They knew of him, even if not face to face.

Besides Eldon Katter, Byron credits one other person with gently nudging him into a career in art. It was a lady who sat behind him in church where his father was the preacher. Preachers' kids are generally expected to be models of decorum, but little boys are not always mindful of that unreasonable notion. Hoping to head off trouble for the little boy, the lady reached over the pew to hand him a tablet and some colors to keep him quiet. I wonder if that lady ever learned the happy result of her compassionate gesture toward a little boy with an exploding need to create.

Byron's lifelong work is incredibly diverse. Once his reputation was established he was recruited to do all sorts of projects. In 1992 he was commissioned by the Postal Service to design a stamp commemorating the building of the Alcan Highway. His book entitled *Alaska and Other Exotic Worlds*, published in 1993, contains a collection of 100 full-color images. In 2006 and 2007 Byron was working for Saltchuk (a conglomerate of member companies delivering goods and services mostly by sea) to gather material for a book. "Saltchuk" means salt water. He took hundreds of photos showing the work of members in the shipping industry. From the photos Byron painted copies of the photos in oil. There are over 130 paintings in the book *People of the Saltchuk*, plus the journal he kept from his photo shoots at designated locations. It was a monumental task and the resulting volume is a work of art in itself.

According to Mike Garvey, retired CEO of Saltchuk, "Art inspires us to act on the better angels of our nature. In this book, the art reminds us of the beauty of where we work, the adventure in which we are engaged, the people with whom we are privileged to work, and the importance of the work to the greater society. It calls on us to reject cynicism, to overcome boredom, and to rededicate ourselves to professionalism and a belief in a bright future. And no matter what our particular role, we are an integral part of a team."

Continuing to address the Saltchuk team, Garvey explained that the book was intended as a thank you gift to all employees and personnel who were members of Saltchuk. "While one purpose of this book is to encourage you to consider yourself part of a larger group, another purpose is to let you know that we, at Saltchuk, consider ourselves part of your business and have a long-term commitment to its future."

The book was a tribute to the ethics and quality of the men and women of Saltchuk. Of all the artists Saltchuk could have chosen, it was clear from Garvey's explanation that the People of Saltchuk chose Byron, not only for his talent and skill, but also for his character which conformed so well with the stated ideals of Saltchuk.

#### BENGA, THE MUSIC OF WESTERN KENYA, Allan Marriott

The music of Western Kenya is Benga. It was September 1994 and I was "lost in music" dancing all night long to live bands on a hill near Lake Victoria, the occasion being the 60th anniversary of the start of the Catholic Mission at Mawego, 8 km from Kendu Bay. There was a big gathering. The headlining band, Shirati Jazz, founded by Daniel Owino Missiani in the 1960s, plays a faster version of Benga, which I prefer. The music features two part vocal harmonies and a pulsating bass line driving relentlessly towards the final four minutes when the vocals stop. Then drums and guitars take the melody through mounting tension to a soaring climax, and a frenzy of dancing. There are echoes of Soukous, the music of the Congo, in the pinging of a harp-like guitar, the Nyatiti harp, which is played at traditional ceremonies. If by any chance you missed this during your service in East Africa you can experience it now on YouTube. Simply search for: Collela Mazee, George Ramogi, Ochieng Kabaselleh, Migori Super Stars, Sega Matata Band, Prince Jully, and Victoria Kings. This Luo music is popular all over East Africa and in South Africa. In the Kikuyu areas Jane Nyamburu, Queen Jane, has done some good tracks.

MUSIC IN KAKAMEGA, Henry Hamburger [Henry has also included a link <http://cs.gmu.edu/~henryh/culture-gap/index.html> to an article he wrote in 1965 for the M.I.T. alumni journal: *The Culture Gap in Kakamega: very confused schoolboys are striving to pass exams written in and for another world*]

Among the many musical instruments I have learned to play poorly, the sukuti, a west-Kenyan drum, holds a special place in memory, along with the guy who, for a price, had managed to teach me, despite our lack of a shared language, three different ways to strike the lizard-skin drumhead, when he stopped showing up. You can derive your own sukuti lessons from the demo at <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rP8an60epJc> and see and hear another instrument from the same region, the lyre-like litungu, at <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nyXLVXGJoCs>. From the latter video I have learned that the litungu is no longer confined to a mere 7 notes but nowadays has 8 strings, an ordinary scale full, so to speak, tuned compatibly with our keyboards, possibly an asset, depending on your viewpoint.

These instruments were played in the vicinity of Kakamega Secondary School in 1963-65 when I was there teaching "advanced level" pure and applied mathematics, aka "maths," and I still have one of each. As part of a righteous respect for host country and culture, I founded a music club, enticed a litungu player to perform at the inaugural meeting and urged students to make their own local instruments. Gently but firmly they let me know that they had no interest in such things but that if I would purchase the hardware some of them would build a guitar, a project that actually succeeded. We shared an interest in music, but my students and I had passed by each other on a cultural bridge.

Straddling that bridge with a kind of Anglo-African musical sensibility was the school's choir leader, one Arthur Kemoli, whose musical genius and hard work made him a national figure; his recent obituary is at [http://www.standardmedia.co.ke/?articleID=2000066664&story\\_title=Kenya-Kemoli:-the-fallen-music-giant-](http://www.standardmedia.co.ke/?articleID=2000066664&story_title=Kenya-Kemoli:-the-fallen-music-giant-). In time, Kemoli graduated and was replaced by my student Caleb Oyuke - later to become the pioneer dean of sciences at Kenyatta University - who invited me to be faculty sponsor of the choir. I did little in that role but when my tour was

up Caleb graciously awarded me a framed photo of the choir, mouths open with song, with him leading. I have it still, but now, 47 years later, I am soon to return it to the school in response to a request from current principal Oliver Minishi via John Basinger, another American and Kakamega teacher of the 60s.

