

## **TEAA (Teachers for East Africa Alumni) Newsletter No. 38, January 2018.**

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)>. Also, please note that TEAA treasurer and webmaster Henry Hamburger's email address changed some time ago to: <[henryhamburger@gmail.com](mailto:henryhamburger@gmail.com)>.

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**President's Message**, Brooks Goddard

As I look forward to teaching a course on 3 African novels in April, I am reminded that we all go forward individually and communally.

'Men work together,' I told him from the heart,

'Whether they work together or apart.' -- Robert Frost

We may not have another group reunion, but I suspect that many still have one more trip to Africa left in them. I have to admit that our delightful time in Detroit still lingers.

My other connections have been teaching African History (in six 90-minute meetings!) and an African literature course which includes Kenyan Peter Kimani's novel, *Dance of the Jakaranda*. I read the curious novel by Ugandan Goretti Kyomuhendo titled *Waiting* and loved Zanzibari Abdulrazak Gurnah's latest and haunting novel, *Gravel Heart*. Santa brought me the 4-disc DVD called Eight Films by Jean Rouch. And with a nod to Dorothy Kispert I bought a little something from Bagamoyo, <<https://www.bagamoyobags.org>>. Check it out.

As you know we produced two books of our own this year: *We Were Walimu Once and Young*, and *The TEA Experience* reprint. Other TEAA authors have been active, and Maria Nhambu's third volume of her memoirs comes out this year. Yours is in you, and word processing is a great vehicle for pushing it out.

Ed, Henry, and I have fulfilled our fiduciary responsibilities by depleting the TEAA treasury and naming Friends of Tanzania/FOT as our 503c3 remainderman. TEAA's last school grant for about \$2400 will go to Maxwell Engola's NEW Lira High School in Lira, Uganda. Here is the good man in his own words:

“Most private schools here are opened by businessmen whose interest is basically making money and exploiting the teachers, parents, and students, neglecting the core purpose for the school. We therefore look toward fighting this form of exploitation by creating a fair school that most rural parents can afford but with the most effective and reliable service. We hope to make the best out of this simple facility with the support from the parents and well-wishers. The teachers are extremely committed, and we have promised our services will be voluntary for the next two years so that the little received from parents is used for expansion and for the welfare of the learners. We already have overwhelming support from the District leaders after witnessing the level of teaching and learning going on in the school. We are determined to achieve this. We will greatly appreciate your support therefore.”

Our grant will go towards science text books and science lab equipment, and we continue to have every confidence that Maxwell will put the books and equipment to excellent use. Additionally, funds from the sale of the walimu book have been sent directly to Okunya Milton in Kenya and Maxwell Engola in Uganda to further their own professional development.

I just finished compiling notebooks of my letters and newspaper cuttings that I had amassed. This exercise revealed to me how hard we worked in the midst several continental controversies that I had forgotten about: The Obote-Kabaka palaver, the ongoing mess in the Congo, Nyerere’s nationalization of many industries, and Nkrumah’s and Nassar’s falls from grace. I also unearthed articles about education, the Tana River Dam, and a cute photo of Mzee Kenyatta holding the hand of his young son, Uhuru.

I write this to urge you to complete your own data bank of information should you wish to preserve it for your family or for future historical research.

We are taking the continuation of the website <[www.tea-a.org](http://www.tea-a.org)> slowly but expect it to continue through August 31 of 2018 and will inform you of anything different. Ed says he sees no reason at present to discontinue the newsletter. Salaamu, Brooks Goddard

### **TEA UK Steering Committee November Report, Clive Mann**

Venue. This is a difficult one as we had decided that we would explore the possibilities of a number of future venues, the overriding concerns being audibility and space. Consequently, we had decided to meet in The Lamb in Leadenhall Market, an interesting area that used to be devoted to the butchers’ trade. From there we had a plan to explore Simpson’s Tavern, The Counting House and The Jamaica.

In the event, we managed to examine The Lamb, The Counting House and The Cross Keys. Sadly, the Jamaica and The Swan were too packed. One of us expressed the hope that after Brexit and the transfer of Banking to Frankfurt, Paris and Dublin, the places will be less crowded and it was concluded they would make excellent locations for future TEA London reunions.

Individually, we cast cursory glances at The Ship, the Bunch of Grapes, the George, the New Moon, etc. on our way to and from The Lamb. All were packed to the rafters. We wondered how the banking industry could possibly be such a successful part of Britain’s economy.

Small talk centred on a number of old chestnuts. “An old chestnut” has been defined as “a joke, story, or subject that has become tedious and uninteresting through constant repetition.” We all agreed that, far from being boring, these tales retold of Africa and beyond can be immensely pleasurable.

Some of the stories cannot be reprinted here, particularly those involving a certain flat in Nairobi, but one that sticks in the mind is of the Romanian lady sitting on a bench outside a West London church saying, “I spit on your money (a benefits cheque). I want gold! Gold! I want gold!” The detail added this time was that she was covered in gold jewelry. Dave Smith regaled us with his tales of his travels around Romania.

