

August 6, 1957

Tuesday

Columbia, S.C.

We learned that we can obtain our Yellow Fever shots at Fort Jackson. We plan to stay over Thursday, if necessary, to get them. We spent most of the day compiling our freight inventory and estimating values for the used clothes etc. We must make four copies for Keating, and we wish to keep one copy for ourselves. Consequently typing takes a heavy touch.

Almost our every minute is planned until sailing. However the opportunities to preach have been rewarding. Rosewood has decided to sponsor both Alice and me and in addition to the two thousand dollars that they are sending to the board for our salaries, they have been very generous to us. The Friendship Bible Class gave me some tools and a tool box -- mostly the work of Bob Maxwell, I suspect. Tilford Sandford donated his old typewriter to us in the name of his wife's Sunday School class.

Speaking of gifts, we have received many of them. One of the most touching came several months ago when we were invited to dine with Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Louthan of Bluefield College in Bluefield, Va. Mr. Louthan was a missionary to China years ago, but his wife died with tuberculosis. Since then he remarried one of the sweetest and kindest ladies in Virginia. When we arrived for supper an envelope was at our plate saying "for Alice and Keith". It contained a crisp new fifty dollar bill. This gift becomes even greater when one realizes that Mrs. Louthan has been cooking over the same old stove for 15 to 20 years.

August 7, 1957

Wednesday

Columbia, S. C.

There are times when I feel like even the things I try hardest to do right go wrong! Today I planned to go to the dentist exactly when I thought my appointment was only to be called and told that my appointment was yesterday and I had missed it. W. E. Salter, Jr. took me anyway and worked me in.

Reunion went well. Alice's and Peggy's letters of encouragement to the alumni helped with the turnout. Sunday night we heard Nowland Howington preach at Cliffside. He is to be in Southern Seminary's Department of homiletics. The church there donated us \$33.00 which came as a welcome and gracious surprise. I have spent part of that money already For some spare parts for the car. I will think of them at Cliffside when I put in new points or Plugs.

Party at Patty's and Jim's tonight. I wish we could have made a better witness for Christ, but somehow that set seemed more interested in the material how and wherewith of Africa than with the spiritual needs of the African. The meal was delicious though, and there will be many meatless days in Africa that I will wish that I were "in that set" eating steak.

August 13, 1957 Tuesday night Ocala, Florida

Leaving Benjy with Patty and Jim, and leaving Alisa with Ma, Alice and I drove from Columbia here today. We will see Silver Springs tomorrow morning, and then on to Lakeland to the Southside Baptist Church. We slept only three hours last p.m., and my eyes are burning now. Right at the moment I picture Florida as a melange of multicolored road signs flashing before weary lead-lidded eyes, but, I am sure that concept will change tomorrow on seeing Silver Springs again. One other thought today: it was surprisingly hard to keep a mind and heart attuned to God in the face of distracting signs, flashing neon lights, and so forth, even though the advertisements were not for anything bad - - just for curious creatures and animal zoos.

August, 15, 1957 Thursday Columbia, S. C.

Yesterday morning we spent a joyous time at Silver Springs. The water is as clear as country air and swimming with a diving mask is sheer pleasure. Alice swam well -- she has learned very

fast. We saw The Prince of Peace exhibit too, and I was tremendously impressed with the wood carvings. The scenes are utterly realistic even to the smallest details. One figure that stood out in my mind was Mary Magdala nearly prone in grief at the foot of the cross with her hands outstretched to the man that she worshipped and loved. It must have been hard on her to think of Jesus as divine. Surely she could have loved Him as a man and how hard it must have been for Christ to slowly make her understand that He was God and not man only. It was a kindness that He first appeared to her after His arising from the dead. I have started sketches on a painting of Mary at the foot of the cross stretching her arms up in anguish, eyes filled with love and tears -- unfortunately I can feel the emotion of the scene better than I can see it -- I will never be a painter, but I must try this one.

The church at Lakeland (Southside) is rather large and the Scott Bible class is the 55 Year olds and up. They have all become very enthusiastic over partially supporting me. I met old Mr. Scott. He was at the hospital, recovering from a transurethral resection of the prostate, I believe. He seemed to be a devout Christian and a practical down-to-earth man. His hair is white and arthritis has blunted his fingers and joints, but he still had an optimistic outlook and seemed to rest assured that he has lived his Christian principles.

Alisa was most loving when we arrived home. Although only 13 months old she wanted to kiss us both dozens of times. This was wonderful to doting parents, but a little "watery" since one gets the distinct impression that she is trying to swallow you just before she plants one of her juicy open-mouthed kisses on you.

August 16, 1957

Friday

Columbia, S.C.

We received word today that our sailing will be postponed until September 5th. Nan Owen and Peggy Marchman are to be on

the same ship. That will make four missionaries out of a passenger roster of twelve.

Jim did a marvelously good bas-relief image of a classic Greek horse in clay. It is to be baked at Guinyard's kilns where he works. If it does well he anticipates making a cast from it to simply reproduce it by pressing clay into the cast. These could be baked and sold to add to architectural designs. Perhaps I have seen the beginning of a new idea in architecture -- would not that be interesting. Jim is talented! He still gets numerous job offers every few weeks.

August 18, 1957 Sunday Union Mills, N. C.

Round Hill Baptist Church gave us a reception this afternoon. I estimate that nearly seventy-five to eighty people came. We were given some marvelous gifts: cloth, sewing supplies, a case of Treet (a type of potted meat), four new tires, tire tools, and a repair kit, and so forth. Everyone has been so wonderful to us. However, I have learned something unusual: receiving gifts is harder than giving them in some ways. Giving always brings a good feeling of nobility with it, but receiving tends to produce selfishness even when one combats it. I pray with all of my heart that God will help us to keep sincerely humble in the face of the acclaim that we have recently been given. It will be a hard step to go from the heights of a "band-playing" farewell here to become the greenest, most ignorant missionary there. Please, Lord, help us to take the step without falling.

