Preface

This is a collection of autobiographical sketches written by volunteers and staff of the Nigeria I (1961-1963) group of the United States Peace Corps. It is compiled in anticipation of the 50th anniversary of the Peace Corps to be celebrated in Washington, DC in September 2011. A similar collection was compiled for the 40th Anniversary. Some of the current recollections thus focus more on our lives since then than the full 50 years since the beginning of our Peace Corps service.

Nigeria I was the 3rd group of Peace Corps volunteers in Africa, being preceded by Tanzania and Ghana. We trained at Harvard University and University College, Ibadan in the summer and fall of 1961 and were deployed to our field assignments in January 1962.

We would like to thank all of our colleagues who contributed to this informative, imaginative, creative, and oftentimes humorous collection. We hope it will serve as a meaningful souvenir of our time in Nigeria and our lives since that formative experience.

— The Editors
  John Fanselow
  Norm Gary
  Dave Hibbard
  Paul Newman

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NB: For reasons of privacy and internet security, we have put contact information that contributors made available into a separate document. People on the Nigeria I email list will receive a copy of these contacts.

Note on cover: The background for the cover is a photo of a piece of Yoruba cloth of unknown origin and date. It comes from a personal piece that was inherited by Norman Gary from his deceased wife, Judith Olmsted Gary (Nigeria VI).

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I was a Teaching Fellow at Harvard when the Peace Corps asked the University to develop a program for PCV's going to Nigeria. Harvard is hesitant, even overly cautious, to welcome external educational activities, so the accord was worked out at the top level of both Peace Corps and the White House. It was a status issue to impress the Congress, the American public and the officials of foreign nations.

At the time, Nigeria was the exemplar of an African nation with all the elements necessary for a successful developing nation. The key element was education and the desire to double or triple the number of high school graduates.

Like so many of you, I began as a volunteer, then an unpaid aide and was invited to join the newly organized staff located across the street from 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

My first formal assignment was as Training Officer for Nigeria! During those training days I traveled between Washington and Cambridge, observing each and every activity, assessing the progress and dealing with the minor glitches that come with a federal initiative developing on the fly. Subjects were added, instructors were changed, the schedule redefined and from the candidates’ perspective, the program seemed chaotic, unplanned and not likely to be prepared in the timeframe set for travel overseas.

Despite the conditions the group became strong and friendships solidified. Enthusiasm grew, and candidates rallied for one another as the final days flew by. I welcomed you to the airport in New York, confirmed the body count and we took off on a slow four engine plane to be welcomed at the Lagos airport by the U.S. Ambassador, the Nigeria prime minister, and the local press.

I remained with the Peace Corps, then moved to Cleveland as a community organizer. I later returned to Harvard as a professor and even later returned to Washington as the director of the Experiment Schools Program, in the Office of Education. Still later I became the Vice Chancellor for Academic Affairs for a university system, a visiting professor at a Japanese university, and the principal of an inner city high school. In the later part of my career I accepted a post as professor at Dartmouth College, served in a number of positions. I then moved to the Center for Public Policy and taught my last class in 2007.

The Peace Corps remains as a positive experience in my life, and I have always felt privileged to have had a small role in Nigeria I.
We’re still living in the house we moved into in 1969. It has undergone additions and replacements, as we have – new knees for Reese and a new hip for Stan. Our two sons, Mark, 47 and Steven, 44, are both married. Mark lives in Lexington, MA with his wife, Libby, and two daughters, Samantha, 14, and Emily, 11. Mark is a computer scientist with BBN – a division of Raytheon, and Libby is an Episcopal Priest, an unusual spouse for a Jewish boy. Steven lives in Portland, OR with his wife Suzy Root. He is a lawyer, often leaving law temporarily to work for causes we would all support, and his wife is an artist.

We both retired in 2001, Stan after 38 years of practice in a Manhattan law firm representing labor unions and employee benefit plans, and Reese after 25 years as librarian and media specialist in local schools. Reese promptly failed—or succeeded depending on one’s perspective—at retirement. She ran for a Council position on our Town Board a few months after retirement and was elected. Winning was a big deal because it shifted the Board from 3-2 Republican to 3-2 Democrat and defeated a popular incumbent Republican in a Republican Town. After completing a four-year term as Councilman, Reese challenged and defeated the incumbent Republican Supervisor (New York towns have supervisors instead of mayors) who had been in office for 44 years. This was a very, very big deal because she was the first Democrat to be elected since 1939 and the first woman to hold the office of Supervisor in the Town of North Castle.

A few months later, Reese was appointed by the County Executive to be co-chair of Westchester County’s Global Warming Task Force, which consisted of approximately 100 government officials, school Superintendents, business and environmental leaders. The task force created a Westchester County Climate Action Plan, which was to have guided Westchester County in a sustainable path. Unfortunately, the County Executive lost his seat in November 2009, as did almost every Democrat in Westchester County, and the Plan has been shelved.

During all of this time, Stan was highly supportive of everything Reese did and served as advisor and sounding board. Reese could not have accomplished what she did without his extraordinary support.

We decided that eight years in politics was enough especially after the very difficult economic downturn in 2008. Everything was about reducing the budget and saving money. The job that had been enjoyable was for a few years no longer satisfying, and Reese retired in December of 2009.

We have spent the last year and a half doing what people in their 70’s get to do – traveling widely, seeing our families and our grandchildren more, serving on a few not-for profit boards, and relaxing. We continue to care a lot about politics, both local and national.
Brown, Aubrey; Alice Hageman
1962: National Grammar School, Nike
Eastern Region;
1963: Nigeria Secondary School, Nnewi
Eastern Region

The main events/features of my life in the last ten years have been:

- A reconnection with and marriage to former (non-Peace Corps) overseas volunteer Alice Hageman with whom I was close in the 1960s
- A move from D.C. to Boston’s Jamaica Plain neighborhood
- The (unanticipated) renovation of 4 houses and an apartment in a 6-year period
- The maturing of my children—Jeanette (in Philadelphia) & Roy (in Boulder)
- The birth of grandson Eli (age 2)—with a sister due December
- More time spent on medical matters—(and less on politics)
- And pleasure and pride in snow-shoveling, hedge-trimming, petunia tending, and family history

Meeting and Parting: I first met Alice in 1966 after comments by Caroline Tinony about unsuccessful attempts to organize ex-PCVs inspired me to pull together a broader organization of former overseas volunteers who were interested in a political focus. Alice and I became close colleagues and friends in that effort (the CRV) for 5 years. We then took separate paths, however, as I went into industrial organizing and got married, and she moved to Boston. Alice, although a strong independent woman who had worked at UNESCO in Paris, had always felt intimidated by the fact that I had gone to Harvard while she had graduated from the ‘lowly’ College of Wooster (in Ohio). So she decided to use a Danforth fellowship at Harvard, and within a year she had received a faculty appointment there and went on to establish Harvard’s program in feminist theology, and became co-pastor of a downtown Boston church and, after several years, also a lawyer.

Reconnection: The death of my first wife, Melinda Myrick (a gifted quilter, number-crunching educational researcher, and cook) at age 57 in 2000 was quite a blow to me and to Jeanette and Roy. (A number of Nigeria I and other former volunteers were very helpful at that time.) Two years later I attended the New York retirement party of Bill Starr (notorious for performing a Columbia ’68 occupation wedding ceremony and himself married to a former Turkey PCV and CRV member). Alice was also there. We sat at the same table, went out afterwards, talked for hours, and the rest is history.

The Wedding: We were married in 2005—in the church where Alice had been co-pastor—with Murray Frank and Norm Gary (and his wife Alice Gosak) attending along with some 250 other friends and family members. A high point was a procession of 35 people waving garlands to ‘When the Saints Go Marching In.’ Each represented an aspect of our past (Columbia, Harvard, Wooster, Nigeria I, lawyers, coal miners, etc.) This was followed by a roll call of these constituencies with each group standing. Among the largest were Brown family members (30-40) and couples whose wedding ceremonies had been performed by Alice. Many people stood up multiple times.

The Move: As Alice’s ties to Boston were stronger than mine to D.C., the move here made sense (although it puts me a good ways away from my (now) 6 siblings and their families). It also meant finally finishing many incomplete renovations in my D.C. fixer-upper house of 17 years and getting rid of 2,000 books (I still have plenty) and truckloads of ‘someday useful’ lumber, housewares, etc., etc. I’d say it was the most wrenching experience of my life, but it got done and the house sold—before the collapse of the market. (Driving a 26’ U-Haul to Boston was also an adventure.)
The Other 3 Houses: Alice’s only sibling, a N.J. realtor with a lifetime of medical problems, came to our wedding in 1964 and went into the hospital the next week—dying there 8 months later. His 3 houses (including the family home—with 3 generations of accumulation) and his business had suffered years of neglect. He had 15 desks piled high with papers (we’re told Voltaire had 21!), more filing cabinets than that, and over 40 filing boxes of business & personal papers. As a result, we spent a week or more per month in New Jersey for much of 5 years—sending 190 cubic yards of stuff to the dump, having twelve hundred pounds of business records shredded, and trying to sell the houses in a steadily declining market. It is (almost) all done now, and it had an enjoyable side, but it was also massively absorbing of our time. The ‘apartment’—the 2nd floor of our 15-room house in Jamaica Plain—became our responsibility after the death of a co-owner (a former CRV member and one of the occupiers of Peace Corps East Asia offices in D.C. after Kent State in 1970). We’ve fixed it up nicely—including a spacious study for me.

Daughter Jeanette: After years of work in New York offices (seeing the 9/11 fires from her window)—and briefly as an executive chef in Jersey City, she has moved to Philadelphia, married, and started a family. She works from home as a private chef, blogger (on business school admissions and also on raising children with curiosity), copy editor, and ghost writer. (Her husband is a CFO—currently with a large law firm.)

Son Roy: Previously a waiter and restaurant manager in D.C. and Boulder. Hoping to have his own restaurant someday, he recently studied at the Culinary School of the Rockies. (I had breakfast with Dave H. when I was there for the graduation.) He is currently a very junior chef at the Flagstaff restaurant outside of Boulder (perhaps the area’s fanciest eatery).

Grandson Eli: Spends much of his day in his ‘Thomas the Train’ world and other similar pursuits. He has a vocabulary of hundreds of mostly one-syllable words (including many train names), which his mother is adept at interpreting. He has reduced ‘Grandpa Aubrey’ to a single syllable—pointing to the computer screen and saying ‘Pa’ when he thinks it’s time to Skype. (We sing—‘Little Red Caboose,’ ‘Old MacDonald,’ etc., play drums & rattles; throw [cloth] balls at the screen; & read books back & forth twice a week.)

Infirmitities: 3 or 4 heart conditions (lots of pills & an implanted defibrillator)—1st found 36 years ago when I was beginning my 4 years as a coal miner. Also a preliminary stage of osteoporosis. But twice weekly senior exercise at a local rehab hospital keeps me in good shape & my cardiologist happy. I climbed a N.C. mountain last month (slowly).

Politics: I have basically not voted since supporting the 1964 ‘peace’ candidate. Seeing the continuation of the Bush Wars (and economic policies), some friends have asked why I am not more militant about non-voting. But I think the key need is for mass organizing independent of political parties around issues. Although I have, in fact, been only minimally involved in recent years, I think that with effective organization our generation could play a significant role in reversing the terrible tides that beset us.

Winter Snow: I was worried about Boston’s weather (as well as its cowpath street network), but have taken the snow on as a challenge. With a corner north-facing house and much pedestrian traffic, the snow has to be cleared—or we quickly have a thick layer of ice. We have a team (a tenant doing the first swipe, a teenager the heavy lifting, and AB on clean-up—including keeping a clear path crossing the street. The result: many compliments—‘Best walk in Boston,’ ‘This is a work of art,’ etc.

Summer Petunias: I have a small garden (tomatoes, basil & marigolds), but my specialty is tending the magenta petunias that have self-seeded in the crack between the sidewalk and the curbstone. I have transplanted some around lampposts and in other bare spots, bringing many smiles and expressions of appreciation.

The same is true of our hedge, which I trim frequently. In addition to the compliments, I have also been impressed to see people running a hand gently over the smooth hedge surface.

Family History: My family has several careful keepers of records. I have done much to pull these together in preparation for archiving and also to create documents for significant family events—most recently for the 100th anniversary of a Blue Ridge Mountains vacation home near Asheville that has been in the family for many years—discovering an interesting early Quaker connection. (Stan F was there in ’65.)
Charnas (McKee), Suzy
University of Ife, Ibadan Branch, Ibadan
Western Region

Nigeria I taught me so much that American Education falsifies or
denies outright and made me permanently marginal to my own culture -
- ideal positioning for any kind of artist ( I've lots of good company out
here). When I got home, I entered a fast-track program at N.Y.U. to get
an M.A. in teaching. This led to three great years teaching at the New
Lincoln School on 110th Street, where my students were the children of
artists, doctors, and psychiatrists and my fellow staff member were
mostly old Reds blacklisted by the public education system -- great
people all!

Then an ex-cop running a drug education program out of Flower
Fifth Avenue Hospital stole me away to write curriculum for suburban
schools with kids dropping LSD, which was a very strange education
for a goody-two-shoes who still hasn't ever even smoked a joint.
Everybody else there was pretty experienced, and our approach was --
non-traditional, let's say.

All that ended when an old friend of the family introduced me to
the son of another old friend of the family, a lawyer with the US Attorney's Office, and we got married in 1969
and moved to Albuquerque, where his kids from his first marriage visited as often as they could. I taught in a free
school here for a while, and Steve worked in a big local firm up until five years ago.

I finally got down to writing full time, only now it was science fiction, and fantasy. Details of all that can be
found at www.suzymckeecharnas.com. First novel, 1974, and now I'm working with a small publisher to get my
backlist up on the Kindle sale site.

I live, on and off, with cats, dogs, step-kids, grandkids, siblings, in-laws, a talent for getting outraged letters
printed in the papers, and an imagination fired by the strange, the mysterious, and the provocative (my husband
says I write "realistic stories about fantastic things"). I teach when I get a chance to -- that's still my first love. My
life experience so far has led me to liberalism (the search for a humane society), feminism (the search for gender
parity), a light-hearted belief in reincarnation (the search for -- !), and a preference for exploring the questions
(rather than demonstrating "The Answer") that I think drives great stories in any genre.
In some ways, I think I don’t have a lot to say about the last ten years. I have just re-read what I wrote in 2001 and am struck by both the continuities and the discontinuities. We are in the same house; I have just gotten back from another glorious six weeks at the family house on the Vineyard; I am still editor of the Bethesda Friends Meeting newsletter; I am still active in creating more of a community in the suburban neighborhood where I live. Two things I have stopped doing are the roundtable discussions at my house – suddenly ran out of steam after 25 years – and doing presentations at the recycling center (both 9/11 and a sniper scare the following year meant there were fewer and fewer school groups coming).