As we were in the heart of The City, considerable attention was paid to stories about Gurney’s Bank. This bank was founded in 1770 by John and Henry Gurney, sons of John Gurney (1688–1741), who passed the business to Henry’s son, Bartlett Gurney, in 1777. The bank was founded in what is now known as Bank Plain (formerly Redwell Street) in Norwich. The Quaker Gurneys were renowned for their honesty, reliability, and fair dealings — so people entrusted them their money for safe keeping. About 1777, Alderman Poole, a wine merchant, sold Bartlett Gurney premises near to the red well, and Gurney installed safes for bullion. A junior clerk slept on the trapdoor to the vaults to safeguard the valuables. The bank issued its own notes. A bull mastiff, complete with brass collar, stood on guard inside the doors at the Bank Plain premises, and there was always a blunderbuss at the ready. The rumour that Bank of America cheques bore the words “Gurney’s Bank” at one time was discussed.

As we sat in the imposing Cross Keys, a former Bank, I asked if this could have been the site of Gurney’s Bank. Dave suggested I look it up, which was sensible advice. Hence the above! I have a feeling the Bank once stood at 69 Lombard St. very near to Leadenhall Market. I have not yet had a chance to see if it is now a pub.

Numerous other details of the meeting come to mind. In The Lamb there is a picture of The Prince of Wales, our future King. Nearby, on the same wall, is one of The late Queen Mother. They had both, it seems, drunk in The Lamb. A wag in the group, (not me!), wondered how much gin she had consumed on the premises.

Conclusion. We turned our minds to the next annual General Meeting of TEA UK. Dave said he would come up with a decision on the locale, following consultation and democratic consensus. There was some suggestion that the Cross Keys would be ideal. Clive would apply his thinking to the date, bearing in mind group availability and plans. March and April 2018 were mooted but I cautioned that “March can be a wild month.” Clive to decide.

**The Advantages of Aging in Uganda**, Fawn Cousens [During her TEA tour, Fawn met John Cousens, a New Zealander who was managing a farm in Kenya. They married, raised two sons born in Nyeri, Kenya, and now live on the outskirts of Kampala. Fawn attended the Detroit reunion.]

One Sunday morning at 10:30 am I left the supermarket near the Clock Tower in central Kampala to go back home after shopping.

After making a U-turn to head in the right direction, I noticed that there was no traffic on the road and remarked as such to my husband John. After completing the turn John noticed a police pick up carrying six armed policemen coming down the road and suggested I pull off. I said that I would do so after turning the corner.

As I turned the corner I was met by a group of policemen who pulled me over. I then saw a number of cars passing by, one of which had only a shield on the license plate. Oops, that was a presidential motorcade. It should be noted that President Museveni travels in a motorcade of no fewer than 16 vehicles including an ambulance for medical emergencies and a recreational vehicle for the toilet. Traffic is stopped to give them a clear road. Unfortunately, the supermarket was in between the two points of the closure area.

One of the policemen got into my car and told me to drive to the Central Police Station (CPS). I told him that this was a mistake on my part and could I not go home. He told me that there would be no problem once I reached CPS but if he were to release me he would be accused of "eating the money I gave him to be released."

I was taken to a room at CPS and shortly afterwards a man was brought in who had made the same mistake the previous day. He was being released after his night in the cells.

I explained that I had not been aware of the road closure to accommodate the motorcade's travel as the supermarket was in between the points of closure. I was told to wait for the "boss" to come. Another officer in the room entertained John by showing him wildlife videos from the internet on his laptop.

Finally at 1 pm I was allowed to leave on the condition that I left my car and returned the following day. I was able to phone my house staff, who also can drive my husband's car, to come and collect us and the shopping.

On the following day I had the office driver take me to the CPS and I met the boss. I was given a written warning and told to ensure that I always pulled over when I heard a siren and I explained that there was no siren but that I would also be wary when there was no traffic on a city street.

As I was leaving, the policeman who was in the room the previous day told me that the Presidential Guard had told him to detain me (lock me in the cells for the night) but he chose not to do so as I was aged. So I guess there is some advantage to growing old if you live in Uganda.

**Julianna**, Marty Lemke. [Marty writes, "I had so many wonderful experiences in East Africa and I am now encouraged to get them on paper. I am writing them and other adventures, memoir-like, for my 7 year old granddaughter. I call these "Stories for Avery on her 21st birthday."]

The most memorable character of my years with TEA was Julianna, my "house girl." What she really should have been called was teacher or guide. My education from Julianna started when Dick and I had been married a few months – and I wasn't pregnant. This so worried Julianna as she was afraid Dick would give me back, abandon me, as she had been tossed away when her husband became a Christian and had to give up three of his four wives. Julianna was number 1 wife, the oldest, so she was discarded. Her options were few, all dire -- trek to Dar, become a prostitute, etc. So she showed up at my door the first day I was in Bukoba, small, barefoot, with a tattered suitcase in her hand. She moved in.

With our strange shared language (English, Swahili, Kihaya) Julianna taught me how to live in her world, how women coped in her world. (Did you know that a sponge

from Lake Victoria was a very effective diaphragm? Or the tightly rolled leaf of a local tree made an absorbent and naturally deodorizing tampon?)

One of the most memorable experiences I had during those years was when Julianna invited me to attend a birthing in a nearby village. (Strange aside – the woman giving birth was another of the discarded wives from the newly Christian ex-husband of Julianna.)

