

TEAA (Teachers for East Africa Alumni) Newsletter No. 30, January 2014. 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.

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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE, Brooks Goddard

I'm sure that you can anticipate my remarks: CO13, Teaakis, TEAA website, our girl in Monduli, and travel plans. Let me not disappoint.

CO13 was a great success, and those of us who attended can now say that we survived the flood. Special thanks to Gene Child and Lee Smith. As it turned out our YMCA in the Rockies was completely spared except for cellphone/wifi reception. The heart of the discussion was the future of TEAA, and we created some guidelines/first thoughts for the future. Those thoughts are contained in Joan Schieber's very complete notes. They are downloadable by clicking the first item, "Report," under the log cabin icon on the main page of our website, <[www.tea-a.org](http://www.tea-a.org)>.

Several organizations new to us were made known: AfricAid in Golden, Co; Friends of Kenya Schools and Wildlife/FKSW including the Molo Wool Project; and the

intriguing website, [www.hakielimu.org](http://www.hakielimu.org). Those interested in western UG might want to review the website of a foundation that was presented at NYC11: <http://www.mcoxfoundation.org/>. I encourage you to scroll through these websites.

We are looking forward and have some grant applications in the pipeline, a possible EA trip by two of our members, and planning for 2015 in the Twin Cities area of Minnesota -- pencil in July-August.

Many of us continue to feel that our single-memory project or Teaaki will be a fitting legacy, and we hope that more of you will send in your work (see directions below). Again, Teaaki is a compilation of single memories; you can write as many as you like. But the concept is that because we were often on our own while teaching, our communal adventure is best illustrated through carefully articulated memories of single events. In an effort to review past newsletters to see if there were any entries which could be converted to a Teaaki, I came across Ben Lindfors's lovely narration of translating Julius Nyerere's *Juliasi Kaizari*. There were many fascinating entries, and on the strength of several I bought Harold Scheub's *The Tongue is Fire*. You can find all the newsletters by going to our website and typing in "newsletters" in the search window (kudos to Henry for creating it). Read through the website for many fine entries which allow us all to keep up with the activities of the writers.

We are in the second year of sponsoring Tumaini Yuda at MaaSae Girls School in Monduli, TZ, just west of Arusha. She is a Maasai girl from the OI Donyo Lengai area. You can see an Operations Bootstrap Africa (OBA) video of this experience by going to our website and clicking on "What's Hot." The video is under the December 2013 entry. There you can also see a speech by a Maasai woman from Kenya on <ted.com> [TED or Technology, Entertainment, Design is a set of "Riveting talks by remarkable people" owned by the private non-profit [Sapling Foundation](http://www.saplingfoundation.org), under the slogan "ideas worth spreading".]

I hope that you have a fruitful 2014 and will keep East Africa in your hearts,  
Brooks Goddard

- Directions for Teaaki: 1. Go to the TEAA website, [www.tea-a.org](http://www.tea-a.org).  
2. Note the "TEAA Story Project" icon in the upper right section of the options.  
3. Click on "Living Hyperbook."  
4. Follow the directions.

### CO13 AND HOW IT RAINED IN COLORADO, Lee Smith

We missed many of you at the Seventh Biennial TEEA Reunion Conference but look forward to seeing you at the next TEAA Reunion in Minnesota in 2015. Everyone seems to have enjoyed Colorado 2013. We had quite an adventure in Estes Park and were lodged at the YMCA of the Rockies. The rains began the morning of our arrival as we settled in for having quite a great, cozy time communing with old friends and considering options for TEAA's future.

We awoke on Thursday to find that two days of rain (nothing as much in Colorado since 1940) had created a raging river on the bridge to the road out of the Center. We continued our conference but soon began to realize the extent of what had developed into a life-taking disaster when one of our speakers called to inform us that he could not appear for his presentation as the roads to Estes were cut. Shortly after

that we lost access to all cell service, internet and land line phones. The YMCA had more than 1,000 guests and 150 staff on property. Later, it was announced that 80% of Hwy 34 was destroyed and that Hwy 36 had lost 40% of the road while the Peak to Peak Hwy 7 was impassable. By that afternoon, local calls to Estes Park to which we could not get for our gala dinner at the Stanley Hotel that evening had been re-established.

The rains continued and intensified during the night and the next morning we found two rivers: that over the bridge and another down the highway as we were told that no one would be permitted to leave or enter, so food and lodging were complimentary. The Y staff continued working to keep the bridge standing using a front-end loader to clear silt and debris for a second day. We settled down to an anxious time, only to learn about 11 am that some cars had been able to accept the risk and get out with the help of the front-end loader pushing water and creating a wake for the cars to pass behind it. About half of the 66 of us TEEAers decided to test the challenge and go west over the highest continuous paved highway in the U.S. over Trail Ridge Road (12,183 feet) as all roads to the east had been cut by flooding and bridge wash outs.

We said good-bye to the others who, as were we, were intimidated by the rushing water and preferred to wait out the rains and left at 1 pm. Once outside the Center with a pause in the rain and the sun breaking over Longs Peak, we formed a four car caravan and had a great time driving the 48 miles through Rocky Mountain National Park, viewing the elk in rut along the way; stopping to photograph the magnificent scenery and again at the top to visit the Alpine Visitors' Center surrounded by elk resting on high. We later crossed the Continental Divide (to the Pacific/Gulf of California side) where we stopped to build a rock cairn with 43 stones representing our colleagues who have died since we first went to Kenya, Tanzania and Uganda to teach in 1961; had high tea on "Colorado's Front Porch" at Grand Lake Lodge overlooking the head waters of the Colorado River; re-crossed the Continental Divide back to the Atlantic/Gulf of Mexico side over Berthoud Pass and finally took I-70 under a brilliant rainbow to a welcome dinner at the Buck Horn Exchange Restaurant (oldest in Denver) before arriving by 10 pm at our homes or the airport.

After our return, we learned that at 4 pm the YMCA had ordered the departure of the others of our colleagues to the Evacuation Center in Estes Park upon being told that the entrance road to the Y was steadily eroding and that access to the Y was in jeopardy on our lucky Friday the 13<sup>th</sup>. By Friday or Saturday all TEEAers had either returned to Boulder, Golden, Denver, other destinations, or the airport. What an exhilarating adventure—a little daunting with the adrenaline pumping at moments! I felt we were back in East Africa in the 60s and was thankful that we had survived the "Great Flood of 2013" with electricity and water and no loss of life, injuries, or car trouble. We are all safe and contemplating our four day journey into the past.

#### TREASURER'S NOTE, Henry Hamburger

As we entered a flurry of proposal-generating activity in November by contacting heads of schools, our funds stood at around \$30,000. Since then, some money has been sent out and some has come in so that we are in the high 20s (in units of \$1,000). Assuming the success of these proposals and any still being discussed with principals, we will end up in the low 20s.