With the invasion of Iraq, I made a major shift toward doing what I could to create peace in the world (something I thought the Peace Corps was supposed to do, so maybe I returned to my roots). I felt that invasion had something to do with a deep flaw with our society and hence within each of us that I would try to address in one way or another. One had to stand for peace, to begin with (lots of vigils, demonstrations, and marches) but also learn to listen and look within.

One approach to that which I have found particularly useful has been Nonviolent Communication (NVC) as described by Marshall Rosenberg. I hosted a practice group at my house for about five years and continue to participate in one on a weekly basis. Another new element was my dismay at the governments’ (all levels) inadequate response to the devastation of New Orleans in the fall of 2005 (Hurricane Katrina). I felt that if something similar were to happen in the Washington DC area, the outcome might be very similar, and I wanted to do what I could to prevent that. So twice a week I volunteer at the Manna Food Center sorting food, which is redistributed to those who need it. This is a band-aid, I realize, but it does get me in a different social setting than usual, and keeps me aware of what is happening in the wider world.

The work with my neighborhood has evolved in the direction of helping residents age in place. We have created a village, which organizes volunteers to provide needed services to neighbors who need assistance. We seem to be at the cusp of the movement, but one of the major limitations is the reluctance of those needing assistance to ask for it! People don’t seem to realize that it would be a real contribution to ask for help.

We have enjoyed a number of trips in the last 10 years: to New Zealand, China, back to Ghana (with my daughter who had done her PhD research there), to Poland (with Global Volunteers), and to Burundi (two times for peace and development work). I am ready to go again any time.

We are enjoying good health, thank goodness, though Bob has to be careful of neck and back problems. I am still playing lots of tennis (singles and doubles) and greatly enjoy kayaking (ponds, not white water).

Our two children are both tenured professors and seem happy in what they do. We have two grandchildren living far away we wish we saw more of.
From Uyo to Tokyo and Palmerston North via New York

I volunteered for the Peace Corps to improve my Spanish! My first choice had been Peru. I was told that I would have to wait up to a year for an assignment in Latin America. So when I got the telegram we all got—a country in West Africa—I said why not?

One of the reasons I was assigned to Government Teacher Training College, Uyo was that the PCV there would have to supervise practice teachers. I had had one semester of practice teaching, more than most of you. But as it turned out, a minimum of two years of teaching experience was an admission requirement at GTTC, Uyo. So all of the teachers I supervised had at least two years more experience than I had.

And of course they were teaching content that was new to me as to the primary school students. Lord Lugard? Pounds, shillings, pence? Rods, poles and perches? To name a few facts that the 8 year olds were more familiar with than I was.

But my ignorance became the basis for all of my subsequent growth. By having to take detailed notes of what each teacher did and sharing them, I realized the power of collaboration and detailed observation and analysis of what we do in our classrooms.

Like many others in our group, after I finished my time in Nigeria, I was invited to participate in a Peace Corps Training Program for volunteers who were on their way to Nigeria. Since my interest when I returned to the US was to teach English in a high school in the Chicago area, I declined the initial invitation in late 1963. But as soon as I got back to Chicago, I realized that no schools were hiring teachers in the middle of the school year—January 1964. So I called the Director of Peace Corps training at Teachers College—Carl Graham—and said I would like to come to TC for the January 1964 term to train PCVs for Nigeria. During the spring break, I went to Chicago and got a position to teach English from 1964 in Skokie, Illinois, home of Abbot Labs and later I learned, the site of Nazi marches.

During my first term teaching at Niles West in Skokie, Carl called me and said that TC had been awarded a contract to hire a person to train PCVs in NY and then go with them to the host country and continue in country training. I discussed the option with the principal of my school. He said, “If you accept the offer, the door is always open for you at Niles West when you return.” So, I said “yes!” Strange as it seems, I missed the mosquitoes, the lack of electricity, the energy of the people, etc.

The salary for a Peace Corps trainer at TC was not very high but tuition was waived for courses we took. I had started taking courses in 1964 and continued in 1965, post Skokie.

After two exciting, demanding, maddening, rewarding years in Somalia, I returned to TC and was asked to teach in the TESOL MA program as a part time instructor. I continued taking courses, was asked to apply for the doctoral program in TESOL, completed my Ph.D. with the understanding that I would be appointed to a full time position when I finished. Pre wide searches, affirmative action, etc.

I did and so the invitation to come to NYC for the January term in 1964 for one term extended ultimately to 1996 when I took early retirement so I could spend more time in Tokyo with my family.

I met my wife, who is Japanese, at TC when we were both students. I had as much interest in Japan as I had had in Nigeria—none! I had focused all of my attention on Spanish speaking countries in South America in college. But if our goal is to satisfy our curiosity—we can never satisfy it but we can explore it. So Latin America, Nigeria, Somalia, Japan—they are all the same. Over and over, I have simply asked “What does it all mean?”
I had started an MA Program in TESOL in Tokyo because I thought that TC faculty who had never left the US should experience other cultures since they we had many international students at TC. Because I retired with little notice, the Dean at TC asked me to continue to direct the off campus MA Program in Tokyo for 2 years so we could search for a new director. Just as we hired a new director, I was invited to become acting president of a 400 student Japanese owned residential college in Palmerston North, New Zealand that I had been a consultant to since before it was started. “Please come for 3 months to help us write a job description to hire a president.” Eight years later, I returned to Japan! So like my planned one semester in New York that lasted 32 years, my 3 months in NZ lasted 8 years.

In 2005, I received the Distinguished Alumni Award from Teachers College. There are around 80,000 living graduates and 2 or 3 awards are given each year. Though it might seem vain of me to mention it, I do so because in the citation—not a driving violation—the president of Teachers College wrote these words: “John, your passion for teaching English as a second language was shaped by your early experience at a teacher training college in Nigeria, where you taught students who grew up without paper or pencils in their homes. You have written that these students had a thirst for learning that was ‘more intense by ten’ than your own up until that point. You have returned the intensity of these students and paid homage to their hopes through your own pioneering achievements in the world of Teaching English to speakers.”

I do now know where he found these comments—in one my applications for promotion? For tenure? But the point is that my time in Uyo was the most significant experience in my life. My entire career and my personal life would have been less rich had I not had that opportunity.

When Ian and Catherine Espie visited me and discussed my classes, they planted the idea of the importance of observation that I found so powerful when I worked with practice teachers in Uyo. One John Rogers from the British Council in Enugu and John Cairns from the Canadian Development agency nurtured this idea and demonstrated methods when they visited me and suggested readings. I read everything available, again because of my ignorance. Carl Graham at Teachers College re-invited me back with more belief in what I could do than I had. How fortunate I have been with such mentors, believers.

Too much on the professional rather than the personal! Kumiko and I have two daughters. Our older one is a human rights lawyer, for some years at the Center for Reproductive Rights, then The International Center for Transitional Justice and soon teaching at the Stein Center for Human Rights at Fordham where she got her law degree. Our younger one worked for Posse, an NGO dedicated to recruiting inner city students for elite colleges and working with them so they succeed. She is about to start her second and final year at business school. She wants to work with NGOs to make them more efficient in raising funds and being productive.

My wife teaches women’s studies at a Japanese women’s university. She has edited two books on Japanese women, the first ones written by Japanese women: Japanese Women and Transforming Japan, both published by the Feminist Press.

My encore? Or, my latest encore—an on line teacher preparation course “Huh? Oh. Aha” and live workshops here and here, teaching occasional courses in MA Programs in TESOL at The New School and Akita International University. And because of my lack of discipline, continuing to get by on the same amount of Japanese I knew 37 years ago—hardly any! What a scandal. Our daughters speak to each other and my wife in Japanese. I am the only one who is not bilingual.

I am thrilled by the fact that my birthday, the 24th of October, is also the date of the founding of the United Nations, though I came first. But the coincidence I am moved by because having had the opportunity to live in Nigeria, Somalia, New Zealand and Japan for extended periods and in Togo, Senegal, The Ivory Coast and Spain for many months, has made me realize how the telegram we received in 1961 has enriched my life.

I am often asked what I think I accomplished, especially by those who are familiar with the present state of Nigeria and Somalia. I say “I don’t think I did any harm. And my experiences there transformed and enriched my life beyond any words I can use to express my thanks.”
Field, Stan; Rena
Provincial Secondary School
Zaria, Northern Nigeria

To pick up the narrative from the last time we gathered our biographies, I retired from the Philadelphia School System in 1993.

Anticipating my retirement I received an MBA in accounting to begin a practice in tax returns. That practice has increased to the point where I have close to 100 clients. From January to April, I work for a good part of the day and night. After the tax deadline in April, I have time to pursue my other interests. They include volunteering as treasurer in various non-profit groups, such as several scholarship funds and the Jewish Labor Committee.

I also manage a two million dollar fund that supports school district employees who retired long ago, before the union came in and increased wages, and who can't now afford health care workers, hearing aids, etc.

For 27 years I taught drama literature at Villanova University, where I had received an MA in theatre. I retired from that position three years ago. Twenty years ago, to pursue my passion for theatre, three of my friends and I bought a small apartment in New York, so that we could take week-long trips to the Big Apple, at an inexpensive cost.

For the past five years I was the President of the Condo Association in my condominium. This required overseeing all the major projects in the building and hearing all the complaints from the residents. I retired from that position several months ago, but I am still a member of the Council. The building consists of 576 units and close to 900 residents.

I also am the treasurer of the 8th ward Democratic Committee, which means not only being active in local politics, but filing the financial reports with the city and state four times a year.

Since returning from Nigeria, I have traveled all around the world, including an 8 month trip around the globe. Now Rena and I include in our travels a visit to our daughter in Madison, Wisconsin. She is a social worker, running a shelter at the YWCA across the street from the Capitol. The visits will increase this year since we became first time grandparents in August.

When I returned to the United States from Nigeria, I wanted to have something to remember my experience. I turned to a hobby that I had started as a kid: stamp collecting. My collection has now grown to the point that it now is one of the most extensive in the world. I am in contact with the other collectors around the world but mostly in Great Britain. Granted there are only about 100 collectors in the world who are exclusive collectors of the area. The collections include stamp issues from the Niger Coast Protectorate and Oil Rivers, Lagos, Northern and Southern Nigeria, as well as the British Cameroons. Most of the collection consists of pre-1914, but does include Nigerian post from 1914 to 1960.

Looking forward to seeing everyone.
Fleming, Ginna
Staff, Ibadan, Western Region

Many of you will remember our home in Ibadan, with Lisa and Peter, who were 4 and 2 when we arrived, and of course are now in their 50’s and living in Mill Valley, CA, and New York City.

Back in Washington, DC, in the Georgetown house(s) that so many of you stayed in during the turbulent sixties demonstrations, I began my working life on the civil rights front, with the Federal Community Relations Service. Later I became the Washington representative for the Atlanta-based Southern Education Foundation, a small foundation concerned with equal educational opportunity. And then in an effort to balance motherhood and working, I became a part-time consultant on equal education and related matters. Phyllis McClure and I joined forces on a couple of projects.

Through civil rights work I met Harold Fleming, who had come up from running the Southern Regional Council in Atlanta to start a civil rights "think tank" called the Potomac Institute. We married in 1972, and a few years later bought a place in the country. There was one amazing summer when Al Ulmer (he and Robin had moved to West Virginia) built the house/potshop that Dotty Hassfeld lived in for years on our place, and Julian Martin and others came. Somehow Peace Corps people weave into every aspect of life.

I worked alternately for non-profits and the D.C. Government for the next 20 years, mostly on efforts to improve public human services programs. After official retirement, and Harold’s death in 1992, I co-founded a non-profit organization concentrating on better opportunities for teenagers in the city and worked hard at that for many years. At the same time I began to be serious about fine art photography. Roger Landrum and I shared a website and a photo gallery (in my basement apartment) for several years.

In 2003 I moved to California to be near Lisa’s family, and 3 grandchildren. Here I began to combine extensive travel with photography, and the results can be seen on my website: www.ginnafleming.com.

Photography has been an enormous pleasure, and led to many new groups of friends and fellow travelers. Through a camera club here for several years, I co-led a project to teach photography to kids in low-income neighborhoods. I’m also proud to be the official photographer of the Mill Valley Girls Softball League, thanks to both granddaughters.

I’ve enjoyed getting to know California, a huge and beautiful state. Norm Gary has introduced me to the joys of “car camping” in the Sierras, as well as to the local vineyards. Small town life here is quite different from D.C., but we are only half an hour from beautiful San Francisco.

In 2008 I had a chance to travel with a science teacher from Mill Valley to Afghanistan, getting to know schools, teachers, clinics and other projects. The bravery of so many people there, especially women, working in the face of tremendously difficult obstacles, led me to publish a book of photographs entitled Another Afghanistan — images of the country and its people quite different from the usual emphasis on war. I am now on the Board of that project, supporting education, especially for girls, and particularly in science and critical thinking, in Afghanistan.

Life continues to be busy and interesting, and I’m looking forward to the reunion.
Has it really been 50 years? It’s hard to believe; the memories are still very vivid. It will be exciting to see everyone.

I retired from UMass Boston 16 years ago. We are living in Boston now; we moved here over four years ago after twelve busy and pleasant enough years on Martha’s Vineyard. I guess we got weary of rural living on a small and parochial island and missed city living.

We are in a condo in Boston’s South End; it is very comfortable for us with easy walking to almost anything we need or want to do; groceries, restaurants, and public transportation are all accessible.

We go to concerts at the Boston Symphony and have taken a couple of courses at the Museum of Fine Arts. I try to walk a lot - it’s my only exercise.

We’ve done a little traveling: a week in Paris last year, and just recently a few days in Yellowstone. I would like to travel more. The thing about retirement is that when you have more time, you have less money.

Lisa’s oldest son, Eddie, my oldest grandchild, just finished the first year at Northeastern University - I can walk to his dorm in 10 minutes. And he can come here for dinner. It’s fun having him so close despite it being a regular reminder of how old we are getting. (Lisa was four when we arrived in Ibadan.)

Another grandchild, Julian, almost six years old, lives in a nearby suburb and I see him often - a delightful child and, of course, very intelligent. Being with him is a great joy.

I have access to the basement where I’ve set up my shop and I continue to do some woodworking. Recently Julian and I made a birdhouse. Joanna is a fine cook; I made an herb garden that sits on a deck next to the kitchen; she is growing almost a dozen herbs.

We both do volunteer tutoring in an Adult Basic Education program in a nearby community center. I do social studies; Joanna teaches reading and writing. Our students are working for a high school equivalency. The only teaching I ever did was graduate level, so it has been a challenge to teach adults who never got much out of elementary and high school for all kinds of reasons.

Aubrey and I meet for lunch once in a while. We were interviewed together recently by a woman who has a grant to produce a radio-based documentary on the Peace Corps at 50. I think it will appear in August.