The women of the village gathered in a specially prepared hut set a short distance away from the main cluster. In the middle of the sandy floor was a small hole carefully lined with banana leaves. When Julianna and I arrived the woman was obviously having contractions and walking round and round the hut. When the contractions got serious she squatted over the leaves and we gathered around, also squatting, with linked arms. What was startling to me was that we, the attendants, did all the sounds of birthing – we moaned, cried, gasped. She made not a sound. Later Julianna told me it was bad luck for the birthing mother to make a sound – so we did it for her. She seemed very comforted, smiling back at us, as she pushed. A baby boy was born. One of the older women cut the cord, cleaned the baby and gave him to me. I was told to take him for the father to see and then return him to two very young girls who were waiting outside the hut – they would be the “babysitters.” They were prepared with a kanga wrapped around ready to take the baby. Julianna and I went home, spent from birthing that baby!

This is why TEA will always have a special place in my heart – the people we met, the experiences we were privileged to share.

**On Visiting a Student’s Home Area**, John Allen. [John writes, “I wrote this early in March 1963 relating a trip I made with one of my fourth form students – Kiptoon Amdany – to his home area near Kabartonjo in the Baringo District of Kenya.”]

I awoke this morning, softly, with a fuzzy tongue and a headful of jumbled memories of the night before. Pleasant in retrospect, even, perhaps in reality.

I was not surprised to find Kiptoon in my bed (that is, beneath my blankets rather than his, since we were both sleeping on the floor) in the morning, but it did seem to give him a jolt when he realized it. The thing that surprised me was only his surprise. I remembered during the night when he got up to take a leak. I’m not sure whether he managed to make it outside the cottage or not (I think not) but I do recall that I was ducking to avoid the ricochet off the wall, imaginary or otherwise. Then stumbling, he came back, narrowly missed stepping on my head, and then, casually as hell, crept in under my blankets. I have been here long enough (though not very long in fact) so that this didn’t strike me as unusual, I just imagined he was cold in his bed. The result was that we kept each other warm during the night. But everything was kind of foggy anyway.

From when we arrived at about two o’clock, the call was mostly for drinking. I learned how damn hard it is to create the proper American image when everyone is intent on buying you beer. The scene of most of the action was Kabartonjo’s best bar, Joel Bultut’s. Episode one began there at three when Kiptoon and I came in to enjoy a few warm-up beers. Everyone was friendly and warm and drunk in the normal Saturday afternoon market day in Kabartonjo. One half of the table was a little more drunk than the other half (in fact, more than the other half contemplated being), and that first half

was envisioning a trip to Kabarnet, ten miles back. The only problem was that they were envisioning the trip in my car. Not forcing me, mind you, that was made clear enough. “We are not forcing you, sir. But please.” Nothing, of course, is more forceful than “We are not forcing you, but ....” It is slightly more subtle and effective than “I am not telling you what to do, but ....” By now I had discovered that more effective dodge – just sit there stupid-like, saying nothing more than an appreciative smile. It works. At least until you can think of something better. A few minutes later we found ourselves safely hidden in the inner room of the bar – the room between where the beer was served and where it was drunk. Safely hidden until the head spokesman tripped in, imploring again. But by then any embarrassed thoughts that I was letting down the image were gone and I knew that someone would step in to rid the room of this unknowing nemesis. And someone did – a mustached man, forcing my friend temporarily out of my life. We left by the front door.

We greeted a few people, walked up and down the grassy road through the town, sitting there, the closest thing I have seen to a wild west town.

Then, as the haze became greater, we went back to the bar, back to the middle room, left it again. Back outside, around, in, talking, walking, laughing, seeing. Always seeing. And then Kiptoon went off to line up the evening’s mischief. And I returned to the outer room, this time in the care of someone whose name eventually was delineated as William Rotich. He had just been to the United States for six months of agriculture touring. As happens he now knows more about the United States than I and I more about Kenya. At least superficially. We had much to compare, questions to answer, and though by this time I remember little of the actual conversation, we made further headway in obliterating the walls that lie between us, the walls in which we hide ourselves. One learns best through teaching and this was certainly teaching. There were others at the table, most of them interested and interesting, some not able to follow the argument, though Tugens are a surprisingly well-educated group. My imploring, non-forcing friend was at the table also, now in a dream world far more enjoyable than any trip to Kabarnet would have been. Dreaming while the bodily needs carried on by themselves, leaving a pool crossing the floor from the point of where his foot reached the ground. And he was still there, quiet and untormented, when Kiptoon returned and we left for dinner.

We returned later at night to partake of mischief. But our lateness played us a dirty trick, the girls went home and we stayed on for a few drinks with the night crowd. By this time I had lost one of my contact lenses which gave an even more unreal cast to everything, partly fuzzy, partly bright, becoming tunneled, with a red filter replacing the haze.

Eventually we went home, first stopping somewhere in the middle of the night where a good native party was going on. Inside the hut about fifteen people were ranged at various heights above a fire, talking, dozing, living in a scene from Ingmar Bergman – seemingly devoid of meaning, yet obviously meaningful. And then slowly, quietly, stumbling home, find the way and comfortably, happily sleeping.