ASSASSINATION IN NAIROBI, Ted Hoss. Letter written home to family and friends from Kenya in July, 1969.

“As I look back on this experience, I still feel a sense of horror as I remember the scene as it unfolded. It was a truly frightening experience.” - Ted Hoss, August, 2012.

On July 5, 1969, a Saturday, Pat and I had taken our son John to Nairobi to keep a doctor's appointment. After the appointment we did a little shopping. Because the stores close at 1:00 on Saturday, we didn't get a chance to do too much shopping. At 1:00 we walked to Government Road where most of the government offices are located. As we crossed Government Road, we saw a government car with P. K. Keiange, the minister of foreign affairs, in it. We thought how interesting.

We walked to Lavarini's, an Italian restaurant, located on Government Road. As we sat down, we heard two loud sounds. I thought it was a car backfiring. Waiters were at the front of the restaurant looking out across the street. After what I thought was a burglar alarm going off, I approached the doorway of the restaurant, which was about 200 feet from our table. I thought someone or some store was being robbed. When I got to the door, the headwaiter was just coming back in. I asked him what had happened. He said, "Tom Mboya has been shot in the chest." I was shocked and could not believe what I had just heard. Tom Mboya was the Minister for Economic Planning and Development and was a chief rival of President Kenyatta.

I ran over to the crowd of people who had gathered near the pharmacy. I was one of a few whites, and I was concerned that the crowd would turn on me in their rage. An African said to me, "You should leave now!" It scared me, but I wanted to see what was going on. I saw Mboya's white Mercedes parked at the curb. I ran to the drug store where Mboya had been taken. I peered in, and I could see him lying on his back on the floor with two Asians looking down at him. Blood covered the floor. Mboya just lay there with a vacant look from eyes that stared upwards. Just then the crowd turned and began running. Some people were knocked down. I ran too. I don't know why they began to run. They just did. Within minutes the police and ambulance were there. It was too late; Mboya was dead. I hurried back to the restaurant, told Pat what had happened, and said it would be wise if we left Nairobi immediately.

I was concerned that roadblocks would prevent us leaving the city. But no such police activity was evidenced. As a matter of fact as we walked hurriedly to our car, the city was quite normal. Word had not gone beyond Government Road. We were able to leave with no difficulty. What was interesting though was the fact that all our servants and most of the population of Nyeri - ninety miles from Nairobi - knew what had happened by the time of our return. Word had spread rapidly.

Very little has been said about his assassination. Police have not caught his killers. Apparently two men had stopped him on the street as he left his car to enter a drug store. As he was talking to these two men, someone in a car shot him. Government Road is one of the main streets in Nairobi. It is the main road that takes you out of town. Most of the shopping traffic had cleared by the time of the shooting. It would be very difficult for a car to escape the area, but it did.

Having gone through three assassinations in the U.S., I thought about all that I had read in the newspapers and heard on TV about the Kennedy and King assassinations. Being as close as we were to an assassination was a frightening experience. In America people tend to act in a predictable manner when there is such a tragedy. But in Africa, you're not sure how people are going to react; hence, you tend to be very cautious. We heard that there was some rioting in some parts of the country. So far nothing has happened in our area. Mboya was a Luo. The Luo tribe is concentrated in the west. We were in Kikuyuland, so people were not as upset as the Luo population around Kisumu. We were supposed to go to a party on the night of the killing, but we stayed home as a precaution.

In America such actions are serious, but there is continuity. In Africa these actions cause big waves, and the

reactions are highly unpredictable. This was the well planned act of group of conspirators. Two other attempts on Mboya's life had been made before. What we don't know at the moment is how this is going to affect Kenyan politics in the near or distant future. We'll keep you informed.

Time of the gunshot and shooting 1:10. Mboya's body was removed in the ambulance at 1:40.

THE LONGEST RIVER, by Norrell Noble

Once upon a time I went to summer school at Makerere University in Kampala, Uganda. I flew there in a Constellation from Idlewild Airport to the Entebbe Airport beside Lake Victoria. One of the Entebbe runways is extended into the lake. The lake is the same size as the island of Ireland.

Not too far from Entebbe there is a small town named Port Bell. It is a fishing port for the Lake Victoria fishermen. One day I went to Port Bell to take a walk along the lake shore. I walked in the direction of the river that starts its journey north, finally reaching the Mediterranean Sea. It is the NILE RIVER. When I got to the lake's edge, I took off my sandals and rolled up my trousers. I looked carefully to make sure there were no crocodiles nearby. When I felt comfortable, I stepped down to the mud at the lake's edge. I squished my toes in the mud and sand and then washed them off in the lake water. There I was standing at the source of the Nile, a place that had been searched for since the beginning of historic times.

Herodotus wrote about it, thinking the source was in the Mountains of the Moon. He was correct in that the Mountains of the Moon, on the Uganda-Congo border have glaciers which melt. The water flows into Lake Victoria and some of it probably flows north in the waters of the Nile.

Herodotus was joined centuries later by Lord and Lady Baker as they stumbled about in the Sudan, making their way south to the lake, constantly looking for the river. Sir Richard Burton also roamed about in Tanzania, Kenya and Uganda looking for the river's source.