Perhaps you saw in the latest issue of the Friends of Nigeria newsletter that I will soon join the FON board. The organization is doing some significant work in Nigeria and I was pleased to be invited. I’m also on the board of the alumni association of the Heller School, at Brandeis, where I got my degree. Being connected to both, I have become the point person in an effort, initiated by Heller, to create an FON scholarship program for Nigerian students at the School. There will be some conversation about the possibility at the FON meeting in Washington. It has a long way to go.

If I close my eyes very tight and concentrate hard, I can see the sea of rusting corrugated roofs of Ibadan that comes into view as you come over the last hill on the road from Lagos. It was a great, great experience. I am looking forward to picking up where we left off.
Gary, Norman; Alice Gosak (Ethiopia III)  
Government Technical Institute  
Enugu, Eastern Region

NIGERIA AND AFTER

After leaving Nigeria I did a variety of things, including the following in more or less chronological order.

- Two stints in grad school at UCLA (English, TESL and linguistics)
- Internship in college program development at Texas Southern University and taught there for two years in the English department
- Peace Corps training programs at Teachers’ College and Morehouse College
- Marriage to Judith Olmsted (Nigeria VI) in 1971; the wedding on the Malibu beach was attended by a number of ex PCVs, including Robert Teller, Julian Martin (Nigeria III), who was best man, and Richard Blyther (Nigeria III); Teller served as official photographer.
- UCLA-AID program in Egypt, helping staff an MA program in TESL; later worked privately establishing ESL programs for Egyptians working in tourism.
- After Judy died in a car/bus accident in 1981, I continued in Cairo as an itinerant professor of linguistics, teaching at Cairo University and American University in Cairo.
- In 1983, I married Alice Gosak (Ethiopia III), whom Judy and I knew at UCLA, and I returned to the US in 1984, settling in the Bay area, where Alice had a tenured job at San Jose Community College.
- In 1984, finding no academic jobs, I entered the business world, working mainly in educational positions in the high tech world of Silicon Valley.
- I retired completely in 2004.

SINCE RETIREMENT

Life after retirement has been a real joy ride, with emphasis on joy. I’ve been working on my bucket list:

- **Service.** Volunteering in the National Park Service in Sequoia National Park, filling ranger-like roles: advising backpackers about wilderness hiking routes; patrolling car camping sites; helping capture and tag problem bears, taking overnight backpacking trips to inspect wilderness sites.
- **Outdoors.** Backpacking in California and Colorado; taking two High Sierra horse packing trips, both with Ginna Fleming and others.
- **Wine.** Studying wine in a serious way. In 2002, Alice gave me a certificate for a wine appreciation course at UC Berkeley Extension; it was literally a life-changing experience. Since then I have studied and sold imported and domestic wines wholesale, made wine with friends, and in general bored my friends (including some reading this) about wine. If I had taken up wine earlier in life, the world might have had one less linguist and one more impoverished winemaker.
- **Travel.** England, France, Malta, Mexico, Sicily, and Slovenia. While I was in England two years ago attending a Darwin Bi-Centennial celebration, I got to see Gary Knamiller for the first time in over 40 years, meet his wife and explore the Yorkshire dales, not to mention examining a number of pubs.
- **Study.** Taking courses in geology, photography, Photoshop and wine; extensive reading in early US history to try to make sense of the Iraq madness.
- **Friendships.** I have been lucky enough to be able to stay in touch with a number of old PC friends including Aubrey Brown, Richard Blyther (III), Joyce Cruz (III), John Fanselow, Ginna Fleming, Murray Frank, the Goodyears (III), Hershel Herzberg, Julian Martin (III), Robert Teller, and Robin and
Al Ulmer. More recently I was privileged to spend quality time with Ginna Fleming, Dotty Hassfeld and Cinnie (Berry) Vanda in France celebrating Ginna’s birthday.

The Peace Corps was the single most important experience in the life of this small town Texas kid. I had a chance to get overseas and work with a wide variety of people from different cultures and certainly to get well outside of my own comfort zone. My two wives have been Peace Corps, most of my best friends are Peace Corps, and certainly my world view is shaped by the experience of working in a country and culture very different from my own upbringing. I feel that I have been extraordinarily privileged.
Hassfeld, Dorothy A.
Boy's Grammar School, Ogbomosho
Western Region

What to say about my life except that it has passed with the speed of light and was lived with joy. After Nigeria I returned to Ohio University, Athens, to complete the MFA in English which I interrupted by joining the Peace Corps. The classes no longer seemed meaningful. My father needed help in his restaurant/motel in the Poconos. Again I left graduate school, this time to clean motel rooms and wait tables. The chef left. Father took over the cooking. I became embarrassed serving tables of ten two plates at a time. One end of the table having finished eating before the last person had been served. I became chef. I was moving on up, but ended the cooking career with the end of summer.  

Ginna was running the Southern Education Intern program at that time. It seemed an interesting way to learn about the ways government works and do something useful, helping a predominately black college get some of the money just being made available to them. I spent the year at Alabama A & M, Huntsville, where the faculty members each taught five credit hours a day. There was no development office.  

The Ford Foundation came by at the end of the internship. There was money in the Fund for the Advancement of Education to be used to enable public school teachers in the rural southeast to develop their ideas and programs in ways that would improve education for rural children. They were to work with mentors and programs anywhere in the country. I was to find the educators, help them draw up their proposals, present them to a southern board, etc., etc. I jumped back into a frying pan and dashed around Georgia, South Carolina, Alabama and Mississippi looking for the right grantees. The program was a good idea, but I didn't enjoy the life as an administrator.

Next, I dove into an MFA program in ceramic art at the University of Georgia and looked forward to being a studio potter. Of course I had never met a studio potter. But I had wanted to study art as an undergraduate, had watched the students in the pot shop in the basement of the English building, had watched over the pottery I passed by every day I was in graduate school at OU. Well into the pottery program, I suggested to the head of the Craft department and my advisor that I take a semester off to intern with an actual studio potter. The chair of the department said they were teaching teachers not people who wanted to make pots for a living. Since I was getting old, as old as two of the teachers, I finished the program and looked at the world. An offer came by to teach art history and set up a pottery studio at a college in Marysville, Tennessee. I didn't even know what it took to be a studio potter, and art history wasn't my major. It wouldn't be fair to a batch of kids who would probably turn around and go into the school systems I was previously trying to change.

A program at the Educational Development Center in Cambridge needed someone with African experience to help produce some educational art materials. During the time with them, I was able to return to Nigeria for three weeks with the camera man for our project. Contacts in Ogbomosho, my PC teaching station, enabled us to get to the compounds where the crafts we were interested in shooting were being made. We were able to get drafts of teaching materials produced before the contract ended. I still was not a studio potter.

Ginna again to the rescue. She had purchased a farm in Virginia as a weekend retreat and could use resident eyes and ears. I needed a place to throw clay and pile bricks. Since there wasn't a tenant house on the farm, Ginna gave a young architect from DC the opportunity to design a house. Al and Robin were then living not too far away in West Virginia, so he became chief contractor, carpenter, mason, etc. We hauled oak beams from a local sawmill, and stones from a W. Virginia quarry. With the help of family and other PC I's, the house was built. I was to become a studio potter.

While the house was being built I got a kid—a baby goat. Not working in the corporate world, or going to school what would keep me from just lazing around? I got clay the first time from Williamsburg Pottery—Williamsburg, Virginia. I didn't know any potters in Virginia, DC, or Maryland or that the Williamsburg pottery sold some hand-made pottery, but mostly sold stuff. But my first studio pots were from Virginia clay. Latter day pots came from clay bought in the DC area and I met other potters.

Teaching an adult education class at the high school brought the local paper out to do a story about a person who had been in the PC in Africa and had goats and was making pottery.
Eventually, I met Joy Schulterbrandt, a psychologist who worked at the National Institute of Mental Health and lived on the other side of the mountain in Broad Run. Joy and I decided to live together at her house. I packed the pottery wheel and bricks and stuff, sold the goats and gave my little dog, Hildie, to the woman who bought the goats. That woman and Hildie moved to Florida where Hildie went into early retirement. Every year Hildie sent a Holiday card showing off a new seasonal bow while standing at the edge the sea.

I kept making pots and selling them at galleries and craft fairs. Lucky for me, Joy liked to sell them and I could hang off to the side. While not potting I helped a friend who was a builder with his work, and he helped me build the pottery studio, a garage, gallery and teaching studio, stone wall, run water and electric lines etc. on Joy's property. Joy and I also had a modular house built in the neighborhood.

Joy's home was St Thomas, US Virgin Islands. For years we made a yearly trip to visit her mother. We were the caterers for a party of 50 people of all ages and sizes. During that vacation time small repairs and painting was done on the family properties on St Thomas or on the cottage on St John. In the early years there was a lot about St Thomas that reminded me of Nigeria. The pan roofs and concrete buildings were obvious similarities. My being in the minority was another. That experience was the greatest gift I received from the Peace Corp. One I wish I could share in some non-threatening way with other whites. We are the minority. Some sense the fact and resent it, or are afraid of losing control, or feel they have already lost control, or don't want to share what they might have; I think the sense of loss about not being the majority and the leader of the world, as well as the economic upheaval, is making it harder for our government to work.

Several years after Joy retired from NIMH she decided she wanted to return to St Thomas to live. We bought a piece of land overlooking Charlotte Amalie Harbor with a sugar milling tower on it. It is one of the seven remaining towers on St Thomas. We had hoped to stabilize the stones and use the structure for educational purposes. Many of the children living there have never seen a sugar mill up close. Many are embarrassed to talk about the plantation system. They don't realize most of us are in another kind of plantation system today.

We almost got our new house above the mill completed before Joy died of cancer. We had lived in Coconut Grove, Miami, for seven months while she was getting treatment. I got the house completed and sold both properties to come stateside. A big house on the side of a steep mountain is no place for an old woman alone to retire to. So where to go in the world? Back in my usual mode I returned to Maine with happy childhood memories of freedom during my childhood, and the kind of people that people should be.

I redid the interior of a house near Bowdoin college—plenty of intellectual stimulation, on flat ground—good for biking, looking out on woods—back yard, not far from water-kayaking.

I really haven't changed much through it all.
My life over the past fifty years has been a happy and fulfilling one. Frank and I have been married for forty-nine years and have three wonderful grown children and three exceptional grandchildren. They, my sister and brothers, and many good friends have provided exactly the support system I have needed to fight the pancreatic cancer that will keep me away from the PC/Nigeria 1 reunion. But I will be there in spirit.

As a freelance copy editor for the past ten years, my clients have included Blackwell Publishing, Oxford University Press, Routledge, and many other nonfiction and reference publishers. Over a twenty-year career in media and public relations and journalism, I was an associate vice president at Binghamton University (SUNY), associate director of the Harvard University News Office, press secretary to Congressman Edward J. Markey, and a correspondent for the Quincy (MA) Patriot Ledger. More recently, I worked as a freelance copyeditor. For the past five years I have worked on a biography of Louisa Catherine Adams. In 2008–2009 I received the Massachusetts Historical Society’s Marc Friedlander Fellowship in support of my research. In June 2010, my article, “A Fine Romance”: The Courtship Correspondence Between Louisa Catherine Johnson and John Quincy Adams,” was published in The New England Quarterly. I am also a co-author of the chapter on Louisa Catherine Adams to appear in a volume of Blackwell’s A Companion to American History.

At our last reunion I was healed by the outpouring of support and kindness from everyone there of the guilt I had carried for so many years for putting our group in danger and jeopardizing the success of the Peace Corps. Thank you from the bottom of my heart.

Because I live in historic Exeter, New Hampshire, the superb resources of the Phillips Exeter Academy Library are at my disposal, and I have made extensive use, as well, of the nearby University of New Hampshire Library and of the Adams Papers collection at the Massachusetts Historical Society. On trips to Europe, I have reviewed birth and marriage records of Louisa’s family in London—confirming, for example, that her parents married ten years after her birth—and toured the mansion in Nantes, France, where she lived as a child. In St. Petersburg, Russia, I visited the area where Louisa and John Quincy Adams lived for six years. I have lived in Washington, D.C., where Louisa spent many years, and I am very familiar with Quincy, Newburyport, Boston, and Cambridge, Massachusetts, where many scenes in my book play out.

Thirty years ago, in the front hallway of the Adams family home in Quincy, I came across a portrait of Louisa Catherine Adams as a lovely young woman. Her level, appraising glance challenged me to pay her the respect she deserved. The Other Mrs. Adams is my answer to that challenge.
As you'll see from this letter and my resume, I have been involved in research and writing, as well as presenting leadership development and human interaction-based programs. I also have extensive experience developing teaching materials.

In my public education career I have served in a variety of capacities working with adults as well as young people. While working in the San Mateo Union High School District, I have been a classroom teacher, mentor teacher (of teachers), Social Science Department Head, coordinator of the School Improvement Program, and Assistant Principal. In each of these positions I endeavored to bring out the best in people so they could achieve their goals.

As a classroom teacher I have taught all subjects offered by the Social Science Department to 9-12 grade students including US History (AP and regular), American Government (AP and regular), Modern World History, Geography, and Economics. I have also taught English Language and Literature. My students came from a variety of social and economic backgrounds with diverse abilities, interests, and motivations. I believe I was able to help them learn to enjoy the subjects I taught. I tried to inspire them to creativity and excellence by providing opportunities to express their individual differences.

As a mentor teacher, I had the pleasure of working with new and experienced teachers in the district. Workshops I developed and conducted dealt not only with history and social science curriculum but also with instructional strategies, learning activities, and lesson planning. In assessment and follow-up activities, my workshops were highly rated and deemed extremely valuable in evaluations conducted by the district. I earned a reputation as an inspirational and outstanding presenter among my peers. I was renowned for extensive and detailed handouts that accompanied my presentations and designed to enhance their classroom effectiveness. For example, when I presented lessons on integrating drama into classroom history instruction, I provided teachers with 16 plays and lesson plans that I wrote (300+ pages), devised to make the study of history more vital.

I also served as Social Science Department Head for 17 years. In my roles as department head I worked closely with teachers to create a coherent three-grade level program (9th, 11th and 12th) that followed the curriculum and instructional recommendations outlined in the California State Framework for History and Social Studies.

Portfolio writing was a major component that infused the entire Social Science curriculum. In the Western Association of Schools and Colleges (WASC) evaluations, our social science department received many commendations. During my tenure, Capuchino high school earned the title, “Distinguished California School” from the state, awarded to a small number of California schools.

At Capuchino High School, I was the school improvement coordinator and managed a budget of $70,000/year. I worked closely with the school site council, which consisted of elected parents, students, teachers, classified staff, and the principal. All funds expended were made by vote of the school site council. As coordinator of the school improvement program I conducted needs assessments, developed goals and objectives, encouraged development of programs by teachers and counselors, and provided evaluation of funded programs to determine their success. No segment of the school community was untouched by the school improvement program. Getting all segments of our school community to work together was key to its success.

