

TEAA (Teachers for East Africa Alumni) Newsletter No. 29, July 2013. Published and edited by: Ed Schmidt, 7307 Lindbergh Dr., St. Louis, MO 63117, USA, 314-647-1608, <eschmidt1@sbcglobal.net>. Send items for the newsletter to the above address. PLEASE KEEP THE EDITOR INFORMED OF ANY CHANGES IN YOUR CONTACT INFORMATION. It is easier for you to tell me than for me to re-find you!

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

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

In this Issue:

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE, Brooks Goddard
COLORADO 2013 REUNION - STILL TIME TO SIGN UP
ON THE ROAD TO EAST AFRICAN SCHOOLS, by Henry Hamburger
AS A WITNESS, by Allison Litfin
CHALLENGES FOR GIRLS IN DAY SCHOOLS, by Ms. Doris Onyango
WOMEN EMANCIPATION STILL A MYTH IN NORTHERN UGANDA, by Maxwell Engola
DID I MAKE A DIFFERENCE?, by Teunis "Jack" Paarlberg
THE SEARCH FOR SELF IN THE MOTHERLAND, by Clarence W. Hunter
I'M STILL SINGING, by Ted Essebaggers
THE BIG CHEESE, by Jay Anderson
THE DEAD MAN, micro fiction by Robert Gurney
WE'VE HEARD FROM YOU
OBITUARIES. Roger Austin, Robert and Nancy Grosshans, Peter Indalo, Margaret Wigglesworth
DIRECTORY UPDATE

Not appearing in this issue is correspondence from our contacts in East Africa, but you can find some of that on <www.tea-a.org> under "What's Hot." Other news you'll find there includes Peter Mook representing TEA and TEAA at the celebration of the 125th anniversary of Teachers' College, Gene Child receiving an award from MacKay College, and much more.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE, Brooks Goddard
Marafiki,

This incoming newsletter should reach you at just the right time to ensure that you make reservations for CO13 which will be on Colorado's version of Mount Marsabit September 10, 11, and 12. Just go to www.tea-a.org and look for the "Colorado 13" menu, then click on "Information." Reserve with Henry Hamburger and reserve with the Estes Park YMCA.

These past 6 months have been good ones for new literature coming out of Africa, and I have put my oar in about several titles. While most of us have read Ngugi wa Thiong'o (and I've vowed to read *Wizard of the Crow* this summer), two writers of fiction I'm currently enjoying are M. G. Vassanji and Abdulrazak Gurnah.

Which brings me yet again to our libraries. I have roughly 70 feet of books on Africa in various parts of our house. Our son and daughter-in-law might want 4-5 titles. I asked at local

Boston University Africa Outreach office for advice, and they said they often handed out books to their graduate students. Neither option solves my problem. Suggestions most welcome. Now, about those Turkana gourds?

While it's not a topic I wish to contemplate, time's hurrying chariot prevents me from ignoring our advancing age. Now Jay Butts and Don Knies have set good examples of keeping the flame burning into our 80s and 90s, and I don't want to ignore those fine examples. I continue to be moved by re-reading a previous newsletter in which Senteza Kajubi and Carl Manone, both living into their mid-80s, were warmly remembered. As a sign of our optimism TEAA has even planned tentatively at least to meet again in 2015 in Minnesota. Grant applications continue to be filed. One of the topics of discussion at CO13 will be what manner of profile TEAA will continue to have. Two points of view have already emerged: shut the door when the thrill is gone whenever that is OR let's plan a termination date and contribute our money to some deserving agency which might even try to sustain connection to East Africa. To state the obvious, I think that it is important to differentiate between organizational bonds and personal bonds. I trust that we shall continue to honor our TEAA friendships outside of the TEAA organization. I encourage you all to state your preferences by writing to anyone on the Steering Committee, all of whose contact information is on <www.tea-a.org> under Organization - Executive.

I might add that conference organizers are put on the Steering Committee. For CO13 Lee Smith declined, and Gene Child is already a member.

Ed and I are vying for baseball pennant fever king with the Boston Red Sox and St. Louis Cardinals doing very well right now. I assume that Lee and Gene champion the Rockies, and Henry has been known to attend a Nationals' game. Those Minnesotans are getting used to real grass again, even if some April games were snowed out!

For those of you who want to be on the cutting edge, I forward the URL for #KenyaRefuses:

<<http://thenewinquiry.com/wp-content/uploads/2013/06/KenyaRefusesSupplementFinal.pdf>>.

This document is a collection of responses to the May election. More and more I think EA needs TEAA again and again.

I hope that your summers have been bountiful and that we see each other soon.
Brooks Goddard/aka/brx

COLORADO 2013 REUNION - STILL TIME TO SIGN UP

Are you still on the fence about coming to the Colorado reunion? Then get thyself to <www.tea-a.org> to see the latest version of the program and details of everything you need to know to help finalize your plans. There are several TEAAers who are attending a reunion for the first time.

Lee Smith [303-333-2098, <leroyosmith@comcast.net>] reports that as of July 22nd, 59 people have confirmed that they will be coming to the TEAA Reunion and have reserved a total of 35 of the 40 Rams Horn Mountain Lodge rooms available to us at the YMCA of the Rockies. Thus, five rooms remain to be reserved by those who have been waiting to decide if they will attend. You can call the YMCA reservations department directly at 888-613-9622 (TEAA booking number is 322466). Once the Lodge is full, a change of accommodations during your stay might be required in other nearby lodging, so join us and reserve now!

Conference registration fees should be sent to Henry Hamburger, 6400 Wynkoop Blvd., Bethesda, MD 20817-5934, USA. The fee is \$75, and \$45 for a spouse/friend, who will not be attending the meetings. The registration fee includes the cost of the dinner on Thursday evening.

Also, there is a late fee of \$25 per person for reunion registration received later than August 10 and \$50 for paying at or after the event.

ON THE ROAD TO EAST AFRICAN SCHOOLS, by Henry Hamburger

So long as my heart ratchets up a notch whenever I meet or greet a terrific secondary school principal or manage to respond adequately to a situation with a word or two of Swahili, or spot some cobs of fire-roasted maize on the streets of East Africa, I guess I'll keep going back.

In the course of three weeks in January and February, Ed Schmidt and I made it to 30 encounters with schools, educators and students. Twenty-one of these were secondary school visits, typically lasting half a day, and three took us to primary schools. We met at other locales with primary teachers, university students and leaders of other educational NGOs including one founded by TEAAer Shoonie Hartwig. The most ambitious undertaking was the week-long teaching workshop that brought Ed and other experienced teachers from around the globe to broaden the outlook of teachers on the ground in Tanzania who do such important work in difficult circumstances.

