

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

work easier and more progressive.

We are still going to the post office each day with fresh hopes that our Christmas packages will come; but so far no luck.

January 9, 1958

Wednesday

Oyo, Nigeria

We were able to attend the inauguration ceremony for the Oluwo of Iwo last Friday. Mr. Awujoola wore his finest clothes including his Fez cap with gold embroidery and his beadwork shoes.

On arriving in Iwo, we picked our way through an enormous crowd and were allowed to elbow our way to the very front rank partly because we are "oyinbo" and partly because of Mr. Awujoola's rank.

The crowd was silenced by the bell ringer who marched with pompous dignity through the clearing in front of the palace. The King-to-be was then brought forward dressed in a simple white gown. He was presented to the King-makers who were seated in chairs in front of the palace. Then a robe and accouterments of office were placed on him. Lastly, he was turbaned by the Chief Imam since Iwo is largely a Mohammedan town. He was then mounted on a much decorated horse. At some signal, which I did not detect, the official umbrella bearers rushed forward to see who could raise their velvet brocade umbrella over his head.

The crowd surged forward at this, and completely surrounded the new king while a detail of men fired muskets. The six foot long trumpets blared, and a ten man band of drummers boom-boomed loudly.

She has worked since September 1956 toward going to high school. Her father promised her that if she worked this year and saved all she could that he would send her on through high school. (A six year secondary school that costs 50 pounds or about \$150.00 per year). She managed to save fifteen pounds which she dutifully turned over to her father to keep for her. Over the holidays she went to see him about the school, and he said he would not send her. Then this weekend she went to find him to get her savings back and he had left town. So she pursued him and finally found him some eighty miles away at another house. He gave her six pounds. Now she cannot go to school; she will lose her five pound deposit.

Yet before I censure the father too much, I realize that it may be his own ignorance that has led him to handle his own and her money so foolishly. Still to pay her money all the through would cost \$900.00 and that is more than any one can invest in a stranger. Tragedy so often compounds itself!

LATER

Alice and I have prayed much and thought much about the above problem. Our greatest reluctance has been because it would take money that we want to put up for the children. In seeking the solution I have turned to the Bible and found this: Luke 6:38 "give and it will be given to you, good measure pressed down, shaken together, running over will be put into your lap. For the measure you give will be the measure you get back." We take the Lord at his promise.

January 18, 1958

Saturday Morning

Oyo,

Nigeria

I took the station wagon and trailer to Ire for Miss Hibbards' beds which we have bought. On the trip I took Mr. Awujola and Juliana fifteen miles past Ilesha back in the bush to the little town of Esi-Odo where her father is living now.

The house was cement plastered with ornamental balustrade work on the verandah, and rudely furnished within. I was introduced to her father, and I spoke something like this: "I have come to salute you on behalf of Juliana. She is well named (Qlabisi is her Nigerian name) for she has indeed increased honor upon your house. She has worked for me for several months in absolute honesty. Therefore I have come to urge you to do the best by her and to encourage you to send her to school. I, too, will help you financially."

After much palaver, he quoted a Yoruba proverb: "It is not just for a load carrier to stand erect when another stoops to help him lift the load." In other words he would do his share of the load.

Mr. Awujola and I left to visit the L.A. School while Juliana saluted her parents before leaving. I later learned that during that period her father told her privately that he would not help her with so much as a half-penny.

Since returning to Oyo, I have assured her that we would see

her through two years but not all six. After two years she could go into midwifery, but could not become a nurse as she wishes to do. She has remained worried and upset over it as can be easily understood. She does not want to alienate her father although he intends to send her brothers to school but not her.

This morning she came to work and said she had decided to decline the offer. Perhaps God only wished to give her the opportunity to decide for herself not to go rather than allow the door to be slammed in her face at the last minute.,

January 21, 1958

Tuesday

Oyo, Nigeria

Juliana has gotten to go to school after all. She is going to modern school at Abeokuta (Idiaba) and not to high school. Three years at Idiaba cost about the same as two years high school; and after three years of modern school she can go into nurses training.

We made our Language and Orientation school trip to Ile Ife yesterday and enjoyed it thoroughly. I got some black and white photographs of an idol grove which I hope are good. Our work there is very new and the girls teacher training school is not yet completed, but it is well enough along to have around 50 students.