August 20, 1957 Tuesday Union Mills, N. C. Last night Al
enthusiastic people I have known. She keeps up with and passes her three sons in energy and activity. Much of the credit for a successful party was hers.

Today I went to Forest City to try to find a luggage carrier for the car. I went into a Western Auto store at Forest City and was met by a tall pleasant man with blond wavy hair and a sandy

mustache. During our conversation he learned that I was going to Africa and noting the caduceus on the car he said: Are you a medical missionary?"

I said, "Yes."

So he replied, "What Board?"

I answered Southern Baptist and he then asked, "What part of Nigeria are you going to?"

I knew than that he knew something about Southern Baptist Missions for I had not mentioned Nigeria. It turned out that he is Jim Marchman, Peggy Marchman's brother. He was quite fascinated when I assured him that we would sail on the same boat with Peggy. She has already been there three or four terms, he says; so she will be of assistance to us, I am sure.

August 24, 1957

Saturday

Columbia, S.C.

The baggage carrier for the car did not work out exactly as planned so I tied the tires to the top of the car and I brought them to Columbia that way. I have since bought a luggage carrier though.

Leaving Union Mills was right sad. Even though we are thrilled to be going into foreign mission work, it is still sad to leave one's family. Even little Benjy had a few tears in his eyes but he managed a manful: "Don't cry any more, Mommy!" just after Granddaddy left for work.

We have enjoyed our unexpected stay in Columbia this time, but we are all showing the wear and tear of having our home uprooted and living from pillow to post. I am beginning to chaff at the bit to be "doctoring" again and Alice is wishing for a house to transform into a home. I hope they ask me to be Ship's Doctor: that would help some.

August 25, 1957

Sunday

Columbia, S.C.

Brother Bill's sermon this A.M. was on Job and it was thrilling to reaffirm with him that mighty passage: "Yea, though

He slay me yet shall I trust Him." Tonight's service was conducted by Buck Harris a Baylor student. He made me realize anew that God has greater power that I could personally draw on that I have not touched yet. Bible study and prayers and daily consecration must become the basis of my work, it is not a question of is there time for prayer and bible study; it must become is there time for all the other things I try to crowd into these days.

We stopped by this afternoon to see Mrs. Samson and Edwin, Margaret Samson Richardson's mother and brother. They were very pleasant and gracious. Mrs. Samson is showing many wrinkles now to tell of her growing years.

August 30, 1957

Friday

Greenville, N.C.

We left Columbia Tuesday morning early and made a pleasant and uneventful trip here. We stopped at the Free Will Baptist Church in a little town in Pitt County, N.C. for lunch and ate off the tables in the church yard.

The folks here in Greenville have been very nice to us. I spoke at prayer meeting Wednesday night and was warmly received. Bob Wolford, originally of Union, led the order of service. He is assisting Rev. Erby Jackson here as a summer worker. He is studying, for the ministry at Wake Forest College now.

He showed us about some yesterday, and we saw a new Baptist Church being erected. It is the first new missionary Baptist work in this area in 42 years. We have fallen behind in this area terribly as a denomination. Fortunately the Free Will Baptist are alive and active. This area is still much more actively Christian than the coal fields of West Virginia.

August 31 1957 Saturday Cape Motel, Caperville, Va.

We left Garlands and Ester Lees' at noon and took the ferry at little Creek, Va. over to Kiptopeak, Virginia arriving there around six p.m. This motel is only a few miles further on. The ferry trip wore us out because Benjy and Alisa both wanted to be held at the rail the entire one and a half hours so they could see the water.

I ordered a steak tonight anticipating its being my last for three years.

Bob Ledford (6601 Reynolda Rd.) told me last night that Rev. Burgess has been the associational missionary for Pitt county and the surrounding area for the past few years. I wonder if its the same Rev. Burgess I knew from Jacksonville, N. C. (He has been an associational missionary). The new associational missionary is John Moore. I met him but of course had no opportunity to meet Rev. Burgess. I can not help but feel like Rev. Burgess probably had a finger in the establishment of Hillsdale Baptist Church that I mentioned yesterday.

September 1, 1957 Sunday New Castle, Delaware

We had a nice leisurely breakfast, and stopped 10 miles up U.S. 13 at the Lower North Hampton Baptist Church for Sunday School and Church. Rev. B. R. Nix is pastor there now, Alice got to talk with his wife and one small baby more than I did but he taught an excellent Sunday School lesson. The children were too noisy to stay for church. Another family, the Langenechers of Pennsylvania Dutch extraction, were also attending Sunday School while traveling through. They are Quakers and seemed extremely nice.

We came on to New Castle, Delaware this afternoon which is at the foot of the New Jersey Turnpike and is really the gateway to New York. Tonight at supper Alisa put her hand in the soup and burned it slightly. Although it is just a first degree burn she cried a lot. I carried her out and walked up and down on the

sidewalk while Alice tried to feed Benjy. The cars whizzed by in groups of ten and twenty, trucks stopped, people swept past in every direction and I felt very lost and lonely in the rush trying to calm an injured child. Just as my feelings were most poignantly homesick, and I felt as if no one around us was interested in us a kind friendly stout lady stopped and said: "Did she burn her hand bad?"