There is more good news: we had unfailing ground transportation. For long distances there were on-time bus-rides, the highlight for smoothness being the one from Arusha to Nairobi on a newly completed regional road. Matatus and a few friends with cars covered the middle distances, and our feet or the eager, ubiquitous bodaboda offerers took care of the rest. "Unfailing" is, however, a term of art. Transportation did not fail us, but it is fair to note that rocky roads into the countryside rearranged our internal organs, even in ok vehicles while the bodaboda guys have moved on from bikes to almost all motorbikes: progress for them but a mixed blessing, since between the dust and the fumes, one fears for the lungs of the pedestrian throng.

It is the schools, however, that are the focus here, and they, regrettably, are not unfailing. Indeed, the failure rates on national exams are remarkably high, as are the rates of low-end passes. The case of math(s) is particularly disturbing. In the worst case an entire graduating class had an average math score lower than D- on the national exam. D, D+ and C- averages were common at poor and community schools and the sciences are not much better. Are the exams just too hard, written for the top students? Is this really a national championship posing as a national exam? We hope so. Can TEAA be of any help by funding a decrease in the number of students per available book? We hope that too.

National schools are another matter. There, there is good news. We stopped at one such school to drop off memorabilia from back in the day and found that in its new national status, the school is awash in recent and ongoing construction. Near another one, we met by chance a couple of students: cheerful, friendly, forthright, well-educated and articulate young women. It was enough to restore faith in the future.

But where are we, really, half a century down the road? It's not a cheery prospect, if you let yourself think about it. The political situations remain dicey, the per capita economic production numbers are low and the populations have all quintupled, up from a total of 24 million for the three countries to more than 120 million over the course of these fifty years and still burgeoning, while land area is of course constant and the climate changes.

Still, there are earnest and often talented people at each school we visit. How can one not try to help them do the job that - with good cheer and against all odds - they are trying to do?

AS A WITNESS, by Allison Litfin, USA Peace Corps Volunteer, Age 25, Amagoro Girls High School, western Kenya. [Alison was just starting her tour at Amagoro in early 2011 when I visited the school for the first time. Subsequently, TEAA grants of lab equipment supported her teaching of science. Now back in the U.S., Allison writes: "I MISS IT!!! I really miss my students. I am currently working as a nursing assistant hoping to go to school for health care and travel around and work some more (potentially with female youth in the developing world)."- Ed]

This is not a story of my life but only a piece of it. This piece, though small compared to the amount of years I hope to live, has changed my perspective and priorities enough that I find it is an important story on its own. I am a Peace Corps Volunteer from the United States and have spent the last two years of my life working at St. Thomas Amagoro Girls' Secondary School. The school has about 250 female students, and I care for them more than I ever felt possible. Their struggles became my own and their pain mine. Looking back at my childhood I regret ever thinking life was unfair or hard. I never saw the hardships and pain a young girl could face before serving as a Peace Corps Volunteer in rural Kenya. My main task was to teach Biology and Physics to the students in a way they had never experienced to help improve their understanding of the topics. However, I think I was never truly meant to be a teacher, and I certainly didn't have enough experience to be the teacher my students deserved. I did my best, showed up for class, explained the material and introduced a more hands-on and (I hope) fun approach to learning; however, I feel my true role in the school was that of advocate.

From my observations over the last two years I have seen that students, especially girls, are not taught to have a voice. They are told to listen to instruction, nod their head, and never talk back. It is made clear they should never try to fight for their rights and never go against authority. When they didn't have a voice to fight for their rights I used my own. I became the most outspoken over the issue of caning. The idea of an adult taking a stick and hitting a young girl disgusted me and often brought me to tears. It is something I have been forthright about for the last two years, and it created a lot of conversation and cultural exchange of ideas in my staffroom. Even though caning still occurs at my school I think my thoughts and ideas have promoted other concepts of punishment that teachers have embraced. The students respect me and I have never once abused them emotionally or physically, a fact which speaks for itself.

The next hard truth a girl faces in the village is that she needs to take care and look out for herself, because those who offer assistance usually want something in return. It's easy to blame men but the issue is deep rooted in the society. I lose girls every term to pregnancies; girls who are too young and the fathers of their children too old. In America it was easily defined as rape and punished under the law. The laws are here, but who is willing to report the crime? And who is doing the enforcing? Many times a blind eye is turned and the girl is left pregnant, uneducated and unsupported by the father of their child. The only person left to blame is the young girl who is said to have no "self-control"; it seems we forget it takes more than one person to create a child. When you are parentless, have no food and no money for school fees, try and find your self control when you meet someone who promises to take care of all your problems. This story has become all too common in the rural communities of Western Kenya.

Will a parent choose to educate their sons or daughters when they only have enough money to put one or two through school? It's an easy question to answer for most families here. Often your wealth and health are measured by the amount of children in your home. This concept, along with the lack of knowledge on contraceptive methods, leads to families of nine to

twelve children, more if the home is polygamous. If parents cannot afford to feed all their children they cannot afford to educate them and girls will always draw the short stick.

During a counseling session a student confessed to having severe menstrual cramp during her monthly period causing her to curl over in pain and often vomit. This happened monthly. When I asked her if she ever talked to a doctor about it she said yes. The doctor treated her for malaria. Saying the word “doctor” here does not mean what it does back home. It could mean a range of someone with potions and traditional ideas of healing to someone who has had a couple years of below standard medical training. Often they don’t have the equipment or are too lazy to run the tests so they claim malaria on all fronts. If it’s not malaria then it must be typhoid. I asked if her parents could put her on birth control to help regulate her cycle and ease the pain of cramps. She laughed at the idea because to her it sounded ridiculous. Not to mention all the times she was told the pill could make her infertile or more promiscuous. Young girls are not aware of their reproductive rights and often feel powerless to make decisions about their own bodies. She went on to confess that after my Life Skills lesson earlier in the week on contraceptive methods available in Kenya, other teachers entered the room and told them never to use such things because they could hurt their bodies and girls their age shouldn’t be using them. I wonder how many girls won’t be reporting back to school this term.