Our 2009-2011 fundraiser reached its goal of \$100,000 for that three-year period. Contribution flow has continued, despite the absence of another full-court press. In 2012, we took in \$13,000. This past year, thanks to a couple of creative initiatives, the rain in Colorado, and the generosity of donors, including three who each gave \$1,000 or more (one in the form of an IRA pass-along), we received \$14,000.

#### STORY PROJECT, Bill Jones

The story project now boasts 114 stories by 67 people. You can access them directly at <http://www.tea-a.org/nyea/hyperbook.html> where they appear in seven categories, each with its own introduction. Whenever that introductory material mentions a particular story it does so with a live link. The purpose of the links is to facilitate comparison, contemplation and a cohesive reading experience. Take a look. There is space for comments at the bottom of each story.

Even if you have not written expressly for this project, you may find that a story of yours has been mined from an old, or not so old, Newsletter. By the way all of them, all 30, are online; see <http://www.tea-a.org/news/earlier.html>. If you are not among those who have written about your days in East Africa as part of TEA or TEEA, we urge you to do so now. Don't hesitate to contact me or Brooks to discuss what you might write. For technical questions, it's Henry. Contact information for all of us is at <http://www.tea-a.org/org/sc-13.html>

#### NOTES FROM OUR EAST AFRICAN CONTACTS

Okunya Milton, principal, Wandiji SS, Kenya. Friends, It was Charles Dickens who talked Hard Times, and these are indeed for our country. That was the dark, dark Saturday for our country, what with so many people trapped in the mall. The dust has now settled but our hearts bleed for those who lost their lives. While we salute the work of our gallant soldiers, we mourn those of them who paid the ultimate price in the course of duty. Thanks and be blessed. Okunya

Okunya on Mandela. An icon of struggle and national reconciliation, a champion of national forgiveness and racial tolerance, we mourn his flaws at family level but celebrate his contribution to make the world better. Fare thee well son of Africa, but when comes another? Bother him not, let Mandela sleep.

Margaret Mbise, Headmistress, Nkoaranga SS, Tanzania [in response to an email from Henry Hamburger asking about the school's "most pressing needs"]. Dear Henry,  
Happy to hear from you again!

All is well with Nkoaranga. Students and teachers have been enjoying the books donated by you. Yet you are here again in a loving remembrance of Nkoaranga school.

The books donated early this year [2013] are available in the school library for teachers and students to borrow or read. Form Two and Form Four just completed their final examinations and they found the books quite useful in answering some of the examinations questions. We hope that there might be an improvement in the final results.

In these [past] few days we have been requesting for the proforma invoice for the prioritized items requested by the teachers. Our academic list is long but please make sure we get a photocopier machine as the old duplicating machine we have been using is completely out of order and the *fundis* can't repair it any more. The proforma invoice is together with that of projector to ease the teaching and learning process. There is also a list of books of Kiswahili, Biology, Physics, Chemistry, Mathematics and others. A needy woman can give a list that can astound you but please bear with us and don't get hurt! The invoices are attached.

I wish you a happy end of the year and a very merry Christmas. Let us know when your next visit is please. Blessings, Margaret Mbise, Headmistress

Chief Academic officer, Moringe Sokoinne SS, Monduli, Tz. May I open my heart to thank the TEAA steering committee and the staff as a whole for opening their hearts to give part of what is theirs for the people far away in the Universe, people they have not met before but had just heard of from those who have visited us.

Maxwell Engola, Bishop Tarantino College, near Lira, Uganda. Ed, Happy New Year. Hope you are fine and the New Year has started successfully. I left Kampala after the marking exercise on 2nd Jan and proceeded to the village to have some time with my old parents and am just back. I found them fine. They are in their late 60s now and it's usually the culture here that one finds time at the end of the year [summer holidays] to go to the village.

JEAN NJERI, by Richard Baines. [Richard writes from his home in Australia, "If you are interested in a short short story, then I include this one called *Jean Njeri*. I have stolen her name. I knew a girl named Jean Njeri when I was co-opted from Kangaru School to teach a few periods of art a week at the Embu Girls School in the mid-60s! Me -- art! This story, however, is pure fiction."]

Jimmy Muriithi was a young man in search of a girl. His eye fell upon Jean Njeri. They met at a school dance in the Kangaru school hall. Kangaru was a school for boys east of Mount Kenya. Jean attended the Embu Girls School close by, and on Saturday nights there would be a dance. Jimmy was wearing his best shirt and had slicked down his mop of curly black hair. He had stuck a wooden comb in it which he thought made him look rakish and handsome. Jean was a demure girl, with shy, downcast eyes. She was wearing a blue dress which she had ironed that afternoon. They danced together.

- I will leave school this term with a good mark. Finishing secondary school means I will get a good job in Nairobi. I will earn a lot of money, said Jimmy.
- Will you be my girl?

Jean said she had enjoyed the dancing and she thanked him, but she said she would not be his girl.

The year had ended and the short rains with it. The bougainvillea bushes were bright red and orange. The flowers from the jacaranda trees lay in purple pools along the roadway. Jimmy was feeling sorry for himself. He had performed well in the exams, but his father said he had to stay home and help on the *shamba*. Their land lay just outside the village. One night Jimmy got drunk on *pombe*. He went round to Jean's

place. Jean had left school too. She was working in the *boma* in Embu, in one of the offices. With the job came a small corrugated iron hut.

Jimmy hammered on the door.

- Lemme in! he cried.

Jean said she thought he should go home and sleep, and she would not let him in.

One day Jean visited her aunt who lived in the bush several miles from Embu. She walked there. It was hot work walking in the sun. Jean spent a happy day with her aunt and her three little cousins. The smallest, Kyria, ran around the clearing outside the huts quite naked with bells on her ankles. It was late afternoon when Jean set off to return home.

When she reached the outskirts of Embu she saw a figure slouched under a blue gum tree. She went over to it. It was Jimmy. He was clearly drunk and half asleep.

- What is the matter? asked Jean.

Jimmy started to cry quietly. He told her that his father had come home drunk again. There had been many such times when he was little. He could not get the pictures out of his head. Often his father beat him with a stick. Once he struck him hard across the legs and Jimmy could not walk for days. Jean cradled Jimmy's head in her arms and held him while the sliver of a moon went behind the clouds.

Jimmy asked Jean to go home with him.

Jean said that she would help him get home, but she would not stay with him.

One of the things that happened in Embu was the big race. Every year the young men gathered outside the old pub -- a relic from colonial days -- and ran around the hill at the back of the town. It finished with a race through the main street of Embu.

Jimmy decided to take part. He practiced running up the steep slope behind the family *shamba*. He carved a log with his *panga*, turning it into a weight. Then he worked weights. He took great care with his body.

The whole village turned out to see the race. They stood beneath the jacarandas to see the final dash up the main street. Jean was there. So were her aunt and her little cousins. Jean and her aunt held newspapers over their heads to keep from the sun. The little cousins ran about laughing.