If you follow the river north toward the Sudan border you come to Lake Albert and Murchison Falls. Boats cannot master the falls, so navigation stops and boats must be carried down to the lake. Once placed in Lake Albert, boats can make their way north without stopping until they reach the cataracts between Sudan and Egypt. The major challenge along the way is the Sud, the enormous area of swamp and turgid, dense growth one must struggle across on the way to Khartoum. There are several cataracts, so again boats must be carried for many miles or abandoned. On the way across Sudan you come to Khartoum where the Blue Nile, flowing down from the mountains of Ethiopia, meets the White Nile. It is at Khartoum that Chinese Gordon met his end fighting against the Mhadi for the glory of the British Empire. In the very far north of Sudan you reach the Nile Cataracts, and again boats cannot pass. The first cataract is at Aswan, Egypt [pre-Aswan Dam, I believe. - ed.]. From there you can sail to Cairo. On the way you pass the great Pharoanic monuments and temples. There is the Ramses II temple at Abu Simbel where four colossal statues of Ramses stare at you. Next to his temple is the much smaller one to his wife. It is in the Nile waters between Aswan and Luxor that one takes a Nile cruise to visit these monuments and temples. By the time the Nile reaches the Mediterranean, it has traversed three thousand miles across Africa.

One day I rode with an Egyptian friend in a minibus from Cairo to Rashid, known in English as Rosetta. I wanted to stand at the mouth of the Nile since I had once stood at the source. We rented a car in Rashid to drive to the mouth of the river. Once again I took off my sandals and rolled up my trousers and swished my feet in the Nile waters as they blended their muddy colors with the blue of the Mediterranean. My friend made a trumpet with his hands and announced to the world that I had now stood at the source and the mouth of the Nile. We celebrated when we returned to Rashid. The town is a fishing port for the Mediterranean fishermen. It is heavily Turkish in architecture. The houses are wooden with wonderful lattice work and hidden balconies. In the old days the women of the family, who were not allowed to go out on the street, could sit in the latticed balcony and look down at the busy life streaming below them.

If you are a bird watcher, there is a small section of the Nile just north of Cairo where you can sail past the nests of Great Blue Herons. When they are standing, they seem as tall as a man and if they are agitated and spread their wings, they are majestic in their heavenly blue hues. Their wings are like those of a small airplane. They are indeed very impressive.

One day I was taken by rowboat into the Nile to visit an island south of Cairo, to see the rose gardens where the roses are grown for the city street markets. The Egyptians in the boat reached down into the Nile with their cupped hands, scooped up water and slowly poured it over my head, baptizing me. One says that if you are so baptized, you will always return to Egypt. See you there!!

## LETTERS FROM OUR EAST AFRICAN CONTACTS

We have received word from Migori, Kenya, that Rev. Peter Indalo, our representative in that area, has suffered a stroke and paralysis of one side of his body. He is receiving physical therapy at home. A few TEAAers have joined churches in Virginia and Austria to send funds to help pay for a brain scan and other expenses.

Kalerwa Rose, principal of Bungoma Baptist Girls School on receiving news of grant approval for purchase of a projector, September 2012.

Hello Mr Schmidt, On behalf of the Bungoma Baptist fraternity, I want to most sincerely express appreciation for the support you have extended to this school. In this young school, e-learning has been our dream. These machines [a projector] will assist us a great deal to demystify content delivery in subject areas that have been rather abstract. As a teacher of science, I will be able to download e-learning material from the Internet for the girls to understand concepts such as cell division, and many other areas in biology that have been difficult for the students to grasp. I have already shared this with the Chairman, Board of Governors, and he has asked me to convey the Board's appreciation. Thank you so much and May God bless you and TEAA. Rose

Okunya Milton, principal of Kosiemo SS, Karungu, Kenya, on implementation of a grant to install water systems in a science lab.

Ed, Thank you very much for the assistance. Yesterday, waste water deliveries were made and today the work started on our laboratory. I have already communicated with the Board of the school who feel quite elated. Today two members were in school to witness the start of the project. We had also invited Form 4 parents to see that for the first time in the history of the school, there is a real possibility of students sitting exams in a functional lab. We are so happy. Next week I will send the photos and a receipt. Be blessed. Yours truly, Okunya

Tabitha Tusekelege, Headmistress Kilakala Secondary School, Morogoro, Tanzania. Hello Joan [Schieber], Please receive warm greetings from Kilakala community. Thank you for your loving letter which I received today. It is very unfortunate that I did not get its email. I do not know what went wrong. I am sorry for that. I really appreciate your efforts to revive communication with us.

We are glad to hear about TEAA and your concern and effort to support education in East Africa with a particular interest for girls/women. In our school we have several challenges in relation to provision of education. Our current priority is to teach using ICT [Information and Communication Technology] facilities. Kilakala has been selected as one of the pilot schools to start teaching using ICT. Our teachers have been trained on the use of ICT in teaching since July this year. Unfortunately we have not been able to apply the knowledge in teaching due to lack of enough power point projectors. A good number of our teachers have been able to buy their personal laptop but we have failed to secure enough projectors. We also tried to seek assistance from parents, and we expect to get a few of them by next year, but they won't suffice.

From the above explanation, if we are to ask for a single need, kindly let it be our need for power point projectors please. Thank you. Tabitha Tusekelege

Gertrude Sekabira, headmistress of MacKay College, Kampala.  
Re Progress report on Resource centre/ Library.

Hi Gene [Child], Thank you very much for your support and may God bless you. Fawn Cousens came and took photos and I was confident she was updating you.

The following have been accomplished: 1) There are six rooms two of equal measurements, one medium, one small room and two small rooms that can work as store and office. We are also introducing a security cubicle that will accommodate the surveillance camera, 2) All rooms have shutters, 3) All have interior painting over, 4) Exterior painting is still in progress, 5, All books have been transferred from the old library and other storage places to the new building.