She was most considerate and commiserated with us freely out of a full compassionate heart. I felt better myself and Alisa soon hushed

September 29 1957 Monday, Labor Day New York City

We left the Motel around 8:30 A.M. and had easy driving along the New Jersey Turnpike. Leaving the Turnpike at Exit 16, the Lincoln Tunnel Exit, we went under the Hudson river via the Lincoln Tunnel and came out bearing left to 41st St. We turned North on 10th Avenue and came to 57th St. where we were within two blocks of the Henry Hudson Hotel. The doorman had the car parked and I am to get it tomorrow to take it to the dock or to Keating's.

Everything was closed today but I'll call Keating first thing in the morning. All of this has been hard for me -- much harder than Medicine, surgery, or preaching. I have no knack for traveling and I am in anguish over how much to tip.

Neither Nan or Peggy have arrived yet so far as we know, We will be very glad to see them tomorrow.

We have written a number of post cards in an effort to keep in touch with our fiends and sponsoring churches. Perhaps that will help further Christ's Kingdom. Certainly much of what we have done today and much of what we have had to spend has not helped missions any that I can see. I only pray that God will guide us now and give us wisdom to travel as inexpensively as possible and the opportunity to witness on the way.

September 3., 1957 Tuesday New York City The Shore
 finances, and I can accept it where my own finances are
 concerned; but it worries me to realize that I am spending
 Southern Baptist money unnecessarily. However Ma's letter of
 9/1/57 does not mention a letter from Whale of Sarah Marquis;
 so even if we had been in Columbia we could not have known of
 this delay until today because no mail was delivered yesterday
 either.

Crate #6 had to be reinforced and re-banded but otherwise
 there was no trouble with the freight.

We delivered the car to #26 New York Docks in Brooklyn and
 the dock hands were extremely nice to us. One pleasant fellow
 dressed in old trousers and a dirty undershirt gave the children
 some peaches. Alice nearly had a war keeping them hidden long
 enough to wash them.

Our first subway ride was uneventful, but thrilling because
 of the novelty of it. Benjy was afraid of the noise but soon
 overcame that when we actually got on the train.

September 4. 1957 Wednesday Henry Hudson Hotel, New York

I went via subway to see Keating again and paid \$422.58 for
 the freight and insurance on the car. I stopped in at the New
 York Stock Exchange entering through 20 Broad St. instead of #11
 Wall St. The exchange has had a recent face lift, but judging
 from remembered pictures the main room is the same. I hardly
 understood all that I saw well enough to thoroughly appreciate
 it.

Peggy Marchman and Nan Owens both arrived today and we have
 met them both. Peggy is very pleasant and nice. We had supper
 with Nan since Peggy was still at Pennsylvania station seeing
 something about her luggage.

September 6, 1957 Friday Now York City

We are to board ship tomorrow at 10:00 A.M. Today and yesterday were mixtures of business and pleasure. I spent some hours at the Public Library trying to enlarge the Edwards Genealogy without any results. I had a good map of Nigeria photocopied and then forgot to go back for it today.

This morning I baby-sat while Alice and Peggy went to "Strike it Rich" Then Alice baby-sat while Nan and I went to "The Big Payoff". They gave orchids as door prizes and I won one.

I was unable to buy Atabrin here at Wallgreen's without proof of being a physician; so I had to take my diploma to the druggist and buy for the whole group. I am surprised that it could not be purchased across the counter.

In spite of being busy packing tonight I still feel somewhat meditative. Now that I have come to embarkation I know I am not perfectly prepared and yet I can not think of anything that I will need that I have not tried to prepare for. I have grown spiritually in the last year mostly as a pure gift from the Lord and not through any process of earning spiritual growth. I feel so thankful that God has allowed me so great a measure in His Kingdom for I know that I could never earn or merit any office or work in it alone.

September 7, 1957 Saturday S.S.Shonga off New Eng.

We boarded the Shonga today and have nice accommodations. Instead of passing the Statue of Liberty, however we sailed up the East River and out of Long Island Sound. We traveled North-east most of the day and yet there has always been land on both sides of us so we must be on an inland waterway of some sort. The boat has not rocked or rolled any yet at all.

The other family aboard are Mr. and Mrs. Bob Hess and daughter Sharon. They are under appointment to Nigeria by the Church of the Brethren. Doris Dolfer, a charming young lady from California, is going to Accra. Dr. Hill is a Geochemist and will

had first assumed), but at tea today when we were all at one table and the Hills came in late she was quick to go sit with them so there would be no undue segregation. Also tonight she engaged the Captain in such an intriguing conversation that I'm sure he hardly missed the rest of us. In the process she committed herself to help him, pick out some Dacron sheets tomorrow, that being the subject of conversation.

Tonight's service at the First Baptist Church was inspiring and heartwarming. The people were most friendly and cordial. Portland is cold in temperature only.

We resolved going over, that we would not let it out that we were missionaries. But at the service we had to fill out a visitors card and thinking that the pastor would be interested some days later I put on our card that we were missionaries. Then I made the mistake of putting the card in the collection plate (the cards were collected later). Since mine was out of place it caught an ushers' eye and it was carried to the pastor, so he promptly announced it.

September 9, 1957

Monday

Portland Maine

We lay here all day today while the hole was filled with fifty pound bags of flour. We enjoyed watching the loading operations, and watching the big booms lift the 1200 pound platforms easily into the ship.

We went ashore and while idling in front of the Unitarian

church a lady cordially invited us in. It turned out to be the earliest congregation in all of this area. We were shown numerous historical sites in the church such as the seat where Jefferson Davis sat, the furniture used when Maine and Massachusetts were separated, etc. We saw the outside of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's home, but would not go in because of the children.

We are to sail at 6:00 A.M., and I want to watch, so I had better go to bed.