Jean smiled when she saw Jimmy puffing up the hill. He had run well, and came fifth in the race. Afterwards he walked over to her. He had his shirt off and was wiping himself down with a towel. He smiled showing his white teeth.

- Will you marry me? he asked.

Jean said she was proud of his performance in the race, but that she would not marry him.

Some time later Jimmy's dad died. Jimmy had not liked his dad, but a death was a death. Jimmy's dad had two wives, and Jimmy was the eldest son of the first marriage. So he organised the funeral. His sisters looked after the mothers. When it was over he went to work.

First he tidied up the *shamba* and took care of the banana trees. He cleared some more land and planted more maize and beans. He saved enough money to buy some coffee bushes.

He was hard at work one hot afternoon when he became aware of a figure watching him. It was Jean. She was standing by the road watching him. He stood up and wiped a hand across his forehead.

- Come in, he offered. We will take tea.

Afterwards Jimmy asked Jean to marry him, and she said yes.

NEW WORDS by Hal Sondrol

The other morning I was composing my memorial pamphlet, not that I intend to die for another 25 or 30 years, but I live alone and there's no one else to do it. I had done that same task for my parents who both had lived into their mid 90's. For my front cover, below a photo, I chose a verse by poet Randall Jarrell: "And after he has taken off the thoughts/ It has taken him his life to learn,/ He takes off, last of all, the world." Perhaps these garments of our lives might be called accumulated intelligence or accumulated awareness.

After TEA, I studied for a Ph.D. in history for a few years and met Theodore H. VonLaue, an individual par excellence who brought the accumulated awareness of his own life to the writing of history. He would draw freely "on all that I remembered from my reading, teaching, and impressions, aiming above all at completeness" and write history that was "bold and above all speaking to the fullness of human experience as it comes, by the accidents of their birth, to men in their times."

Now here I am in my early 70's, as are most TEA and TEEA alumni. Fifty years ago we were American and British meteorites landing in East Africa, with newly-minted college degrees. What did we know? What was our accumulated intelligence, then, and what is it now?

In the New York Review (6 February 2014) Stephen Greenblatt describes the artistry and complexity of the gathering of scenes in the film documentary *At Berkeley* as "a poetics of accumulation, a gradual, slow enthrallment, an education." We gather from all the "Elsewhere worlds" of our lives, scores of places we've lived in real life or in our imaginations, and build our singular view of the world. The literary critic Hugh Kenner wrote a whole book about this and entitled it *The Elsewhere Community*.

All of us possess Elsewhere worlds from East Africa. Teaching in different secondary schools in Tanzania, Uganda, and Kenya, our minds and hearts were opened in different places but in similar ways. I like that Greenblatt uses the word "poetics" because the ways that each of us opened our eyes as newly-minted teachers with young African students in often extraordinary surroundings was poetry, not matter-of-fact.

These were poetic highs. Sitting atop mountains -- Kilimanjaro, Kenya, lowly Elgon, many of the former volcanic peaks in the Virungas, such as Sabinio and Muhavura, I was high. Or munching into a succulent pawpaw at breakfast on our verandah before heading off for teaching, I was high. When my A level biology students got very good results on the Cambridge exams, I was high. I was high a lot in Kenya. So the Kenya experiences in my accumulated awareness remain powerful.

Somehow, I feel, with this awareness we experience the tragedies in Africa, and in the world, more deeply -- all the refugees, all the chaos and killing in the Central African Republic or South Sudan, not to mention Syria.

I think we older TEA and TEEA alumni have the resources to find new words. New words brought into the world that might change the foreign aid and military and economic policies that are in place behind meaningless political rhetoric. We might ask what is the accumulated awareness of some of the current leaders, or even African political leaders. For example, Uhuru Kenyatta, current president of Kenya, is a graduate of Amherst, one of the finest liberal arts colleges in the U.S. What's his accumulated intelligence? Did his Amherst education make any difference? He is charged as a war criminal for the killings at Eldoret and in the Rift Valley.

In his Winter Journal, Paul Auster gives a clue where new words may be found. Auster was in a writer's slump in 1978. One day in December 1978 he watched a dance practice with demonstrations by eight young dancers and commentary by a choreographer named Nina. The dancing was done in silence. Auster writes that all this "seemed to be carrying you to some unexplored place within yourself, and little by little you felt something lift inside you, felt joy rising through your body and up into your head, a physical joy that was also of the mind, a mounting joy that spread and continued to spread through every part of you." Auster felt something open up inside, perhaps not unlike the ways our minds and hearts were opened in East Africa long ago. Perhaps to stop the brutalities and to fix the world, we need new words for these emotions. Auster indicates a path for this challenge. He writes, "... you found yourself falling through the rift between world and word, the chasm that divides human life from our capacity to understand or express the truth of human life, and for reasons that still confound you, this sudden fall through the empty, unbounded air filled you with a sensation of freedom and happiness..." (Winter Journal, p. 223)

Do any of us have time to find new words from our experiences in East Africa to change the world? When we were young, East Africa gave us joy. For some lucky enough to return (I returned in 1976, 1980, 1989) it is a renewed joy. Where will we find new words to confront our poor leaders with their wars and desecrations?

From my Norwegian heritage I always remember the story told by writer Knut Hamsun in his old age. Hamsun wrote: "I saw today the remains of an armchair which had belonged to an old school principal. He sat in it till the day he died. He had held onto all his precious drudgery for seventy years, and now his children had sold his armchair." Our Africa memories and accumulated awarenesses are vital and alive. They are not precious drudgery. We need to use them to renew the world! What will the new words be?

BUKOBA, TANZANIA - 1963, by Audrey Van Cleve Dickson

You could get stuck in this town  
Be careful with your entry  
False-fronted shops, almost empty  
Murrum streets flanked by deep retainers  
Veils of lake flies, drape verandas and corners

Indian fusion blares from windows left ajar  
Over there I saw the cremation, watching from afar  
Man laid out on bed of fire, flames flapping upwards



He sat erect before burning to ashes  
As huge hippos snorted in the inlet

February rains will come, it is foretold  
Chickens will put laying on hold again  
The dock over there will flood  
Cutting us off from boat and road  
Isolated, shoes will grow mold

This is the open air market  
Tin roof, din of rain, rain, rain  
Cattle driven on hoof  
Round Lake Victoria, tough as hide  
Meat spread out beside the millet  
Every mound two shillings a pound  
Buy the fillet

Down by the lake is the British Club  
Where expats drink whisky and beer  
Play billiards and golf in teams  
Complain that hippos ruin the greens  
They talk of leaving here

There is the dispensary, treatment for dysentery  
Drink salty IV's to save you pain  
Hope antibiotics are not dead to cure  
Denatured by heat or moisture  
From weeks of rain, rain, rain

Lucky to survive a clawing place  
We are young and full of rosiness  
This town burns in our beings forever  
You, visitor, go quickly. Do not linger.  
The incessant rain will start  
You will not escape for months, maybe never

THE SNAKE, by Bob Gurney, from his forthcoming book on Africa. [Bob notes that his sons, James and William, are constructing a website, [verpress.com](http://verpress.com), dedicated to his latest book, *The Dragonfly*.]