However, there are challenges in furniture for both the books and the users. So we have requested one of the churches to allow students to wash cars on Sunday. We have already washed on the 6<sup>th</sup> of September, and we were able to raise Ug. Shs. 407,000/= and USA \$1. We will do it again on 23<sup>rd</sup> September.

The two big rooms have been earmarked for library, one for accommodating the books while the other is for reading. Temporarily, the medium room is being used as a classroom for one of the classes that were in a wooden structure. This will later be used differently as part of the library. The small room will be also used for DSTV educational research classes.

In the last Board meeting, it was recommended that the main library accommodating the books be named after you in appreciation of your contribution. I was requested to notify you about it and to seek for your consent. I am now sending the some of the pictures of the building for your observation.

## WE'VE HEARD FROM YOU

Phyllis Schelske. I always enjoy the newsletter. Sit down and read it as soon as possible after it arrives. So sorry to hear of the deaths of Senteza, Carl, and "Faith" Rose -- all good friends in the past. Thank you for all you do for TEAA. My family and I have revisited E.A. and always enjoy going back to our old "haunts." Phyllis

Tom Kajubi. Hi Ed, Very touching, will treasure the memories that all three of them (Catherine, Carl & Senteza) left with us. Thank you very much, Tom Kajubi

Robin Pingree. Dear Ed, Thanks for TEAA newsletter. Time is moving on, done 50 year reunion for leaving Reeds School, Surrey, 1959. This month it was 50 year alumni reunion for me at Bristol University, I left in June 1962. What about Makerere? 1963/1964 for our Dip Eds. I was surprised to see an air ticket return London/Nairobi was about 400£ today. (Actually you can get a flight and a week in a hotel at Shanzu or Diani for 400£. Yes I've done it). I seem to remember it was about that 400£ in 1963! Well, it didn't matter as UK TEA came on Kenya Castle. I've still got the postcard of the ship I sent to my mum, who at the time had no idea where I was going. Then we all got on the train in Mombasa for the 1000 km(?) stretch to Kampala. I remember it well, especially Dick James running alongside the train. We all knew each other after nearly 2 weeks(?) at sea. Still hear from Malcolm Maries, mainly through Reeds School. Only met Harry Creaser and Frank Smith and bumped into Roger Austin since leaving in 1966. Best wishes, Robin

Roger Austin. Dear Ed, A trivial little note from some 2Bers!

In the middle of the year I received a congratulatory card on a 50th anniversary. It came from Fraser Robinson and the anniversary was our meeting at Makerere for the beginning of the education course. Fraser is resident in Dubai but spends some time in the UK and was also in contact with Dick Winter who sensibly spends part of the year in New Zealand.

However we "lined up the planets" and were able to meet up at my house in Bath. There was some trepidation on my part since I had not seen either for over 40 years but, as is the way with these occasions, over dinner and a drink we slipped into a comfortable state of easy conversation and the divide of years quickly disappeared.

It really was a case of "memory jigsaw" as we put together reminiscences of our Christmas '62 trip to Zanzibar and Dar, teaching at Makerere by Creaser, Harbottle and Prof Lucas, visits to Port Bell and Jinja, and a forlorn attempt to put names to faces and faces to names during an extended slide show.

Other 2Bers who got honorable mention included Neil Mcleod, Veronica Fry, Tony and Liz Brubaker, Calvin Brooks, Rich Sigwalt in whose study an all night revision session took place for an exam the following day but I don't remember which exam (!), Calvin Brooks, Bud Sloane, Bruce Brown, Dave Hipkin, Tom Corcoran, the Schuchards, Dave Greenstein, Lee Hertzman and others.

We were unanimous that the evening was a success despite yours truly doing the cooking and that it should be repeated. And it is thanks to TEAA that we all got hooked up.

I must end with an apology and a disclaimer for mis-spellings and factual inaccuracies and an awareness that some of those mentioned may no longer be with us. I hope others will be happy to correct.

A Happy and nostalgic Christmas to all, Roger Austin

Joan Schieber, in New York City on Sept. 18. How is this for a coincidence - especially when our minds are still full of Lloyd Sherman's passing and memories of East Africa and people we have known from there?

Our block was closed off to traffic for a Block Party the Sunday before last. In the late afternoon, I was at the entry to my stoop talking to a neighbor when a young man walked by wearing a TEAA tee-shirt. I couldn't stop myself from calling out to him - and running toward him. Hello ... Hello ... How did you happen to come by that shirt? Not a typical encounter on a Brooklyn neighborhood street! He was surprised but shyly, quietly responded that his father had taught in East Africa in the 60's. I told him we had also taught in East Africa in the 60's, had attended reunions for the group on the shirt, and asked his father's name. As it turned out he was Jim Wallace's son - and he definitely bears a resemblance to the Jim we knew long ago. He told me Jim had passed away about 4 months ago - and that though from Vermont, he lives somewhere in my neighborhood now.

The set of things that happened to allow that meeting to happen amaze me. Joan Schieber

Chuck Gillies. Ed: My wife, Janet, and I were in the "first wave" of TEA teachers sent to East Africa in the summer of 1961. Though we have read your periodic newsletters we have not done enough to keep connected to our African experience. But in February, 2013, I am taking my daughter Amanda on an "East African safari" as a 50th birthday present for her to see the country where she was born. We will be typical tourists looking at game, scenery, etc., with minimal "cultural interaction" with this OAT-organized trip. We do hope, however, to have a short trip to Moshi where Janet, who can't take the trip, and I taught 50 years ago. If you know anything about what happened to Old Moshi School I hope you might let me know.