September 10, 1957 Tuesday S.S.Shonga (1st day out)

Leaving Portland was not so exciting as leaving New York, and we all went back to bed for another thirty minutes.

The sea was extremely smooth today, but tonight have we had some rolling and pitching. We maintained a course of 117 degrees throughout the day.

We sighted some jelly-fish shortly after leaving, then one shark, a school of mullet and a school of porpoises during the day. Several sparrows and one yellow breasted song bird are aboard as stowaways -- I hope they don't try to fly back to land now.

Time has been going fast and there has been less time for reading than I expected.

September 12, 1957 Thursday S.S.Shonga (4th day out)

Last night I felt too ill to write. Alice had been sick most

of the day. Although I had lost no food yet I felt terrible. During the night the ship rolled horribly. The Captain said at breakfast that he was literally tossed out of bed four times. Our luggage got loose and raced across the floor, and a wall locker door banged incessantly with each deep roll. Today we learned that New Foundland had a cyclone and that we were getting the fringe winds. The captain says there followed a sudden calm, but that the sea still tossed from inertia for some time.

We have felt better today, but still not the best. I tried some deck tennis with the officers and that stirred me up again.

Illness such as this can really take the zeal out of a person. However it is most comforting to stand at the rail and sing "Wide wide as the Ocean ... " and realize anew the meaning of the words. We have run some fever with our sickness so it may not all be simply mal de mer.

September 13, 1957 Friday Aboard S.S. Shonga Today was calm
in the West. Hurricane "Carrie" is due South of us but we hope to be out of its path well before it reaches here. We saw several hundred flying fish today. They evidently become frightened by the bow of the ship and suddenly a school of them will clear the water four or five inches and fly rapidly with quick flapping of their pectoral fins. Occasionally one would travel 50 feet or so; but as a general rule they only went 10 or 20 feet.

September 14, 1957 Saturday Aboard S.S. Shonga

We were becalmed this A.M. for an hour while repairs were made on the engine. It is a helpless feeling to lie adrift and realize that you are standing still. I can understand why it must have terrified the men of sailing vessels when the wind died down for days.

Hurricane "Carrie" now lies 300 mile Southwest of us, and we seem to have outrun her completely.

Alisa swallowed a straight pin tonight, but so far no serious symptoms have occurred. I feel reassured that it is definitely in the G-I tract and not in the respiratory tree.

September 15, 1957 Sunday Aboard
S.S. Shonga

Our service this A.M. went very well. Two of the officers and four of the crew attended. Bob conducted the order of service while Nan and Doris gave a special duet and I preached.

One of the crew members sat next to me during the singing and his hand trembled at being in the lounge with the passengers. As I was thinking how hard it must be for them to join our service one of the African Stewards came in. He looked somewhat uncertain and then he dropped to his knees at his chair and held his silent devotion just as he would have in the Anglican church anywhere.

I'm sure his witness to Christ before us was harder than it is for me to witness before the people to whom I go. He has my deepest admiration, and I pray that God will help me to worship and witness for Him as openly and sincerely as did that steward.

September 16, 1957 Monday Aboard S.S.
Shonga

We have been following a great circle course from Portland to Freetown and by now we are headed S.E. or S.S.E. We have passed out of the Gulf Stream and the trade winds are blowing from the N.E. since yesterday afternoon. The pole star is about 30 degrees above the horizon.

Alisa has showed no more symptoms from her pin swallowing episode. Although the rest of us have not been sick we have not all felt our best either. The motion keeps us constantly stirred up. Alice ate all of her supper last night -- the first full meal she has eaten in a week. However how fortunate we are to be able to reach our destination so rapidly. Our first missionaries traveled for months; and we have luxury accommodations compared to theirs.

September 18, 1957 Wednesday Aboard S.S. Shonga

We will pass south of the Cape Verdi Islands coming close

only to Fogo. Judging from the map we might spot that island late tomorrow afternoon, but I imagine it will be Friday morning instead.

Time passes slowly, but all is well.

September 20, 1957 Friday Aboard S.S. Shonga

We passed within 13 miles of the Cape de Verde Islands today, but we were unable to see them due to haze and darkness as it was early evening. The Captain allowed us to watch the Radar on the bridge and we saw the islands reflected there.

Aside from minor injuries all are well.

September 21, 1957 Saturday Aboard S.S. Shonga

The Captain has refused several invitations to attend our services tomorrow. We are praying that he will come in spite of his refusals. He seems to be hungering for the assurance of religion. He had a confused back-ground with a lot of rebellion against authority. He was a Quaker, but he says he has not attended one of their meetings in years.

September 23, 1957 Monday Aboard S.S. Shonga

Our service yesterday was well received, but the Captain did not come. We lay adrift all day today while a piston was changed in the engine. That makes the third time we have had to stop for

repairs.

While we lay quiet we fished over the side of the ship. Bob Hess caught a pilot fish. I hooked a shark, but he bit the leader in two and got away.

September 24, 1957 Tuesday Aboard S.S. Shonga

We were at anchor in the Bay of Whales off shore from Freetown when I awoke this A.M. It rained nearly all day, and the sky was overcast and dismal.

We took aboard several people to help with the handling of the freight at Accra. Their language is foreign, of course. They look like, and have many mannerisms, similar to the American Negro. One was dressed in short khaki trousers, undershirt, and dark sports coat with bandy legs stuck in knee length rubber boots. The whole ensemble was topped off by a royal blue tam-o'-shanter cap.

I was able to get pictures of the huge old kapok tree, where slaves were freed by the British, and the old Anglican Church. The church is said to have been built in 1823. A nearby church was built with timbers from some of the old slave ships.

