

## **TEAA (Teachers for East Africa Alumni) Newsletter No. 35, July 2016.**

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### **Directory Update**

**Editor's note**, Ed Schmidt

Thanks in large part to fund-raising efforts by Brooks Goddard, the \$300 deficit in the newsletter account has been eliminated and we are in good shape for this issue. Thanks to everyone who made a donation to the newsletter.

Costs for each issue run about \$150 for printing, envelopes, and postage for members who do not use email. If you missed out on this round and would like to support the newsletter, you can send a check made out to me (not TEAA) at the address below.

Please send any changes to your contact information and/or items for the newsletter to Ed Schmidt, 7307 Lindbergh Dr., St. Louis, MO 63117, USA, 314-647-1608, <[eschmidt1@sbcglobal.net](mailto:eschmidt1@sbcglobal.net)>.

Very little material for the newsletter was sent for this newsletter, so I had to rely on material from earlier submissions, which was fine. However, success of future newsletters depends on you, our members, sending me your writings.

In this issue are two pieces by TEEA "kids." You will recall that TEEA tutors, those who taught in teacher training colleges, tended to be older than TEA recruits and went to East Africa with their families. Some of those young family members' lives were profoundly impacted by their East Africa experience.

Also in this issue are a few pieces dealing with snakes. A careful reading will tell you why!

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

Dear fellow TEAArs,

We live in tumultuous times, and we go forward with hope if caution. But we must go forward. As conscious as we are about conditions here in the USA or UK, we must acknowledge that they are no less so elsewhere: egopolitics in Uganda, police brutality in Kenya, poverty in Tanzania. To say nothing of South Sudan, Mali, and Zimbabwe.

TEAA in fact and in spirit acts as a positive if modest agent in progressive living. We have kept a flame burning since 1961 and seek to sustain the force in 2017 in Detroit. Mary Ryan Taras is putting together a fine program. She also seeks your help in planning seminars, completing designated logistical works, and brainstorming our final session on day 4. You can contact her in Birmingham, MI at <mrтарас@earthlink.net>, 248-390-9565 or 248-647-0753.

My own sense is that Mary is looking at the end of August, 2017, sometime. If we do not coincide with The Wright Museum African World Festival, we shall be close. For information about this festival go to <<https://www.everfest.com/e/the-wright-museum-african-world-festival-detroit-mi>>. Our own African Festival of Boston will be held this year on July 24 on City Hall Plaza.

I have been reading in area elementary schools for about 20 years, and my agenda has not changed: walk to school and learn about Africa. I regret to say that the first point is just as much of an uphill fight as the second. I generally read picture books (grades 1-3), and excellent suggestions can be found at <<http://africaaccessreview.org/>>. For older students (grades 4-5) I usually start by asking how many different languages are represented in the room as a jumping off spot for differences and similarities in their world before leaping into a map of the continent. I start with the two obvious countries, Egypt and South Africa; then go to Ghana (usually studied in elementary) and Kenya (where I lived). Contiguous countries next and so on. I'd love to get into area studies in high schools, but find that department heads are just not progressive enough. Talk about "going forward!"

For books I am reading *Homegoing* by Yaa Gyasi and have just ordered two sets of contemporary African poetry edited by my man Chris Abani: <<http://www.akashicbooks.com/catalog/eight-new-generation-african-poets-a-chapbook-box-set/>>. I have already written to many of you about the Joan Schieber-inspired connection to Archipelago Press. I have started a book by RPCV Bill Miles called *My African Horse Problem*. Which brings me to my personal best read this year, although unrelated to TEAA, is *The Sport of Kings* by C. E. Morgan, ostensibly about horse rearing in Kentucky.

Ya kuonana, Brooks

**Our Website**, Henry Hamburger

**TEAA** has been present on the web for 15 years. It's all reachable by clicking **[TEAA](#)**. **New photos** appear on What's Hot, thanks to our East African friends and there are old photos of arrival and departure in the 60s, thanks to our TEAA colleagues. Each has a story. To see, click **[What's Hot](#)**.

**Stories abound.** There are 143 of them in the TEAA [Story Project](#). Stories -- old and new -- also abound in the 34 earlier [Newsletters](#).

Be part of this. For assistance, contact me at [henryjh@comcast.net](mailto:henryjh@comcast.net)

### **TEAA UK reunions -- March report and Upcoming in August** , Bob Gurney

It was great to see Dave Marshall again looking fitter than ever after some fairly drastic surgery, which he showed us. Clive Mann was there, in fine fettle as usual, and looking very spruce. Brian Van Arkadie was in great form having walked half way across London, a feat he repeated after the reunion when he walked to Paddington. Dave Smith was in terrific form, fresh from the depths of Ecuador. I was there too trying to hear what was going on. No one was interested in seeing the massive scar I have from a burst appendix operation in Kampala back in 66.