**November 23, 1963, Dick Ramsdell**

During one of the sharing sessions at our reunion in Detroit I had not intended to tell this story, but did so after comments by others referring to President Kennedy. Ed has asked that I retell the story here.

Like so many of us way back in 1960, I was incredibly excited by the young, inspiring presidential candidate John Kennedy, and when he announced, from the Union steps at the University of Michigan, his plan for a Peace Corps, I was quite sure what I was going to do for the next few years of my life. When it became evident that the educational leaders at Columbia University were putting the TEA project together more quickly than the Peace Corps was getting off the ground, I applied and was accepted. I was part of the first group, teaching at St. Mary's, Nsumba, in Mwanza, during 1962 and '63. (The first Peace Corps project was also launched in Tanganyika, with volunteers arriving later in 1962.)

My school was located along the shores of an inlet of Lake Victoria, about 7 miles south of the center of town. Saturday was always market day. After a long week on campus, the boys were allowed to dress in their cleanest uniforms and we all walked along the back roads and trails which wound their way along the inlet into Mwanza. As you will remember, wearing shoes was a special treat for the boys who had them, and on this day, the shoes would be polished, carried on their owner's head on the walk into town, and then donned on the outskirts of town. Who knew, there might be young ladies in town, and impressions had to be made. It was always a happy day, a break from school, a chance for the boys to be boys rather than students caught up in a formal European routine, and a chance to visit the colorful shops and bustling market of a small East African city.

President Kennedy was shot at 12:30 Friday afternoon in Dallas. We learned about it via the unforgettable voice of the BBC at 10:00 p.m. None of us slept much that night. But the next day was market day, and that certainly couldn't be cancelled. I had chaperone duty on the trip into town for the morning, and since the boys had no radios in their dorms, and knew nothing, I said nothing, not wanting to disrupt their pleasure of the day. We walked into town, laughing and joking, as if it were a normal Saturday.

I assumed, that although the news would be out and there would be sadness and shock, the town would be much the same and that the day would proceed somewhat normally. After all, this was America's tragedy. We were half way around the world.

But when we arrived on the edge of town, there weren't many cars, and there didn't seem to be very many people either. When we got to the town center, there was no one. I went up the steps to the doors of the Barclay Bank. The doors were locked and there was a simple note: "Closed in memory of the American President, John F. Kennedy." The boys and I walked quietly farther down the street, and on the closed and locked doors of each shop were simple notes, hand written: "Closed in memory of....." "Closed in honor of....." "He was our president, too....." The town of Mwanza was deserted. And we were half way around the world.

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As time has passed, we have all learned that Jackie Kennedy, determined that her husband never be forgotten, orchestrated the media and public relations campaign which portrayed his presidency as one shining moment in history, Camelot.

We also learned that on President Kennedy's watch, although not by his order, the CIA had orchestrated the murder of Patrice Lumumba, next door in the Congo, and

the arrest and assassination of President Diem in South Vietnam. And as we have gone on with our lives, and witnessed for ourselves, the evil and terrible legacy of Vietnam, the assassinations of 1968, Watergate, September 11, Iraq and Afghanistan and the untold horrors faced by those fleeing as refugees, we have become wiser for that witness. More jaded, more cynical, more weary of dishonesty and the corruption of power, but hopefully, wiser too.

So, with no illusions, we can look back. Maybe Kennedy's term as president was not completely Camelot, but then again, maybe it was ours. He asked what we could do for our country, and we answered. And ours were pretty wonderful years. And perhaps now, at the other end of our lives' journeys, we can summon enough of that youthful enthusiasm we once had in bundles and do whatever we can to make sure that the current impostors in our nation's capital are thrown forever onto the trash heap of history. For our and our nation's sake. Our grandchildren deserve a Camelot, too.

**Souvenirs**, Larry Woelk [Larry was 15 in 1964 when his father Randy received a Fulbright grant to teach in Kenya for a year. Randy was posted to Kakamega, where he joined TEAers Neil MacLeod, Henry Hamburger, and Ed Schmidt.]

Growing up in Kansas Larry would save dirt. It started when he crossed the border from Kansas to Colorado the first time for a camping vacation. He was only 5, but he yelled for his Dad to stop. They had been driving for a while and he said he had too much pop and had to go. His Dad stopped. His Mom, two older brothers and sister were indifferent to the stop. They were bored and tired of being blinded by the sun. Driving straight west in flat Kansas at sundown was blinding.

Larry got out of the car. He had smuggled a mayonnaise jar, quart size, under his arm and jumped into the ditch. He then filled the jar with Colorado dirt and put it in the trunk. He kept the jar of Colorado dirt hidden until the family returned to Wichita. He wrote 'Colorado' on a piece of paper with a blue crayon and scotch taped it to the side of the jar which he sat proudly on the bookshelf in the bedroom he shared with his 2 brothers and younger sister. The jar reminded him that he had been somewhere else other than Kansas.