September t 1957 Friday Aboard S.S. Shonga

We are anchored off shore from Accra now. Seven ships are

ahead of us so we may wait here some time. This is one of the few seaports left which does not have a harbor. Passengers will disembark aboard a "Mammy Chair" and cargo will be carried in surf boats.

I learned something today that made me realize again that I still have some racial prejudice. Doris Dolfer is marrying an American Negro Lawyer here at Accra. After the initial shock wore off, I felt somewhat remorseful. I am afraid that they will have many problems some of which may be insurmountable. I do not condone what they are doing and I feel that their children will suffer tragedy, but in my heart I pray for them. We are all equal in God's sight, and I pray that He who has no prejudice will bless them and shelter them.

The chief engineer aboard says that the Lady Cupps from England who married the West African Negro some years ago is now his number four wife and that she goes about the compound dressed in about the same outfit as his other wives. I do not know that what he says is true. Still I feel sure that she married him with high hopes and courage expecting a monogamous European type marriage. The laws of Africa do not require that yet. Perhaps if we were all more dedicated to Christ we would have less prejudice; but, the world being as it is, intermarriage is bound to cause much grief and unhappiness. Therefore I pray the Lord that He will be with them for I fear much trouble for them.

September 28, 1957

Saturday

Aboard S.S. Shonga

The passengers disembarked by Mammy Chair to a surf boat and were paddled into Accra by a boat crew with rippling shoulder muscles. These boat boys have strong backs and shoulders, but rather soft abdomens. They dress in uniform colored short trousers (the color scheme varies with the boat), and wear bandannas on their heads like Barbary Pirates. The most striking thing about the surf ride though is the flashing of paddles, all painted white, and all moving in rhythm. The paddles are shaped like a gigantic frog's foot with three toes: I have been unable to learn what the symbolism means. These boat boys all sit on the side of the boat to paddle. They sit on a piece of cloth which they roll up and wet so that it will not slip; then they put their outer foot in a rope loop attached to the side of the boat. Gaining purchase thus, they paddle with a will and soon have the boats hurrying in. It is hard to realize that automobiles were once landed in this same way. Of course some were lost in the surf.

The Purser, who was ashore when the passengers arrived, stated that Doris was welcomed heartily by the West Africans. Not only was her fiancée there, but also the Prime Minister of Ghana and some of the shop keepers just stopped their business to come out to see her land.

September 30, 1957

Monday

Aboard S.S. Shonga

Unloading has proceeded smoothly. The Lord has blessed us with bright sunny weather and calm water even now during the rainy season. Watching the laborers has been fascinating - they load 4000 pounds onto the surf boats before rowing away to the tiller-man's chant. While loading the boats they fight among one another for first place, curse each other, discuss certain biological functions in four letter words -- all without ever appearing to become really angry. I have seen one snatch a cigarette out of another's hand without the loser becoming offended. Contrariwise real anger breaks out briefly every once in a while over things we would not consider offensive. They speak "Pidgen English" with much sing-songiness and interject grunts and musical intonations frequently.

We have begun working on our declaration lists for customs. Since Nigeria is a new nation I wonder if Customs Officials will charge. Although we have nothing to hide and are working hard to prove absolutely honest, it is still an unpleasant trial to go through in some ways. I would hate to have to open some of my more bulky crates, but if I'm asked to do so, I pray God will grant me the grace to do it pleasantly, cooperatively, and willingly so that it will be pleasing to them and they will note that it is a Christian before them. Not knowing the language I can only preach by actions, and I pray sincerely that God will guide me in even the small details that may mean a lot to them.

October 2. 1957 Wednesday Baptist Hostel, Lagos

Nigeria is beautiful! Waving Australian pines and Coconut palms standing on crooked legs greeted us from Torqua Bay and Victoria Beach. The Mariner Street which fronts on the Lagoon at Lagos has the palisaded white Governor's mansion, a stately Anglican church, and dignified businesses along it. Pretty residences have well cropped lawns extending to the waters edge. A green umbrella provides inviting shade. Some of the foliage is etched with red where the Almond trees are turning.

We went through customs without a hitch. It made us all feel welcome when the custom's official told Nan Owens that he saluted her for coming to teach his people.

We have been made to feel right at home here at the Hostel. All the missionaries have treated us like one of the family. We knew we were with home folds when we sat down to a pretty table with an Hibiscus centerpiece and were served Southern-fried chicken, iced tea, and iced water. We attended prayer meeting in the First Baptist Church of Lagos. It is interesting especially since Mr. David literally imported all the brick and cement from America in 178?. I wonder how he felt coming over with it. I think he would have been proud of the nearly one hundred who attended prayer meeting tonight in spite of the fact that Dr. J. T. Ayorinde, the pastor, was away at a meeting.

October 8, 1957 Tuesday Lagos, Nigeria

We have been delayed here much longer than anticipated due to a Mohammedan holiday, rain, slowness of unloading, and so forth. None of our freight is through customs yet.

Sunday we went to Ilaro for an ordination service. The congregation of the church had spent hours digging in the sticky thick mud to make a driveway and a parking lot for the cars of the missionaries whom they knew would come. The service began at 10:00 and lasted until past 12:30 with three full-length sermons.

Our children surprised us all by being unusually good throughout the entire service.

We ate lunch at a nearby rest house and met the Pattersons for the first time. Mrs. Patterson is a gracious lady with the ways and charm of a true Southern Lady. Dr. Patterson is still energetic and zestful and seems little boyish in his enthusiasm in spite of his years.

We are hoping to get through here tomorrow, and move on towards Oyo.