Their pain is my pain and it hasn’t eased much since I arrived. Sometimes I think the only thing I can offer them is someone to talk to who will listen and offer advice. I have become close to the Form Fours lately, trying my best to help them pass their end of secondary school exams. They give me the type of joy that’s so overwhelming it can actually hurt your heart. I have cried more happy tears as a teacher at St. Thomas Amagoro Girls than all the rest of my 25 years combined. These girls are so full of happiness, hope for the future, and love. They contain anger and resentment for their situation as well, but they see it all around them, accept it as a part of everyday life, and move on. You will never meet a stronger woman in the entire world than on the back dirt road of a village carrying 20 liters of water on her head and a baby on her back. She doesn’t even realize how strong she is.

I joined the Peace Corps because I saw it as the greatest service someone can do for the world. It turned out it was the greatest service I could do for myself. Never again will I take my upbringing for granted. I was always taught I have a choice. In everything I have a choice and I have a say and I have a right to voice my opinion. When the girls of rural Kenya finally gain that power, this country will be on a path to greatness. I see the power in these young women to produce change and fight for the rights of Kenyan citizens. As long as they maintain that fight then Kenya has a chance to become the best country it can be. I hope I have done my part to keep that fire within them alive.

CHALLENGES FOR GIRLS IN DAY SCHOOLS, by Ms. Doris Onyango [Doris Onyango is principal of St. Thomas Amagoro Girls School. This article and the one by Allison Litfin in this newsletter were found online at the website of Kiwimbi International, a public charity active in North Teso, western Kenya. The final sentences represent an update by Ms. Onyango from the original text.]

Girls who are privileged enough to afford to pay to attend boarding schools in Kenya grow up and complete primary school and secondary school protected and oblivious of the challenges and dangers that their financially poorer counterparts in day schools face. In rural Kenya, it is only the truly poor that send their daughters to day schools. Over 80% of Kenyan

students attend boarding secondary schools where they are protected and focused on personal growth, discipline and academic success in a controlled environment.

Growing up in Kenya, I went to boarding school and I completed my education well. Now I am the principal of a new, day secondary school for girls. Most of my girls must wake up before 5 am and walk for over 8 kilometres one-way in order to get to school on time and walk another 8 kilometres to return home in the evening. As teenage girls alone on the road, twice a day, they face many challenges and dangers from men who take advantage of the financial desperation of these vulnerable girls. Close to 50% of these girls end up dropping out of school before they complete secondary school due to teenage pregnancies or complete lack of money for school fees. My experience in St. Thomas Amagoro Girls has challenged my perception of life.

The girls of St. Thomas Amagoro Girls must contend with walking many kilometres to get to school. Often they walk for many kilometres without breakfast and are desperately hungry. The dangers along the road are many and include insecurity in the dark pre-dawn morning hours, insecurity in the dark late evenings, and male “scavengers” who come in the form of motorcycle, truck and matatu drivers. The lack of money for basic needs, such as sanitary towels and clothing, drives these girls into unwise relationships with older men. This leads to dropping out of school from pregnancies or early marriages.

The few resilient or lucky day school girls who make it through four years of secondary school are exhausted from their daily routines, but hopeful. For these few who complete secondary school there is great hope as they gain the confidence that comes with the literacy, life skills, and knowledge gained in school. And if they pass with at least a C+ in the national exam, they have a great opportunity to succeed in life.

Goodwill and support from our leaders and well-wishers like Elewana Education Project and Kiwimbi, has brought light to the dim situation for Amagoro Girls. Our school has finally found some relief for a few girls, thanks to the Ministry of Education infrastructure programme. The school has constructed a 60 bed capacity dormitory expected to be in use by September 2013.

The girls probably will begin by sleeping on carton boxes now that we have no funds to purchase beds. But the fourth form class is elated by this progress. Other girls can't wait to grab a small space for themselves. We pray and hope that other well-wishers will come our way. Slowly but surely St. Thomas Amagoro Girls will grow and succeed.

WOMEN EMANCIPATION STILL A MYTH IN NORTHERN UGANDA, researched by Maxwell Engola. [Maxwell is principal of Bishop Tarantino Girls Secondary School near Lira, Uganda. He recently completed a year-long advanced course in Guidance and Counselling at Kyambogo University in Uganda. The following is a summary of his thesis findings.]

Women in Erute County South, Lira District in Northern Uganda have the potentiality of performing a range of activities to develop their areas just like their women counterparts in the rest of the world, yet their emancipation has realized significantly very low results. A recent research conducted in the area shows that the socio-cultural practices in the area continue to affect the progress of their emancipation. Women are still oppressed in many ways as daughters, wives, mothers, widows and concubines. There are many taboos, proverbs, poems, plays and remarks that support the secondary status of women. Such cultural norms as widow inheritance, non-property inheritance for females, marital rape, divorce, and taboos are still persistent in the

area and are a stumbling block to women emancipation. These continue to be experienced in many forms.

In the field of land ownership, it traditionally belongs to men. Women and children do not exist as far as land ownership is concerned. Only what counts is their labour, yet they do not even control the proceeds from the land. The men solely decide what to do with the income received from the sales. They do not even own other property such as cattle, goats, chickens, including household property.

Another traditional practice that irritates women is that of widow and property inheritance. This contributes to the spread of HIV/AIDS and other STDs diseases such as syphilis and gonorrhoea. In most cases, poor relatives inherit widows just to get the wealth left by the deceased husband. One of the women interviewed had this to say;

“Being an inherited wife destroyed my life completely. Afraid of what would happen to me, I was forced to be taken over by one of my husband’s younger brothers. He didn’t care much about me and would come to my house once in a month and would take some property with him to sell and I had nothing to do.”

This is a common practice in Erute County South which contributes greatly to the under development of the place.

Meanwhile therefore, education, being a tool for liberating the citizens of a country from the vicious cycle of ignorance, poverty, dependence, disease and building a self reliant and sustaining economy, ought to be relevant, universal and should aim at inculcating a positive attitude towards changing the society by providing knowledge, skills, values and attitudes needed to help individuals cope with the complexity of the world. This broad aim of education is hardly being achieved in Uganda, Erute County South in particular, due to the limited opportunities given to women.

Women are denied education for the reason that traditionally they are meant to bring wealth to the family and therefore should only wait to get married. Secondly, they can get pregnant any time and drop out of school. Finally, being a housewife does not need any educational qualification.

Thus there is need for massive sensitization of the mass against such bad socio-cultural practices that continue to hinder the progress of women’s emancipation in the area. This can be done through the local radio and television stations, sensitizing the local leaders on the protection of women’s rights, holding public talks, plays, drama, and poems that promote the rights of women.