Alice has had malaria since Saturday and is real tired and headachy today. I think she feels the worst today that she has in years. I am tired from tending children etc., but I still feel alert and cheerful.

are revolting because of a sudden eight pound school fee. The first we noticed it was when the car in front of us was caught by a mob of women who began beating on it with tree limbs. We stopped short and backed up a little. Then they started at us. As I backed away they hurled sticks at us. Suddenly I noticed some ten more women coming at us from the rear; so I hastily turned the car around and charged them as if I intended to hit them. They jumped for the bush and we got away. After several lorries came through this congested area, the mob dispersed somewhat and we went on. But from that point on to Ahoada we passed women with sticks.

From Ahoada to Joinkrama the women were still on the little bush road, but they smiled and welcomed us. I think they knew we were missionaries coming to the hospital. It felt so good to be welcomed by these crowds when we knew they were frustrated and in angry moods before we arrived.

The trip across the Orashi river was made most pleasant by the fact that the hospital laborers worked well and took good care of the Loads.

We are in our new home now with the refrigerator and stove both working. We love it! We are really plutocrats having both a cook and steward.

February 12, 1958

Wednesday

Joinkrama

We are trying to work into the routine of the new station. I

have learned some of its problems. Perhaps the most discouraging one is that Walter has just learned that the hospital personal are stealing. Many who are baptized Christians, and some who preach, are involved in a ring of thieves. We are moving slowly and hope to get definite proof on them and discharge them all at once.

I worked full-time today, and I have a saucerization operation scheduled for tomorrow. My big project to start with though is trying to get the laboratory into some sort of shape. The only technician available had to be discharged for stealing. It looks like Alice will have to be our technician. However she has so many things to do now at home setting up -that it will be awhile before she can work any in the lab.

February 16, 1958

Sunday

Joinkrama

The school riots have degenerated into a civil war in certain spots. The little village of Yenengoa some 27 miles from us has had violence. The women burned or broke into the treasury and were beaten with clubs by the constables. The men went to the aid of the women, and it is reported that fifteen of them have been shot. Three gun shot cases have come to the hospital one of which died three hours after arrival. The District Officer came today and requested me to do a post-mortem exam on another case. The corpse is not yet located, but the police are looking now.

In The midst of this I found that the O.R. was not locked yesterday. In checking the syringes clandestinely we found that

an extra one had been autoclaved and someone entered the unlocked building and took that extra one out around 8:30 p.m. We practically gave McLean, the O.R. man, the third degree until 3:00 o'clock this morning, but he never broke down or confessed. We had enough on him to discharge him however. This has been hard! He has worked here for nine years -- 6 of which have been in O.R. He knows his bible well and we thought he was a consecrated Christian until this thing occurred. It appears more and more to be an organized ring to give illicit injections.

We are very dejected but this morning we had rewarding bright spot. There were four conversions at the hospital preaching station. I know we are still walking with God!

February 20, 1958

Thursday

Joinkrama

The school riot situation is quieter, but we received a letter from the Epie Chiefs asking us to intercede with the government for them. The person bringing the letter said that the C.O. for Brass division and his constables had burned two Epie villages.

The "corps" on whom I was to do the post mortem walked up to me the other day and said: "Doctor, I am the man on whom you are to do the post mortem." I have notified the authorities that he is alive.

We have discharged two more employees who were caught stealing Diesel Oil. We are heart sick over the situation. If

all that has been told us is true the Christian witness of the hospital must be a farce. We are told that the nurses accept bribes, perform extortion on the surgical patients, give illegal injections etc. We have had a special prayer meeting requesting guidance and wisdom in trying to cope with the situation.

February 25, 1958

Tuesday

Joinkrama

Alice's 25th birthday was Sunday and we celebrated on Saturday; but things went so bad at the hospital that I almost missed the party.

The sterilizer burned up! At least it caught on fire and burned up two packs. We have just received a new pressure cooker type sterilizer, but it was so damaged that it took three days working during my spare moments and at night getting it running. Even now the flame burns so poorly that we have not been able to use it. We have been sterilizing in home pressure cooker-canners.

Today on a skin graft I used the last two sterile towels as the only drapes available.

Charles Moore's birthday party was tonight, and again we had to work late at the hospital trying to get the new sterilizer working.

Walter has gone daily to court about the case of stealing fuel oil. I am to go tomorrow to make a statement also.