October 15, 1957

Tuesday

Oyo, Nigeria

We left Lagos on Thursday morning planning to have lunch with Mrs. Patterson; however we were delayed due to the poor condition of the road. The lunch was delicious and was really a feast with both chicken and fowl, several vegetables, and varied fruits. We arrived at Oyo just as the station personnel were assembling for prayer meeting. It was one of the nicest welcomes we have had.

Our house has a screened-in porch/living-room combination,

two large bedrooms, and a kitchen. Our water supply is unusual to me. We collect all the rain water off the roof of the house and conduct it by a series of gutters to a large cement cistern. We can then pump it to an overhead tank by hand. The overhead tank is high enough to supply pressure to have running water in the house.

Our drinking water must be boiled and filtered, but for washing we use it just as it comes from the spigot. We have electricity from 6:30 p.m. until 10:30 p.m. Our refrigerator is a kerosene-one made by Servel. I have been unable to buy bottled gas for the stove yet, so we are using an old kerosene wick model which drinks the kerosene. Kerosene is more expensive than gasoline.

The Fraziers, Martins, Fines and Browns have all helped us get "settled-in". They housed us and fed us for several days, and then Henry Martin went to Ibadan with me to help me buy provisions. As large as Ibadan is it still is small-townish in many ways. The streets are narrow with gaping holes in the pavement. The stores remind me of either a large country store or a curio-shop. Some of the smaller native stores are very dirty and uninviting. Loud music blares from radios at every small shop, and the laborers add to the din by beating on whatever they are handling. They love rhythm and cannot carry a package long without patting it rhythmically. The talking drums are special instruments, however, and their tones change with the amount of pressure the drummer places on their sides. They have a peculiar drum stick which is bent and knobbed on the end. The tone is also

different depending on what part of the drum stick is used.

In our compound we have oranges, grapefruit, limes, guavas and coconuts. Bananas, pineapples and tangerines can be bought in the market for a few pennies.

The children have become much happier since we have stopped moving. Alisa is well of her rash, and laughs more than she has in weeks. Benjy will pray again at the table and at bedtime.

October 27, 1957

Sunday

Oyo, Nigeria

We are well "settled-in" now as the saying is here. Our days have been pleasant, but I'm anxious to start some sort of work. Our orientation school does not begin officially until November 12th.

The entire compound has been troubled with some minor sickness. Darlene Fine had mumps ten days ago. Henry Martin and Eva Eldridge both had viral upper respiratory infections (U.R.I.) Nan Owens had malaria and diarrhea (fearing a recurrence of Amoebae she went to Ogbomosho). She has now returned well. Most of the children have had U.R.I.'s which responded fairly well to penicillin.

We went to Shaki and spent two days with Bud and Mayrene Doshier. I scrubbed with Bud on a hydrocele and a bilateral hernia. I felt like a blind man feeling his way along in the O.R.

While at Shaki I went hunting, using Fran Hamricks gun, and I shot an Apiro which is the name for an African partridge.

Alice and I visited a Shango shrine last Wednesday. That

brought home to me more than anything has the prevalence of paganism here. The little altar house was very small, but had a prominent place in the compound. Numerous old mud vases and urns, some with designs and some with heavily busted female figures, were scattered over the altar. A large smooth stone shaped like a parabola projected out of the mud plaster floor and was covered with dried blood. A few chicken feathers were scattered around. I was told that "the stone tasted blood every day": either a chicken or a dog. Shango worship is quite prevalent here in Oyo, since the original Shango was so closely associated with Oyo history.

The drums have been beaten continuously for two days and nights because of the recent death of someone here in town. It begins to wear on one's nerves -- especially if everything is not going smoothly.

Alice and Benjy both had nausea and vomiting last night, and they have diarrhea today. I suspect bacterial gastroenteritis rather than staphylococcal food poisoning because the onset of symptoms was over six hours after the last meal.

October 30, 1957

Wednesday

Oyo, Nigeria

We went to the Potter's place yesterday. The potters were all women and they do not use the wheel. They select a clay, which they differentiate from the mud used for their houses, and pound it again and again until it becomes very cohesive. They can make

beautiful pots and urns which are amazingly symmetrical considering the lack of a wheel. All of the pots bake to a dark red color. They seldom put designs on them. Mr. Awujola preached in Yoruba while we stood by to say "Amen" in English. One woman seemed interested, but we were forced to stop because of the kibitzing of one Mohammedan man who was trying to turn the evangelistic session into a debate.

November 1, 1957

Friday

Oyo, Nigeria

We had a quiet Halloween. The children put on some costumes and played trick or treat at the mission houses and we made them a Jack-o-lantern out of a native melon called "tagire" (note written in 1972: I believe this was "elegede", but I had misunderstood the Yoruba that early in my career)

Don, Ina and Eva have their final exam in language tomorrow. I know they are burning the midnight oil.

November 5, 1957

Tuesday

Oyo, Nigeria

I went to Ogbomosho today to scrub with Martha Gilliland so I would get my hand back in Surgery. We did two hernias together. Martha did a vesico-vaginal fistula which was an interesting case. The twenty year old girl came in with a history of difficult labor with her first child four years ago. After several days of labor she was given native medicines which have an oxytocic. She

finally delivered a macerated stillborn fetus and developed a pressure necrosis of the bladder neck. On examination a vesico-vaginal fistula about one inch in diameter was easily visible and the urethra, which was completely severed from the bladder, had stenosis due to scar tissue. The girl's child was dead; she was incontinent, and then her husband left her. Martha says that this story is a very common one. She says that she has done twenty three ureteral transplants to the Sigmoid because of worse fistulas than this one.