By the time he was 12, Larry had labelled jars for Iowa, Nebraska and Oklahoma. The labelled bottles all sat proudly on the bookshelf next to his jar of Colorado dirt. At 15, you can imagine how excited he was when his father announced that the family was going to live in Kenya for a year. They would drive from Kansas to New York, take the Queen Mary to Southampton; fly from London to Kampala via Benghazi, then take a small plane to Kisumu. That would mean driving through Missouri, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York. Not only would he add 5 states to his dirt collection, but also 4 countries – England, Libya, Uganda and Kenya. He was ecstatic. Larry realised that he could not take 9 quart sized mayonnaise jars in his luggage so he opted for the small spice jars his mother kept in the kitchen cupboard. He suggested to his mother he should empty the spice cupboard for her when they were cleaning out their house to rent it out while they were in Kenya. He didn't tell his mother he put 9 empty bottles in his suitcase.

With his display of dirt jars in the bookcase, his family knew Larry was a dirt collector - although his older brother told him it was stupid to save dirt. His oldest brother wasn't going to go on the trip; he was already in college, so Larry didn't pay any

attention to his remarks. The drive to New York went well. Each time they crossed a state line, his Dad would stop automatically. Larry didn't have to pretend he had to go. He had the nine jars tucked away, each already labelled, in his luggage.

Larry didn't have sea legs so he didn't remember much about the voyage across the Atlantic on the Queen Mary, except being sick every time he ate. What calmed his sickness was the anticipation of bottling "foreign dirt" from four countries on two continents. However, getting his first foreign dirt was frustrating. Larry always got his state dirt as soon as they crossed the state line. He wanted to do the same thing with his first foreign dirt. However, after the Queen Mary docked in Southampton, they went through immigration then directly to the Southampton train station and boarded the train to London. There was no dirt in sight. Traveling to London, Larry held the bottle labelled 'England' in his hand while he stared at miles and miles of dirt. In London, they took a taxi from Waterloo Station to their hotel. London was like a dirt desert, everything was paved. It wasn't until the next day that they walked from the hotel into Green Park that he got his first foreign dirt – he used the paprika bottle. He was ecstatic.

Two days later they took a taxi to Heathrow and boarded the BOAC plane to Kampala. Three hours after take-off, they landed in Benghazi for refuelling. A bus pulled up to take the passengers to the terminal while the plane was refuelled. That is, all passengers except Larry. When Larry arrived at the bottom of the plane's stairs, without telling his parents, he raced 100 yards to the end of the runway where there was dirt. Libyan dirt! He took out the empty basil bottle and scooped up the Libyan dirt. He also had a transistor radio tucked under his arm. Larry didn't know that transistor radios were prohibited by King Idris I in Libya. Idris didn't want his non-supporters talking to each other or listening to the BBC.

Just as Larry was screwing the lid back on the basil bottle he was startled by the sound of screeching brakes. He looked up and saw three jeeps full of Libyan soldiers. The soldiers, there were ten of them, jumped out of the jeeps -- each pointing a machine gun at Larry. One yelled something at him in Arabic. Of course Larry understood nothing. Another machine-gun-armed soldier yelled, "Qu'est-ce que vous faites" ("what are you doing")? Larry understood that soldier because he had taken French back in Wichita. "Je prends de terre!" (I'm getting dirt"), he screamed with a strong American accent. The soldiers became very hostile. They thought Larry was some sort of anarchist wanting to overthrow King Idris. Then the soldiers saw the transistor radio.

One soldier grabbed the radio and two others grabbed Larry. In the scuffle Larry dropped the basil jar with Libyan dirt. One soldier grabbed the bottle and looked at it suspiciously. Larry screamed, "Qe n'est que de terre. Terre d'un pays étranger!" (It's only dirt. Dirt from a foreign country!)

At this point, one soldier grabbed the transistor radio and the other put the basil bottle full of Libyan dirt in a pouch in a jeep. Larry wasn't handcuffed. After all, he was only 15. He was roughhoused into one of the jeeps then sped to the arrival terminal. His Dad was waiting, with an interpreter and a BOAC steward. Larry's dad explained that it was just a transistor radio which could not transmit. The Libyan soldier handed the radio to the BOAC steward with instructions not to turn it on while in Libya. Unfortunately for Larry, the soldier said the dirt was going to be analysed and not returned. Fortunately for Larry, there was an outside garden area at the terminal so he

was able to discreetly fill a bottle with Libyan dirt which was already labelled 'Kenya'. Larry realised he was now one bottle short.

Larry secured Uganda dirt without any drama. The airport in Entebbe was not a very big airport with only one runway. In order to get into the terminal you had to walk over dirt so Larry discreetly filled the Kenya bottle with Uganda dirt knowing he could change the label as he suspected he could find some scotch tape somewhere. He knew he had a year to find another bottle for Kenya. In fact, he needed 5 more bottles as Larry was planning to return to the US by traveling through Ethiopia, Egypt, Italy and France. He would then take the *SS France*, which had just been launched two years before, with his brother from Le Havre to New York. Actually, getting the 5 bottles was easy. His father had collected a number of little bottles of liquor on the flight and every time he relaxed with a shot, Larry would smuggle the empty bottle away. In the end, he had 6 bottles for the return trip. So he had an extra one.

The return trip went without any incident as far as the dirt was concerned. There were a lot of choices for getting dirt in Paris – le jardin de Luxemburg, île de la cite, le long des Champs-Élysées or under la Tour Eiffel. Larry chose la Tour Eiffel. Larry and his brother were staying in a small hotel on rue de Vaugirard, which is the longest street in Paris. He and his brother took a long walk along the Seine to la Tour Eiffel where Larry scooped up the dirt, without incident. Larry loved Paris. He loved the quietness of the Seine flowing through Paris. This gave him another idea. Why not save a bottle of Seine river water as well. He had an empty jar which he easily filled on one of the river level walkways.