We now live in retirement in "the Pioneer Valley" in Massachusetts, not far from Springfield. Regards, Chuck Gillies

Betty Castor. Hi Ed, Thanks for all you do to keep us informed. I've really been consumed this election season. My daughter Kathy Castor was elected to Congress, beginning her fourth term. My second daughter Karen Castor Dentel was elected to the legislature. She beat an incumbent and will begin her first term in the Florida House. Fortunately, son Frank, who is a county judge in Palm Beach County, had no opposition. I continue my work with the Fulbright Foreign Scholarship Board. Part of my responsibility will be reading applications from five countries in Africa including Uganda, Chad, Madagascar, Mali and Sierra Leone. I'm anxious to learn more about your trip to East Africa. Sincerely, Betty.

Kay Borkowski. After 7 ½ years in Ajijic, Jalisco, we are still adjusting to life in Mexico - from buildings which seem to need constant maintenance to fireworks which send our dog Missy quivering to hide in the darkest place she can find. However, the people, the weather and friendships keep us basically happy and active. The photo [not shown] is from the Polynesian dinner given by the Progressive International Gourmet Society (otherwise known as PIGS).

Roy Godber. Dear Ed, My wife and I were back in Uganda in February after leaving East Africa at the end of 1970. We went to Budaka in Eastern Uganda to help establish a Christian Vocational School. I could hardly believe the deterioration that has taken place since I taught in the country in the 60s. At that time the drive from Soroti to Mbale

took around an hour; in February we made the same journey but this time we were on the road for 3 1/2 hours. The people are as friendly as ever and the churches were filled with eager worshippers but it was sad beyond words to witness the devastation caused by wars and bad management. Roy

Mark Helbing. Dear Ed: Joan and I recently went on a safari in the Serengeti, and then caught the Kizota Line Bus for Tanga from Arusha. Train and plane no longer service Tanga. We arrived 8 1/2 hours later. We finally found "our" house in Ras Kazone and met John and family, the "new" long time owner, who had long served in the education ministry. After a pleasant chat and warm cokes, John mentioned that a Mr. Chaudry, who still lives in town, was probably at Karimjee when I taught there. Once settled in the Chaudrys' living room, we chatted about people we both knew over warm cokes and a plate of biscuits and then accepted his offer to speak at the Rotary Club's monthly meeting. That night, at a hotel since built on the edge of Ras Kazone, we gathered around a circular table with five Africans, six Indians and four Europeans (all Tanzanians) to hear about some of their concerns for Tanga in the near future. The next day we wandered around town, seeking to link memories of the past with what we presently saw. One day later, we took a return bus to Moshi and then on to Arusha. Fabulous. Mark and Joan Helbling (TEA 64-66)

Allan Marriot on October 31. Here I am in the small town of Tinogasta nestled right up against the Andes. It's been really hot for the last few days. I drove the car along Route 60 heading west climbing steadily thru narrow canyons, entered a high valley at 4000 metres, big snow-capped peaks, El Muerto and Nacimiento at 6486 m, started to reveal themselves. This is the Altiplano. I went past the customs post at La Grutas and climbed to the Paseo San Francisco at 4770 m, the official border with Chile. It's blowing a gale but the sun is warm and the weather is great. There's nobody, not a soul or a vehicle, for a long time. The scenery is breathtaking, like being on Mars. Over there stands the big one, Ojos del Salado at 6865 m, and there's a volcano called Incahuasi. There is wildlife too: I saw vicuñas (like a small llama) in the lower valleys, also foxes. I did a few hikes across salt flats and up quebradas [water falls]. This is what I came to see. Distances are big too, 459 km without a petrol station! Roads are empty. Stay well. Allan, in Catamarca province, Argentina.

George Pollock. With my cholesterol on the high side, my doctor and I talked at a regular appointment about my taking a statin. We talked. We didn't decide. But when a bottle of statin tablets, Simvastatin, arrived in my mailbox, I was surprised. I was also a little miffed. I didn't take them, didn't take them. Finally, I thought: dammit, I'm NOT going to take these stupid pills. I decided to see if I could lower my cholesterol on my own -- without pills. This is the [story](#). [Click on the 2012-11-25 entry in the archive on the right.] gp [patientsprogress.blogspot.com](http://patientsprogress.blogspot.com)

Emilee Cantieri. Jerry Liedl and I made a trip to Kenya in Sept., using a private guide/driver. We did the usual game parks (Treetops, Samburu, Nakuru and Maasai Mara), and back in Nairobi went to Karen Blixen's home and saw baby elephants being cared for at the Sheldrick Foundation. They are doing a marvelous job, but it's sad that they are needed. As each baby was introduced, the caretaker would add this or something similar, "was found standing by the body of his mother, who was killed by poachers." The Chinese, who are in Kenya building roads, drilling for oil, etc., pay Africans to kill elephants and rhinos for their tusks and horns.

As you may know, Kenya has oil near the Ethiopian border, and the road northward was excellent. They also now have natural gas deposits, thermal wells, and near Machakos coal and iron ore. Kenya could become a prosperous, economic powerhouse, but I fear graft and corruption will keep this from happening.

We were first-hand witnesses to the corruption. Our driver who was not speeding (I was sitting in front, so I know for sure) was waved over for speeding at a hastily thrown-down roadblock. The young policeman took his license and demanded \$60 in cash. If the driver had refused, he would have had to go to a magistrate down the road and pay \$120. This happened on the outskirts of Nairobi, minutes into our first day's journey. When I asked why he didn't report this or complain, he said it did no good. It was the higher-ups who sent the police out to collect a certain amount every day, or else.