November 15, 1957

Friday

Oyo, Nigeria

Language and Orientation (L.& O.) school began Tuesday the twelfth, and we are so thankful for the opportunity to study the people and the language. The classes thus far have been fascinating. We went to Old Ijaye where our first mission station was before it was destroyed in the Ibadan -- Ijaye War. Mary Yoruba Bowen's unmarked grave evidently lies under a grove of Bamboo near the ruins of an old building thought to be the chapel.

Today we saw the Kojo area Baptist day school. There is a wooded hill situated to the east of it (North of Oyo) which Pinnock mentioned in The Romance of Nigerian Missions as being filled with Orishas and idols. There are still said to be some idols on that hill which are worshipped even today.

I have learned that my gardener's grandfather is the Chief Priest of Shango, but apparently my gardener is an active baptized Christian.

November 19, 1957

Tuesday

Oyo, Nigeria

The Dry Season is upon us! I've noticed that we all tire more easily here in the tropics. I'm worn out tonight although I have not done nearly so much work today as I could have in the States. Alice has spent all afternoon preparing cake and cookies for Benjy's third Birthday tomorrow.

I greased the car and changed oil in it. I'm getting to be a better mechanic since I've been forced into it. Tonight Dr. Kinman asked me to scrub with him on an intestinal obstruction. The poor man had a massive mesenteric venous thrombosis involving the descending and pelvic colon and a portion of the ileum and jejunum. The cecum was O.K. though. We were unable to resect it and feel sure that he will die tonight. A later thought has made me wonder if the above pathology could have been the result of either native medicine or poison.

November 21, 1957

Thursday

Oyo, Nigeria

Benjy's birthday party yesterday was a success: certainly the kids enjoyed it. We had cake, pink limeade, gifts, and even balloons in the best party fashion.

In class today I pursued Mr. Awujola on the subject of infant care and he has become quite enthusiastic over a possible "baby week" at the church where we could talk to the mothers about

infant care and health. I've encouraged him, strongly and I hope that something good will come of it.

November 22, 1957

Friday

Shaki, Nigeria

We arrived in Shaki last night on an language and orientation trip. We had chicken curry diner with the Doshers. It is a mixture of rice, chicken gumbo, tomatoes, okra, pickles, carrots, peppers, coconut, oranges, tangerines, paw-paws, bananas and parched peanuts.

The work in Shaki is fascinating. Elam memorial school has girls of all ages and a few men studying. They have courses in housewifery, cooking, sewing and other skills in addition to the three R's. They also learn how to teach Sunday School, W.M.U. work and so forth. In connection with the school there is a nursery school which is most appealing.

This afternoon I am to go to a Fulani "Gar" (village) with J.W. Richardson. Fulani work is so challenging because they are so reticent, so heathen or Moslem, and at the same time so deep in character in many ways.

At Elam we noticed the grave of A. Scott Patterson's little baby. The stone lies under a Frangipani tree and flowers from the tree fall on it nearly every day of the year. The Frangipani tree is right unusual in that every time a flower falls the tree weeps white tears from the flower's attachment for a short time.

November 24, 1957

Sunday

Okuta, Nigeria

We came on to Okuta yesterday traveling by dirt road through some beautiful country. Although we saw very little game we know it was near the road and that even elephants were within a few miles.

The mission at Okuta is relatively new. We have Mr. and Mrs. Archie Dunaway and Hattie Gardner there now. Margaret Dunaway appears to be an able nurse, and she runs a maternity center and dispensary. Hattie "goes for bush" each Sunday over trails that would trip a donkey; and during the week she goes further north to another town where she lives in one room of a church.

The Batanus, as the people are called, are pathetically ignorant and suppressed. One girl refused a shot of Penicillin for a badly infected foot. They have a custom of throwing the children in boiling water if the child cuts his teeth wrong. The obvious poverty is appalling. Indeed they are poor in spirit as well as materially. Their huts are little more than mud hovels with lizard infested thatch roofs. No wonder its hard for them to understand a Spirit of Love.

November 28, 1957

Thursday

Agbor, Nigeria

We left Oyo around seven A.M. on Wednesday and drove to Benin City arriving there around three p.m. We enjoyed our stay with Oren and Martha Robison. We saw the teacher training school there, and the day school which has around 600 students. It is hard to realize that within the lifetime of some of the very

elderly inhabitants, Benin was the site of thousands of human sacrifices. It is still a small town in appearance with dirty brown mud houses, thatch and galvanized tin roofs, but 52,000 people live there. One characteristic of the houses is the low semi-circular mud altars to household gods and ancestors.

Rubber may someday make the town rich, and it already shows evidence of growth with frequent service stations, a semi-literate king, a museum and a well developed rubber industry. It is pathetic to see a people gaining the gloss of civilization, but so pitifully lacking in spiritual and ethical culture. The rubber plant has been cutting open every specimen of rubber the people bring in because the people have been embedding rocks in it to make it weigh more. This type of thing has ruined the people's progress for they are so intent on cheating each other that they do not have time for honest business. We have come on to Agbor now to see the Girls High School here.

Benjy has fever tonight -- Malaria, I guess. We started him on Nivaquin today, but his eye lids are swelling now. I felt compelled to give him more Nivaquin tonight even though the swelling may be allergy. It is hard to know what to do sometimes.

December 11 1957

Sunday

Ekuru, Nigeria

We came from Agbor Friday after having had a most enjoyable stay. Swimming in the clear swift river here was safe and enjoyable. I have scrubbed on a hernia, a laparotomy, and a

Cesarean section since I have been here.