After three days in Paris, Larry and his brother took the train to Le Havre where they spent the night in a hotel. Before breakfast, Larry proudly wrapped his 14 bottles of dirt, and one bottle of water, in his clothes so they wouldn't break. They descended to the dining room where there was a typical French "petit déjeuner" on offer – French bread, croissants and café au lait. They also had boiled eggs. Larry was hungry and grabbed two boiled eggs. He turned to sit down and the waiter stepped in front of him and said, "Monsieur, seulement un oeuf" ("Sir, only one egg"). Larry said, "Mais j'ai faim, je voudrais deux oeufs" ("But I'm hungry, I would like two eggs"). The waiter, irritated, then said sternly, half in English and in half French, "Monsieur, one egg is un oeuf."

Notes:

1. "un oeuf" means "one egg" in French and is pronounced the same as "enough" in English.....
2. Upon entry into the US, customs confiscated Larry's 14 bottles of dirt and one bottle of water.
3. This is a true story.

**Idi and Eddie**, Ed Rubin

Kampala, Uganda, 1971. The quiet of the morning was interrupted by gun fire. My house boy knocked on my bedroom door and showed me a stray bullet that had broken the living room window. Baskerville Street, where I lived in Kampala, was a quiet street. The head of the Ugandan police was a neighbor of mine. There had been rumors that General Amin might be planning to overthrow President Milton Abote. I

asked my house boy whether they were shooting at Africans, or at Americans living in Uganda. Upon hearing that this was an all African event, I felt relieved.

By coincidence, I had an overnight guest visiting me. She was a stewardess for British Caledonian Airlines. A nationwide curfew was issued, and all flights were suspended. The next day we decided to go swimming in the pool at the nearby Apollo Hotel. Luckily, she had brought her bikini bathing suit.

While we were at poolside, who should arrive with some of his soldiers but Idi Amin. I tried to keep my cool. However, I whispered to my guest that we should leave because a few of the soldiers seemed to be staring at her. Also, the soldiers were carrying machine guns.

She told me that she would like to stay for a while, so she could improve upon her tan. She then asked me if I was afraid. My answer was "Yes." She said I shouldn't be chicken.

Foreign reporters who had been staying at hotel started to take pictures of Amin while he was swimming, and one famous photo of Amin in the pool was featured on the cover of Time Magazine.

The next day, the curfew was lifted, and my guest flew to Gatwick Airport. While in the hostess lounge she showed the other flight attendants the bullet that had landed in my living room. She mentioned that she had been staying with a handsome American professor from Columbia University, Teachers College, when my future wife Valerie, who also flew for the airline, entered. Valerie managed to convince my guest to let her have the bullet. She saved the bullet for over forty years and gave it to me on one of my visits to her in a nursing home in Niagara Falls, New York, where she now lives.

## TEAAers Create

For starters there is our own book: *We Were Walimu Once and Young*, the collected tales of adventure and discovery.

J. Paul N. Cant. Paul's latest book, *Cats in My Life*, is available on Amazon at <https://www.amazon.com/Cats-My-Life-Jonathan-Bower/dp/1782225218/>. One story, Big Cats, describes Paul's thoughts on first encountering the big cats of East Africa. Paul publishes under the pen name Jonathan Bower

Bob Gurney. Bob's latest book, *Bat Valley and Other Strange African Animal Stories*, is now available at <https://www.cambriabooks.co.uk/portfolio/bat-valley/>, and <https://www.amazon.com/Valley-Strange-African-Animal-Stories/dp/1999741609/>. You can read one of the stories at <http://robertgurney.com/bat-valley/>. More about Bob and his writing can be found on wikipedia, [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Robert\\_Edward\\_Gurney](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Robert_Edward_Gurney).

Mary Jo McMillan has taken her letters home, July 1963 to April 1965, to create *The Njombe Road*. Included are recipes, similar to the ones she shared in the *Walimu* book.

Alan Young's memoir, *Roads Taken, A Memoir*, is available at [https://www.amazon.com/Roads-Taken-Memoir-Alan-Young/dp/1861512953/ref=sr\\_1\\_2?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1515432229&sr=1-2&keywords=roads+taken+a+memoir](https://www.amazon.com/Roads-Taken-Memoir-Alan-Young/dp/1861512953/ref=sr_1_2?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1515432229&sr=1-2&keywords=roads+taken+a+memoir)

Brooks Goddard writes: "I know that identifying authors can get me stuck in black cotton soil, but in reviewing the work I did for *We Were Walimu Once and Young*, I realized that several TEAAers have done considerable scholarly work on Africa. I wish here to acknowledge them. If I have missed someone who should have been included, please contact me; and apologies."

Iris Berger is Professor Emerita at the State U. of NY, Albany. A list of some of her works can be found at <[https://www.albany.edu/history/iris\\_berger.php](https://www.albany.edu/history/iris_berger.php)>.