As assistant principal and department head I evaluated teachers, also monitored attendance and discipline of students and served on a variety of school and district planning committees, which worked with parents and members of the community. I also served on a district planning team for teachers new to our district.
In all my years in education, as a member of the Peace Corps and as a faculty member of the San Mateo Union High School District, I have always been interested in making a positive contribution to the organizations I worked with.

On a personal note, I have three children and four grandchildren. My three children have all pursued different professions. My oldest son, Sam, is an environmental planner who works for San Mateo County, California. My daughter, Laura, is a medical doctor who lives and works in Paso Robles, California. My youngest son, Dan, is a businessman who lives and works in Antioch, California.

My grandchildren, two boys and two girls are Isaac, Marcus, Aliza and Talia. Aliza is just entering high school while the others are still in elementary and junior high schools.
Ironically, my last day as a Peace Corps Volunteer at the Mayflower School in Western Nigeria (where I taught Chemistry and Biology), was the same day that our beloved president, JFK, was assassinated. I arrived in Lagos, on my way home not knowing about his assassination until I reached the PC Guest House. I remember how deeply affected I was by his death and it wasn't until the 25th anniversary of the Peace Corps that I was able not to cry when thinking about him---and what could have been.

I had taken a leave of absence from medical school (after completing my second year), and went back to complete my training. It was a breeze. I knew exactly what I wanted to do with my life in medicine at that point and as a result graduated with high honors and was elected to the medical honor society. After a year of internship which ended in June 1967, I went back into the Peace Corps again, this time as a Peace Corps Physician taking care of PCVs in India from 1967 through 1969.

I never worked so hard in my life. There were 1500 volunteers in India and they were getting sick and dying at a frightening rate. In the two years that I was in India, there were four deaths among PCVs and I medically evacuated an average of one PCV a week back to the United States or to Germany during the entire two years that I was there. Many of them were unconscious, on stretchers with IVs running and attended to by a PC nurse. I have some bizarre stories to tell about sick PCVs.

I even married a PCV in 1969, but it was an ill-fated marriage which mercifully didn't last long but did result in the birth of my first daughter, Jennifer Devin, who lives in Boulder where I and my wife of 31 years live.

After Peace Corps India, I received further training in obstetrics and gynecology, and eventually became board-certified in pediatrics. I was very interested in working in the area of family planning in the international arena. I was in Kenya working at a mission hospital with the help of a Ford foundation grant when I found out that my only sister was dying of cancer so I returned to the United States in 1973 to be with her through her dying process. She was 39. My father had died at age 39.

I decided not to go back overseas but to settle down in the United States so I was suddenly faced with making a decision as to where I wanted to live and I chose Boulder, Colorado, which has been my wonderful home ever since.

In 1979 I met my wife, Christine, and we were married in 1980. Our children represent a "his, hers and ours" arrangement and are very close to each other. Our oldest, Jennifer, has given us a grandson who is five years old. She is due to give us a second grandson on August 10, 2011. Our middle child, Ryan, also lives in Boulder and is married to a Brit, (but no children yet), and our youngest child, Shannon, who lives in W/DC, is engaged to be married in February 2012.

Chris and I set about founding a medical center where we both continue to practice. Chris is a PhD psychotherapist who not only does counseling, biofeedback, and stress management, but also the cutting edge modalities such as EMDR and Brainspotting. Her specialty area is post traumatic stress disorders and she has worked in Kosovo, right after the bombing stopped and again six months later, and has worked with Palestinian and Israeli women dealing with their PTSD.

We gradually enlarged our medical clinic and now have 10 physicians plus Dr. Chris. We continue to work three days a week and love our work. I am also a Hospice Medical Director. Chris has been on the board of directors of several organizations including a nonprofit mental health counseling organization; the past president of the International Society for the Study of Subtle Energy and Energy Medicine (ISSSEEM); past president of
the Colorado Biofeedback Society, and a Professor at the Naropa University in Boulder and Holos University. She also has been ordained as an Interfaith Minister. Sometimes I call her the Rev. Dr. Chris as I genuflect.

In 2005 we started spending a month each year in Uganda, working at a very remote and isolated 250 bed hospital in the southwest part of the country. We have raised money for supplying the hospital with a satellite dish since they were so isolated and money to buy mosquito bed nets for the staff and patients. We are on the faculty of the University of Colorado School of Medicine in their Center for Global Health and take medical students to our adopted Uganda hospital each year where they have an incredible experience.

Chris is a very family-oriented person and we have built a community of friends in the Boulder area. As we age we recognize how important it is to take care of ourselves and to care for our friends around us as well as we can.

Bill Moyers once said that his three years in the Peace Corps were the best years of his life. Certainly my four years in the Peace Corps were highlights of my life, memories I that will never forget. I feel privileged to have been, along with all of you, in the first wave of Peace Corps Volunteers who ever went overseas because I know that we served as a model for others and we modeled the concept of service. I still remember Sarge Shriver saying "Serve, Serve, Serve. Serve your family, serve your country, and serve the world." Chris and I have tried to do this to the best of our ability.

I look forward to being with all of you again.
Jackson, Bill; Lilly Santos Jackson
Provincial Secondary School
Dekina, Northern Region

I am currently employed as Program Manager for the US Department of Energy, now with 45 years plus of U.S. Government Service. My wife, Lilly Santos, formerly of Pohnpei State, Micronesia, is a nurse at Castle Medical Center, Kailua, HI. I have 5 children (Anjanette, Shirley, Michael, Anthony, Douglas) and 4 grandchildren (Tobey, Hayden, Kamahina, Dylan).

After Peace Corps service in Nigeria in 1963, I studied and obtained an MA in African Studies at UCLA and participated in Peace Corps training programs as a cultural-studies trainer at Columbia University, UCLA, and Western Michigan University.

Following this I served for two years on staff of the Peace Corps Training Center at St. Croix, U.S. Virgin Islands, as Cultural-Studies Coordinator, preparing groups for service in Nigeria, Niger, India, and West Indies. I led practice-teaching trainees to field experiences throughout the eastern Caribbean states.

After the Peace Corps training programs in the Caribbean, I migrated into various Office of Opportunity-funded training programs in the Virgin Islands (VISTA program), Territory of Guam and the Department of the Interior-administered Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands [TTPI] (1967-80). I was stationed in Saipan, and the Northern Mariana Islands,

I managed a series of training projects (for Community Action Programs) throughout the former TTPI: Northern Mariana islands, Yap Palau, Truk (now Chuuk), Ponape (now Pohnpei), and the Marshall Islands. Over that period, I also assisted in the establishment at the TTPI’s Head Start and Legal Services Programs, as well as organizing and managing the Trust Territory Government’s [TTG] Grant-in-Aid, Economic Opportunity, Housing Development Board, and Office on Aging Programs. I created the TTG’s Office of Federal Programs and served as its first incumbent.

From 1980-82, I was the Region-IX US. Territories specialist on the Western Federal Regional Council, San Francisco and covered the Pacific territories of Samoa, Guam, Northern Marianas, and Micronesia.

From 1982 until the present, I have been employed at the U.S. Department of Energy, duty- stationed in Honolulu, Hawaii (the branch formerly known as the Atomic Energy Commission, and now part of the Office of Health, Safety, and Security). I started as a Field Coordinator and am now the Program Manager for the department’s Marshall Islands’ medical and environmental-radiological, health care and monitoring program (this is a USC legacy program stemming from the U.S. nuclear testing period in the Pacific from 1946-58, and specifically, from a nuclear-test accident that occurred on March 11, 1954 in what is now, the Republic of the Marshall Islands).

I am a member of the Health Physics Society and have co-authored papers with scientific staff of Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory, although my principal role is to interface with the national and local political leadership of the Marshall Islands, other federal Agencies, such as DOD, DCI, State, NGOs, international organizations, and patient-stakeholders residing both in the Marshall Islands and the U.S.

AWARD: I was selected by the San Francisco Federal Executive Board as the Region X Professional-Category Employee at the Year (1981).

I have traveled extensively in the Central and South Pacific, as well as the Caribbean during my Federal career, and have visited Asia and Europe numerous times.

I have only been to Nigeria once since my PCV service and that was at the end of 1965-early 1966. Thankfully, the Friends of Nigeria (FON) and its great newsletter keeps me briefed on events in Nigeria as well as happenings of former PCVs.
Some happenings since we met some 10 years ago.

2002-03: Cycling around Hanoi, sometimes with daughter Cathy who was a VSO three hours out of Hanoi for two and a half years and son Pete who dropped by on his way to New Zealand from some orangutan sanctuary in Sumatra, while working with the Vietnamese lower secondary initial teacher training development project. (Four visits for some 6 months in all)

Jan - Feb 2002: Sweating it out in the bowels of a UN prop plane on some dirt landing strip just outside Mogadishu, being refueled by hand pump from 44 gallon barrels, surrounded by Toyota pickup trucks bristling with machine guns, on the way back to Nairobi from a UNICEF Somali primary textbook training project based in Hargeisa (Somaliland).

2003-2005: Chris and I in Ethiopia as VSOs (Voluntary Service Overseas is the British older sister of the Peace Corps): dancing in the bus on the annual outing with Chris's college lecturer colleagues; sitting with gelata monkeys at 4400 meters up Ras Dashen in the highlands; walking the hills behind Addis Ababa to a fellow VSO's for some egg sandwiches; interviewing a crippled bicycle mechanic who makes three wheel, hand driven wheelchairs, for inclusion in the mechanics chapter of a new grade 7 physics textbook; roasting green coffee beans and boiling them up for a brew with Hiwote and her family up the Entoto Hills; stopping for a coffee and pastry in a local café during the five kilometer run for breast cancer in Addis; wandering through the subterranean world of rock hewn churches in Lalibela; sipping beers and gin and tonics with fellow VSOs at the Pride Bar outside the VSO office having our weekly bitch about local bureaucracy before sauntering off to The Zebra for bar-b-que chicken wings to celebrate the end of the week; celebrating a University colleague's family house warming with an open fire meal cooked on their concrete living room floor with no windows or doors or toilet or bathroom or kitchen… quite yet.

2006 - present: Chris and I checking fencing and re-staking blown over ash, rowan, oak and hazel trees in a woodland we look after as Yorkshire Dales National Park volunteer wardens (no Smoky the Bear hats), together with doing path, barn and open-access surveys, peregrine watch at a nesting site and dry stone walling.

Junes (two weeks) 2006-10: Rising every morning to the cockerel and shooing the chickens out of their coop and checking the lambs at Mary's small hold farm and lodges four miles from Dromnadrochit in the Great Glen, home of Nelly, the Lock Ness Monster (we almost saw her last year), where we look after things while Mary is off hiking and camping in the wilds of the Scottish Highlands.

Oct 2006: Getting happily lost on water buses in Venice and staying in this little room at the top just off the Grand Canal and tasting pre-dinner tapas and cycling those islands just off Venice, celebrating Chris' 60th, a birthday plane ticket from the kids.

Feb 2007: Marching with Chris and Cathy, together with close to a million others, in London against war in Iraq. CNN interviewed Chris about her thoughts of George W and her clip to the effect that he wasn't altogether mentally was broadcast around the world.
Every June, 2008-11: Helping daughter Cathy with preparing food at St. Clement’s Church hall for prize giving in the gardening competition for residents of Bradford district 3, the charity Cathy works for that attempts to bring members of the Muslim/White/Caribbean communities together… typical category - 'Best small garden backing onto an alley'.

Sept 2008: Chris and I with son, Peter, in Alberta's Bighorn Wildland Recreation Area trapping and collaring wolves for his study on predation at the University of Alberta, Edmonton. (We actually caught this big female and stroked it while the boys were taking blood and measurements.)

October 2008: Tapping our feet and having a pint to the guitars and banjos and fiddles in the Wheatsheaf Pub at the Folk Festival in Ingleton, North Yorkshire, with the kids and Chris’s extended family on our 40th wedding anniversary

November 2008: Walking up to daughter Cathy's house with a candle illuminated pumpkin cut out to read, 'OBAMA' and settling down for the long vigil until around 5.00am UK time when he appeared as president-elect on the stage in Chicago.

July 2009: Norm Gary came to visit the place where so many famous biologists - Darwin, Huxley, Knamiller - 'took/take the waters' in the Yorkshire spa town of Ilkley. (In truth we had only just bought this new house in Ilkley but hadn't quite moved in yet.) I proceeded to get Norm and me lost on a simple, easily navigatable path in the Yorkshire Dales National Park. He advised us on 'Cubed Foot Gardening'.

August 2010: Camping and cycling with the kids, Karen, Cathy and Peter, around Kilderwater in Northumberland with so many giggles and flash backs to those times when we did all this when they really were kids.

March 2011: Chris and I making a presentation on Ethiopia to daughter Karen's grade 6 pupils at Forth View Primary School in Edinburgh based on our two years with VSO. Responding to the slides a typical comment made by one of the boys, "Hey, look, they got Coke over there."

June 2011: Millie, our 20 month old black labrador leaping in and out of the canoe as we tried to negotiate the rapids, admittedly not very big, down the Dordogne on our first camper van trip in France. Chris had to cuddle her for the 15 km run while I tried to keep that dog-gone dugout pointed down river.

August 2011: Daughter Cathy is having a baby, our first grandchild.
LANCASTER, JAMES B., JR. ; Harriet Government College, Kaduna Institute of Public Administration, Ahmadu Bello University, Zaria Northern Region

I am a retired U.S. Federal Government Senior Executive with thirty years of experience in various federal agencies. I have held the following Federal positions: Associate Director for Administration, U.S. Office of Personnel Management; Associate Director of Administration and Finance, ACTION/Peace Corps; Senior International Affairs Officer, Agency for International Development; Senior Management Analyst, Executive Office of the President, Office of Management and Budget (OMB); Senior Budget Analyst, House Budget Committee, U.S. Congress; and Director of Management Systems, Federal Highway Administration, Department of Transportation.

My private sector experiences include the positions of Manpower Development Specialist, The Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development (OECD) Paris, France; The Office of the Prime Minister, Ankara, Turkey; Consultant/Economist; The Johns Hopkins University, School of Hygiene and Public Health; Senior Economist, Hammer, Siler, George Associates; and Senior Consultant, Operations Research Inc.

I received the B.A. degree in Economics with a Minor in Business Administration, Howard University, Washington, D.C.; a Masters of Public and International Affairs in Socio-Economic Development, University of Pittsburgh; and have done doctoral studies in Economics and Public Finance, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan; and Doctoral Studies, International Affairs, The American University, Washington, D.C.

I am the Founder and President of the African Literacy, Art and Development Association, Inc. (ALAD). I am a member of the Naples Council on World Affairs; former member, Board of Trustees and Chairman of the Grants Committee of the Community Foundation of Collier County; a member of the Greater Naples Leadership; Treasurer, NAACP of Collier County; member, Unitarian Universalist Congregation of Greater Naples; and Founder and President of the Haitian Coalition of Collier County, and Board member of the Hope for Haiti, Inc.