The acoustics would normally have been good -- the ceilings are incredibly high (it was once a bank) -- but for the fact that a small army of young ladies were having some sort of banquet on an upper level. The noise was distracting, like having a drinks party in a parrot house.

Thinking ahead to summer, I had a look into The Black Friar on my way to The Knights Templar. It is terrific inside but Dave is right, the outside area is on the pavement right next to a very busy road. I mentioned El Vino's, formerly a journalists' pub, as a possible venue for the TEA UK Summer Reunion, at which greater numbers are expected, but it went down like a lead balloon.

**The next TEAA Reunion (London).** 11.00 am-1.00 pm (finishing time flexible as always) on Wednesday, 10 August, in The George Inn in Southwark, near Brough Market, "an authentic 17th-century coaching inn and pub with oak beams and large courtyard seating area", address: The George Inn Yard, 77 Borough High St, Southwark, London SE1 1NH.

Inside if raining. In the courtyard if sunny. The pilgrims in Geoffrey Chaucer's *The Canterbury Tales* began their pilgrimage from The George.

Contact: Bob Gurney <[bob@verpress.com](mailto:bob@verpress.com)>

### **Letters from East African Head Teachers and Principals.**

**Maxwell Engola**, head teacher at Leo Atubo College near Lira, Uganda, on May 31. [Maxwell recently took a year off as head teacher to do a graduate course in counseling at a university in Kampala.]

Hello! Greetings to you. Hope you are all well. I've been caught up in making reports and meeting my Directors and the Board to update them on how the school has been this term. You know how hectic it is, but all has gone well.

As usual, stressful of course, each day with its new challenge. Now the challenge of drug [opium] abuse is a new phenomena. It sounds too new to my Directors and the way they want it handled is what stresses me most. To have them dismissed forthwith, which to me causes more harm than the drug itself since some of them end up dropping out and in the drug for the rest of their lifetime. It will take them some time to understand that these youth need more of counseling than dismissal. This generation has really gone crazy.

My regards to all members of TEAA. Maxwell

**Okunya Milton** in mid-July. [Okunya is a longtime TEAA-funded principal at multiple schools in southwestern Kenya. Once again, there are troubles in Kenyan schools, but, as always, Okunya takes the high road. -- Henry]

"Friends, our winter is here, cold but dusty. This week our students began their mid-year trial exams. Fires continue razing dormitories in schools across the country and our officers are proposing desperate steps. Thank God, so far our school has been safe. We are doing a lot of talking to our students to avoid any ugly incidents. I keep my ears to the ground as well. The teaching job in Kenya is becoming more and more unattractive but we are pursuing our call to humanity. This keeps us going and we are hopeful that posterity will remember us favourably for standing when things looked bad and demoralizing.

"Tomorrow I am speaking at my old school, Mukuyu, during the school's Speech and Awards Day. I am grateful to the administration of that school for this recognition and honour. I have attached my proposed speech for your comments. I am sorry it could not hit the 1000 words I had wanted it to be. Once again thanks for being there for me. Regards OKUNYA"

The text for that speech is a 995-word document recounting his memories of those who nurtured him at Mukuyu, a school we repeatedly funded. It then turns to an extended metaphorical riff on bone types, including jawbones that only talk and backbones that get things done. [You can read more about the recent wave of arson at schools in Kenya on the web. One article from the BBC is at <http://www.bbc.com/news/world-africa-36651683>.]

**Ombeni Ndosi**, head teacher at Nkoaranga Secondary School, Usa River, Tz

Dear Henry and your team, Thank you for your continuing support of Nkoaranga Secondary School. We have received the funds you sent to us for laboratory equipment and science books. On behalf of Nkoaranga secondary school I say thank you for your help. We bought all the laboratory equipment and science books as we agreed before you sent the funds. I communicate with Mrs Margaret Mbise [school founder and former head] and she came to the school and saw the new books and electrical equipment. My promise to you is to enable students to make use of this to keep them in a good condition for the future use of science books and laboratory equipment.

We have a new project at the school. I have raised some funds from my local friends and in surrounding community and started fencing the school area by a fancy blocked wall. This is to ensure the security of the school and its properties. We have done almost half of the work.