I got back late.

There was a curfew in Kampala.

There were soldiers on the road outside my flat on top of Nakasero Hill.

They had said on television that anyone out after ten would be shot.

It was five to ten.

The streetlights were out.

There was only the moonlight.

Then I saw it, curled up on the top step by the door: the snake.

I heard a rifle being cocked.

What was it to be, the soldiers or the snake?

Would they shoot?

They won't kill me.

They might kill me.

Were they from the north?

Should I call out and tell them who I am?

Would they speak Swahili, Luganda, English, or something else, like Lugbara?

My knowledge of snakes was not good.

A bite could be fatal.

I knew that.

Key in hand, I jumped over the snake, put the key in the lock and was inside in a flash, locking the door behind me.

Through the mosquito screen that covered the kitchen window I watched the soldiers stroll back towards their barracks inside Lugard's Fort.

AN ENCOUNTER WITH NELSON MANDELA, an excerpt from a July 2013 article by Ron Stockton

Jane and I had two encounters with Nelson Mandela. Neither was a close encounter but both were memorable. The first was in 1965. We were teaching in Kenya, young, no children, and apparently with little common sense. We got the crazy idea of driving down to Cape Town during our six-week winter break. With two friends, one British, one American, we set off in our ancient VW Beetle with its 110,000 miles of punishing Kenya road experience.

The timing was awful. This was just a month after Ian Smith of Southern Rhodesia had rejected a transition to majority rule and had proclaimed a Unilateral Declaration of Independence for that white-ruled British colony. The US Embassy told us the situation was unstable and we should not go but we ignored them. UDI had produced an international boycott, which had the unintended result of cutting off Zambia, Rhodesia's northern neighbor, from its oil supply. The British and other countries began running petrol convoys from Dar Es Salaam, through Tanzania, to Lusaka. These convoys ran along the Great North Road, which was originally meant to go from Cape Town to Cairo (although it stopped somewhere in East Africa). The convoys were running on dirt roads barely able to handle normal traffic, much less waves of heavy-duty lorries. The roads were quickly demolished. By the end of the first day, we had lost all four of our hubcaps. The situation did not improve until we got well into Zambia itself.

Given the oil embargo, the roads were not the only problem. We were also concerned about running out of petrol. We decided to take a five-gallon gas can with us in the car, just in case. It sat in the front, between the knees of the person riding shotgun. I shudder when I think back on this. If we had rolled or crashed that car, it would have become an inferno. Fortunately, everything was ok, and we never crashed or encountered the feared petrol shortage.

This trip, which was only 18 inches on the map, turned out to be 7,000 miles on the road. We drove constantly, only twice spending more than one night in the same place. We averaged around 250 miles a day, with me doing almost all of the driving. One of those two-night stops was in Cape Town. This is a wonderful city, straddling the Indian and Atlantic Oceans. (Swimming in the ocean on Christmas Day was a thrill for Midwest kids). Table Mountain rises sharply out of the ocean for a thousand feet and looms above the city. We took the cable car to the top. (It was not until the year 2000 that I managed to climb it, which is a story of its own.) As we stood on top of that mountain on that sunny day, we could see Robben Island, a small barren pile of rocks four miles out into the Atlantic Ocean. The Rivonia trial had found Nelson Mandela and nine fellow ANC defendants guilty of trying to overthrow the white apartheid regime. Mandela had delivered a defiant speech in response to his conviction, acknowledging his activities and affirming his goals, and acknowledging the fact that he was facing a possible death sentence. ["This is the struggle of the African people, inspired by their own suffering and experience. It is a struggle for the right to live. I have cherished the ideal of a democratic and free society, in which all persons live together in harmony and with equal opportunity. It is an ideal which I hope to live for and achieve. But, if needs be, my Lord, it is an ideal for which I am prepared to die."] The accused had been given life sentences and sent to that desolate place. Standing on that most beautiful mountain peak, it gave Jane and me pause to realize that this great heroic man was down there breaking rocks or doing whatever it was that prisoners did on Robben Island.

[Contact Ron to read his article in its entirety and learn about the second encounter.]

LETTERS HOME, by Katherine Froman. Katherine writes, "Dear Ed, I have discovered a box of letters I had written to friends and family while I and my husband, William Cooper, spent 2 years at Kamusinga Friends School, Broderick Falls [now Webuye], Kenya with TEA, August 1963-November 1965. I have attached 2 stories. Thank you for keeping these memories alive. Sincerely, Katherine (then Cooper) Froman

Visits in the Neighborhood of Mount Elgon.

Shortly after Christmas 1963 our gardener, Simeon, asked if we would drive him home the following Saturday. Simeon had had a door and window made in Kimilili, the village one mile from Kamusinga, the school where we lived, and he needed our help to haul them to his shamba seven miles away. We agreed and drove down 3 roads, each succeeding road about half as good as the preceding one until the fourth road became a faint track that only Simeon could detect. We left the car about 200 yards from the shamba and walked up a small hill into the compound. Several women, lots of children and numerous dogs, cows, and chickens turned out to meet us.

We were conducted into the new hut and given the only 2 chairs. The hut was about 10 feet square and divided into 2 rooms. It had a high thatched roof that made it much cooler than our composition-roofed home. Suddenly, a terrific din broke out and a large black dog called Simba chased a squawking, flapping chicken into the hut and neatly cornered it. Then the dog trotted outside. Simeon picked up the chicken, tied its legs together with a bit of grass and handed it to a small child for safekeeping.

I later learned that Simeon had pointed out that particular hen to the dog who trapped it after chasing it through most of the huts in the compound. The chicken was a gift for us and we brought it home in the rear of our car along with a huge stalk of bananas.

A few weeks later we were invited to our cook's coffee shamba. We set out with cupcakes, a pineapple and some books for Buhalange's oldest daughter. The distance was 12 miles but the road was impossible after 10 miles so we walked across the fields and through several shambas finally reaching Buhalange's place that he had received from his father. We sat in Buhalange's own hut. (His wife had her own hut where she cooked and where their 4 children lived. ) Hanging on the wall were photographs of his parents and Queen Elizabeth. We had tea with Rebecca, Buhalange's wife and Buhalange translated conversations about our children and life in Kenya. We left with a chicken, a stalk of bananas and 2 cokes.

#### A Memory of Independence Day

Although we missed the actual independence ceremony at midnight on December 12, 1963, we were staying in Nairobi at the time and caught the atmosphere of the place -- joyous and yet restrained. Flags everywhere, trucks with, "This truck is a gift from the people of the United States to the people of Kenya," painted on them, hurtling around and loaded with people, tribal costumes mingling with snappy three button suits, banners and stickers in every window along with portraits of Kenyatta, traffic jams, dancing in the streets.

