

Chapter 3

4 September (continued). As it was our wedding anniversary, we took everybody, including our school bus driver, out to dinner. The menu had a sort of European flavour, but was cheaper for 8 of us than one could pay for two in Derby.

5 September. More teaching observation. Today it's multiplication in the Grade 2 classroom. Like many others, I learned my multiplication by reciting the times tables. This method seems a very reasonable alternative.



The happy couple



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animals.

The classrooms have been improved since my last visit and now have ceilings and lighting. Much less noise disturbance from the class next door. Sitting at the back we notice that children who have mislaid their exercise books simply do not bother to do anything until teacher finds out. One diversionary activity filled us with horror: one child at the back was playing with a razor blade. It
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's eye for the soil, the crops and the



Harvesting sugar cane



6 September. Today Kate's first teaching session. We all have to help prepare finger puppet kits bought from Morrison's. Glue tubes dried up; thank you, Morrison's. Raid headmaster's study for school glue. Components for 4 Little Red Riding Hoods, 4 Grandmas, 4 Woodcutters, 8 Wolves and 12 Little Pigs finally assembled on trays and Kate quakes off to work, accompanied by Mum. It goes reasonably well. Uprturned bottle tops serve as glue reservoirs, feathers as glue dispensers. All completely novel to the kids, who took home a finger puppet each.



Second bike lesson. We are getting slightly more organized, though still given too many children at once. Jacky keeps a record of child's name, class and whether there is a bike at home. Performance on bike given an arbitrary score. Kate thinks we should align ourselves with Cycling Proficiency Certificate.



Tanzania grows its own cotton and produces yards of cheap fabric. Tailoring is cheap. I need new pyjamas. We head into town with the old ones for a pattern. Unnerving sensation of having three women recommending fabric patterns for my pyjamas. While I rummage Naomi presents Rosalind and Jacky with Tanzanian dresses. We head for the tailor, who supplies Tuish and he agreed to make up pyjamas for me and a skirt and shorts for Kate.

Back home, Kate craving for chips. We head for the Amani bar, a favoured haunt of my previous visits. Amani bar under new management: drinks but no chips. We settle for beers and colas.



Water is a serious problem in Njiro. There is nominally a piped supply, and Felix gets large water bills, but no water. Part of the problem is narrow pipework which has not kept up with demand as Njiro suburb expands. There are also unattended leaks, as evidenced by puddles in unexpected places in the road. Our bedroom is supplied by a series of buckets. I have now revised the art of strip washing in 2 inches of cold water. Initially Rosalind waited until a bucket of hot water appeared, but even she has managed with the cold water. Naomi has technically not yet retired and handed over, so Felix is currently drawing water from the old house in Kijenge, which they have

not yet given back to the authorities. The pickup truck comes back almost daily with over 1000 litres of water.

They have had a water survey and a quote from the Arusha water authority for a borehole, near the old well, which has now collapsed. The overall quote is for Tsh. 17,577,500 (just over £7000) for materials and labour, of which the main component is drilling 100m @ 12,000,000 (£4800). However, the survey suggests that water will be found somewhere between 25 and 100m. We know that the old well digging reached 30m without hitting water, but the intriguing possibility is that the water table may not be much further. This would save considerably on the drilling cost, which is priced per metre. We also know that the house next door has a borehole. (More in Chapter 4.)



Naomi is the boss