Another strategy is to have massive investment in the education of women in the area in order to eradicate illiteracy and poverty among women. This will also increase their participation in policy and decision making both at local and national levels. This however calls for external support, since the attitude of the people is already biased.

Finally there is urgent need to mobilize women in the area to form themselves in groups and initiate projects that can lead to their empowerment both socially and economically. The researcher cited projects such as poultry, piggery, weaving, and hairdressing as those that can progress well in the area.

DID I MAKE A DIFFERENCE?, by Teunis "Jack" Paarlberg

I was in the latter half of my last year at Bishop Willis TTC in Iganga, Uganda, when the "suits" showed up from Washington, New York, or wherever. They asked questions like, "How

do you like it here?" and "Do you need any more supplies to do your job?" What they should have been asking was, "What are you doing here?" because I don't think they really knew.

Today, when I think back on that time, I still ask myself, "What was I doing there? Did I make a difference?" I am, to be honest, not quite sure of the answer. But I'm reminded of three little adventures that may help:

#1. One day our shamba boy, Luganda, came to me saying, "I am sick and need hospital." I asked, "What do you mean you are sick?" He put his hand over his crotch and said, "I have the disease." As wisely as I could I replied, "Oh."

I drove him over to the hospital in Iganga. The medical person there gave him some pills, which I assumed were penicillin. He then gave him a shot in the arm with what appeared to be a large and painful needle. Afterwards, I took the medical person aside and asked, "Why both the pills and the shot?" His reply was, "Unless the cure hurts the patient does not believe it works."

On the way back to the college Luganda asked if we could stop at a house a few kilometers off the main road. He was in the house about ten minutes. When he came out I asked him what that was all about. He said, "That is the Witch Doctor's house. If one cure does not work, maybe the other might."

#2. I was going out into the bush to observe one of my students doing teaching practice. The school room barely had a roof, and no doors or windows. I squeezed myself into an empty school desk and proceeded to observe. "What is 8×7 ?" asked the teacher. The 5th grade student standing in the front of the class answered, "55."

My student teacher picked up a switch from his desk and proceeded to beat the student. If my desk hadn't been so tight, I would have jumped up and done something I might have regretted. As it was, I waited to talk to him confidentially. I whispered to him, "If I ever again see you pick up a switch to beat a child, I will personally beat the s--- out of you! Is that clear?" So much for all my "behavior modification" lessons. I learned later that the word got out. From then on I never saw a switch in any of the classrooms I visited.

#3. My wife Isabel and our three-year old son would often take the back pathway from the college to the nearby Catholic parish, where she helped out at the orphanage. It was there I met Father Koch, who had been at the church for eight years. He and I had many serious philosophical talks. I asked him, "Do you think you are making a difference?" His reply was, "I have worked very hard and I think I have a close relationship with those who attend the church. I like to think I have been successful, but now and then.... Well, let's take a ride out to visit one of my flock."

We drove about ten kilometers south toward Lake Victoria, well into the bush, and pulled into a very neatly-kept shamba. After all the "Jambos," "Habaris," and so forth, Father Koch introduced me to the elder man, a member of his congregation. "I would like to introduce you to a very important educator all the way from the United States of America, Mister Teunis Jack Paarlberg."

The head of the shamba seemed impressed, and he proceeded to do his own introductions. He said, calling on a woman, "This is my wife, who works in the field." He called on another woman. "Next is my number two wife, who cooks the food." He called on a third woman. "Next is my number three wife, who takes care of my children." And then he called on yet another woman. "And next is my number four wife, who --" Here Father Koch interrupted, saying, "-- who produces them." He looked at me and smiled.

Did I make a difference? Well, I would like to think I had maybe a small influence on "Education in East Africa." I did help train dozens of young teachers, some of whom are

probably still working. I did co-author new mathematics textbooks for grade 7 and 8, and just maybe they are still being used. So, sure, I must have made a small difference.

But, regardless of what I did for East Africa, East Africa sure did plenty for me, and for the wife and five children I took along. While celebrating my recent 84th birthday, one of my sons came up and said, "There is no way in the world we can ever thank you enough for the wonderful experience of our two years in East Africa."

I expect that the East African people may have educated us more than we educated them. Did they make a difference to us? Beyond a doubt. To quote my son, "There is no way in the world we can thank you enough!"

THE SEARCH FOR SELF IN THE MOTHERLAND, by Clarence W. Hunter-TEA-1

“Africa, I lay my hand upon your swarthy belly-
And keep it there till death stubs his toe
against my manhood in the night”

O Africa, Where I Baked My Bread
Lance Jeffers

Night falls suddenly in the African hinterlands. One moment there is a brilliant sunset with a fusion of colors-blue, gray, purple and gold-splashed against the sky as on a painter's canvas, the next moment there is a blackened sky devoid of any color. The nights in the hinterland are eerie, as animals both large and small creep out of their holes and lairs in search of food, preying on the wild and tame, emitting sounds which can cause fear yet bring a sense of comfort as one feels the balance of nature. I gained this sense of overpowering forces of the African night as I hastened to find shelter as evening closed in on me.

I was on my way to visit a student who lived at the foot of the Ruwenzori mountains in a small village in western Uganda. This would be the last time that I would be able to see my student/friend, as the forces of Idi Amin were imposing stringent restrictions on travel, my passport meant little to his forces, and I had learned from my long stay in Uganda that an African-American traveling by bus was just another member of a different tribe. I had been traveling all day from the capital of Kampala with the hope of reaching Fort Portal by nightfall. Along the way continuous breakdowns, washed out roads, army checkpoints and other assorted matters, forced me to seek other means of transportation before night closed in around me. I did not have any great fear, as I had been in Uganda for some time, coming with the first contingent of Teachers for East Africa. I had been threatened, but never really abused; I was considered an oddity in the village of Kisubi, near the school where I taught, and many had referred to me as the “African who does not speak the mother tongue.” Yet this was the first time I found myself in the hinterland with night approaching quickly.

Luckily for me a long haul driver heading for Zaire came along while I was standing on the road and took me to a small community-nothing more than a *duka*, a small transient hotel and a restaurant. Together we shared a meal of curried goat and *matoke*, drank some *pombe* and talked about the state of the world in general before we both went to bed to listen to the world around us.