We saw lots of animals of all kinds, had good food and comfortable, safe accommodations. But: the roads through most towns and especially near Maasai Mara are atrocious. In places bridges were washed away and have not been replaced, so that vehicles go creakingly down the river banks, cross streams and ascend the other side. There is also filth everywhere (except, for some reason, in Isiolo, which was clean), as people drop wrappings, plastic bags, etc. and no one cleans up. I was especially disappointed to see how beautiful Nakuru has become a slum.

The first morning we invited my former student, Rose Mudavadi, and her husband Justus to the Intercontinental for breakfast with us. He is a retired ambassador. They served in Nigeria and in South Africa at the time of Mandela's inauguration.

I'm off to Sydney Dec. 8, cruising around New Zealand, flying home on 25th. Emilee

Don Knies [excerpt from Christmas letter]. For us the busiest part of the year has been through July/early August, and we have had a mostly quiet time of rest and recuperation til the end of the year. Must add that while I'm enjoying my usual books and music and selective TV, Mo continues to work flat out in house, kitchen and her garden. She keeps it all ticking over for which I am eternally grateful. But she always does too much which I am forever reminding her.

I must comment about the weather. We have just had the wettest summer for the past 100 years [here in the UK]. Actually there was no summer this year, only an occasional day when it didn't rain. By being in the States for all of June and most of July we missed some of the worst of it. But we still had a good dose of rain, cold winds, elusive bits of sunshine, flash floods (luckily not in our village) and even hail. Now in November the country is enjoying record-breaking floods--yet again. My own theory, admittedly held by no one else I'm aware of, is that this water-logged little island will eventually break loose from its moorings and drift out into the Atlantic like a giant iceberg. However this won't happen in the near future so I won't worry about it. But all of you children be prepared for this someday.

We didn't go anywhere while in VA but people did come to see us. John and Jan (East Africa), overnight in Oakland [CA] with East African era friends Vicky and Reinaldo.

Going back to the States reminded us poignantly of the good and true American friends we had lost this year--Jim Wallace in Vermont and Lloyd Sherman from NY City, both old pals from African days; Carl Manone, my last, and in some ways, best boss in TEA Kampala. And in Uganda, Senteza Kajubi, remarkable educator and man for all seasons. So many outstanding people, but when you are 83 these losses should not be surprising but they are still extremely sad.

Harry Stein. Ed: This summer I took another of my biannual trips to Africa to do teacher inservice. I first visited Witswatersrand U and University of Kwazulu in Durban. Contacts are available for TEAers who might want to venture south. I continued on to Kenya, visiting former students and going to Nanyuki for an inservice.

David Sandgren's new book *Mau Mau's Children: The Making of Kenya's Postcolonial Elite*, [described in the last newsletter] will take you back to our boarding school life. Harry

TEAAer Jim Gilson, president of Quality Schools International, sent one of his frequent emails showing how enrollments in QSI schools continue to climb. Rather than copy Jim's email, let's make a geography lesson out of his report. The numbers in parentheses are the number of students. Can you name the countries where these cities and schools are located? Which names are names of countries?

Shekou (1056), Kiev (707), Almaty (505), Chengdu (339), Bratislava (302), Shenzhen (234), Dongguan (233), Baku (197), Ashgabat (174), Atyrau (164), Tirana (159), Tbilisi (138), Yerevan (130), Astana (128), and Sarajevo (110), Zhuhai (99), Phuket (92), Bishkek (89), Sanaa (81), Minsk (81), Dili (76), Ljubljana (70), Montenegro (70), Skopje (69), Dushanbe (67), Chisinau (65), Malta (62), Pápa (59), Brindisi (55), Shenyang (12), Benin (18), Belize (19), Hanoi (21), Zhuhai (99)

BOOKS -- *In the House of the Interpreter* and *Timbuctoo*

Bernth Lindfors. Ngugi wa Thiong'o's new book, *In the House of the Interpreter* (London: Harville Secker), is a memoir telling of his years at Alliance High School and what happened to him in the half-year following. It is available at [Amazon.com](http://Amazon.com).

Brooks Goddard. I love writers who travel and offer insights into the landscapes they traverse, writers who write well and who reflect well. Having read freely in John McPhee, Ved Mehta, V. S. Naipaul, I have come to Tahir Shah.

Tahir Shah's *Timbuctoo* (2012) is a fast-paced, entertaining, insightful and fictionalized look at the tale of the American Robert Adams, the first "Christian" man to reach Timbuctoo in the early 19th century and live to tell about it. It is truth surrounded by artifice and will have you consulting Google without satisfaction. The quality of writing and the richness and largess of the characters' personalities will keep the reader hooked and make the book incredibly hard to put down.

Tahir Shah is the author of fifteen books, many of which chronicle a wide range of outlandish journeys through Africa, Asia, and the Americas. For him, there's nothing so important as deciphering the hidden underbelly of the lands through which he travels. Shunning well-trodden tourist paths, he avoids celebrated landmarks, preferring instead to position himself on a busy street corner or in a dusty café and observe life go by. Insisting that we can all be explorers, he says there's wonderment to be found wherever we are - it's just a matter of seeing the world with fresh eyes. <http://www.tahirshah.com/about-tahir/>

OBITUARIES -- Carolyn Dorsey, Barbara Ellery, Betty Lee Glauser, Susan Hall, Merle Lathrop, Ian Lornie, Lloyd Russell Sherman

Carolyn Dorsey on November 15, 2011, in Dayton, Ohio. Girls SS, Tabora T (2A). Carolyn's sister reports that after retirement Carolyn volunteered with the Dayton Urban League youth program. Carolyn was a lifelong member of the NAACP.