Another good news is about the national examination results for last year. We have improved, and we got the best results ever. For form 2 students, most of them scored well in first class, second class and few in third class. No one failed the examination. In form 4 the school also showed improvement, whereby most students scored in second class and third class. Most of them will join high school and colleges for further studies. This improvement is catalyzed by your effort of helping the students by books and other learning material. We expect this year they will do much better.

Dear Henry and your team TEAA, WE THANK YOU FOR ALL. I attach the receipts for fund, and photos for newly bought materials. Best regards, Ndosì [Photos are on the TEAA website, <<http://www.tea-a.org/>>.]

**Transformation and Continuity in Tanzanian Teacher Education**, Professor Frances Vavrus. Notes from the keynote address at the Minneapolis reunion.

Fran Vavrus's experience in East Africa goes back at least to the early 1990s when she spent time in Tanzania as a Swahili student. In 1993 and 1996, she was a secondary school teacher in the Moshi area. From 2000 to 2012 she was engaged in a longitudinal research study on post-primary school trajectories of 2000 Std. 7 cohort in Moshi Rural District. In 2006- 2007, Fran was a Fulbright Lecturer/Researcher at Mwenge Catholic University, MWECAU in Tanzania.

On her department's faculty page, Fran writes: "My research and teaching are in the fields of comparative and international education and international development, and my principal interest lies in exploring how schooling is situated in these fields as a solution to a host of complex development problems."

She is author and editor with Lesley Bartlett of *Teaching in Tension: International Pedagogies, National Policies, and Teachers' Practices in Tanzania*.

In her talk at the reunion she presented the following definition:

Pedagogy: "The act of teaching and its contingent theories and debates about...the character of culture and society, the purposes of education, the nature of childhood and learning and the structure of knowledge" (Alexander, Robin 2001, p. 513) "Border Crossings: Toward a Comparative Pedagogy." *Comparative Education* 37(4).

- How do teachers and teacher educators from different countries define a good teacher?
- How do they understand appropriate inter-generational relations?
- How do they conceptualize knowledge itself?

The first part of Fran's talk, which she called Project #1, was titled Teaching and Teacher Education in East Africa (~1941-1971). Presented here are quotes from documents from that era.

The Job of Teachers is Revolution: "You teachers can help us in this revolution, and this is why instead of being only teachers of youth you also have to be teachers of the nation....If there is going to be a revolution in education, it has all got to be in your hands." – President Julius Nyerere, *1969 address to teachers*, Dar es Salaam

Qualities of Ideal TEA Teacher: "Probably the most important aspect of character to be sought in candidates is stick-to-it-iveness. They should have a strong need to achieve closure in whatever they undertake ....They would tend to welcome some problems and tolerate others, but would rarely despair of resolving them. They would be stable and reliable members of any teaching staff." --*On Screening Candidates for TEA, 1963*

Qualities of Ideal TEA Teacher: "People, who by Western standards are ordinary and normal, would not do well in the schools in East Africa. For here, the standards are themselves combinations of seemingly antithetical rules, norms, procedures, and objectives, which are emerging as East African countries emerge out of a colonial era." --*On Screening Candidates for TEA, 1963*

Comparative Pedagogies: “The tutors [TEA teachers] frequently referred to the ‘entrenched British system’ that they found in the colleges and their comments implied that the greatest opposition to their educational ideas came from expat colleagues and administrators who represented that system.” --*USAID evaluation, 1972*

Comparative Pedagogies: “In interviews with [TEA] teachers...by far the majority felt that the training was directed toward rote memorization rather than conceptualization ... most teachers felt they would rather teach for conceptualization. However, a large number of them found that their students had one main motivation in school: Pass the examination.” --*Tentative Suggestions for Choosing a Teacher for Overseas Work, 1963*

Comparative Pedagogies: “Teachers in East Africa are expected to help pupils memorize facts to pass the Cambridge Examination. Only in English and maths is it necessary to teach them to think and understand. Essential teaching guides: feed pupils a steady diet of a simplified version of lecture notes (by actually putting this version on the blackboard!)...” --*On Orientation for T.E.A. Teachers, 1964*

President Nyerere and the Education ‘Revolution:’ “It would thus be a gross misinterpretation of our needs to suggest that the educational system should be designed to teach robots, which work hard but never question what the leaders...are doing...The education provided must therefore encourage the development in each citizen of three things: an enquiring mind; an ability to learn from what others do and reject or adapt it to his own needs; and a basic confidence in his own position as a free and equal member of the society...” --*Education for Self-Reliance, 1967*

The *Education for Self-Reliance Policy* of 1967 stated the following goals:

- 1 – Nationalization of schools and quotas to attain greater regional/ethnic and gender balance
- 2 – Goal of universal primary education but very restricted secondary education
- 3 – Swahili as medium in primary schools but English remained at secondary/ tertiary levels
- 4 – ‘Africanization’ of curriculum
- 5 – Goal of promoting active, hands-on learning and critical thinking, and downgrading of importance of exams

[In the next newsletter we will look at Project #2: Teaching and Teacher Education in Tanzania (~2000-present). What changes have occurred? “In 1961 in Tanzania, there were 525,000 children enrolled in primary school and 16,700 in secondary. There were 9100 Tanzanian teachers. By 2010, the numbers had grown to 8,420,000 primary students, 1,640,000 in secondary, and 221,600 teachers. By 2015, approximately 90% of primary school-aged children are in school with gender equality at the national level, and about 30% of secondary school-aged youth are in school with a much lower % for Forms 5 and 6.”]

### **A TEEA Kid Then, a Missionary in Russia Now**, by Paul Glauser

I was in high school when my parents, Alfred and Betty Glauser, took my sibs and me to Uganda on a TEEA assignment in 1967. We spent a year at St. Aloysius

TTC in Ngora, Teso Province, and the next year at Ggaaba TTC near Kampala. My brother and I did two years of high school at home through the University of Nebraska Extension Service. Anybody else go that route?

Following a career in city planning in the U.S., I retired with my wife in 2014 and began a 23-month volunteer assignment for our church in Russia. Most of our time here, we have been based in Veliky Novgorod, a city of 220,000 located between Russia's two behemoths, St. Petersburg and Moscow. Before there was a Moscow or a St. Petersburg, there was a Veliky Novgorod; the city dates back more than 1,150 years and today is one of Europe's leading centers for medieval archaeology. Our particular assignments have been twofold:

The first has been to introduce in parts of Russia and the neighboring Baltic republics a curriculum to encourage greater self-reliance among our church members and other interested people. (See [srs.lds.org](http://srs.lds.org); curriculum is also being used throughout Africa.) This work has been immensely rewarding and has involved considerable travel -- from Latvia on the Baltic Sea to Sakhalin Island on the Sea of Japan.

Our second area of responsibility has been to organize humanitarian projects in partnership with Russian relief and social service agencies (e.g., Red Cross, hospitals, orphanages, schools, rehabilitation clinics). We have become acquainted with many fine people dedicated to improving the lot of society's disadvantaged.

This hasn't been the most comfortable time to be an American in Russia. But we have been received well and treated well. We have been reminded again and again that there are at least two sides to every question. Some arguments may have more merit than others, but there is nearly always *some* merit to every side's point of view.

Paul Glauser. Home: Draper, Utah. Full-Time Missionary. Self-Reliance Services/PEF–Russia. [Paul and his wife's two-year tour in Russia ended this month.] [apglauser@gmail.com](mailto:apglauser@gmail.com)

### **Seeds of a Career Planted at Age 12**, by Vicki Carstens

[Vicki Carstens is the daughter of Harold and Virginia Carstens. Harold was part of the third wave of TEEA in 1966. The following article first appeared April 22, 2016, on the Official LINGUIST List Blog, <<http://blog.linguistlist.org/fund-drive/featured-linguist-vicki-carstens/>>]

My interest in linguistics began at the age of 12 when my father, a high school band director, signed up for a two-year contract with a branch of AID called Teacher Education in East Africa. During a six-week summer orientation program at Columbia University, adults and children alike took Swahili classes. I still have a whimsical diploma from completing that course, signed by the youthful Sharifa Zawawi, who went on to write a number of books on the language including what was for many years the most widely used Swahili text in the US.

My dad was assigned to work at a teacher training college near the town of Nyeri, about 100 miles from Nairobi. We loved the time we spent there for many reasons. It led to lasting friendships with Kenyans and expatriates from far-flung countries. During the holidays we traveled all over East Africa, tenting in the vast park systems surrounded by teeming wildlife, and snorkeling the gorgeous coral reefs.

My brother and I experienced the novelty of British style schools with their uniforms and prefects. Swahili was an option alongside of French and Latin at Kenya

High School. I had fallen in love with it so I was glad I could continue to study. African writers like Ngugi wa Thiongo and Chinua Achebe opened new worlds to me. Because this was soon after independence, there was a wonderfully optimistic vibe in the country. On the other hand, lingering inequities and prejudices of the colonial period were a vivid part of daily life; this gave me an awareness and interest in world affairs and social justice that animated my experiences and perceptions forever after.