Since I had been in Uganda, I had seen the history of East Africa unfold before my very eyes: the coming of the independence of Uganda; the rise and fall of my good friend, Benedicto

Kiwanuka; the overthrow of Kabaka Mutesa II; the rise of Milton Obote, the first Prime Minister and President of Uganda; and the rise of Idi Amin. In my travels throughout East Africa I had seen both the beauty and the savagery of nature and man's inhumanity to man. I had tired of the death and destruction. I wanted to leave Uganda and return home, yet I had to get clear in my mind who I was and why I had come to Africa in the first place.

In 1961 East Africa was in the midst of momentous changes. Tanganyika (Tanzania), guided by Julius Nyerere, was on the threshold of independence. Kenya, still seething from the Mau Mau emergency was in turmoil as demands grew for Jomo Kenyatta to be released from jail. Uganda was moving toward self government and it appeared that the "Pearl of Africa" would peacefully gain its true independence from Britain. This was not to happen.

In the United States things were different for me. Despite the *Brown* decision of 1954, I was still relegated to teach in the segregated system that I had been assigned to since release from my service in Korea. In addition the winds of change in American society had been blowing for some time as black Americans had become frustrated with the slow movement toward a free society progressed through the courts and the continuous demonstrations. As a boy I was told about Africa as the Motherland, the land of our deliverance from the oppression of the white society -- our promised land. So when Teacher's College, Columbia asked for teachers for East Africa, I answered the call with the hope I would gain that for which I was searching. I was not aware of the tribalism, the religious division created by the British, and what I would have to do and say as a black American.

It was into this maelstrom that I came as a naïve black American determined to assist my African brothers and sisters in nation building. To my students I was a novelty, someone that they had read about in the newspapers or magazines. To the people of the village I was an enigma. I closely resembled any average Baganda but I could not speak Luganda, and when I tried my limited Swahili, I was looked upon as African from another tribe with a different language or dialect. It was not long before the euphoria of being in the Motherland vanished. The whole experience confused me. All Africans belonged to some tribe and their name would identify their origin. Every African therefore had a name that was uniquely theirs. My name stamped me as being an African without identity. My close African friends were sympathetic to my dilemma, and insisted that my problem originated from the fact that I was born of slave parents.

I immediately tried to fit in and my students helped me. They gave me an adopted name of Mukasa, a standard Baganda name. They invited me to their homes where I learned to greet in true Baganda fashion -- a greeting so long that you are advised not begin it unless you had a year in your life to give to greetings alone. The Civil Rights crisis that was developing in the States gave me the opportunity to discuss the attitudes of the white ruling class in the South and the need to resist tyranny wherever it was found. Many of my students felt that if tyranny was not met in Uganda at its beginning of independence then the nation would suffer for years to come. Tyranny did come to the nation, and many of my students and friends were casualties of the resistance to it. Even today as I see Mathias Kiwanuka play for the New York football Giants, the image of his grandfather Benedicto flashes through my mind. I should have avoided any political involvement, but I could not avoid the friendships which Kiwanuka and other members of his party afforded me.

In 1966 I left Uganda and TEA. The journey through those years had been rewarding. There were happy moments and humorous moments. I could recall nearly being arrested by the Kabaka's police for non-payment of poll tax. They would later explain that I looked like any

other Baganda. It was scary then but later my friends and I could laugh about it. Through all of this misidentification, I had a feeling of belonging. No one could place me with a tribe, but all I met during my stay knew that somewhere in the history of the continent my ancestors were dragged from their homes and sold into slavery. I was taught by Carter G. Woodson early in my life not to forsake Africa but to embrace it. He emphasized that it was the land that gave you soul. This was so true. And through the years as I recall my stay in the “pearl of Africa,” I know that this period was the defining moment of my life.

I'M STILL SINGING, by Ted Essebaggers

This year celebrates the life and work of the famous Norwegian painter, Edvard Munch, it being 150 years since his birth. I have taken part in several choir and orchestra performances of "Sunrise," a cantata composed by Ketil Bjørnstad for the celebration. The largest and most successful performance was in Oslo Cathedral in April. It is a privilege to be a part of the choir for such performances; the last one this year will be in December in the University of Oslo aula, the main auditorium. The aula which was beautifully decorated with massive murals by Munch himself towards the start of the last century. (For any interested in further info about celebrations: <http://www.munch150.no/en/About-Munch-150>)

Looking back to Moshi and my work at Mawenzi Secondary School from June '64 to April '67, choral music played an important part in my life as a teacher and member of the local ex-pat community of Moshi-Arusha. One of the several headmasters who were at Mawenzi, Mr Samuel Sepeku, was particularly interested in music and had acquired a baby grand piano for the school. This was placed in the main auditorium. I had started a school choir and helped organize the first Kilimanjaro Regional Choir Festival and Competition in 1966. Some 15 school choirs participated competing for the various cups and the winners shield, prizes which were donated by the local business community. Adjudicators were invited and had their travel expenses paid to come from Kenyatta Teachers College outside Nairobi to judge the competition. They made it all very proper and lent that bit of formality to it all. Each choir had to perform three numbers: a Swahili song, an English song and an action song to combine the art of traditional dancing. This was all decided and set up by a regional committee of teachers doing choir work. It all worked out well, though I have no idea what happened after I left--whether the festival was continued or not.

The Moshi-Arusha Choir was an active organization when I arrived in Moshi in 1964. A number of TEA teachers, both British and American, as well as Peace Corps Volunteers, various expats and mostly senior boys from Old Moshi Secondary School were active singers. Old Moshi is where Collin Mathews and David Court taught. The conductor was David Edgington, the administrator of the local branch of the U of Dar es Salaam Extra Mural Studies Department. He was British and like most of us members, an amateur musician. We put on a good number of concerts at least once a year, always with one performance in Moshi and one in Arusha. Members had to commute between the two towns which are 50 miles apart for rehearsals. This worked well. We got to meet and mix from various professions and institutions, like the Wildlife Management Training College, Mweka; various boys and girls secondary schools and several primary schools, Kilimanjaro Christian Medical Center (which was just starting up and not completed), Tengeru Agricultural Training College; the Lutheran Seminary at Usa River, and Coffee Research Station at Lyamungu, and others. There were 12 main secondary schools to recruit singers from, as well as many government institutions, like the hospitals, as well as bank

staff, etc. I'm glad I joined in and was able to contribute to some of the cultural life in the community.

I keep in touch with a couple who were teachers in Moshi. She was a PCV teacher at a primary school near Lyamungu. He was on a British contract at the same school as Peter Moock and they are good friends of his. After marrying in 1967 in NJ, they worked for the British Council in Newfoundland and then Madagascar. After settling in the UK, he worked for Lingaphone creating language study packages for business language training, while she started up a secretarial training school. They share my love for singing and are also still active members of a choir.