Barbara Ellery in February, 2005, in Albany, NY, according to Social Security Death Index. St Mary's TTC, Bukedea, Mbale, U (TEEA5)

Betty Lee Glauser in February, 2012, in Utah. Betty was the surviving spouse of Alfred Glauser, who died in 2005. They were posted to Ggaba TTC, Kampala and St Aloysius TTC, Ngora U (TEEA4)

Susan Hall (formerly Gores), on May 31 in San Francisco. Susan and partner Joe Gores arrived in Kakamega in early 1962 to visit friend John Basinger. Stayed several years. Got married at Mukumu mission. Joe was a writer of fiction and taught English at the school. Susan and Joe's home on the school compound became a gathering place for TEAers.

Several years later, and back in San Francisco, Susan and Joe divorced. After much soul searching, Susan returned to college to complete her bachelor's degree, then entered a Ph.D. program at Berkeley in political science. She completed the course work and taught some at the university but never completed her thesis. Her area of interest was pan-Africanism in eastern Africa.

A friend of Susan's wrote: Ed, Sorry to bring you bad news. Susan died of lung cancer on May 31st. My husband and I were her best friends, spent a lot of time during her last days in and out of her apartment, bringing her food and spending precious time with her. After her death her landlord gave us 30 days to clean out her apartment. We were back and forth to the Salvation Army. Finally, lots of her papers ended up at our apartment and we're still going through them. The University at Berkeley took her books, 1,000 of them. She was such a sweet lady and we miss her a lot. We were active together in a small Democratic Club in our neighborhood. Shirley Hansen

Merle Lathrop (TEEA 3), on October 16, 2012. Friend Betty Coxson reports Merle died peacefully in her sleep and that she had been blind the last few years of her life. A memorial service was held in November. Betty mentioned Byron Birdsall, Eldon Katter, and Moses Howard among Merle's TEEA colleagues and friends.

Moses Howard writes: It is with great sadness that I learned of the passing of our colleague and consummate professional, Merle Lathrop. I served with Merle on the Science Faculty at Kyamboga Teacher Training College in Kampala. It was a rewarding experience for both me and the students to share her high knowledge and interest in the teaching and learning of biology. Regards, Moses L. Howard

An online obituary notes that before TEEA Merle spent time teaching in Anchorage, Alaska, and was able to visit remote parts of the state in her role as a chaperone for the boys' basketball team. During one summer she saw much of Alaska's interior by working on a riverboat that traveled the length of the Yukon River.

<http://www.legacy.com/obituaries/norwichbulletin/obituary.aspx?pid=160547044>

Ian Lornie. Uganda Technical College, Kampala U (3A UK: 63-70). Ian's wife Muriel writes, "Ian had been ill for many years and died peacefully at home in Aberdeen in February. He loved his time in Uganda and spoke fondly of those happy times on a regular basis. He taught chemistry at Uganda Technical College from 1963 till 1970. Kampala Rugby Club was a special place for him and we both enjoyed spending time there. We returned to Scotland in April 1970 and have been lucky enough to keep in touch with many former Uganda friends."

And from Malcolm Maries, "Trevor Wilson, John Warren, Moses Howard, and others will remember Ian well from the Kampala Rugby Club. We had a pretty big TEA contingent there."

Muriel can be reached at 52 Bingham Crescent, Milltimber, Aberdeen District, Grampian, Scotland, <[Wilfin3@aol.com](mailto:Wilfin3@aol.com)>.

Lloyd Russell Sherman, Narok SS, Narok K (2B), on August 21. From Lloyd's son Jason: With utter shock and a shattered heart I bear the awful news that my father, Lloyd Russell Sherman, died today. He was killed in an accident on a Pennsylvania interstate when the car he was driving -- with his girlfriend, Sonia Rodriguez, in the passenger seat -- was crashed into by a Subaru station wagon. Both were air lifted to Geisinger Wyoming Valley Hospital near Wilkes-Barre. Sonia survived and is in critical condition.

The doctor in the ER who attended my dad explained to me that his team worked for more than 40 minutes in an unsuccessful bid to revive him; the internal injuries he suffered ultimately proved catastrophic. He was 74.

Dad and Sonia were headed on a two-week trip that included scheduled visits with friends and family from Ontario to Tennessee. In a terrible twist of irony, just last night I attended with my dad a memorial service for a dear family friend and contemporary of my dad's. He arrived a few minutes after I did and sat across the room from me, directly in my line of sight. As the beautiful music soared, I gave thanks that my dad was still with me. Which he was. And -- I speak for my entire family when I say -- I now just can't wrap my mind around the fact that he isn't. Please hold us, as well as Sonia and her family, close in your thoughts. Jason

TEEAer Joan Schieber spoke at Lloyd's memorial service, which was held at Riverside Church in Manhattan. You can read Joan's remarks and those of other TEAAers on the TEAA website <<http://www.tea-a.org>> under What's Hot by scrolling down to September. Excerpts and photos from the New York Times are also there. Lloyd's professional work is described at <<http://www.mssm.edu/education/center-for-multicultural-and-community-affairs/about-us/lloyd-r-sherman-edd>>. Jason and his siblings designated TEAA for charitable contributions in lieu of flowers.

Jason Sherman can be reached at <[jasonlloydsherman@gmail.com](mailto:jasonlloydsherman@gmail.com)>.