We met one man in a complete ceremonial outfit of green, decked out from earrings to anklets. Over his shoulder hung a transistor radio. The night after Uhuru, an ostrich-feathered fellow was striding past us when a woman tourist stopped and gasped "Oh! I wish I had a camera." To which the tribesman replied, "Unfortunately, Madam, you do not."

REMEMBRANCES, by Jeanette R. Hummel. Jeannette is the wife of David Hummel of TEEA 6, at Kenyatta Teacher Training College, 1969-1971. She writes, "Dave and I, plus four children, ages, at that time, 7 to 14, spent a wondrous two years in East Africa. Dave has his own story and here is mine."

I had the biggest vehicle, a VW Combi, because of the most kids. Once school started I became the "bus" driver for a lot of the kids -- plus their story time snakes and mongoose in the back of the "bus" -- to city council schools in Nairobi, 12 miles from Kenyatta College. Our two oldest caught a bus to Nairobi International School for their first year there. Then to Frankfurt International School for their second year in Germany.

After taking care of my young ones, I progressed into Nairobi proper, parked the bus, got to know my parking attendant (a very nice man), and ventured out at 32 years

old to meet the world 10,000 miles away from home. With the excellent training we had at Barnard College in New York I was able to shop and communicate with my new African friends. I found a wonderful cafe for lunch and wound up having lunch with government officials. I belonged to a "kahawa" ladies club (British and American).

I operated a child care school for a month while my British friends were on home leave. I sang in the Kenyatta College choir under the direction of George Sasaki, who was also the musical director for the noted film "Out of Africa." We knew Karen and hiked the Ngong Hills and cried through the film and held hands when we saw the film back in the USA. Also with Mr. Sasaki's direction our choir was able to go to Gatundu and sing for Mzee Kenyatta. As I was in the choir, my family was also allowed to attend. Mzee was so very gracious and came on stage and shook hands with all of us and said *asante sana* to each of us.

Our children did not want to come home to Yuba City in 1971. Our trips into Nairobi for dinner and a movie were outstanding. We went one way to see a movie and the children went to another. A time was set to meet at the "bus" and here they came, usually with the youngest holding hands with our good friend the askari -- never any fear! Every day was a wonderful day and adventure for the Hummel family in East Africa.

TEAAers PUBLISH, Robert Scully, Emilee Cantieri, George Pollock

Robert Scully. My African novel, *The King History Forgot*, is now in print and will be in e-book format in January. The Web page is: <http://www.robertkscully.com>. It will be available via [Amazon.com](http://Amazon.com) and Barnes and Noble.

I sharpened my teeth on the importance of oral tradition for African history while teaching at Kibabii Secondary School, north of Bungoma, in the mid-1960s. During my first term teaching I discovered, to my astonishment, that the text for my African History course was titled, *The Coming of The Europeans*, which was the focus then. Soon after, I attended a "Teachers of African History" conference in Nairobi. I had just digested Bazil Davidson's *The Lost Cities of Africa* and some of Bethwell Ogot's studies of the Luo to prep for the conference. Again, dumbfounded when a veteran history master at an established Nairobi Secondary School got up and pontificated how "one cannot teach Black African History since there is none." Next term at Kibabii we began organizing a local history society and next holiday students did field work assignments with elders at home. From this came stories which I later published in *Azania, History in Africa*, and elsewhere about the Bukusu tribe's Chetambe and Lumboka Forts, destroyed by C.W. Hobley in the 1890s, and Chief Machanja's trip to Mumia to retrieve Bukusu captives. Not long afterward, Kibabii students were recording firsthand accounts of 19th Century local history and sitting with wazee such as Mukisu Kakai, Kikala Mururumbu and Ngichabe Nabutola, survivors of Hobley's rampage through Bukusuland.

In Phalaborwa, South Africa in the 1970s, I discovered much oral tradition to be recorded which led to this book.

Emilee Cantieri reports that her book, *East African Odyssey*, is now available on [Audible.com](http://Audible.com). She still has a few free downloads if any TEAAers are interested. Contact

her, <[emilee214@att.net](mailto:emilee214@att.net)>, and she'll email you the download code. In return, she hopes you'd write a few good words about it on [Audible.com](http://Audible.com).

Emilee notes that the narrator, Kate Johnson, managed to get all the names and terms correctly pronounced.

George Pollock. My new novel, *Something Tells Her*, is finally out and it is something I have wanted to write all my life. Though fiction, it is a life that I and my four younger siblings, and especially my sisters Marion and Ruby, actually lived growing up in foster care. The novel is now available on [Amazon](http://Amazon). Excerpts can be found at <<http://patientsprogress.blogspot.com/>>. [Editor's note: You'll have to scroll down past a more recent blogpost on George's tennis mishap.] Any and all feedback welcome, George.

## ON THE WEB

Don Adams. As a long-time reader of the newsletters and one who has never attended a gathering, I was hoping to do so this August. But alas, we will have started our Fall semester here in St Kitts where I came out of retirement to work full time. Thank you for all that you have done in keeping the memories alive and in assisting the education effort in East Africa.

In terms of memories, Jerry Barr and I have put together our memories after 50 years, and we have created an HTML5 website of the first leg of our jaunt home to the U.S. through northern Uganda, the Sudan, and Egypt. We were both part of the 1C contingent of the first wave of T.E.A.

You are free to share our website with any who might find it educational or interesting. The website is: [www.EastAfricatoNepal.com](http://www.EastAfricatoNepal.com) So many memories came alive for both Jerry and me as we reconstructed our trip for this program which was authored in Articulate Storyline.

Best wishes to you and for a wonderful reunion, Don

From Brooks Goddard: Great EA pictures from the 60s. You'll love this site: <[http://www.mccrow.org.uk/eastafrica/JanetDavis/EastAfMemories\\_JanetDavis.htm](http://www.mccrow.org.uk/eastafrica/JanetDavis/EastAfMemories_JanetDavis.htm)>

## BOOKS

Bernth Lindfors sent in a note about *Commerce with the Universe: Africa, India and the Afrasian Imagination*, a book by Gaurav Desai, published by Columbia University Press (<http://cup.columbia.edu/book/978-0-231-16454-2/commerce-with-the-universe>). The press has a preview of the entire introductory chapter available for free on its website and is offering a significant discount for anyone purchasing the book directly from them. The discount code to use online at their site is COMDES.

Brooks Goddard sent in the following brief review of books he has read recently.

1. *Far From Home/2011* by Na'ima B. Robert. This book is like a 12 year-old's history of Zimbabwe. It is very self-conscious when it begins, but it does level off, and I finished reading it with interest. The tale told is of Zimbabwean family traduced in the 60s by a white family. Forty years later this same white family is kicked off "its" land in

the Third Chimurenga in the early 2000s. Before creating his own family a white policeman, Ian Wilson, raped Tariro, and a child was born of this rape. Tariro ultimately goes into the bush to fight for land and returns to begin again on the land that had been taken from her family in the 60s. She also goes to UK for her aunt's Ph.D. graduation and has a long heart-to-heart with Ian's white daughter. Yes, somewhat improbable, but if you read the biography of the author, you wouldn't be surprised.