THE BIG CHEESE, by Jay Anderson [as told to his grandchildren, but also read at the 2011 New York reunion. For more stories, or to write your own, go to TEAA Story Project on www.teaa.org]

Once upon a time in Kenya, East Africa, your Grandmother Anne and I and baby Iain were returning from a safari on the Indian Ocean. We were driving across the White Highlands, so called because English farmers, before World War One, had colonized them. Few whites were left now after Kenyan independence in 1963. Our drive was a long one. Over 1500 miles, but we were young and in love and happy and baby Iain had lots of bananas to eat and wild animals to see while looking out the windows: zebra, gazelle, antelope, a lone giraffe and even a stray wildebeest or two, also known as the GNU.

And then I saw the sign, CHEESE! I veered off the road in quite literally a cloud of red murrain dust and began my quest for cheese. Your grandmother was not pleased. The drive took us 10 miles out of the way, really 20 miles round trip. But I needed cheese like a babe needs milk. And we finally arrived at the settlers' farm. They, two brothers, were delighted to see us. They gave us tea, gave baby Iain biscuits, and took us into their wondrous "cave" where great rounds of cheddar cheese were aged. I, being a true connoisseur of cheese, was in heaven. After all, Hemmingford, Quebec, the Anderson ancestral home, was an epicenter of Scottish and English cheddar cheese making in North America. And my father and grandfather taught me to truly appreciate 5 or 6 or 7 year-old cheddar which was so sharp it would cut your tongue off!

So we tasted their Kenyan cheddar. Deeper and deeper we went. Well, I went, and your grandmother threw up her hands and said something along the lines of, "You are really crazy!" But baby Iain and I went on. We descended into the deepest, darkest depths of the cave. Finally, no more rounds to test and taste. The ones that were left were covered with inches of glorious green mold. "That's the one I want!" I exclaimed. "Perfect! Sharp! The best I've tasted since Hemmingford, Quebec. Oh, thank you. Thank you. I don't care how much it costs. All 30 pounds!" And the brothers winked and carried it up to the counter and wrapped it in cheesecloth and wax paper and newspaper and tied it with sturdy string and said, "Jay, that will cost you ONE shilling." Fourteen American cents.

Grandma Anne couldn't believe their generosity. "Why?" she asked. "Well," they said, "we generally sell it to the Danish farmers nearby for their pigs to eat. But for you, one shilling."

THE DEAD MAN, micro fiction by Robert Gurney

I don't know why I did it. I hadn't met him before. Was it boredom, the need for a change, pity, the scent of a good story, the parable of the Good Samaritan?

“I shall be dead by the end of the day”, he said, “unless you get me to Bujumbura.”

What do you do when a stranger comes up to you in a bar in Kampala and says he is about to die unless you do something?

He said he was the head master of a school in the bush that he had built with his own hands.

He said he had spent much of his life building schools in Africa, one after the other, making the bricks with his own fingers out of the red mud and now they wanted to kill him.

“Who?”, I asked.

“Kabaka Yekka will kill me unless I can get to Ruanda now,” he whispered.

He explained that he had fallen in love with a girl of eighteen, the daughter of a chief and one of his pupils.

“Will you take me there?” he pleaded.

He had the eyes of a dying man. I thought of nights spent alone, in the jungle.

I thought of Graham Greene.

He nodded towards a white Mercedes parked outside The City Bar.

I felt I had no choice, we drove to my flat, picked up my passport and were off.

The road south was straight, empty, new.

I drove flat out across the Ankole plains.

Amorous swallows thudded against the windscreen.

As we approached the border, I saw that his face was like that of the man in the poster who was about to be killed by a revolver held against his temple, in Vietnam.

There was nobody. No youth wingers.

A hand waved us through.

We took a roundabout route down to Burundi, like tourists, past lakes, hills and volcanoes.

We saw nobody.

The Congo was not far away, on the other side of the lake.

Bujumbura was empty.

“Que se passe-t-il?” I asked the hotel owner.

“C’est la révolution,” he replied.

My new friend waved goodbye as he climbed the steps and entered the jet that would take him to J.F.K.

That was the last time I saw him.

I opened an envelope that contained an address of a lady to whom he wanted me to give the keys.

I drove down a track in Buganda between coffee bushes and banana trees and saw the tin roof of a hut made with red bricks where I handed over the keys.

She was a regular at the Hi-Life, near the protestant cathedral.

She was no longer young but she hadn’t lost her beauty.

First published as ‘El muerto’, poema, en Isla Negra 2/58, Casa virtual de poesía y literaturas, suscripción gratuita. Lanusei, Italia. Dirección: Gabriel Impaglione. diciembre 2005. impaglione@yahoo.es/ http://isla_negra.zoomblog.com. Then as a microstory in ‘El muerto’, *Veinte Narrativas: Antología de Narrativa Iberoamericana del siglo XXI*, Ediciones Lord Byron, Madrid, 2008, edición a cargo de Leo Zelada.

WE’VE HEARD FROM YOU

Ron Stockton. Hello Ed, We went to Kenya in late December as planned and had a wonderful visit. It exceeded all expectations. I have written up my notes on our visit to our old school in Machakos. While one school is not necessarily relevant to the experiences of people in other schools, perhaps some of our members would find this of interest. If anyone is interested, they can email me and I will send them a copy. Ron <rstock@umd.umich.edu>

Fran Vavrus. Dear Ed, Although I am not a member of TEAA, I have long received your messages and have helped Brooks with contacts in Tanzania due to my ongoing teaching and research in the country. I thought members might be interested in a new book, *Teaching in Tension: International Pedagogies, National Policies, and Teachers' Practices in Tanzania* that I have co-edited on the topic of learner-centered education in Tanzania and the benefits and challenges of international collaborative research. The book consists of chapters co-authored by a Tanzanian teacher educator (all of whom were or are faculty at Mwenge University College of Education in Moshi) and by a US-based professor or doctoral student who helped to carry out a teacher education workshop and classroom-based research afterwards to see how teachers were (or were not) implementing the methods modeled at the workshop. A more formal blurb is on the publisher’s website: <<https://www.sensepublishers.com/catalogs/bookseries/pittsburgh-studies-in-comparative-and-international-education-series/teaching-in-tension/>>. The book can

be ordered from the publisher and is available on amazon.com and barnesandnoble.com.
Sincerely, Fran Vavrus

Bob Gurney. Hi Ed, A small Reunion took place in the Museum Tavern opposite the British Museum in London on Tuesday, 19th February. Present were Dave Smith, Dave Marshall, Johnny Warren, Clive Mann, Brian Van Arkadie and Bob Gurney. It was extremely successful and more are planned. The group were mainly 1964 Makerere TEAs. Bob

Lucy Larom, on reporting a change of address. My son and daughter-in-law and I have just bought this house together. It's a spacious ranch style home just south of San Diego off the Interstate 805. It sits on an acre of land and is a wonderful space for gardening and entertaining. My son Dave is planning to launch an Aquaponics venture on the property with one or more partners for the purpose of research, teaching and sales. He's researching greenhouses at this point. We also hope to use the property for hosting workshops on issues relevant to the times. Hope this finds you well! Best Wishes, Lucy Larom.