Our Long Island home seemed very dull to me when we got back. I was a bit lost through junior high, high school, and especially early college. At last I took a year off and returned to Kenya to teach English and other subjects as a volunteer in rural schools. Though initially apprehensive about whether I would connect with the place again, I had an immensely gratifying and stimulating experience. My interest in Swahili rekindled. While settlers and expatriates spoke a pidgin sometimes called kitchen Swahili, I resolved to learn Kiswahili Sanifu, the grammatically exacting variety of native speakers. I traveled around with a group of Swahili vacationers my own age on the island of Lamu, sleeping on rooftops, attending the Maulid festival, studying the noun class system in my grammar book, enjoying and trying to learn to make the wonderful coastal curries of fresh seafood and coconut milk.

When the year was over I realized that if I didn't find a way to pursue my arcane interests I would never make it through a college degree. After some research I became one of three undergraduates in the University of Wisconsin-Madison's Department of African Languages and Literature. What a relief to do college coursework in Swahili, Kikuyu, African literature, and in African oral narratives with the great Harold Schoeb! But right at the end, I also took a course in English transformational grammar that blew my mind completely. Could this really be how language worked, and I had been oblivious all this time? Could you write a transformational syntax for Swahili?

I left for Kenya after completing my BA and found a job teaching in an international school near Nakuru, overlooking the great Rift Valley. During this three-year stint I kept working at my Swahili. I also learned to scuba dive and worked as a volunteer counter of the waterbuck population in beautiful Lake Nakuru game park. Our school had an abundance of snakes and other reptiles which my partner and I took to collecting and housing. I loved the children I taught, who came from all over the world. It was exactly the experience I wanted at the time, but I knew that my next big step would be a graduate program in theoretical linguistics.

In 1983 I began my MA/PhD study at UCLA. After my first graduate level syntax courses with the incomparable Tim Stowell, I took a summer intensive Yoruba language course. The combination yielded a near-psychedelic summer learning experience. So much syntactic movement! Special pronouns for coreference! Why the funny particles near Infl in adjunct wh-questions? Didn't this connect with work of Lasnik & Saito and Jim Huang on the ECP [empty category principle]? I was hooked completely and wrote an MA thesis on Yoruba adjunct ECP effects. But after a few years I returned to my Bantuist roots, doing my 1991 dissertation on Swahili noun phrases and embarking on a series of attempts to give agreement theory the right combination of flexibility and constraints to accommodate Bantu, Romance, and English-type patterns. It was a goal which I didn't feel I met until two publications in 2010 and 2011 freed me of it at last.

In recent years I have shifted into researching the syntax of Nguni languages. [Nguni languages are spoken in Southern Africa, mostly in South Africa, Swaziland, and Zimbabwe, and include Xhosa, Zulu, Swati, Hlubi, Phuthi and Ndebele. -- Ed.] While at the University of Missouri I made a connection with Loyiso Mletshe of University of the Western Cape under the auspices of a wonderful sister school program between those two institutions, and this led me to connect with Jochen Zeller of University of Kwa Zulu Natal. My trips to Cape Town and Durban for field work have been highly rewarding, productive, and scenic, introducing me to a different part of the wonderful African continent.

East Africa is pulling me back now, through a collaborative NSF grant for Luyia documentation spearheaded by Michael Marlo, and through a Maasai word order project that grew out of a Field Methods course at MU. Here I am with my undergraduate research group in Lawrence Kansas to give talks at the 2014 Annual Conference on African Linguistics. [Editor's note: Photos are available at <<http://blog.linguistlist.org/fund-drive/featured-linguist-vicki-carstens/>>.]

At Southern Illinois University Carbondale where I am currently chair of the Linguistics Department, I am working on a Senufo variety called Nafara with another group of Field Methods students. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BReOhxfgEe4> I hope to continue this Nafara project in summer 2016 while teaching at the African Linguistics Summer School in Abidjan. <https://sites.google.com/site/africanlingschool/> I feel very fortunate to have a professional life that I love so much.

### **Postscript to *On Volunteering*, by Henry Hamburger**

Three Newsletters ago I wrote [On Volunteering](#) - partly about talented supervisors and finding or creating the right niche for one's skills, but also about my own struggles to make the organizational glove fit the hand that is mine to offer.

I'm now in my seventh year at College Bound and still available three nights a week as the main math tutor for anyone who chooses to avail themselves. CB serves predominantly Washington, DC, African-American high school students, providing not only individual mentors, but also a wide range of other supports that help students to high school graduation (100% this year), into college (100% this year), and beyond.