Bernth (Ben) Lindfors. A number of Ben's works are available on Amazon <<https://www.amazon.com/Bernth-Lindfors/e/B001H6OP3E>> and a biography of him can be found at <[https://liberalarts.utexas.edu/public-affairs/files/pdf/life-letters/life\\_letters\\_042.pdf](https://liberalarts.utexas.edu/public-affairs/files/pdf/life-letters/life_letters_042.pdf)>.

Robert (Bob) Maxon is Professor of History at West Virginia University. A list of his publications, many of which are on East Africa and especially Kenya, can be found at <<https://www.amazon.com/Bernth-Lindfors/e/B001H6OP3E>>.

Catharine Newbury is Emeritus Professor of Government at Smith College. Two books by Catharine are available on Amazon, <[https://www.amazon.com/s/ref=nb\\_sb\\_noss?url=search-alias%3Dstripbooks&field-keywords=Catharine+newbury](https://www.amazon.com/s/ref=nb_sb_noss?url=search-alias%3Dstripbooks&field-keywords=Catharine+newbury)>

David Newbury is Professor Emeritus at Smith College. His biography and list of his publications is on the Smith website at <<https://www.smith.edu/academics/faculty/david-newbury>>. His focus is on East and Central Africa.

Harold Scheub is Professor Emeritus at U of Wisconsin, Madison. A biography and list of his works can be found at <[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Harold\\_Scheub](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Harold_Scheub)>.

## **We've Heard from You**

Jim Blair. John Garang in his Youth, <<http://teaaki.pbworks.com/w/page/122692875/John%20Garang%20in%20his%20Youth%20-%20Jim%20Blair>>, is a recent addition to the teaaki of members' writings on the TEAA website. You may recall that Jim wrote an article on John for the newsletter a few years ago describing how John had made his way from his home in Sudan to the school where Jim was teaching in Tanzania. This article describes John's time at the school where he was an outstanding student. He later became a rebel leader in South Sudan before that country's independence and would likely been the country's first president had he not been killed in a plane crash. The comments at the end of the teaaki article describe how Garang is revered in South Sudan to this day.

Angus Macdonald, TEA 1965-1969 [Henry's TEAA website wins again!] Dear Clive, There was a Clive in our group of 50 or so on the Braemar Castle in 1965. I wonder if you are he? [It was.] I saw your report of the reunion in the July issue of the TEAA newsletter, having been idly Googling. After Makerere I opted for Tanzania and spent my three years at Ifunda Secondary Technical School, near Iringa. I taught Maths, played Rugby and coached the school team, also visited nearby Iringa and spent many hours playing snooker in the club. Please add my name and email address to your list and let me know if/when there are any other [UK] reunions. I'd be interested in hearing from anyone from either Makerere 1965-6 or Ifunda any time. Yours, Angus Macdonald, <[angusmac43@hotmail.com](mailto:angusmac43@hotmail.com)>

Emilee Hines Cantieri. Broke my hip on Christmas day. Am progressing at rehab. They say I am doing remarkably well. A nurse's aide is from Micronesia. She and her husband were students of Gene Ashby. (She said, "a white guy?") Small world!

Malcolm & Joy Maries (1B) back in the Philippines. Here's hoping 2018 is a good year and a big improvement on the last one. All the best to all TEAA members.

Edward Hower. While in London a few years ago, I was chatting with the driver of my taxi, an Indian originally from Kenya, who turned out to have been one of my students at Duke of Gloucester. He remembered liking *A Tale of Two Cities* in my class. Amazing.

Ted Essebaggers. In September this year I was in England to gather with former Indian students from Mawenzi SS, Moshi, where I taught English from 1964 to 67. Mr. Jagatia, geography teacher, attended as well. Very good memories of all those years of teaching! East Africa was much a part of my life of teaching in Norway for over 20 years from 1970. I helped train Norwegian volunteers and technical assistance experts for assignments in East and Southern Africa. Projects were funded by NORAD or the UN. I did two study trips to visit projects and personnel: in 1976 to Botswana, Zambia, Tanzania and Kenya and in 1986 to Zambia and Tanzania.

Wishing you and your families a most joyous and healthy end of year and wonderful 2018.

Kay Strain Borkowski. In her Christmas newsletter Kay reports several trips to and from her and husband Danny's home in Ajijic, Mexico, to the U.S. for family events and medical appointments, the latter including heart-related matters for Danny. Kay and Danny were at the TEAA Detroit reunion, and Kay is considering challenging the notion that Detroit was the last reunion. Ed Schmidt and Betsey Anderson were fortunate enough to enjoy their hospitality in January. Kay says she chose Ajijic for retirement because the climate is 2nd best in the world, after the highlands of Kenya.

Betty Coxson. Though I was registered for the Detroit reunion, I wasn't able to attend because my sister-in-law died around that time. This year has brought several changes in address and health. A doctor had set me up in a nursing home in Buffalo Center [Iowa] visible from my little house. They said I couldn't go back there because it had steps and was too dangerous for me even though I had been living there for 20 years. Subsequently, my niece from San Francisco bought a condominium nearby in Forest City. She arranged for me to live there and gradually moved all my furnishings in. She flies back and forth to her husband and son in San Francisco. My house was sold in October. I still like hearing TEAA news and although I still have my computer, I'm not on the internet.