David and Ann Sandgren. Dear Ed, I retired in May after teaching African and World History at Concordia College, Moorhead, MN for 42 years. My wife Ann and I have since moved to Minneapolis-St. Paul where we were both born and raised, and have family, including children and grandchildren. David

Kay (Strain King) Borkowski. If you click on <schools.khanacademy.org>, you'll see some of what Danny and I have been doing! Also, we'll miss being in CO because we will be in Kenya in October visiting friends! We know all will enjoy CO.

Ann Dickinson. We're grateful to Fawn [Cousens] for finding us a great driver for our recent week in Kampala. She also helped Julia back in '05 as she was passing through Kampala on her way to Bwindi. Julia first met the Cousens in '03 when we TEAArs got together at their place. Julia was in Jinja at the time and somehow found her way to their home before we got there, so Fawn put her to work preparing for us. Julia was with us and took the attached photo.

Bob Jameson. Dear Ed, I was in the 1963 cohort, 3B. I would like to hear from anyone who did their teaching practice at Teso College, Soroti, in Jan '64 who took part in the production of *A Man For All Seasons*, the play by Robert Bolt that Chris Brumfit produced for the students and which the British Council transferred to the National Theatre in Kampala. I would relish their memories!! In hope and anticipation, Bob Jameson (King Henry VIII), bojameson42@yahoo.com, (0044)1217057671, add a 0 in UK i.e. 0121

Emilee Cantieri. I now have available on Amazon a new edition of *East African Odyssey*, by me as Emilee Hines, which tells my experiences and adventures as a 1A member of TEA. The new edition has more photos, including one of our group back in Nairobi in 2003. I'll bring a few copies to Estes Park in September. Looking forward to seeing lots of TEAAers. Meanwhile, I'm writing on *The Prince and the Passion*, set in Kiev and Constantinople, 988 A.D.

Reed Stewart. No change in news from Marshfield, except for a continuing gain in general health, due to exercise. (Why are things that often good for you, so uninteresting? Luckily I can read books while I exercise.) Reed

Tim Evers. I'm heading off on July 27th for 2 weeks in Kenya with American Friends of Kenya. Will spend the two weeks visiting schools, hospitals and libraries, distributing the supplies that we shipped in March and updating teachers, principals, medical personnel, and librarians on recent changes in their fields. We will visit institutions in Nairobi, Meru, Kakamega, and Kisumu. I won't be able to visit Homa Bay, where I taught for 2 years back in the mid 60's but that region will be represented by network leaders in the education field. Best of wishes, Tim

Peter Moock. Son Alastair Moock and his Rowdy Roots Band continue to delight young audiences nationwide with silly and inspiring songs. <<http://www.moockmusic.com/>>. From the website, "In July of 2012, Alastair learned that one of his five-year-old twin daughters, Clio, had leukemia. Alastair and Clio sang and wrote together while she was in the hospital, and over the next year Alastair continued to write and collect songs. With the help of an amazing fundraising campaign, those songs came together in an album called *Singing Our Way Through: Songs for the World's Bravest Kids*. Now Alastair is bringing that album — and live performances — to hospitals, clinics, and camps around the country.

Kate Froman. I was married to William Cooper when we spent 2+ years (1963-65) at Kamusinga School, near Kitale, Kenya. I never dreamed I would return to East Africa but I climbed Kilimanjaro in January, 2013, and was amazed at the changes in Tanzania including terrible grid lock in Arusha on a Friday afternoon. For the past 20 years I have been a volunteer leader for international trips for Sierra Club and I was assisting on the Kilimanjaro trip. Seeing the Masai (while on safari) with cell phones and spears made me realize how connected we all are.

My daughter, Laura, who was born at the hospital in Kitale lives nearby and has a 9 year old son. My son, Chris, who was 10 months old when we arrived in Kenya, remembers seeing the legs of a giraffe through our car window. I have lovely memories of driving the red roads of East Africa and camping in most of the parks. Sincerely, Kate Froman aka Katherine Cooper Froman

Robert Fellows [non-TEAAer]. Dear Ed, I wondered if you might have an email address for Martin Watson (TEA 1966). I am an old school pal and wanted to make contact again. I hope you can help. I googled Martin and Uganda and up came your newsletter (2007 if I recall). I am now retired and thinking of old friends and thought I should catch up with him. Robert

Barry Sesnan. I am towards the end of three months doing education in emergency training in Mali. Hoping very much that security restrictions for whites (because of kidnapping) will be lifted and that I will be able to go to Timbuktu before I leave. Non-white colleagues can go; they don't get kidnapped.

Last year I was similarly restricted in Dadaab camps in Kenya after three expatriate colleagues were kidnapped in a camp, forced by their captors to walk to Somalia to be sold on to Al Shabaab, but were rescued by the Kenyan army. Very sadly a Kenyan died and two others were badly injured in the initial shoot-out.

It is a new phase for me in Africa, as a white I have presumed ransom value, but the nationals who travel with me can be killed simply because I am there (and they have less assumed value to kidnappers). I myself have thus become the risk factor. Barry

OBITUARIES.

Roger Austin, Thika HS, Thika K (2B UK), died 6th April 2012. Fraser Robinson (2B) wrote that he and Richard Winter (2B) attended his funeral in Bath, Somerset, UK on 20th April. Roger's widow Daniela Austin can be reached at 4 EASTBOURNE VILLAS , BATH , BA1 6EL, UK, 01225 312 984.