I am getting to be part of the "beyond" this summer with a weekly gig for two hours with two graduates of the program who are now college students, one needing algebra remediation, the other on track for an A in calculus, both of them simply delightful young women who are a pleasure to work with.

What this suggests -- and it's true -- is that CB students not only graduate and begin college, but the program and its executive director are committed, via a relatively new extension into "virtual mentoring," to maintain through college some of the same kinds of academic and emotional support that have been so successful in high school. This year 96% of CB's mentored frosh will return as sophomores.

College Bound really doesn't miss any opportunities. Last night they brought together the organization's 2016 high school graduates with some of the earlier graduates who are now in college to share the latter group's hard-earned insights. One of those earlier graduates was my algebra tutee and guess what she advised them!

And so, to quote myself from that earlier Newsletter, "be doing something you're good at, like to do and think is important; have a talented supervisor and be worth her/his time; [and] with help, build yourself a niche that serves the goals of all parties."

**Night in Buganda**, Robert Edward Gurney, from *A Night in Buganda*, 2014

I stand by my window  
in Namilyango,  
twelve miles from Kampala,  
and look out across  
the tops of trees.

Orange beams  
from fires that I cannot see  
reach up, here and there,  
into the darkness  
like truncated searchlights.

Bursts of drum beats:  
village is talking to village.

I drum my fingernails  
on the fridge door.

I ask brothers on the campus  
what it's all about.

Nobody seems to know.

**The Weed Whacker versus The Cane**, by Teunis (Jack) Paarlberg, TEEA 5, '68,  
Bishop Willis TTC Iganga, Uganda.

My daughter attended a secondary school near the college....We often talked about caning and about using the weed whacker as a method of punishment. She maintained that whacking of weeds was called by the students, "cruel and unusual punishment." When I asked why, she replied, "Oh Dad, that's easy! It's because the African students are deathly afraid of snakes. And so am I!"

Indeed, Neal Hice (TEEA4), the science tutor, encouraged, even bribed, his students and the local *askaris*, to bring him a live snake for his terrarium in the science room. He said all he ever got was bits and pieces chopped up by a weed whacker or a machete.

The only snakes we were ever told that might have been around the area were the black mamba and the spitting cobra, both known as venomous. None of my family had any trouble with any kind of snake, for which I was very thankful.

My wife volunteered at the orphanage connected to a nearby Catholic Church. Father Koch suggested if she took the short-cut thru the bush , she should carry a long stick and make plenty of noise. Then "God's little creatures will surely get out of your way." Needless to say I strongly encouraged Isabel to "take the long way around."

**Mystery of the Mongoose**, by Ron Stockton [A few years ago Ron returned to East Africa with his family. They visited old friends, former students, and the school where Ron taught. Ron wrote a lengthy travelogue of the trip. Here is one small anecdote from the visit to the school.]

There was one change that I expected. When we lived there we heard a story of a cobra that had appeared on campus. It created quite a stir. From Kipling, I knew that the mongoose was the bitter enemy of the cobra. This created a dilemma. Our garbage can/dust bin sat outside the back door and got tipped over every night by the resident mongoose. It had a nice lid that fit snugly around the can but the mongoose appeared indifferent to the effort at enclosure. I had to go out every morning to pick up the papers and refuse scattered about. My opinion of mongooses was very low but life is choices and now I had to choose. Should I encourage the mongoose to stay around by letting him ravage my garbage can every night or should I save myself the trouble of the mess every morning by doing something to discourage him? I decided to avoid the mess. There was an electrical light pole just near the back door that provided a solution. I pounded a heavy nail seven feet up on the pole, and another heavy nail at waist level. I tied a light rope to the garbage can handle. I looped the rope over the higher nail, pulled up the can above mongoose level and secured the rope to the lower nail. This was repeated nightly. The can was easily accessible to Jane and me but not the mongoose. This was surely a damn-fool device but it worked. I was delighted to see in 1980 that it was still in operation. But by 2012 it was gone. Perhaps the mongoose left.

**Memories from 1963-65**, by Lynn Hopkins

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

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

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

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

The celebration of "Uhuru."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### **TEAAers Create**

From Hal Strom. For those who do not know, Alan Young (Kapsabet, Kenya 1964 - 66) has written *Roads Taken: A Memoir*. Alan includes info about the boat ride out from England, the year's training in Makerere, events at Kapsabet Boys' School, safaris, etc. There is a fascinating section in the early part of the memoir set in wartime and post-war U.K. when Alan talks about his father and a German POW getting together to play various classical pieces of music! Alan was an interesting person when we were at Kapsabet and it appears that all of his life has been an adventure which he tells well in the book. The book is available at local booksellers or on-line. I got my copy through Barnes and Noble in Idaho Falls.