#### YOUR STORIES, Robert (Bob) Gurney

I stayed in Uganda, at Kitante Senior Secondary School, Kampala. I was in charge of sports there and launched a great variety of activities by badgering the European clubs to open up their facilities to the kids. The pupils were from poor backgrounds. I used to say, "Look, the country is independent now. Come on, you know it makes sense," and they opened up their swimming pools, tennis courts, you name it. I taught French, English and Geography as well. My teaching practice was in Tororo and Kampala. The Geography was in Tororo. That was a

bit of a disaster. To impress the examiner, I decided to give a lesson on The Rift Valley and volcanic plugs. It was a long lesson and I was being observed. It went very well, I thought. I used plenty of visual aids. It culminated with the question: "And what can you see outside the window?" Back came the unanimous reply: "A fold mountain!" Where on earth they had got that from, I don't know. I hadn't even mentioned the word! It convinced me I should stick to languages. (I had stopped Geography at sixteen!)

I played rugby for Kampala and was a trialist for the Ugandan team. Well, to be honest, I wasn't that good. Only twenty-two of us turned up for the trial but it was useful to drop this in later interviews! It seemed to impress panels. I didn't mention the low turn-out of 22.

After Uganda (1964-1967, Dip.Ed, Makerere, 1964-65) I went on to lecture in Modern Languages in London. After a brief spell at Roan Grammar School, Blackheath (English and French) and Barnet College (ESL), I started at Hendon College of Technology (1968) which morphed into Middlesex Polytechnic and then became Middlesex University. I launched Spanish there and retired early, to write, in 2001, as a Principal Lecturer in Spanish.

I began a PhD at Birkbeck College shortly after returning from Kampala, gaining my doctorate in 1975. I had returned to England with a clear idea of what I wanted to do: a PhD on Lorca but, in the event, was steered by my supervisor, Ian Gibson, the Lorca specialist, towards a mystery figure called Juan Larrea. The University of London and Middlesex were good to me and I was awarded various scholarships for study abroad: Spain, France, Argentina. I was with Larrea in Córdoba, Argentina, in 1972. It was a great career. I traveled a great deal too (I still do), in Europe and Latin America, visiting year-abroad students or sorting out Erasmus and Socrates things. I was able to develop my main interests: French poetry, Spanish poetry and Latin American poetry. From 2002 until 2011 I was an honorary lecturer in Spanish at The University of Wales, Swansea.

I now write in Spanish and English, on local, South American, and African themes. They seem to like my work in Latin America. I have two books of poetry (bilingual, Spanish-English editions) coming out in Madrid soon, one in December 2012, the other in April 2013.

I am married to Paddy. She was a special needs co-ordinator in Hendon School, north London. We have two sons, James and William and two recently arrived grandsons, Alban and Matthew (one per son). Both of my sons and their families live within a mile or so of our house, James near "The Fighting Cocks" and William near "The Three Hammers."

If anyone is passing, my local is 'The Holly Bush' at Potters Crouch (good food, clean pipes). I have been going there, on and off, for fifty-six years and am still the youngest person there. Contact: [bob@verpress.com](mailto:bob@verpress.com)

DIRECTORY UPDATE: NEW ENTRIES: **R. E. (Bob) (and Paddy) Gurney**, 'Puoding Stones', 18 Icknield Close, St Albans, Hertfordshire, AL3 4NQ, England, 0(1)727-847224 (answerphone), <[bob@verpress.com](mailto:bob@verpress.com)>, Kitante Hill School, Kampala, U (4B-UK). **John (and Eudora) Pendergrast**, 50 Prince Arthur Ave., #904, Toronto, Ontario, M5R 1B5, Canada, 416-921-8497, fax:416-921-3191, <[john.pendergrast@rogers.com](mailto:john.pendergrast@rogers.com)>, Kisii School, Kisii, K (3B). **Shoonie Hartwig**, surviving spouse of Jerry Hartwig, Ilboru Sec School (1A).<[shoonieh@aol.com](mailto:shoonieh@aol.com)>. CHANGES TO EXISTING ENTRIES: **Betty Castor and Sam Bell**. Different condo, same building, for their Tampa address. It's now: 445 S. 12th St, #1804, Tampa, FL 33602. **Ann (Russell) and Paul Dickinson**. New address: 1554 Crawford Dr., St. Paul, MN 55118. **Edward (and Verity) Dierauf**. Corrected street address: 553 15th Avenue, San Francisco, CA 94118. **Ellen Dudley**. New telephone number in Dubois, WY, is 307-455-3727. **Don and Rita Duplessie**. New address and email: 4297 SW Brittany Drive, Gresham, OR 97080, <[drduplessie@gmail.com](mailto:drduplessie@gmail.com)>. **Phone is unchanged:**, (503)-674-5353. **Kenneth Fallas**. New email: <[kfallas@fallas99.net](mailto:kfallas@fallas99.net)>. **Velma O. Ferguson**. New data: 920 S Chelton Rd, Colorado Springs, CO 80910-2311, phone not known. **D. Bruce Franklin**. New mailing address: P.O. Box 343, Wallingford, CT 06492. **Neale E. (and Susan) Hice**. New email: <[susanhice@gmail.com](mailto:susanhice@gmail.com)>. **Lynn T Hopkins**. New email and corrected phone: <[hoplyn@verizon.net](mailto:hplyn@verizon.net)>, (410) 721-3115. **Malcolm Maries**. New data: 21 Basilica Street, San Francisco Village, Taytay, Rizal 1920, Philippines. Mobile: 00639275591420. Email has not changed: <[mariesmc@yahoo.com](mailto:mariesmc@yahoo.com)>. **Stefan Mason**. New email: <[masonmediate@gmail.com](mailto:masonmediate@gmail.com)>. **Colleen A. Peterson**. New address: P. O. Box 96, St. Michael, MN 55376-0096, phone unknown