Additional notes from Fraser Robinson: Roger, Richard Winter and I were in the second wave of TEA – those new graduates who completed their Diploma in Education at Makerere before teaching in East Africa. During a break in our studies we set off by train with Zanzibar as our destination. The trip also involved hitch-hiking, a dhow – and a returning on the deck of the Sultan of Zanzibar's steamer. Happy days!

Roger spent 7 years in Kenya (Thika) before returning to England where he taught for the next 30 years at Kingswood School in Bath.

The addresses at his funeral in the packed School chapel in Bath were fulsome. I can do no better than to quote from one: 'Roger was a teacher, colleague, friend and witty raconteur with a supreme sense of humour. Rog meant something special to every person there – solid, kind, dependable – a bringer of cheer'.

We all met - together with Daniela - in Bath in October 2012 for a memorable 50th celebration. Roger will be sorely missed. Fraser Robinson, 27th April 2013

Robert and Nancy Grosshans. Nancy in March this year. Robert in January last year. Robert was TEAA1 and taught at Kenyatta College, Nairobi K. Daughter Janelle Haskell reports that her mother was the first American to work on air for Voice of Kenya. The station received many complaints about the American accent! Janelle's four siblings, all of whom were in East Africa with their parents, survive. Janelle Haskell can be reached at JanelleHaskell@gmail.com (not sure about the capital letters) or 703-528-4145.

Peter Indalo. In January of complications following a stroke. Peter was TEAA rep in Migori, southwestern Kenya. In his death TEAA and I have lost a dear friend.

Notes from Ed Schmidt: I first met Peter in 1981 in St. Louis where he was studying for a Masters Degree in Social Work at Washington University. I had been urged to meet a few African students by a professor with whom I was studying alternative cooking fuels. When Peter and I met, we quickly discovered he was the younger brother to Hastings Indalo, one of my students at Kakamega in 1961-63.

Peter was an ordained Anglican priest with the title Reverend Father, but his calling, after witnessing the material needs of people in rural Kenya, was appropriate technology and the teaching of trade skills. He set up and ran training and technology centers in at least 3 different western Kenya locations during his career. His projects in clean water, fuel-efficient cookstoves, growing fruit trees, reforestation, fish farming and small business creation were supported by churches in Charlottesville, Virginia and Austria. In the years following his return from the US he also performed the duties of a parish priest.

Peter made it possible for me to work on cookstove projects during the summers of 1983 and 1985. Working with community groups, often in someone's home, gave me a more intimate perspective of life in rural Kenya than had my teaching experience with TEA 20 years earlier.

The last of the training centers, Oyani Christian Rural Services, was outside Migori town. After official retirement, Peter's dream was to convert the center into a conference facility. Those who were on the 2011 TEAA trip will testify that the conference center remained a work in progress. Nevertheless, many from that trip have fond memories of their time with Peter.

Henry and I have stayed at the center on numerous occasions while doing school visits in the area. Peter identified schools for us, and TEAA has made grants to many, including Mukuyu, Gunga, Kosiemo, Oruba Girls School, and Prudent Primary.

When Henry and I arrived at the home in late January this year, our first task was to visit Peter's grave. We were able to offer our condolences to Peter's widow Arita and son Nelson. Peter had left instructions with TEAA friend Okunya Milton to arrange our visit. We spent three nights at the center and visited 5 schools in the region.

Margaret Wigglesworth. Note from Clive Mann: About 9 years ago I reported that I had attended the funeral of Roger Wigglesworth (TEA 1964). This March I was present at the funeral of his widow, Margaret, at the same crematorium near Shrewsbury, England. Once again I was the only ex-TEA present. The ashes were taken in a coffin to be placed alongside Roger's coffin at the family tomb in Teso District, Uganda.

DIRECTORY UPDATE: NEW ENTRIES: **S.J.(Steven John) Burke**, 39 Holtwood Road, Glenholt, Plymouth, Devon. PL6 7HU, UK, <sjb38.41@btinternet.com>, Alliance SS and Bihawana SS, Dodoma T (2C)

Elizabeth MacArthur (Macky) Crockett, 660 Wildwood Blvd SW - B11, Issaquah, WA 98027, (425) 392-1520, <elizcrockett@comcast.net> Kyambogo SS, Kampala U (1A)

Brian Van Arkadie, <brvanarkadie@aol.com>, currently works in Dar es Salaam, Tanzania, and also has homes in Cambridge UK and Lucca, Italy. Brian was a lecturer at Makerere during the time of the training. His contact address is 48 Harvey Goodwin Avenue, Cambridge CB4 3EU, UK.

CHANGES TO EXISTING ENTRIES: **Joseph Biersteker**. Email: <bjbierst@gmail.com> **Wes Brewer**.

Preferred email: <wahatoya@icloud.com> **Calvin Brooks**. New email: <calvinandpenny@comcast.net> **Dennis Chanter**. New email: <dennis@sfac.co.uk> **Tim Evers**. New email: <tim82@franklins.net> **Velma O.**

Ferguson. New address and phone: Pikes Peak Care & Rehabilitation Center, 2719 N. Union Boulevard, Unit 106A, Colorado Springs, CO 80909, 719-636-1676 **Kenyon N. (Ken) Griffin**. New address: 413 West 6th St., Hays, KS 67601 or 1808 Beaufort St, Laramie, WY 82072-1940 **Charlotte "Shoonie" Hartwig**. Address and phone: 2710 N Dale St, #302, Roseville, MN 55113, 651-255-0674 **Moses L Howard**. New address: 2916 East 145th St, Tacoma, WA 98445 **Lucy Larom**. New address and phones: 3418 Valley Road, Bonita, CA 91902, Cell: (619)818-2999, Home: (619)773-7767 **Clive Lovelock**. Current email: <lovelockst@ybb.ne.jp> **Norrell and Françoise Noble**. We are now at 591 Orange Street, Unit 1, New Haven, CT 06511. We bought a condo here and we like being here. **Alan and Cathy Olson**. New data: 1004 Grant Circle, Alden Place, Cornwall Boro, PA 17042-5555, 717 272 3459, cell: 717 339 8408 **Roger and Helen (Syme) Rainbow**. New email:

<rogerrainbow@gmail.com> **David and Ann Sandgren**. New address and phone: 1800 Clinton Ave. S. #408, Minneapolis, MN 55404, 612-254-5439. **Don Schramm**. New email: <dlschramm@gmail.com> **Jim Shields**. New email: <jjshields11@gmail.com> **Ramon E. and Pat Stade**. New email: <patricia.stade@gmail.com> **Jim Weikart**. New email: <jamesweikart@gmail.com>