2. *Hour of the Red God*/2013 by Richard Crompton. This mystery is set in Nairobi in 2007 in one week in late December, the week the election actually did occur. Mollel is a Maasai policeman working with Kiunga, a Luhya, in a section commanded by a Luo on a case against a Kikuyu. At the heart of the case is a murder of a Maasai prostitute, and that is the narrative drive of the book. By setting the case at the time of the 2007 election, Crompton is able to comment on the election in ways that Mukoma wa Ngugi ignored in his mystery, *Black Star Nairobi*. Doesn't make you want to revisit Uhuru Park any time soon.

3. *Empires of the Monsoon*/1996 by Richard Hall. I do not know how I stumbled upon this book, but I am very glad I did. It is a brilliant, comprehensive history of the Indian Ocean merchants and the nations that ultimately controlled the area. The book is comprised of short chapters, 55 in all, which focus on the role of monsoons in the pre-steamship days. Sheer imperialism arrives with the big boats. One of the glories of this book is the way the author constructs understandable contexts and perspectives for the history. Hall does a masterful job of detailing the Portuguese entry into the Indian Ocean and the barbarity of their conquests. Also explained is the origin of the myth of Prester John and how this fictive character fueled Christian hatred of Muslims. I recommend this book most highly.

4. *Sir Vidia's Shadow*/1998 by Paul Theroux. As I thought about dalliances at Makerere, I inevitably thought of The Gardenia in Wandageya. I wondered if there were any online reflections of this establishment, renown to men, unknown to women. And there it is, pages 72-75, in this volume. East Africa figures prominently in pages 3-110 of this memoir devoted to the well-known relationship between Theroux and V. S. Naipaul. If you are merely curious, don't bother; if you partook, you'll be enchanted.

5. *My First Coup d'Etat and Other Stories*/2012 by John Dramani Mahama. After reading Mahama's op-ed reflection on the life of Nelson Mandela in December, 2013, I said to myself, "that man can write." Going to amazon.com I ordered this book. It is delightful writing about personal and political adventures in Ghana in what the author calls the "dead decades" of the 1960s and 1970s, decades when national fortunes seem to go backwards not forwards and arbitrary power held sway. So now we have several recent books which give a reasoned journalistic view of modern African countries: *Looking for Transwonderland* (Nigeria), *One Day I Will write about this Place* (Kenya), and *The Aya stories* (Cote d'Ivoire). Mahama is the current president of Ghana.

6. *The Tongue is Fire*/1996 by Harold Schueb. One of the joys of reading widely is to come across books which interest but would otherwise be unknown by a larger audience. A subset of this joy is to read books by TEAAers, and Harold Scheub is one of our distinguished members. He gained some of his expertise the old-fashioned way: he walked and talked. The subtitle of this book is "South African Storytellers and Apartheid." This book is a homage to the craft of storytelling and to a lifetime's work of

putting storytelling into perspective. What a way to anticipate Mandela's later life. Schueb has produced many books and most recently *Trickster and Hero: Two Characters in the Oral and Written Traditions of the World* (2013).

## WE'VE HEARD FROM YOU

Alan Olson. In 2012, our good friend Jeeb Rwomushana, H.M. of Alliance Secondary School, Ibanda, Uganda, came to visit us for four weeks in Carroll Valley, PA. We showed him around Gettysburg, near where we lived, toured Washington D.C. several days, and showed him a bit of American culture with a special Thanksgiving dinner in April with all the fixings, inviting several friends with international interest. All around a great experience.

In talking with Jeeb this week, he indicated that he has received clearance to start the Ibanda University, to begin accepting students next May.

Ron Hinkle. I wonder if asking former TEA and TEEA members to write about the single most important life changing impact of their African teaching experience would be fun and useful. In my case it would be easy. I met my future wife Margaret Polga there and our first child was born there when I returned two years later as a Peace Corps staffer.  
Rod Hinkle TEA 1C

Ted Essebaggers. Thanks for a great TEA meeting and reunion. It was well arranged and the venue was terrific. Too bad about all the rain, eh! Afterward, we got to the Grand Canyon, Tucson, Wichita, Chicago and Muskegon, Michigan (the Essebaggers' hometown).

We are both fine, Ted soon in his third year of retirement. Maja will never retire! She has had regular assignments at our local high school helping with supervision of examinations; she has also been productive with her crafts and had stands at several markets during the year. Much of our time has gone to the grandchildren who occasionally stay with us and join us for a few days during the holidays at the summer place. Ted still sings in his choir, enjoys his fly fishing and photography.

Our weather has been unusually mild, wet and windy this December. Quite strange. No snow here in Oslo, though we did have some earlier in November, but it is all melted. Best regards, Ted and Maja

Kay (Strain King) Borkowski. After 8 1/2 years in Ajijic, Jalisco, Mexico, we had our first burglary! Danny was in Dallas helping his mom with her finances and Kay (and the dog Missy) were in Ajijic. Kay had gone to friends for dinner and came back about 8:45 PM to a ransacked house. Gone were 12 place settings of very good stainless steel cutlery, but not the knives, from the kitchen drawer (Kay would have NEVER thought of that!) and anything in any container resembling a jewelry box – whether real or costume. We will be reinforcing our security!

During the year, we were able to take what was supposed to be our "trip of a lifetime" by combining an eastern Mediterranean cruise that included not only Israel but also a stop in our old haunt, Larnaca, Cyprus, with a Kenya safari and visiting Kay's good Kenyan friends, the Challoners. We were very pleased that Kay's high school



friend Tine Pedersen Orr and her husband Gil, who also lived in Kenya and know the Challoners, could join in. Although the trip was marred by many unplanned expenses incurred by the cruise changing its itinerary, we all had an interesting time!

Mike Rainy. On Baring Biscuits. I once met an English food technology expert who worked for a Swiss friend in the Food Technology Department at the University of Nairobi. We were rained in for a couple days in a small tent, I think on Mt. Nyiru [in northern Kenya]. So we were running out of topics when I asked, "So what did you do your Ph.D. thesis on?" "The Breaking Strength of Tea Biscuits," he replied. Turns out that the crunch of a tea biscuit at first bite is as crucial to sales as the sound of a closing door is to sales of a good auto. How did you manage to kick the Baring Biscuit habit after East Africa?