I have travelled to forty states in the United States, and have lived in or travelled to over one hundred countries in Africa, Asia, Europe, Australia, New Zealand, the Middle East, the Caribbean, South and Central America, Canada and Mexico.

And I have been married for nearly forty-five years to Harriet Levine Lancaster (our 45th anniversary is October 28, 2011), and have three adult children and four grandsons, all of whom we are extremely proud of.

My wife, daughter, son, and I have all given service to the Peace Corps over these many years. As one of the very few African Americans who joined the Peace Corps early in 1961, I never would have dreamed that at the time of the 50th anniversary of the Peace Corps, there would be an African-American President and an African-American Peace Corps Director. I feel that my wife, children, and I have been truly blessed as a result of each of our Peace Corps experiences.

My wife, son, daughter (2nd generation PCV) and I have founded a NGO, African Literacy Art & Development Association (ALAD) www.aladafrica.org. Over the past nine years we have built a pre-kindergarten school for eighty students and an adult literacy center; a library and an adult literacy center; and currently, our second library which will include an adult literacy center, business center, computer center and inter-net cafe. We have provided 150 women (and a few men) with micro-credit loans of an average of $300 – $500.00 each. All of these projects are in Ghana, where we lived for five years – after our return to the States upon Harriet’s retirement as Peace Corps Ghana Director (1994-99). We are both “chiefs” – for development in several villages.
I am also a very active board member of Hope for Haiti, www.hopeforhaiti.com. After the earthquake, Hope for Haiti received $40 million of in-kind donations and approximately $13 million in cash contributions. We made significant contributions to Haiti to improve water & sanitation, education, and health care. So, I am involved in my "mom and pop" NGO and a more mid-size NGO. I also, founded the Haitian Coalition of Collier County.

So, “retirement” has been exciting, fun and interesting.
Larson, Rod; Ingrid
Adamawa Provincial Secondary School
Yola, Northern Nigeria

I joined the Water Resources Division of the U. S.
Geological Survey in Lincoln Nebraska after the Peace Corps.
My career with the USGS took me from Lincoln to
Worland Wyoming to Salt Lake City to Cheyenne Wyoming. I
spent the first half of my career in a lab--analyzing water
samples. The second half doing water-quality investigations.
I retired in 1996 and have now lived in Cheyenne for 36
years. Taking care of our garden and yard plus mountain cabin
coupled with traveling have kept me occupied since retirement. Ingrid and I have been married for 11 years. We
were both widowed and were introduced by a mutual friend (my first wife, Marilyn, died in a car accident in
1998).
Ingrid was born and raised in Germany. Her father was German and her mother Norwegian. She has lived a
year in Norway with her grandparents, another year in England working for a titled family, several years in Spain
working for US Air Force and a year in Turkey with her Air Force husband.
Ingrid and I have three granddaughters and two grandsons: my daughter, Ingrid, who lives here in
Cheyenne with Kirsten 16, Christopher 13, and Noah 6; my son Erik and his wife Alicia and daughter Sadie 5.
They live in Tucson.
My step-daughter Susan and her husband Vince live in Port Townsend, WA with Fiona 6. My other step-
daughter Karen and her husband Wayne live in Colorado above Carbondale.
I spent the first week in August with kids and grandkids. We backpacked into a mountain lake in western
Wyoming. We had a great time. Kids kept us supplied with trout.
Ingrid and I will be going to southern Spain with VBT (Vermont Bike Tours) after our PC reunion.
Lewerenz, George; Sharon
Government College Zaria
Zaria, Northern Region

I taught Chemistry and General Science to the middle forms at Government College in Zaria and roomed with Stanley Field. Zaria is located between Kaduna and Kano in the Northern Region. One of my most difficult tasks was keeping the students straight because I had dozens of students named Mohammed and even some with full names of Mohammed Mohammed.

Stan and I taught some of the students at our respective schools to play softball and had at least one wild game between our schools. We had few, if any gloves and the students thought the softballs were too hard, but some were very enthusiastic about playing.

After returning from Nigeria I taught high school for three or four years in Wisconsin and Arizona and completed by master's degree in education at Arizona State University. I left teaching for a career in government at the National Institutes of Health (NIH) in Bethesda, Maryland.

All of my thirty-three years at NIH were spent at the National Institute of Child Health and Human Development where my job title was Technical Information Specialist. My areas of expertise were Reproductive Sciences, Contraception, Demography, and the Transmission of HIV. One of my major tasks was to prepare an annual inventory of population research supported by federal agencies.

Sharon and I were married in 1964 and have two daughters, Tonya and Tara. Tonya is an aerospace engineer with a master's degree in computer science. She worked on space shuttle projects for five years before becoming a full-time mother and part-time substitute teacher. Tonya's husband, Dave, is a director of programming and analysis at GEICO. They have two sons in high school. Joshua will be a junior in our county magnet International Baccalaureate program and Sam, who is autistic, will be a freshman at a nearby special education school. Our daughter, Tara, is an occupational therapist with Montgomery County schools. She is married to Augusto, a periodontist, who has an office in Chevy Chase, MD. Their sons Tyler, 10, and Caleb, 5, are athletic and full of energy.

I retired from NIH in 2001 and Sharon retired from teaching first grade in 2006. We are thoroughly enjoying our retirement by spending time, almost daily, with our four grandsons. The rest of our time is spent reading, gardening, exercising and traveling.

In the past ten years we have toured Bhutan, Thailand, China, Japan, Peru and Turkey. This summer we attended a family wedding on a beach in Oahu. After the wedding we spent a week in Kauai. It was our first visit to Kauai and it is now our favorite of the islands. Sharon danced in an Obon festival at a Buddhist temple in Waimea. The festival gave us a feeling for small town life in Hawaii.
My life is merely a mirror of my Peace Corps experience. When I returned home in September, 1963, I searched for meaningful employment and was fortunate to find a position at the Institute of International Education (IIE) in New York City where I spent almost five years administering Fulbright scholarship programs for students from Africa and the Middle East planning to study in the United States. Aside from offering me the opportunity to continue my desire to assist young people from other cultures to reach their educational and intellectual goals, working at IIE presented me with my greatest gift: meeting my future wife Susan.

Late in 1968, I accepted a position in the Office of International Education at Queens College, one of the units of the City University of New York (CUNY). During my 27 years at Q.C., I moved from international education to management positions and spent my last sixteen years at Queens serving as the College’s Senior Registrar. I retired and was soon hired to do consulting work at the City University central office in 1995 and have remained in that position until the present.

While submerged in administrative work at both Queens and CUNY, I kept my involvement in international education alive with active membership in two professional organizations in this field: NAFSA and AACRAO. In addition, I served for several years as the president of one of the largest foreign credential evaluation services.

Over the years, I kept my involvement in international education in the forefront of both my professional life and as a strong personal commitment. I was asked to return to Nigeria twice--once, in 1976, by one of the professional international education organizations which asked me to write a book on Nigerian education for U.S. university admissions folk. The second, in 1981, was by the United States Information Agency, which asked me to spend a couple of weeks traveling to U.S. government consular offices throughout Nigeria to speak with students who needed information about education in our country and how to go about the application process.

These experiences were both extremely gratifying and troubling. In 1976, the president of Nigeria was assassinated the day after I arrived in Lagos and I spent several days unable to make contact with the people I needed to see. This was an especially difficult experience as, at least initially, both the United States and Great Britain were blamed for the killing and foreigners who appeared to be from these two countries had to stay out of sight.

In 1981, I was amazed when I entered Lagos to see the deterioration of the City in the five years since my previous visit. The poverty rampant on the streets and the lack of sanitation startled me as I had expected that the discovery of petroleum would have been a boon to the national economy. Fortunately, I spent only one day in Lagos and found that Ibadan, Kano and the other places I visited were closer to my expectations.

To my great joy, my contacts with my Nigerian teaching experience blossomed again. Up until five years ago when my office location changed twice from the University’s central office where I had been working for more than ten years, I would occasionally get a visit from a former student of mine from Ife. How he found me, he never said; however, he would call me and we’d meet for lunch on the east side of Manhattan. Once I was no longer at my original location, we lost touch. Perhaps he’s left New York as I left my new office telephone number with the person who inherited my previous one, yet he never called again.

For a while, a group of Nigeria I folk would get together in New York for dinner; however, this seemed to have become less frequent. Perhaps when we meet again in DC, we can resume this again.

I continue to work at CUNY where I’ve been for the entire sixteen years since my retirement in 1995. The work is interesting and challenging and it keeps me relatively young. Susan continues her ESL teaching, but retired from her position as Foreign Student Adviser at the Queens College English Language Institute. My own contact with international student work has dwindled to an occasional phone call from a colleague or visit from someone from the past who believes I’m still at the center of things.

We are fortunate to have our daughter and family living relatively near us in Connecticut, so we get to see our two grandchildren (ages 7 and 6) regularly. Our son has just moved from the West Coast to Pittsburgh so we will be able to see our (almost) 2 year only granddaughter more frequently.

A few years ago, I was asked to update my book and return to Nigeria to research the changes in the educational system; however, as so much had changed over the years, and my personal experiences from ‘76 and ‘81 remained vividly with me, I declined the offer.
Massee (Rosenfeld), Carol
Maiduguri, Kano, Northern Nigeria

Upon my early return to the US, after being debriefed in D.C., I stopped in New York to visit with the Espies who were teaching at Teacher’s College, Columbia. Six weeks later I began the year that led to my M.A. in teaching English as a Second Language. I was immediately hired to teach that summer in what was then The Foreign Student Center at Columbia where classes in ESL were burgeoning. The star newcomer, I became, within the next year, one of the three teacher-trainers in the program.

While teaching at Columbia, I found my way to the Herbert Berghof [HB] Studio in Greenwich Village and began studying acting. The next summer I apprenticed at the Cape May Playhouse and then continued to do off-off Broadway plays while still teaching ESL.

Through a contact in one of my acting classes, I was encouraged to teach an acting class for a small studio on Houston Street in NYC. I had 3 students and when one presented her first exercise for the class, I had no idea what I was doing but started talking and I haven’t stopped since.

Eventually, I became a substitute teacher at HB and when I was given my own classes there, I left the field of ESL forever. How dramatic is that?

I have been on the faculty of the HB Studio in New York City since 1968. Along with my teaching, I have chaired the HB Studio Artistic Council, have been on the Advisory Committee for the HB Studio Acting Ensemble and served as Artistic Director of the Hagen Six-week Summer Intensive from its inception in 2005 to 2009. I am now the Artistic Director of the Hagen Institute at the HB Studio. In this capacity I am guiding our new One-year Core Training, a program created in 2010. My chapter on Uta Hagen’s Technique can be found in The Training of the American Actor edited by Arthur Bartow and published by TCG.

Over the past 40 years, I have worked with some of the finest Canadian actors across Canada from Halifax to Vancouver, at the Shaw Festival and the National Theatre School of Canada. I headed the acting program at Rutgers University that led to the creation of the Mason Gross School of the Arts and was the acting coach for the acting company of the National Theatre of the Deaf for 10 years. I was invited by the Institut del Teatre in Barcelona to work with leading actors from the major theatre companies in that city and had the good fortune to later run a two-week Moliere workshop there. The Actors’ Union of Denmark sponsored my workshop in Copenhagen. I also ran an Actors Retreat at The Actors’ Centre in London.

As a theatre director, I have directed several productions including The Sleeper Awakens by Julie McKee, Picnic by William Inge; The Road to Mecca by Athol Fugard; Substance of Fire by Jon Robin Baitz, The Millionairess by G.B. Shaw and Collected Stories by Donald Margulies.

I love, love, love my work and know how lucky I am. Acting is an all-encompassing, deeply compelling study of what it means to be a human being – something the young people of the 21st century need to learn.

Deeply disturbed by our world leaders and shakers, I am not surprised at the numbers of folk who turn to acting. No, they may not all be talented and many probably won’t be able to make a living but at least they will see better, hear better and have their hearts permanently opened.

I am in awe of you all, who have contributed so much to the real world. As you can see I could only tackle what you do in the world of make-believe.

In 1970, I married Michael Massee, a costumer and set designer who got his MFA in Design at Rutgers Mason Gross School of Performing Arts. He was an Associate Professor at Fordham University at Lincoln Center until 2003, when he retired. He now paints and puts up with my need to continue working. Our son, Jules Massee was born in 1971 and now lives in Orlando, Florida with his wife, Kathy and their children, Maggie Doerr (20), Nathan Doerr (16) and Charleigh Massee (8).
Myers, Betty  
Queen’s School, Ede, Western Region

When I retired, I cleaned out a lot of files and discarded print and electronic copies of vitae and articles within the first week in the happy belief that I would never again have to present myself with such materials. I don’t remember sending any biography for the 40th reunion but hope I did as I intend to keep this brief and cover only the past 10 years.

In 2001, I was still at Shepherd College here in Shepherdstown. My administrative responsibility was institutional research and I was teaching one course for undergraduates on the use of computer technology in K-12 classrooms. Life in higher education has been a happy choice and I have been fortunate in experiencing so many of its possibilities.

My elderly but independent mother had a heart attack in 2005, so I retired that year to spend more time with her in Ohio. With good neighbors here I was able to help her maintain some independence until she was 98. She lived for another seven months and I learned that great old age has little to recommend it.

Back in Shepherdstown now, I am renovating my house and myself after a few years of neglect. I think I will need about a year to feel like myself again but am enjoying being here. For the present, I am content to be quiet and enjoy each day as it comes. I have no particular goals to accomplish except to have fewer weeds in the garden but as my stamina improves, I am reading more widely, possibly as many people do who have achieved a longer view of life and hope for better understanding.

I would have enjoyed seeing everyone again, but this reunion just seems altogether too difficult to manage at the moment and the season. Greetings to all.

Betty
Newman, Paul  
Provincial Secondary School  
Maiduguri, Borno State

My professional life over the past 50 years has been a direct continuation of my Peace Corps experience. After the Peace Corps, I entered graduate school in linguistics at UCLA, which at the time had the leading African Studies program in America. My dissertation, which took me back to Nigeria for a year of fieldwork, was on Tera, a small Chadic language spoken in the Gongola River area, a language on which I had begun work with a student in Maiduguri while I was a PCV. (Chadic is a family of some 130 or so languages spoken in Nigeria, Cameroon, and Chad, of which Hausa is the most prominent member.) I received my Ph.D. from UCLA in 1967. While still students, Roxana Ma (Newman), my future (and still) wife, and I published a paper on comparative Chadic that, remarkably, turned out to be a seminal paper in the field.