From Iris Berger (Machakos Girls' High School, '64-'65). I have just published a new book, *Women in Twentieth-Century Africa*, Cambridge University Press, 2016, in the series New Approaches to African History. The book is dedicated in part to my students at Machakos Girls' School who, in many ways inspired my career as an African historian.

In the early 2000s, some years before I began planning the book, I received a surprise phone call from a former Machakos student, Maryam Murbe Solola (Miriam Rehan), who had been trying to trace me for many years, knowing only my last name and that I came originally from Chicago. Several years later, we had an emotional reunion in Sarasota, Florida, a three-hour drive from where she then lived. I was still picturing her as I had known her in the mid-1960s, with close-cropped hair and the short red skirt and white blouse of her school uniform. Instead, I was greeted by a stunning woman in a colorful West African print wrapper and head scarf. We stayed in touch occasionally, but in trying to locate her to send her a copy of the book, I have found that her phone numbers are no longer in service and efforts to reach her on LinkedIn and Facebook have failed. I'm still hopeful that, with the situation now reversed, I'll be able to trace her.

I also would love to be in contact with anyone else who taught at the girls' school in Machakos. At the time I was there, the only other American was a Peace Corps volunteer.

Ron Berger (Machakos Boys' School) and I have retired from the History Department at the University at Albany, State University of New York, and we now spend our winters in Sarasota, Florida. A decade ago, Ron got an MFA in writing and has happily abandoned historical research for more creative writing, although he still enjoys teaching history classes in our Sarasota community. He would also like to get in contact with former teachers and students at the Machakos Boys' School.

My email address is [iberger2@verizon.net](mailto:iberger2@verizon.net) and Ron's is [rberger4@verizon.net](mailto:rberger4@verizon.net).

From Brooks Goddard. Puttering about in African literature has yielded some interesting connections. I have read four books by the South African writer Zakes Mda and had dinner in his company in early March when he came to Boston University to speak. He was talking about his new books which were currently available in South Africa but not yet in the USA. As fortune would have it I had a college classmate visiting his son in South Africa, and he picked up the book *Little Suns* for me. Looking through it I noticed that in the Acknowledgements, Mda sites Harold Scheub for gathering information in the 1996 book *The Tongue of Fire* which is about oral histories. Scheub is one of the more accomplished members of TEAA. Joan Schieber and other astute readers of my reviews may remember the following entry:

"*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)." More hats off to Harold.

## **My Story, Colin Townsend**

After his period with TEA Colin returned to England not having a clue what to do with the remainder of his life except that he couldn't see himself teaching for the next 40 years - especially in England. He happened to run into a chap in a Youth Hostel in Yorkshire who told him about his work in the newly developing area of business computers and which sounded right up Colin's street. He returned to London and applied for a job. In those days all you needed was to pass an aptitude test and you were in. Colin spent the next seven years working for the British National Bibliography which was eventually incorporated into the British Library. He helped produce the first automated editions of the "Weekly List" of publications as well as the "British Books in Print" published by Whitakers, of Almanac fame.

Itchy feet caused Colin and his new wife Susan to move to Ottawa, Canada in what was intended to be a stay of a few years. After a number of years with computer consulting companies Colin returned to his specialty in document management and formed a partnership with a colleague to become the distributor for a unique Canadian Government funded product that was capable of cataloguing books and documents in any language and script. When that product was privatised they became the Canadian distributor for an Australian product that Colin had seen demonstrated during a trip to Washington. The partners spent the next 15 years travelling around Canada installing, training and consulting to various levels of government and private companies.

Since retiring Colin has taken a volunteer job with an organisation that refurbishes and recycles equipment for the disabled, as well as spending many hours losing golf balls in various locations around Ottawa.

## **We've Heard From You**

Emily Hines Cantieri. [Gerald Liedl](#) and I were married yesterday, May 28, after 8 years of togetherness and many trips. My daughter, [Catherine Cantieri](#) and Jerry's daughter [Barbara E. Liedl](#) were our witnesses. All family and friends are congratulating us and asking, "What took you so long?" (Answer: we each liked our homes, but now will share.) Many people have met Jerry at the Colorado and Minnesota reunions.

My light historical romance, *Voting for Love*, was published since the last newsletter. It's set in 1912, and the main character is a suffragette. It's on Kindle now, will be in paperback later. Later this year my mystery, *Shadows on a White Wall*, will be published and available on Amazon. I've also written a murder set in the Biltmore. It's titled *Murder in the Mansion*, since the Biltmore corporation asked me not to use their name in the title. I've been too busy moving and readying my house for sale to rewrite, so its publication is uncertain.