Malcolm Maries, on November 16. The typhoon hit well south of us in the central Philippines, an area of smaller low islands. Hence, the terrible devastation. Here, we had one night of really high winds, which rearranged our veranda furniture, but far less rain than we've experienced with lesser storms. We were very fortunate, unlike the thousands who perished, were injured or have probably been forced back into poverty. Malcolm & Joy

Brooks Goddard on October 1, concerning TEA 4B. I refound Charlie Guthrie. He's in the Peace Corps in Rwanda and should be home within 6 weeks. He retired from the University of Indianapolis in 2010, wanted to start a school in Liberia, and then went to Rwanda in 2011. So Charlie has now served his country in 3 ways: US-AID/TEA in Tanzania, US Army in Vietnam, PC in Rwanda. What a guy!

Now I'm trying to find Jason Clark, Carole Parsons, and Gwen Southard. A free TEAA T-shirt for information leading to a discovery.

Bill Hatcher. Dear TEAAers, Kim and I had a wonderful (and adventurous!) time meeting all of you in Estes Park. We were certainly impressed with the projects you've sponsored in East Africa and the relationships you've deepened over time. We were so grateful to be part of your reunion at the YMCA.

I apologize for failing to bring along enough copies of my book, *The Marble Room*, which tells the story of how I was profoundly transformed as a Peace Corps Volunteer in Tanzania, '94-'96. If you're interested in getting a copy, just let me know via email and I'll be happy to send one. \$22.00 covers shipping and handling. If you have a PayPal account, you can go to my website ([www.billhatcherbooks.com](http://www.billhatcherbooks.com)) and order one there. Let me know if you'd like an autographed copy. The book is also available at Amazon, Barnes and Noble, and Lantern Books, though without an autograph.

Again, we really enjoyed being included in your reunion. In some way, we hope to become part of TEAA in the future. Bill Hatcher and Kim Smoyer

Mary Hines, on the subject of finding younger people to continue the TEAA mission. The subject came up a lot, I thought, but in my last group on Thursday [at the reunion] we concluded, and I'm pretty sure it was a definite consensus, that if there were a population of youthful enthusiasts we would know them by now. That the "children" of

the TEAers have not shown interest in our activities these last 12 years or so is a significant message.

Ed Schmidt, on November 22. Fifty years ago today I had dinner on the Kakamega School compound with my next door neighbors, Judith and Henry Hamburger, at their home. Later that evening, I came home and learned on the radio, in Swahili, that President Kennedy had been killed.

Jim (and Joan) Landewe, TEEA 1967-69, Mwanza and Perimiho, Tanzania. Both of us are retired high school teachers living in the same home in Springfield, Missouri, for over 40 years, from which our six children have left and scattered with our six grandkids and one on the way. Joan is active in our church choir, yoga and learning to play the harp when she has time from her teaching at the GED program downtown.

I am volunteering in a variety of useful groups. My favorite, Personal Energy Transportation (PET). We build hand-cranked, 3-wheeled carts for folks who cannot use their legs and send them to NGOs in over 90 developing countries. To learn more about PETs, see <[www.giftofmobility.org](http://www.giftofmobility.org)>. A \$250 donation provides materials for one PET and places a plaque on the PET acknowledging the donor.

Charlie Guthrie, 4B, has just returned from a stint in the Peace Corps in Rwanda. Says he's too busy to write about it just now. We'll keep our fingers crossed for the next issue.

Gloria Lindsey Alibaruho. Brooks, I have been on the Uganda-Kenya border monitoring a human rights project for Samia women for the Institute of Social Transformation, an organization founded by Dr. Thelma Awori. She is a Liberian who married a Ugandan and came to Uganda during your time or the end of your time in the region. Look it up on the Internet sometime. Best, Gloria, from Munyonyo, Kampala

Brooks Goddard. Dear TEAers, We are history; that is, we possess some history that others may not have. We have photographs, slides, books, and artifacts. We have memories waiting for realization. What's in your wallet?

I just went through my slides from 1964-1967 again. I have used [ScanCafe.com](http://ScanCafe.com) with great success to convert the slides to digital images; they arrive online and on a DVD. Then I sent digital copies to the relevant people who were amazed and appreciative. Want to see yourself at Murchison Falls, Wandageya, Mt. Lonognot, facing Mt. Kenya, on the Mwanza ferry, House of Wonders in Stone Town, or with that little lovely at the Gardenia? You also must have archival material for days of independence and national events, to say nothing of those schools we all taught at, schools that have little record of their own history. I just sent a photo of Aggrey House at Kagumo School in 1966, and Theuri is sending it all around to his former schoolmates. Henry Hamburger took documents back to Kakamega HS earlier this year. You have the goods!

Barry Sesnan, in late July. Well, 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 the 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 Kenya 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 kidnapers. I myself have thus become the risk factor. Barry

Two emails from Bob Gurney, the first sent to many TEAA friends: We'll meet today, Thursday, 31 October, at 12:00 p.m. Museum Tavern (opposite the main entrance to The British Museum) confirmed just now by Bill. Sorry about the short notice but I have only just organised it this morning. It's still a bit up on the air. The African American TEA poet Will [Bill] Jones is in London today. I am hoping he will agree to have lunch in The Museum Tavern at about 12. He and his wife are on their way to West Africa. Bill was a bit before us but over the years I have read some of his work, probably starting while at Makerere. Drop in for a pint if you are around. Cheers, Bob

And afterward, this email: Great Guinness, great fish and chips and, above all, great company! It was terrific to hear Will recite his poetry from memory. Great characters' names came up, Jay Jordan, Moses, Clarence, Brooks, Mike, etc, etc. Cheers, Bob

Ed Rubin. Hi Lee, What a pleasure to wake up this morning and read your e-mail. I had almost forgotten the exciting adventures we had together in Uganda and on the road in the rest of East Africa. Thanks for informing everyone that I am alive and well and thinking about them. At the present time, I have set up an art gallery in my rented cottage with my sister BeA Haverbusch's Oil paintings. There are at least several hundred oil paintings. I have a website, <[www.treetopart.com](http://www.treetopart.com)>. I am now back on my feet so to speak and wish to continue on with my life. I was so sorry to hear of Carl Manone's passing. I do remember all the wonderful adventures we had in East Africa. I look forward to hearing from you & any of the other TEEA members. All the best, Ed

Don and Maureen Knies. 2013 has been an unusual year--for the first time we didn't go to the US, east or west. Two years ago we went to both sides, Virginia and California. So in 2013 we decided to save some money and cut back on travelling. Also Mo had some medical problems and it wasn't a good time for long distance safaris.

Note from Maureen---After two years of misdiagnosis I was suddenly fast-tracked for further tests and found to have bowel cancer. A 15 day hospitalization with fantastic care had positive results since the cancer had not spread. I declined chemo after expert oncology advice and will be having three monthly scans and blood tests.

Don adds---Those Americans who hate and fear socialized medicine should check out our experience with the National Health Service. The surgeon and his team and the nurses were absolutely brilliant and couldn't have been more skillful and considerate. They kept us informed every step of the way, the surgeon even personally calling Mo at home to see how she was doing.