My first university job was in the Anthropology Department at Yale, where I stayed for 6 years. During my time at Yale, I received a generous NSF grant that allowed me (working on Kanakuru) and two graduate assistants, Roxana (working on Ga’anda) and now UCLA linguistics professor Russell Schuh (working on Ngizim) to spend a calendar year plus a summer in Nigeria carrying out field research on undescribed Chadic languages. Being at Yale was a great learning experience—it was like having an extended post-doc—but fundamentally I didn't feel that I was contributing anything of importance. So, when in 1972 I was offered the opportunity to go to Kano as first permanent director of the Centre for the Study of Nigerian Languages at Bayero University (then Abdullahi Bayero College of Ahmadu Bello University), I said goodbye to Yale and took it. In my earlier work, Hausa had simply been a lingua franca that I used for conducting research on other Chadic languages; in Kano, I ended up becoming a Hausaist.

The Kano job was interesting and rewarding, but it was also politically sensitive pressure-packed. After 3 years, I decided that it was time to move on, and I was fortunate to land an attractive position in the African languages department at the University of Leiden, The Netherlands. Living and working in Europe was terrific. Of our many creative activities in Leiden, the following two stand out. First, I founded a journal, the *Journal of African Languages and Linguistics*, which continues to this day as the leading journal in our field. Second, Roxana gave birth to our son Michael, now a DJ performing in clubs and restaurants and such around the world.

In 1981 we made the hard decision to return to the States so that Michael could grow up with grandparents, uncles and aunts, cousins, and such. After a two year transition period in Los Angeles, I accepted a position as Professor of Linguistics at Indiana University, where, much to my surprise, I stayed for the remainder of my career. At Indiana I did what professors normally do. I taught — being quite a good Ph.D. supervisor and a decent classroom teacher—, did administrative work—serving as an adequate (= non-disastrous) Chair of Department for six years—, and did research and publishing—my output over the years being 18 books and over a hundred articles, book reviews, and ethnomusicological records. My major honor at Indiana was being named “Distinguished Professor” and my major accomplishment was the publication of my nearly 800 page *The Hausa Language: An Encyclopedic Reference Grammar* (Yale University Press, 2000). When the book came out, I took a trip to Kano so that I could present copies to the Vice-Chancellor of Bayero University, the Emir of Kano, and other dignitaries. I even gave a public lecture about the book at the University; unlike in the States, where a half a dozen people would have shown up as a matter of courtesy, the amphitheatre in Kano where I gave my talk filled with some couple of hundred people. Although I have toyed with the idea, I haven’t been back to Nigeria since that trip.

As I approached retirement age, I decided to pursue a long-standing interest of mine and entered law school. While continuing to work full time, I managed to graduate (*summa cum laude*) in three years with my class. (I mention the *summa cum laude*, with all lack of modesty, since at my age, I was surprised that I was able to finish
at all, much less do decently.) I passed the bar exam and thus am now officially a lawyer, although I still think of myself as an old (retired) professor. [With me in the photo above, taken at my law school graduation in 2003, is my very close friend Alhaji Daiyabu Abdullahi.]

Despite having started so late, I have had interesting experiences and notable successes in the legal world. I was invited to teach a couple of courses in the Law School at Indiana, I had a two-year position as copyright specialist in the library at the University of Michigan, and most recently (fall of 2010), I had a Fulbright to teach an intensive short-term course on Freedom of Speech in the Faculty of Law at the University of Haifa, Israel.

Although I do not have a law practice as such, I do take on cases from time to time, almost always on a pro bono (non-fee) basis. My three most notable victories are the following. First—and this case actually took place while I was in law school before I had proper training or experience—I represented myself in an age-discrimination complaint against Indiana University and forced IU to dismantle its illegal mandatory retirement policy for people holding administrative positions, no matter how minor. Second, I served as co-counsel with the ACLU of Indiana in a First Amendment free speech case involving the refusal of the municipal bus system to accept an ad that an atheist group wanted to purchase stating “You can be good without God”. (The mayor of Bloomington disavowed the position of his own bus company and refused to allow city attorneys to defend the case, whereupon the bus company ended up wasting a lot of money on lawyer’s fees before they finally caved in.) Third, I represented a woman at the staff level who was being subject to extreme sexual harassment by a high-level, high profile IU Dean. (I didn’t want to get involved in this difficult and sensitive case since I didn’t have the know-how, experience, or resources to take it on, but since the major law firms in Bloomington are all cozy with the University and won’t go up against it, I felt that I couldn’t leave the unfortunate victim without representation. Besides, my sense of justice was offended by the Dean’s behavior and IU’s policy of cover-up.) I can’t provide details about this case since, as is usual in such situations, the settlement involved a non-disclosure agreement, but rest assured that the Dean was forced to step down as Dean and my client received financial compensation.

I mentioned doing a case with the ACLU of Indiana. I also play an active role in the organization as such, currently serving on the Board of Directors. Apart from my involvement in civil liberties matters, my main avocation is taking advantage of the incredible musical events that take place in Bloomington, a town that is known for its first-rate music school and lively music scene. Regarding music, my main regret in what has been a most interesting—one could even say “charmed”—life, is that I never learned to play jazz piano.
Much has occurred in my life over the past half century, mostly positive. I managed to acquire a wife, two daughters, and two grandchildren as well as a master’s, a PhD and 40 years' experience in education. Three in Africa, two, as you know, in Nigeria, one in Ethiopia, 12 at Cazenovia College, a small woman's college in upstate New York and 25 years as a professor of African and Middle Eastern history at the University of Toledo.

Since my retirement in 2006, I spend most of my time in New York's Hudson Valley where I own a home, my winters in Naples, Fl and my summers in Greece where my wife owns two houses in a small village in Limnos, a northern Aegean island. As long as you give us some lead time, all are invited to the island. The houses are not suburbia America; one was built during World War I and the other a decade later. We try to maintain the houses in the best possible condition by keeping the elements (weather and insects) at bay. Try to make it before the hostile takeover of Greece by China and Germany.

Over the years we have spent a fair amount of time in Cyprus, Kenya, Ethiopia and Britain for research, work and pleasure. My research has resulted in a number of publications and many conference papers.

My wife, Anthula, who has a PhD in mathematics education, was a Fulbright Scholar in Cyprus as well as a visiting professor at the University of Cyprus thus giving me the opportunity to spend time there and reacquainting with family.

My oldest daughter, Tanya, the one who has provided the two grandchildren, is a French and ESL teacher in the Cleveland area. My younger daughter, Andrianna, is an environmentalist and has worked in Washington DC for many years with NGOs such as Public Citizen and Greenpeace. Currently she is writing a book on food sovereignty.

I can't tell you much about my 7 and 11 year old grandchildren other than they are growing very fast.
Nykanen (Youngdahl), Elin; Stanley Nykanen (deceased)
St. Anne’s School, Ibadan
University of Ife, Ibadan Branch, Ibadan, Western Region,

After leaving Nigeria, I went to England and then to Norway where I met my folks. We toured Norway, Sweden, Finland, Denmark and then on to Paris. From there we came home via the Il de France (so I could see the Statue of Liberty as she should be seen).

I returned to Raytheon for a year. There I met my husband. Married in 1965 and then went to Indiana where Stan got his Masters and PhD in Electrical Engineering from Purdue.

I worked for IBM. In 1969 we moved to New Mexico where Stan got a job at Sandia National Labs. I became the stay at home mom with Eric (1970) and Aliina (1973). In 1973 we moved to Edgewood to a 520 acre ranch. Later we added a farm in Colorado. (We leased the land and rented the house out).

In 1994 Stan suffered a fall from a hay stacker at the Colorado place and broke his neck. He was airlifted to Colorado Springs and later to Albuquerque where he stayed in ICU for 4 and a half months before nature said no. During this time I was a vice president in a family owned business and made frequent trips to the Boston area. A few years ago the company was sold and so I am now retired.

I have 4 wonderful grandchildren. Shelby and Haylee (Eric’s) and Kayla and Eric (Aliina’s) my daughter and her husband are now living with me, since I had a heart attack in 1997. We are putting the ranch to use, buying, selling, training, raising horses. We now have 15. The newest arrival was born June 7 of this year, a beautiful stud colt with the longest legs you’ve ever seen.

I stay busy knitting and quilting and weaving, watching horses and helping with our 5 dogs (4 labs and a Jack Russell) and praying for rain. We haul water for the house and for our horses.
Sandra and I have had a good half century. Our lives are becoming more complicated as we age, but we are still kicking up the dust—traveling and learning as much as possible, while we can. I want to share some of the highlights of the exciting roller coaster that we two best friends have ridden together.

Many of you will recall that Sam Proctor married Sandra and me in Lagos in September 1962. Sargent Shriver had threatened to throw me out of the Peace Corps if I married Sandra, unless she became a PCV. Hence, we postponed our wedding until she had finished Peace Corps training at UCLA. We then taught in Sokoto for a year.

In June 1963, the Head Boy at the Sokoto Training College presented Sandra with an award for having been selected as the teacher of the year by the all-male student body. At the award ceremony, he proudly commented “You are the best teacher we have ever had. Because you are a woman, we almost respect you.” Biases are tough to change.

After the Peace Corps, I was hopelessly confident, naïve, idealistic, and very full of myself. I had always wanted to be a history professor. But how could I save Africa (I was never sure from what) by teaching history? I decided to search for the career answer by doing a two-year MA at the Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies.

We spent a year at the SAIS campus in Bologna, Italy where Sandra taught English to the European grad students and I struggled to learn French. On a Finnish bus tour in Russia, a Communist zealot broke a bus window attempting to confiscate Sandra’s camera. Sandra had taken a photo of a peasant woman worshiping her Orthodox icons.

The main SAIS campus is on Massachusetts Ave in Washington. While I finished my MA in international relations, Sandra taught at Cardozo High School and earned an MA in urban teaching at Howard (in a special program for returned PCVs). My favorite professor at SAIS, Isaiah Frank, convinced me that economics was the answer.

So off I went to Harvard to pursue a doctorate in economics. Sandra, the bread-winner, taught English and drama at Newton High School. I had minored in math as an undergrad, and at first, economic theory seemed like trivial mathematics. When I earned 5 out of 100 on the first mid-term, I suddenly realized that I did not know any economics.

But eventually things worked out for me. I pushed the envelope hard and earned my degree in three years. I will never forget the advice given to me by Dick Caves, then Chair of Harvard’s Economics Department: “Academic success goes to those who are disciplined, not to those who are brilliant. The world is filled with failed Harvard PhDs.”

At age 30, it was time for me to get a paying job. In September 1968, Sandra and I moved into an undergrad dorm at Stanford with our two daughters – Sarah (then 16 months old) and Elizabeth (then 3 weeks old). We served as Faculty Residents while I began a three-year term as Assistant Professor in the Food Research Institute at Stanford.

Sandra stopped out from teaching until the girls were in kindergarten and first grade. My top-of-the-market beginning salary was $11,500. We had limited funds. We bought a house on campus and faced mortgage payments. Should we take the kids out for pizza or hire a babysitter and see a film? We could not do both. But life was great.

In my sixth year at Stanford, I was promoted to Associate Professor with tenure. I had succeeded at the “publish or perish” game by writing two books and enough journal articles. The saving grace of the anachronistic
tenure system is that it disciplines young academics to become productive researchers. But I was intent on being a father as well.

Does everyone remember those long days of taking kids to sporting events? AAU swimming – two-a-day workouts plus weight-lifting – was the most time-consuming. But it was all worth it in the end. The girls loved it when dad and mom showed up for all of the meets. Sports and camping are the memories that our daughters cherish the most.

Most years, I taught during two Stanford quarters and then spent four or five months working abroad. My game was a three-legged stool – research, teaching, and policy analysis. Typically, a donor agency (USAID, World Bank, Ford, FAO) funded the research and overseas short courses, and the host government paid for the policy analysis.

I started out working in West Africa (Nigeria (1961-69) and Ghana (1970-78)). Then I decided to choose countries with better touristic potential and take my family abroad during the summers. I found an ideal trilogy – Southeast Asia (Indonesia (1979-2004), Southern Europe (Portugal (1981-95), and East Africa (Kenya (1986-96).

What snake oil was I selling? I directed large, multi-disciplinary and multi-national research projects that focused on food and agricultural policy analysis, especially links among price, macroeconomic, and investment policies. I also worked on food price stabilization, trade and exchange rate policies, and social benefit-cost analysis.

A mentor of mine, Bill Jones, once said that a fortunate academic has one truly innovative idea and then dines out on that idea for the rest of his/her career. Starting in 1982, a former student, Eric Monke, and I developed the Policy Analysis Matrix (PAM) approach to integrate policy and project analysis. We both dined out on PAM thereafter.

Applications of PAM took me around the world. I have presented PAM short courses in China, Indonesia, Japan, Kenya, the Philippines, Portugal, Russia, and Thailand. The PAM is now a standard part of the curriculum in universities throughout the world. Most of the 13 books that I co-authored are variations on the PAM theme.

Meanwhile, Sandra shifted her career in 1984 and became a school administrator. She was the first woman to serve as Principal of Palo Alto High School, and she held that job with distinction for nine years. Sandra feels strongly that capable women need to push hard on the glass ceiling. The decline of male domination needs to accelerate.

Yet Sandra supports our daughters’ decisions to be at-home mothers. Sarah is a pediatrician and Elizabeth has an MA in documentary film-making. Sarah and Evan Seevak (geriatrician) live in Piedmont, CA with Emma (13), Abigail (10), and Nate (8). Elizabeth and Dave Garr (website analyst) reside in Palo Alto with Kate (4) and Lucy (2).

In 1996, I began re-potting myself as an historian. It was high time to realize my childhood dream. I became a lecturer on travel/study expeditions and have now done 75 of them. Sandra often serves as expedition leader. We have worked mostly in Asia, Africa, and the Middle East, and we have visited well over 100 countries. Life is a blast!
Seiler, Thomas H.
Provincial Secondary School, Yola, Northern Region

M.A University of Toledo (1966)
Ph.D. University of Texas at Austin (1975)

Retired on 01 January 2002 as Professor Emeritus of English and Medieval Studies after thirty-one and a half years on the faculty of Western Michigan University

Managing Editor, Medieval Institute Publications (1978-2002)


On retirement, awarded Provost’s Special Award for Outstanding Contributions to the University, Department of English, and the Medieval Institute

On retirement, awarded, from the Medieval Academy of America’s committee on Centers and Regional Associations, the CARA Award for Outstanding Service to Medieval Studies

Since retiring I have divided my time between travel and various community public service duties. All of the travel has involved either art or birding. The community service has been with the Audubon Society of Kalamazoo (ten years on Board of Directors including two terms as President of the Board); Friends of the University Libraries (three years on Board of Directors); Fontana Chamber Arts (small ensemble classical music and jazz, Board of Directors); and the Kalamazoo Gay Lesbian Resource Center (ten years on Board of Directors including two terms as President of the Board and three years as acting Executive Director). At present I also serve as archivist for Fontana Chamber Arts and as both archivist and librarian for the KGLRC.