Roy Godber. Dear Ed, God has kept me in excellent health, and, at the ripe old age of 86, I will be returning to the Pearl of Africa on the 11<sup>th</sup> of January. I am going for a two month stay during which time I will be helping to set up a Art and Craft Training Centre for unemployed Ugandans. The location is Lyantonde in the southwest of the country.

The town is still known as the AIDs capital of Uganda. It seems a long time since I first set foot on Ugandan soil in May 1963 but the rest of my life, however long or short, will be devoted to Ugandans who know nothing of the almost obscene affluence we enjoy – or perhaps endure! - in North America. Best wishes to all the readers of the TEAA Newsletter.

Don Adams (1C) On reworking those old aerogrammes. Dear friends,

As my wife and I have our house up for sale and I did not wish to start any construction/destruction projects, I got out the old aerograms and diary. Although still in need of editing, I have placed a summary version on the web. As I did so, I had to ask why and for whom. Many of my TEA colleagues are now gone, other TEA wave participants would have a lesser interest, the detail is boring, my photography was either less than desired or age changes to slides have occurred, etc. But in the end, I did it partly for family, partly for the TEA group, and partly to relive the events.

In transcribing content, I discovered that my faulty memory mixed up people in events as described in a couple of the short stories submitted to [www.tea-a.org](http://www.tea-a.org). For this I am sorry, but it is what it is. If you read through the content and see changes that need to be made, please let me know. Also, Jerry (either one) and Hank, if you have any 35 mm slides that you would like me to incorporate for trips that we took together, I will be very happy to do so.

\_\_\_\_\_The site is: <[www.60s-eastafrica.com](http://www.60s-eastafrica.com)>. Blessings to all, Don

### **Your Stories, or Life after TEA, Angus Macdonald and Kay Hinklin Mongardi**

Angus Macdonald. The overseas lure never left me. Returning to the UK merely meant the opportunity to look at the teaching adverts in the TES again. The Bahamas were my next stop, went out with 50 other UK teachers and had another three years in the sun. More importantly one of the fifty was a young lady who “did me the honour of agreeing to be my wife” -- engaged after only two months and married in Nassau on New Year’s Day 1970.

Contrary to everyone’s expectations our first child was not born until three years later, by which time we were in Lesotho on another ODA contract. The birth was a bit traumatic; driving to Maseru, a hundred or so miles on dirt roads we had hit a bump, shaking both Brad (maiden name Bradbury so nickname Brad) and the unborn baby. Luckily the surgeon at the hospital, Dr Molapu, took time off from being Minister of Health in the newly independent government to safely deliver our first daughter by Caesarian.

We decided, much to the relief of all our parents, to settle in England “for a little while,” to raise our family; three daughters, significantly two of whom married and are living overseas -- one in South Africa, not far from Lesotho, and the other in Australia. The third daughter has travelled extensively with her partner in South America. It’s in the genes!

Continuing teaching, I resigned myself to sixteen years in Birmingham. As many will understand, teaching in England has none of the opportunities for innovation that “third world” teaching had. Becoming slightly Bolshie I became a teachers’ union representative, then a local district councillor and parish councillor. My headmaster

called me into his office and told me to decide whether to be a teacher or a politician. Luckily Birmingham schools were reorganising and volunteers were needed to take early retirement with enhanced pensions. I became a supply teacher in Warwickshire, Worcestershire and Gloucestershire and had a new lease of life! It was great going into a school where one's presence was really appreciated, even if it was only because the other staff didn't lose their non-contact time!

Then came the final really lucky break. Still continuing to watch out for overseas jobs I was accepted at an international school in Thailand. Brad "had to" give up her teaching job to which she had returned once the girls were old enough. We made more overseas friends again. Almost all our friends, apart from family and immediate neighbours, are people we met or worked with overseas.

Almost as an afterthought, after four years in Thailand, I joined "Teachers on the Move," for overseas supply teaching, and had six fascinating months near Istanbul. Again, Brad was able to accompany me and became an expert tour guide for all the friends and relations who visited us.

Kay Hinklin Mongardi, Ashira Girls SS, Moshi T (1B)

I was in the first group of TEA and spent the first months at Makerere becoming prepared as a teacher. I remember well those early days at Columbia, the "layover" in Kano with a flat tyre and the times at Makerere and teaching in Tanzanian schools.

In a condensed version of the following years I married an Italian coffee and sisal farmer in Moshi. I taught at the International school there which was newly opened. We had two children. The family farm was nationalized by the government in 1969, so we moved to Khartoum where my husband worked for an Italian company. I was with the American school there and that started my career in international schools.

My husband died in 1981, however I continued in international schools for many years. Our children are both teachers, one in Italy and one in Oman. In 2004 I joined the Council of International Schools and was an Accreditation Officer travelling a lot to assist schools going through the accreditation programme. I retired about 18 months ago and am still getting used to that idea!

I have a home on the Adriatic coast in Italy which is my permanent base. My daughter lives in Genoa on the other coast but Italy is narrow, the autostrada is good and the train is convenient. For the last several years I have spent the middle winter months in Oman to avoid the cold and damp winter as also to be with my son and his family.

As I have moved round a lot I have lost contact with any people but being more "settled" now I am trying to pick up some threads.