So what do I say about the rest of this mostly uneventful year? We spent a lot of time indoors keeping warm and dry in what is really a ridiculous climate. I can understand why so many Brits over the years have emigrated to sunnier, more predictable parts of the world. Blue skies and consistent sunshine do make a difference to one's sense of well being, just as grey skies and interminable rain in Old Blighty can result in lethargy and depression. But I realize that everywhere has its problems. From our trans-Atlantic perch it sounds like some Americans are determined to tear their country apart. They seem to have lost the skill for compromise, and this is a major factor in making democracy possible. Without compromise there is just chaos and paralysis and even civil war. Maybe this soggy little island with its confused and ineffectual government is not the worst place to be. So regardless of all the frustration we make the best of it. And look on the bright side--the beer and music are still good and rural Dorset remains beautiful countryside. And Mo's garden continues to flourish.

Our big news for 2014 is a planned trip to California for 2 months next summer, June 20 to August 20. We want to see all our friends in Modesto and the Bay Area, and may go north to Oregon and south to Santa Barbara and San Diego. This will probably be our last West Coast junket. I know I've said this before but this time, considering costs and our aging condition, I really mean it. So all you good people in CA be warned and ready for a final party. And don't forget that my Golden Hamburger Award for the best rare burger is still open. Anyone can enter, the entry fee is just a nice fat burger and the prize is indescribable.

So it just remains to wish you all the best for 2014--keep smiling and keep well.  
Love, Don and Maureen

## OBITUARIES

R. Freeman (Jay) Butts, on March 19, 2010 at 99. Jay Butts was TEA (USA) Program Director. Jay spent the last years of his life in a retirement community in California. During the early days of TEAA, he communicated with the newsletter editor, including expressing his desire to attend at least one of the early reunions. His doctor said no. Through an oversight his passing was apparently not mentioned in a newsletter at the time. Jay's professional life is described in an obituary in the March 23, 2010 issue of *TC People*, <<http://www.tc.columbia.edu/news.htm?articleID=7394>>. Jay's son Steve has been on the TEAA mailing list for a number of years, and during the last years of Jay's life, Steve read to him from the newsletters. Steve can be reached at <[sjbutts@sbcglobal.net](mailto:sjbutts@sbcglobal.net)>.

Roy Knoop, Morogoro TC, Morogoro, T (TEEA4) on July 10, 2010. Mary Ellen Knoop can be reached at 4712 71st Street Ct NW, Gig Harbor, WA 98335, 253-851-8615.

Robert (Bob) Taylor, King's College, Budo, outside Kampala U (2A), in late October, 2013. After his time in TEA Bob became a digital pioneer and founded the Computing in Education Program at Teachers' College in 1976 -- one of the first such graduate programs in the world. Over the years, he worked with numerous public and private schools and educational organizations, including the Baghdad office of the United Nations and the ministries of education in Tunisia, Poland and the former Czechoslovakia.

Bob sang with a local orchestra during his years in Africa and subsequently performed on more than 100 occasions in locations ranging from Kampala, Uganda to Bratislava, Slovakia. His specialties were liturgical music and opera. Bob was also an accomplished artist, and many of his sketches are on display in TC's Office of Academic Computing Services. [Information gleaned from an obituary in *TC People*, a Teachers' College publication.]

Bob's wife Judy can be reached at 106 Morningside Drive, #52, New York, NY 10027.

## DIRECTORY UPDATE

### NEW ENTRIES

Bill Hatcher <[Billhatcher1965@yahoo.com](mailto:Billhatcher1965@yahoo.com)>, (former PCV in EA, presenter at 2013 reunion, and author), <[www.billhatcherbooks.com](http://www.billhatcherbooks.com)>

Bill Powell, 59803 Cascadel Dr., North Fork, CA 93643, 559-877-7879, <[bpowell@religion.ucsb.edu](mailto:bpowell@religion.ucsb.edu)>, Kahororo SS, Bukoba T (2? (62-65))

Dan and Millie Schultz, 14 East St., Skaneateles, NY 13152, 315-685-7079, <[schultz@cayuga-cc.edu](mailto:schultz@cayuga-cc.edu)>, school in/near Iringa T (3?)

### CHANGES TO EXISTING ENTRIES

Sam Bell. New email: <[sbell@penningtonlaw.com](mailto:sbell@penningtonlaw.com)>

Ann Biersteker. New data: 11772 Maryellen Dr., Eaton Rapids, MI 48827, 203-507-6811, <[bierstek@msu.edu](mailto:bierstek@msu.edu)> (daughter of Joe and Betty Biersteker (TEEA6). Ann is the assistant director of the African Studies Center at MSU.

Sonia (Hylton) Bivens. Email: Use :<[Hylton5@comcast.net](mailto:Hylton5@comcast.net)>. No longer in use:<[sonia.bivens@uncf.org](mailto:sonia.bivens@uncf.org)>

Dan Callard. Email: <[d.callard@yahoo.com](mailto:d.callard@yahoo.com)>

Betty (Elizabeth Bowe) Castor. New phone: (mobile) 813-833-8206

Ellen Dudley. New address: 13 Table Mountain Ct, Dubois, WY 82513

Alan V. and Zosia Durrant. New email: <[avzdurra@fsmail.net](mailto:avzdurra@fsmail.net)>

Charles Guthrie. New data: (cell) 317-473-4092, <[charliecguthrie@gmail.com](mailto:charliecguthrie@gmail.com)>

Charles Kozoll. New email: <[c-kozoll@illinois.edu](mailto:c-kozoll@illinois.edu)>

Kathleen Lyons. Current data: 93 St. Rte. 50, Glorieta, NM 87535, 505/757-2838, <[foursimba@gmail.com](mailto:foursimba@gmail.com)>

Roger and Barbara Myers. New address: 3400 SE Aster Ln, Apt 132, Stuart, FL 34994-5710

David and Catharine Newbury. New address and phone: 57 Sugar House Lane, East Thetford, VT 05043, 802-785-3136

Ralph (and Carol) Rheinheimer. New emails: Ralph: <[rheiny8@gmail.com](mailto:rheiny8@gmail.com)>, Carol: <[crsr2@zoominternet.net](mailto:crsr2@zoominternet.net)>

Edward and Valerie Rubin. New data: PO Box 1523, Millbrook, NY 12545, 845-605-1211, <[edrubin1932@gmail.com](mailto:edrubin1932@gmail.com)>

Edith Ruby. ZIP code is 98108, (not 98103)

Frank E. Smith. New data: POBox 671, Mahone Bay, Nova Scotia. B0J 2E0 Canada, 902-531- 2064, <[cyberfrankee@gmail.com](mailto:cyberfrankee@gmail.com)>

William Streets. New data: The Kempton at Brightmore, 2298 S. 41st Street #307, Wilmington, NC 28403, (910) 798-2273

Anne Womeldorf. New email: <[adwomeldorf@speakeasy.net](mailto:adwomeldorf@speakeasy.net)>