In winter 2012 I will visit South Africa on a birding trip and teach a course (“An Introduction to Dante’s Commedia”) in Western Michigan University’s Lifelong Learning Academy.
Smith, Richard A., MD, MPH; Lorna Carrier Smith
Staff (Medical), Nigeria-wide

My four year service as a Peace Corps physician in Nigeria (1961-63) and then globally through the organization’s Washington office (1963-65) was an incredible life changer for me. Through those times and experiences I observed unheralded collaboration possible among individuals, communities and governments to improve health and well-being. Profoundly impressed, in the years that followed I set out to improve health care on a scale I could not have imagined possible had it not been for my Peace Corps experience.

My adventures as an innovator in health care have been permeated with intrigues experienced in the Peace Corps, the Cold War, UN World Health Organization Assemblies and periodic forays into show business. [http://www.rds1.com/richard/variety/index.html](http://www.rds1.com/richard/variety/index.html).

I subsequently engineered significant and dramatic improvements in improving health care in the United States and a number of countries in both the developed and developing world. My work was based essentially on the "collaborative model" I learned and experienced in my four year Peace Corps experience.

When Medicare began in the mid-sixties I directed operations of the U.S. Government’s Office of Equal Health Opportunity which ended the racial segregation of blood, health care and medical training in America’s 7,000 hospitals. Using the threat of access to government support from programs such as Medicare, the U.S. Department of Agriculture’s Surplus Food Program and the Surplus Equipment Program of the Department of Defense as tools, I was not surprised by the "collaboration" I encountered to end discrimination in the nation’s 6,000 hospitals.[http://www.rds1.com/richard/article/the_quiet_revolution.PDF](http://www.rds1.com/richard/article/the_quiet_revolution.PDF)

My long-range professional goal was to multiply my hands a thousandfold. I accomplished this by pioneering the development of America’s newest and fastest growing health profession – the Medex (Mx) or (as they are called today:) Physician Assistants (PAs). There are more than 92,000 of these primary care providers in practice today across the United States. I subsequently helped eight developing countries create similar programs for their populations. Most recently China, Canada and Australia have been added to the list.[http://www.micrrh.jcu.edu.au/News-Events/richard-smith-keynote-introduction.html](http://www.micrrh.jcu.edu.au/News-Events/richard-smith-keynote-introduction.html).

Stopping over in Paris enroute in 1961 to my Peace Corps assignment in Nigeria I had a memorable and life-altering encounter with my first mousse au chocolat. Hunting for chocolate mousse art subsequently became an integral part of my reputation among some of the world’s top governmental and non-governmental health professionals. Chocolate mousse hunting ultimately became not only my major stress-reducer, it became an integral part of my persona among health professionals around the globe.

My quest for the ultimate chocolate mousse grew into a full-fledged stress-reducing hobby as I expanded my manpower training work to improve health care into Asia, Africa, South America and Europe. The 3700 page MEDEX Primary Health Care Series (produced by my MEDEX Group in 1983) has been translated in whole or in part into four languages and is in use today in Asia, South America, Africa and Pacific island nations [http://www.rds1.com/richard/innovator/innovator_reflects_sept2010.pdf](http://www.rds1.com/richard/innovator/innovator_reflects_sept2010.pdf).

My accomplishments have been recognized over four decades:

- In 1967 I received the William A. Jump Award for Public Administration
- In 1971 I received the Gerard B. Lambert Award for "being slightly out of step with the majority of his profession as he successfully broke new ground with patient care innovations"
In 1981 the distinguished Rockefeller Public Service Award was given to me for "Innovations in health care for underserved populations"

In 1992 Region IX of the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services gave me its Distinguished Service Award for "Leadership in development of the Physician Assistant and Nurse Practitioner movement in the United States"

My memoir is due out in 2012. Its title: *Stalking Chocolate Mousse – Spelling STRESSED Backwards (The Memoir of a physician who multiplied his hands 10,000 times)*
Splansky, Joel
Ibadan Grammar School
Ibadan, Nigeria, Western Region

PERSONAL

I have resided in Los Angeles since summer 1963 except for when engaged in teaching/research assignments in Uganda 1967-69 and South Africa 1975-76. I have been retired since 2007.

I am married to Ruth Splansky (nee Ikenberg) since December 1972. Ruth has taught U.S. History in the Beverly Hills school district since 1993 and plans to retire at the end of the 2011-2012 school year.

We have two grown daughters, Jennifer and Deborah. Both are graduates of Crossroads School for the Arts and Sciences in Santa Monica and Stanford University. Both reside and work in the San Francisco Bay area. Jennifer consults for FGS Social Impact Advisors and Deborah, an attorney with a San Francisco law firm, is married to David Schlosberg (from Kansas City).

We reside in a single family home in the Los Angeles westside/southbay community of Westchester. I became an avid stamp collector in the early 1980s and, since retirement, have found enough time to read for pleasure, help maintain our home, engage socially with friends and work on my stamp collection.

PROFESSIONAL TRAINING, EMPLOYMENT, ACCOMPLISHMENTS

Academic Preparation

UCLA 1967-71 Ph.D. Geography
  Dissertation Title: Embryonic Urban Systems, The Case of Ankole Uganda

UCLA 1963-66 MA Geography
  Thesis Title: The Growth and Development of Ibadan, Nigeria

Professional Employment Record

2007 – present, retired as Emeritus, Department of Geography California State University Long Beach (CSULB)

CSULB, Department of Geography, Fall 1969-Spring 2007, Assistant, Associate and Full Professor of Geography

Chair, Department of Geography, CSULB 2000-2002

University of Judaism (now American Jewish University), Spring 2006, Part-Time Instructor

Director of Summer International Programs, Office of Extension, CSULB 1971-1984


University of the Witwatersrand, Visiting Lecturer, Department of Geography, Johannesburg, Republic of South Africa, 1975-76

Makerere University, Kampala, Uganda, Department of Geography, Lecturer, 1967-69

Instructor, Peace Corps Training Program (Nigeria), Summer 1965, at Morehouse College, Atlanta Georgia.
Instructor, Peace Corps Training Program (Nigeria), Summer 1964, at Western Michigan University, Kalamazoo, Michigan.


ACADEMIC SPECIALIZATIONS WITHIN GEOGRAPHY: INSTRUCTIONAL/RESEARCH
Cultural Geography, Urban Geography, Regional Geography (Africa and California)

Field Methods in Landscape Analysis, Environmental Change

Scholarly and creative activity included articles in professional journals, book chapters, encyclopedia articles, book and film reviews, instructional materials, papers presented at academic conferences, panelist participation and public lectures.

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My doctoral research and dissertation was of interest because the field of urban geography was experiencing a major theoretical leap in the mid and late 60s that addressed the question of how and why urban settlements might be spatially distributed in the landscape with regard to distance from each other and the economic and administrative functions they might differentially perform in society. Called "Central Place Theory", it assumed that urban places are centers for providing goods and services to not only people resident within the center, but also to people who live in surrounding rural areas and other urban places, larger or smaller, within a tributary region and that one could hypothesize that the settlements are distributed across the landscape in a geometric pattern (hexagonally as the most efficient distributional network of central places) and display a hierarchy of central places according to the range, sophistication, and quantity of goods and services offered at each central place.

These ideas were proposed and tested first in parts of the USA in the early/mid 1960s and I was the first to test them in Africa. My research region was the province of Ankole in Uganda and the data was collected in the field in 1968 and 1969. The research methods, reconciling of data, analysis of data and conclusions comprised my dissertation. In the course of my field work, I encountered, mapped, and inventoried the goods and services of over 400 central places, many of which were unknown to Ugandan government agencies and did not appear on official maps.
After leaving Nigeria in 1963, I spent some time dodging the draft, taking whatever job I could, including even a disastrous stint as the ninth substitute of the year in a ninth grade class. Then in fall 1964 came a year grant as assistant d’anglais in a French lycée. That was a good experience. When an insolent surveillant asked why wasn’t I in Vietnam, I replied I’ve come to help you.

In 1965, I went to California for the first time, not without some trepidation. From the east coast, it looked like a strange place, and Uncle Warren had warned me to “watch out for them hikkies.” UCLA offered me an MA in linguistics and a certificate in teaching English as a second language. I even got to take a class in Igbo with Prof Welmers—too late of course. I flunked out at the MA level and took a one-year position—one of those grants President Johnson provided for young instructors at struggling colleges—in Puerto Rico, so that was a chance to start learning Spanish.

In the following year, 1968, I returned to California as the first contract teacher in ESL at Long Beach City College. For the first ten or fifteen years, before they started talking about documents and legal or illegal, it was an interesting job—there were students from every country, people who came just because they wanted to learn the language and I was able to develop my own methods. I stayed on for thirty years, even after things weren’t so good and ESL had become an industry, for the sabbaticals in France and Spain, and the reasonably comfortable pension.

After retirement, I hung around Long Beach for a few years but didn’t like it there anymore, so I packed up and went to live in Jalisco. After about five years, I had realized that access to Medicare-paid services would probably be important during my years of decrepitude and that it would be best to move back to the US. I thought, mistakenly, that things would be better after GeoW had exited.

Asheville is an OK place. I can sit in my air conditioned rooms and try to understand things that have eluded me up to now.

My assignment was at St Joseph’s Teacher Training College in Emene, not far from Enugu, in the Eastern Region. I regret having lost contact with the staff and students there, and expect that few of them are still living. As it was a teacher training college, most of the students were as old or older than I and the difficult years that followed must have been very hard for them.

I have kept in touch with Norman Gary, John Fanselow, and Phyllis McClure till she died. From the UCLA group, I hear occasionally from Richard Blyther, Julian Martin, and Al Ulmer.
Ulmer (Limpus), Robin; Albert Ulmer (Nigeria III)
Provincial Secondary School
Okene, Northern Region

As perhaps for many of you, the past five years have been a roller coaster period due to my husband’s various treatments for multiple myeloma cancer. Prior to that I directed a river association for nearly twenty years in the Adirondack Park, surveying channels, restoring stream banks, controlling run off, conducting inventories and scientific investigations, and running the County’s only water testing laboratory.

But, I’ll start at the beginning. After the Peace Corps I finished a graduate degree, married Al Ulmer, and worked with him in the South during the Civil Rights Movement. (How many of us faced students who asked why we weren’t in our own country helping African-American students get the same education as whites?) I arrived to a tiny house outside Atlanta on the Chattahoochee River recently painted by Nigerian PCVs led by Gary Knamiller. Short job stints with the National Sharecroppers Fund, the Georgia ACLU, and with Vernon Jordan’s Voter Education Project kept me busy while Al started and funded a Federation of Southern Cooperatives (farm, cut-and-sew, bakeries, gas-and-oil, and credit unions across 11 southern states) in an attempt to bring economic viability to those who had been kicked off farms, had mortgages foreclosed, or were denied work because they had registered to vote or enrolled children in white schools. (Dottie Hassfeld was in Atlanta at this time. Johnny Skis came through in an ancient car housing a dozen cats. And, a Peace Corps training program brought many Nigeria I, II and III volunteers to Atlanta. I also remember help from Lyle Conrad at CDC when an Alabama friend, shot and with the bullet lodged behind his eye, couldn’t get hospital treatment.)

Black Power, the city, and sometimes heart-stopping work made Appalachia attractive. We moved to a North Carolina/Tennessee mountain top in an ancient jeep truck, and lived in a more ancient army tent while building a log and stone house with hand tools. We “made-do,” established a credit union, worked with a craft cooperative, and Al worked occasionally as a stone mason, and we farmed. (Lillian Miles and John Lewis, who was then a Georgia legislator, did their best to graciously accept our wedding present: a sack of potatoes.)

The sudden death of our daughter sent us to my sister’s in Washington D.C. where our second daughter was born a month later. Friends helped us lease farmland in the W. Virginia panhandle. Ginna Fleming employed Al in house construction an hour away which kept Al sane while I tended to our daughter, Spring, and wove and sold cloth and tapestries. But the sultry air, a polluted river, and an offer to build a fireplace in Vermont for a friend/reporter who had covered the McGovern campaign sent us all packing.

We found land outside of Burlington, 3/4 mile beyond a dead end dirt road and electricity. Al proceeded to build a house while I worked at the U. of Vermont. Some courses in Reading provided a chance to work at a school for learning disabilities, and then to develop curriculum for the Migrant Education Program. A small grant let me engage authors and illustrators in the production of books for migrant children (and put me in touch, again, with Brent Ashabranner).

When Al went back to the South to direct an alternative energy program for the federation of co-ops, I tried my hand at some alternative energy work through a rural development firm with US AID contracts. Disillusionment was quick as dollars went to highly paid professionals and for the purchase of US material, while the firm advocated use of solar photovoltaic in third world agriculture to pump water (increasing the size of herds in Sudan beyond the carrying capacity) and to decorticate coconuts.

Vermont gave us a wonderful rural community, good schools, Sunday soccer games, cross country skiing, a socialist mayor of Burlington (now a Congressman), and active peace and justice groups. Because of the state’s small size, one did feel (as David Seeley said) that “power was widely dispersed and not controlled by government.” We helped organize meetings where illegal immigrants from Central America informed people of the atrocities being committed in their name, and lent our support to new state land use regulations. But when we
fought (like Suzy Mckee) a permit for the largest mall in the northeast, and then a gold plated sewer system, the small town we lived in instantly became a bumper-to-bumper shopping Mecca and sported one of the highest unit density per acre zoning in New England.

Time to move. We sold development rights to the Nature Conservancy, then sold the property and moved across Lake Champlain to the Adirondacks. Al built a stunning stone house while I taught in an Educational Opportunity Program (EOP) at the State University of New York (SUNY) at Plattsburgh. This was the first time since Nigeria (I failed to say I also taught school in North Carolina and Maine) I felt energy, excitement, and a ferocious desire to learn in the classroom. (A NY law entitles low income students, who graduate from high school but can’t get into a college, one last chance. If they apply and make it through a rigorous math/science/communication skills summer, their undergraduate tuition to any state university is guaranteed. In addition, if they graduate from college and want higher degrees, this tuition is also furnished. The law pays for itself since the State gets more highly skilled persons earning higher wages and paying taxes. Incidentally, the director of the Plattsburgh program was a good friend of Sam Proctor.)

Then I began work with the river association (having taken an administration/planning degree in environmental studies while in Vermont) and this long parenthetical message comes full circle.

Throughout it all have been the memories of Nigeria and friends from that experience. In sad times. In joyously insane times.
After PC service, I returned to Badagry Grammar School and continued teaching there until the summer of 1965, when the Biafran War and hostilities in (then) Western Nigeria, suggested it would be safer to leave Nigeria. I had married the grammar school principal, a Xhosa from South Africa, and our two sons were born at Lagos Island Maternity Hospital.