Today, we went to Sapele over some of the worst roads imaginable in a Land Rover which is a four wheel drive station wagon. The Bethel Baptist Church was dedicated today. It is a good cement building for 800 people with an educational unit in the back. The church has only been organized for twelve years, but it has grown amazingly.

Riding on these roads is an adventure, a safari, and a circus all rolled into one. We saw many curious Ju-Ju houses, symbols, etc. One ant hill is protected and worshipped. One man has set up a compound which he calls the headquarters of God's Kingdom Society". One group dresses all in white to symbolize their purity, and dance the evil spirits away. The King of Igun which is only six miles from Eku has never been to Eku because it is taboo for him to cross the stream separating the two towns.

As compelling as these needs are however, I do not feel a strong pull to this area as I have to other areas.

December 7, 1957

Saturday

Oyo, Nigeria

We returned from Eku on Tuesday to receive a welcome accumulation of mail. I have taken call at Ogbomosho the last two days while Martha Gilliland was gone to Lagos and Bill Williams was at a committee meeting. The first night I was up all night with a ruptured uterus and a strangulated hernia.

The lady with the ruptured uterus had six children before but this labor was slightly prolonged. So she took a good bit of

native medicine which caused titanic uterine contractions with rupture through 180 degrees of the lower segment posteriorly and a tear into the cul-de-sac. The baby was free in the abdomen. Of course hysterectomy was inevitable and the patient nearly died. However, she was much better yesterday when I last saw her.

(Note added in 1972 -- I saw her again five or six years later. She had gained forty or fifty pounds and had some osteoarthritis of her knees, but was very happy and smiling to see me again.)

We went Christmas shopping in Ibadan today. This season makes me a little homesick though.

Incidentally, I did not note it above but this hysterectomy was the first operation of that magnitude that I have ever done without another doctor being, present to help: I would have picked something simpler if I had a choice.

December 14, 1957

Saturday

Oyo, Nigeria

We have been to Ire this past week to visit the maternity welfare center. Miss Eva Sanders has practically given her life to the people there. Things happen fast at the welfare center: there was a birth within thirty minutes after we arrived; a death two hours later; a wedding the next day; and a graduation that night.

We have put up the nativity scene on the porch, and will get

a Casherina tree to use as a Christmas tree today.

December 16, 1957

Monday

Oyo, Nigeria

The E.C. (Executive Committee of the mission) has assigned us to Joinkrama, and we will leave in February at the end of Orientation. Nan is to go to Agbor. Deanie Hibbard will go to Ogbomosho to be the nurse at the Leprosy Service. She is not finishing the Orientation School since she is planning to go back to the States in June to marry an Air Force Officer. I imagine the decision has been a difficult one for her, but she kept a sweet

disposition through it all.

We are planning to go to Ibadan for the last minute Christmas frills tomorrow.

December 19, 1957

Thursday

Oyo, Nigeria

Alice made me a delicious yellow Cake with pink "Lord Baltimore" frosting yesterday for my birthday. We had the entire compound on the seventeenth for Pizza Pie in honor of the occasion too.

Deanie Hibbard moved to Ogbomosho last night with Dr. Goldie. While Dr. Goldie was here he mentioned that our appointment to Joinkrama was for one year only, and that we would probably be sent to the north eventually.

December 30, 1957

Monday

Oyo, Nigeria

We went to Ire last Monday and thoroughly enjoyed Christmas there. Christmas Eve was a little hectic what with seeing patients at the center, learning "Oh Holy Night" in Yoruba, helping with the Christmas pageant, decorating the tree, putting the children to sleep so Santa Claus could come and so forth. On Christmas morning Benjy awoke and saw his stocking hanging over his bed filled with goodies. He cried, "Sissy-boo, Sissy-boo, Wake up! Santa Claus has come!

Later Christmas day we helped serve the employees their Christmas dinner of Chicken soup and rice: actually a real feast for them. The soup was clay red in color and so peppery that it burned my nose to smell it.

While we were enjoying Christmas, the mission station at Shaki was having a terrible time with illness. Peggy Marchman developed intestinal obstruction on Saturday the 21st, and required surgery on Sunday the 22nd. Bud Doshier was up with her both nights. Then on Monday she went unexpectedly into shock secondary to intestinal bleeding. The only person whose blood matched hers was Bud; so in spite of fatigue he gave a pint of blood. J.W. Richardson had been sent to Ibadan earlier for plasma and he had stopped at Earl Fine's in Oyo, so that Earl could carry the request to Ogbomosho too. When Earl told the Ogbomosho station what had happened two of the doctors from there (Karl

Myers and Leta White) went to Shaki with some pints of "O" Blood. By the time they reached there Bud was ready for bed himself. He had been up nearly seventy-two hours straight, had operated along with Margaret Richardson, and had given blood. Peggy was still in shock; so Drs. Myers and White stayed with her giving her the rest of the blood which they had brought with them. By Christmas eve then Peggy was much improved. Although I have not mentioned all of the people at the station of course they all rallied behind Peggy in her illness.

Since the 27th, I have been on call at Ogbomosho, and I have stayed over there most of the time. Bill and Karl are both at Eku at a committee meeting. But I am back at Oyo now, and Orientation school has started again.

January 3, 1958

Friday

Oyo., Nigeria

Peggy Marchman has improved but is still not well.

I spent New Years Eve day in Ogbomosho doing a Cesarean Section, and during the procedure I became real tired. By the end of the operation, I knew I had malaria. I started on Camoquin right away and came home to go to bed. Alice and the children were planning to go to the Fine's for a compound New Year's Eve party, but of course they canceled their plans when they found I was sick. I went straight to bed and finished the course of therapy with Camoquin. By the next morning I felt well, and played tennis New Years Day. The newer medicines really make our