We're still traveling: British Isles cruise in August, the Caucasus in October and Mauritius to Seychelles and Madagascar in 2017. Looking forward to seeing many TEAAers in Detroit in 2017.

Reed Stewart. No news here, except that my family is all well, including three great-grandchildren. Reed

Ed Rubin. Hi Ed, I thought perhaps you'd share this postscript I received from Lee Smith a few years ago: "I still feel piqued when I remember how you saved me from

sleeping sickness by killing the tsetse fly that had gotten under my shirt and was feasting on my blood as I drove us through the Serengeti en route to visit our tutors so I could introduce them to our new 'AV fundi.' You will remember that we had the latest Carl Manone battery operated overhead projector in the back of the Chevy so you could awe and amaze the not-yet-on-line folk in the land of Oz with the latest technology in 1969."

Jack Humbles. Hi Ed, Nothing new here in Spiceland, Indiana, but I have listed my house and hope to be back in Flagstaff, Arizona in a few weeks. You can always reach me through e-mail. Thanks for all your contributions these many years. Jack

Linda Lenhardt Donaldson. My personal big is that after taking our house off market in November 2015, we hired new realtor in February. The house went on market one day and sold to first prospects the next day. After two weeks of numbness we set-to and downsized a lot.

So we had one week to find a new place. After living at our cabin for the month after closing on the house, we moved to an apartment in Heritage Landing in the North Loop area of Minneapolis, just 5 blocks north of Target Field. We love our new urban neighborhood, can walk everywhere, have a great view of the city, but it is small, less than half of our previous home, so we may look again after our lease is up next June.

Joan Schieber. I bought a book called *Imagine Africa*, at the Brooklyn Book Fair a couple of years ago and finally had a chance to read it. It contains poetry, fiction, and essays by creative writers and thinkers from all over Africa, not just our specialty of East Africa. There is a fable by Ngugi wa Thiong'o suggesting the problems AND solutions of Africa's many ills lie in the belly of the beast, in the heart of Africa. One of the essays spoke of unengaged youth and antiquated (rote) educational methods as issues to address. We had two presenters at the Minneapolis reunion who addressed these very issues and who had on-going projects in E Africa related to them. There was also an essay predicting the rise of overt racism in the U.S. following Obama's election to President. We've seen that! The book was published in 2011, copyright by Island Position, published by Pirogue Collective in Brooklyn. It's a nice little volume.

Ed Schmidt. Gosh, ten trips to East Africa over the past 55 years and never any problems with snakes. Fast forward to June 16, 8:30 pm, dusk, in the Missouri Ozarks near the Current River, a National Scenic River. I stepped on and was bitten by a copperhead, one of three or four venomous snake species in the state. Three days in hospital. Now, 6 weeks later, my foot, ankle, and calf are still swollen. Medical estimates on how long the swelling will last vary from three months to "your leg may never heal completely." Bummer!

Henry Hamburger. I've received information from Operation Bootstrap Africa on graduation and other matters at MaaSAE Girls' School in Monduli, Tz, along with a photo of the student, Tumaini Yuda, whose scholarship TEAA has been funding these past four years. Both are now on the TEAA website <<http://www.tea-a.org/>>.

Please note that "there are several places left in the OBA October trip if you wish to attend Tumaini's graduation." Dates are Oct 19 to Nov 1. Cost is \$5,000. Activities are mentioned in the last paragraph of the report, as is contact info.

Maria Nhambu, our dance teacher from Tanzania at the Minneapolis reunion.

Dear friends, At long last I know you are savoring the long exhale and smiles as I celebrate the publication of *Africa's Child*, Book One of the Dancing Soul Trilogy of my Memoirs! It only took 24 years to write!

It is available now at [Amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com) directly, and in a day or two you can go to my website [www.MariaNhambu.com](http://www.MariaNhambu.com) to order. On Amazon, search under *Africa's Child*, Maria Nhambu. The website has a lot of information on the book and several other aspects of my life and work, and it will take you directly to Amazon, if you wish to purchase the book.

You can purchase the hard copy, or the digital Kindle version. I make next to nothing from the Kindle version, so if you can, I'd appreciate it if you bought the soft cover. I am so hoping that I will sell many books so when the traditional Publishing companies troll the web, looking for Self Publishers who are doing well, they will pick me up, and publish my next two books, *America's Daughter*, and *Drum Beats, Heart Beats*. Both are written, but not edited. Many thanks. CHEERS! Nhambu