Upon returning to the US, we located in Pittsburgh, PA (where I had received undergraduate and master’s degrees prior to the Peace Corps). I became the Project Associate for a USAID funded project between the University of Pittsburgh and Zaria Institute which trained Nigeria graduates in public administration. When the USAID contract terminated, I started a Women’s Center at Pitt and was hired as it’s first director. Over the years I was active in many civil rights, anti-apartheid, affirmative action, health rights and women’s rights organizations and activities and served on many of their boards, sometimes as board chair. I helped start the Three Rivers Community Foundation, a progressive alternative philanthropic foundation, part of the Funding Exchange. While at Pitt, I pursued a Ph.D. in Educational Anthropology and began teaching graduate courses, in “Gender, Education and Third world Development,” “Ethnography of Education,” and “Gender and Education.” I divorced in 1975.

Somewhere in here I had taken up rowing, and when I retired from Pitt, as my first retirement job I became the Office Manager at Three Rivers Rowing Association, a community oriented rowing program that in addition to offering traditional rowing programs for adults, universities and high schools, brought rowing to inner-city youth.

My current retirement job is as a docent at the Carnegie Museum of Natural History. I also am active with groups working for single-payer health care, for empowerment of African-American voters, and with women’s and peace and justice organizations. And, I help take care of my grandchildren.

Happily, I have been in touch with a few Nigeria Is over the years, and I recently googled, found and visited a British couple who taught at Remo and now live on the island of Guernsey, UK, in the English Channel, and most recently, I was found on the internet by one of my Remo students who is doing very well in Illinois where he lives with his family.
In Memoriam

Inevitably, 50 years brings attrition. Here are some remembrances of those associated with Nigeria I who have died.

Jared Dornburg (1939-2000)
Provincial Secondary School, Birnin Kudu, Northern Region

Before the Peace Corps, Jared graduated from Beloit College. After Peace Corps service, he studied international relations at Tufts University, Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy. His 35-year career in international banking at Citibank took him around the world. His next to last posting was in Nairobi where he was responsible for all of Citibank’s operations in East Africa. His final posting was in Saudi Arabia.

Jared took his leaves in Florence, where his wife, who paints, lived part of the time. He died much too young in 2000 with a heart attack in Washington, DC. He had had bypass surgery some years before he died and was in good health until the end and was playing tennis regularly until just before he died.

Jarad was married to Kimiko Watanabe Dornburg and was father of Jed [Taro] and Erica [Miwa].

A Personal note about Jared Dornburg from Gary Knamiller

Fond memories of Jared when I knew him in Birnin Kudu, Northern Nigeria 1961-63. There was that night in December ’61. Remember, we were all in that upstairs room at Ibadan University College. A big map of Nigeria was cello-taped on the wall, and they started to read out our placements. “Fanselow – Uyo.” “Oh wow!” “Larson – Yola.” “Where? Oh my god!” “Meleny – Birnin Kebby.” “Poor girl, all alone!” “Dornburg and Knamiller - Birnin Kudu”. Silence. We gathered around the map. ‘Where the hell is it?’ It wasn’t there, not on that map. I shivered, but not because of an invisible Birnin Kudu, but because of being placed with Dornburg… he’s so intense!

Who except Dornburg, of course, could I have had so much in common with and could share so much with? Like, for instance, on our one Thursday per month R&R to Kano we would agitate on the observation deck at Kano Airport with a cold Star and our binoculars eagerly awaiting the arrival of KLM 731 and the chance that the stewardesses would briefly appear on the platform steps at the rear of the plane before boarding for Lagos.

Like, after tennis and a few shandies at the Kano Club we often found ourselves in the snooker room giggling at our ridiculous attempts to hit those little red balls with that little white ball. One time, the last in fact, Dornburg yelled, “Raise your stick, you idiot, the pink’s gonna hit it.” And I did, upwards into the long florescent bulb which gently disintegrated and fell like snow on that meticulously kept green cloth.

Like, the nights during prep when Jared and I would draw cards to see which of us would take the next boy with a scorpion sting to the hospital. Like, when we slipped and slid about together in the operating room of the 30 bed Birnin Kudu hospital trying to help our Indian doctor in a particularly difficult forceps birth.

Like, when Jared and I we would wince at each other on those cold mornings at assembly when one, two or three of the boys were getting ‘5 of the best’ for some not very serious transgression.

Like, when Jared always made class, with a lesson plan, and, by example, made sure I did too.

Like, when we galloped our horses together around the Pyramids, and chased this girl from college days and her sister, half way across Greece, on our way home.

This chance encounter with Jared for two years was wonderful and fun and a privilege. He was totally dedicated to the boys at Birnin Kudu. They respected him, and trusted him and maybe even loved him… as did I.
Phyllis P. McClure (1938-2010)
Aggrey Memorial College, Arochukwu, Eastern Region

Phyllis was born in Berkeley, California. She graduated in 1960 from the University of Connecticut. Following her Peace Corps service she completed an MA program in history at UC Berkeley and received an MA in public administration from Harvard's Kennedy School.

Phyllis died of pancreatic cancer at her home in Washington, DC. She will be best remembered for her long-time fight for educational equity for poor and disadvantaged children. To these ends, over the years she worked in the Federal Civil Service, for the NAACP Legal Defense and Education Fund and later privately as a consultant to school districts, foundations and watchdog groups. Her last project, which she pursued over several years, was the publication of a book on a little-known program supporting southern Black teachers titled *Jeanes Teachers: a View Into Black Education in the Jim Crow South*. It is available at Amazon.com.

*The Washington Post* carried an obituary written by Emma Brown on May 19, 2010: “Phyllis P. McClure dies; civil rights activist exposed misuse of Title I funds” You can find the article in the *Post’s* Obituary Archives. Here are some excerpts from the obituary.

Once an aspiring journalist, Ms. McClure joined the NAACP Legal Defense and Education Fund in 1969. She immediately used her penchant for muckraking to illuminate the widespread misuse of federal funds meant to boost educational opportunities for the country's neediest students.

She was just a stalwart, with unyielding convictions about what's right for poor kids and kids of color,” said Russlynn H. Ali, the assistant secretary of education for civil rights.

Despite her fierce support of the Title I program's aims, Ms. McClure was quick to say that it had not succeeded in closing the achievement gap between poor children and their wealthier peers—and in fact had perhaps contributed to a dual system of education, in which poor children were systematically subjected to low expectations, watered-down curricula and inexperienced teachers.

“I'm no apologist for this Title I program. I'm a critic,” she told Bill O'Reilly on the "O'Reilly Factor" cable television talk show. "The reason I think that Title I has not been able to achieve much is that the decisions on how the money is spent are left at the local level.

All of us who knew Phyllis will recognize the feisty impression she made, reflected in the excerpts from *The Washington Post*.

A Nigeria I gathering at Phyllis McClure’s home in Washington probably 1986, maybe 1999

Right to left: Jared Dornburg, Phyllis McClure, Aubrey Brown, John Fanselow, Ginna Fleming, Cinnie Vanda.
Personal notes about Phyllis McClure from Cynthia Vanda, Ginna Fleming, Robert Teller and Dorothy Hassfeld

When I visited DC, I would sometimes stay with Phyllis in her very comfortable home which she shared with her cats and other occasional DC visitors. We talked over beer or wine and great meals and sometimes walked to the nearby Eastern Market to wander around and pick up a few things. There are many stories to be told about Phyllis, but one I remember fondly was told by a physician at the memorial gathering held for her several months after her death. The physician who, years earlier, was working in a southern state, had contacted the NAACP for help in applying federal educational funding to minority communities, since - instead of going to the intended schools—the funding in her area was being used to improve facilities at well-off school districts. Phyllis agreed to travel there and arrangements were made for the doctor to pick Phyllis up at the train station. The doctor said she would be there with her young son. When Phyllis arrived she looked around for the doctor and the doctor looked around for Phyllis. Some time passed, most folks left the station, and all that remained were Phyllis and a woman with a young child. They finally figured out their “mistake.” Phyllis was expecting a white doctor, not the black women doctor and child, and the doctor was expecting a black woman from the NAACP. So much for stereotypes! [CV]

In the 60's and early 70's I worked occasionally with Phyllis on Legal Defense Fund and Friends Service Committee projects exposing the Southern states' misuse of Title I education funds for low-income kids, which she had a major role in correcting. I watched with awe as she politely faced down Southern officials, digging out facts and statistics, full of righteous anger and determination but always with a robust sense of humor. She also loved the District of Columbia—and knew it well. When we got together there was always lots of local political gossip about the failings of District Government and its abuse by the colonial Congress, but also the joy of discovering some new corner to visit. She was fascinated by Civil War History, and went on several Smithsonian trips to explore battlegrounds and key sites. Her interest in education and Southern history all came together with her research into the Jeanes Fund which supported Negro supervising teachers in rural Southern segregated schools in the decades leading up to the Civil Rights Movement. Her persistent research preserved a record that would otherwise have been lost, and her insight into historical realities was impressive. She asked me to take her photo for the book jacket, but it took several tries to get rid of the initial stern expression (see above). At the end she faced her illness with a matter of fact acceptance and courage that was no surprise to those who knew her. [GF]

Phyllis was always persistent!

When I was in Washington in 2009, Phyllis and I took a trip to the museum with a bunch of different names and a vaquero on his horse out front. I had told her that I wanted to see the Paul Cadmus paintings that they have and she determined that I should. That meant that I would.

The museum, in the old patent building, as Phyllis, who was so knowledgeable about serious things in Washington, explained, displays an oddly arranged hodge-podge of very interesting objects. Even the guards don’t know which room is which, and the folks at the desk seem puzzled when asked for directions to anything not related to George Washington. I would surely have left in frustration without having seen what I wanted to see, but I was with Phyllis Porter and she wasn’t going to let that happen. We searched back and forth along corridors, and I got sidetracked in rooms full of entertaining portraits of cranky-looking founding persons.

Phyllis—historian that she was—did not find them amusing, and that is not what we came to see. But then suddenly, as I trailed after Phyllis, who had become exasperated with the feckless staff and was by then trying to follow the floor plan in the brochure to the right place, I glanced over and there was Cadmus’ “Night in Bologna” right out in the hall, amongst a lot of unrelated echt-American stuff. “Night in Bologna” right out where pious creationists from Kansas and innocent children could see it—what would John Ashcroft have done?

I dragged Phyllis back to see. It is doubtful that she was much entertained by the painting—or taken by my frivolous comments on it. But while we stood before it, there came along a lady, as it happened, a curator just off duty. (Could she have been the author of the sabotage that placed a Cadmus right there amongst the portraits of chaste and honest patriots?) The curator—seeing that she was dealing with a serious and determined lady, shared some of her expert knowledge of Cadmus, and told us where we could see lots more in the special Luce
Foundation Center on the top floor. So up we went. The paintings in the Luce Center are stuffed into stalls formerly reserved for maquettes of inventions in the days of the patent office, but they are accessible. We got to see “Café Italia” and “Aspects of Suburban Life: Polo Spill.” The second must have appeared to Phyllis’ “sardonic” * sense of humor. She had been to the Luce Foundation Center before, so she showed me how to do searches on the computers I had shown such excellent discipline that she indicated a little bin of Luce Center pencils by the computer—You can take one. “The Fleet’s In,” Cadmus’ most notorious painting, was commissioned by the Navy, but they were not pleased by what they got and kept it in a closet for decades.

Phyllis and I were going to take a trip to the Naval Yard someday, and I know that we’d have got to see the painting. If some petty officer had hesitated to let us look at it, she’d have insisted on seeing the Admiral of the Fleet. But that never happened.

* Those who remember will know why I chose that word. [RT]

I knew of Phyllis's love of history and her extensive library. But it wasn't until I was with her during her illness that I realized one of her greatest passions was The District of Columbia. She said she knew before she was in college that she wanted to live and work in DC. At the drop of the hat she would explain some historical fact about the city or take someone to a place they might not have seen. She enjoyed walking around the Hill and down to the Botanical Gardens to see and smell the plants. During her last spring she was able to ride through Her Town seated in a wheel chair as the sun was beginning to light up the federal buildings, past the Capitol and through the Tidal Basin while the cherry blossoms were in full bloom. Washington D C was her passion. [DH]
Seely, Mae
Staff, Nigeria

Mae Seeley, wife of Dave Seeley, Director of Peace Corps Training in Nigeria (1961-62), died May 18, 2008 at home in her own bed, surrounded by family and friends as she had hoped. She maintained her wonderful spirit, smile, and love of life right up to the end.

The following is taken from Dave Seeley’s 2008 Christmas letter.

…Mae lived for many years with two life-threatening conditions—congestive heart failure, and incurable eosinophilic pneumonia. She was kept alive by two powerful but also life-threatening medications—digitalis and prednisone—that were carefully monitored and kept at the lowest possible effective dosage. In recent years, she was also on 24 hour oxygen, but it didn’t keep her down. About a year ago, however, her doctors could tell that her system was finally breaking down, and that she had only a few months to live. She determined to live them as happily as possible, and I was luckily able to be with her constantly in her last months, which were passed in our beautiful living room looking out its large windows at the world outside, watching birds feeding and our many trees as they turned from “winter wonderland” beauty to full spring bloom. (For those who want a copy of a meditation on those last months that I gave at her funeral, let me know and I’ll send it. You can see the program the kids prepared for her funeral, with pictures and texts, on the Christ Church website: christchurchnbrighton.org: under “Tribute to Mae Seeley.”)
Jacques Wilmore (1926-2007)
Staff, Regional Director
Enugu, Eastern Region

Jacques Wilmore died in Tanzania, where he had been living. He was a graduate of Lincoln University and earned his MA from Haverford College. Jacques had a long career as a civil rights activist and an advocate of progressive policies and programs in international affairs. He worked with the American Friends Service Committee, the Urban League and Americans for Democratic Action. In 1962, he began working for the Peace Corps in Nigeria, serving first as Eastern Region Director and then Deputy Country Director. He returned to the United States in 1965 and served with the Memphis field office for the US Commission on Civil Rights. In 1979, Jacques returned to Africa to reestablish the Peace Corps in Tanzania. Later he served in a number of organizations in East Africa. He also worked closely with his wife pioneering services in Tanzania for people with disabilities and the Albino community.

Those of us who worked with Jacques as volunteers in Nigeria remember him as a wise and supportive director, more likely to listen than talk. He is missed sorely by those who knew him and his work.
[Adapted from an obituary in the FON Newsletter, Fall 2007, Vol 11, No 4. To see the full obituary go to www.friendsofnigeria.org]

A personal note about Jacques Wilmore from Murray Frank

I haven’t seen Jacques in over 40 years but I remember him very well... which is interesting in itself, since we did not see that much of each other. He was in the East (until he went to the office in Lagos) and I was in the West; so we only saw each other at staff gatherings and at occasional PC events. But at those times, we could spend considerable time talking; about our respective backgrounds; about race relations in America; about being black in Africa. I learned a lot from him. I believe I became a better PC staff because of him. He was wise, solid, mature, honorable. A fine man.