Alice is doing well thus far in her pregnancy. She is due in about three weeks and has gained only 14 pounds. She has a little edema now but not much.

Saturday

March 1, 1958

Joinkrama

I accepted the hospital books today. Walter's system is slightly different from the one we were taught in orientation, but the books balance.

We are still having sterilizer troubles... Fineface was sentenced to three months in prison. .. Rufus is planting a farm... Dale's Blood is 0 Rh positive so it crossmatches with Alice's... Leta White is due to come on March 11, 1958. .. Walter and Charlene will go Monday to Port Harcourt for petrol, Diesel and Butane.

Things are working out now and many of the pressures are easing off. Our first rain in many months has refreshed us all.

March 4, 1958

Tuesday

Joinkrama

We do not have a lot of patients in the hospital right now, but we surely did a lot of procedures today: a circumcision, a hernia, a D & C., an I.& D., a transfusion on a baby, and an aspiration of a septic knee joint.

Walter has developed Broncho-pneumonia, and has fever of 103.8 F. tonight in spite of therapy with Penicillin and Streptomycin.

We went down the river to a sand bar and had Charcoal broiled steaks tonight. They were delicious -- the moon was full -- more fun!

March 11, 1958

Tuesday

Joinkrama

Walter is much improved and took call Sunday night. Last night I had a transverse lie at 2:00 A.M., and did an internal Podalic version. The child, which was an 8 month premature, died after one hour of struggling in spite of oxygen and manual resuscitation. The mother did well.

Benjy and I road Jo's bicycle to Edagberi last Sunday and enjoyed the Sunday service very much. The teacher of the English Sunday School Class was really very good.

Alice has threatened labor for several days now, but we are still anxiously awaiting the real thing.

Leta White is to get to Port Harcourt Friday where one of us will meet her and bring her in to Joinkrama.

March 13, 1958

Thursday

Joinkrama

Charlene Moore went into Port Harcourt this evening to get Leta White tomorrow. She has a list of groceries which we need badly for us too. We did not shop as well as we should have on our last visit to Port Harcourt because of lack of funds.

Thinking of funds, the hospital has just barely enough to get through this month. At least it did until today. We thought that the appropriations for this quarter had been delayed. Walter even wrote Dr. Patterson, but today Aletha found two letters in a group that had come in just as Bill left on furlough. The letters had

been put back temporarily and forgotten. They contained two checks totaling over seven hundred pounds.

We called Lagos Joel in and talked with him about his attitude. Lagos is stocky, chocolate black, with a flaring nose, and old acne scars. He has been slow in school and passed his graduate exam by the skin of his teeth. Yet he is somewhat belligerent in his attitude, and is uncooperative in subtle and antagonizing ways. He and Aletha Fuller were on the outs because she suspects him of taking a syringe. He knows she suspects it. Well yesterday we believe he took her glasses and hid them for several hours just to cause her difficulty. The glasses were returned by a circuitous route this morning when the rumor got out that we were going to talk to him. We talked to him anyway. We did not accuse him, but simply told him that his attitude was poor and that if he could not cooperate on a friendship basis that he would cooperate on a strictly professional basis. It seemed to do some good for his whole attitude improved for the rest of the day.

March 16, 1958

Sunday

Joinkrama

Around 1:00 a.m. on March fourteenth, Alice woke me up making preparations to go to the hospital. Around 2:00 a.m. we called Aletha and Dale. Dale came over to stay with the kids; and Alice, Aletha and I went on to the hospital. Alice's pains picked up so I called Walter around 4:00 a.m. After he got there, Aletha, Walter and I had coffee and chatted while poor Alice chewed

cracked ice and labored. Alice was one of the finest patients in labor I have ever seen anywhere. She never once complained, never cried out, and remained cheerful throughout. I gave her Phenobarb grains I at 3:00 a.m. due to a blood pressure of 140/100, and Demerol 50 mgs. once at 5:00 a.m. Around 7:30, I made rounds and at 8:15 a.m. when I returned she was completely dilated. We put her on the O.R. table, did a saddle block, and scrubbed up. I ruptured the membranes and labor slowed up some due to the block 0.1 cc of Pitocin I.M. speeded her up some and the second stage completed rapidly with delivery of an 8 pound girl at 8:52 a.m. on March 14th, 1958. We brought Alice home on a stretcher, and she has done well. Harriet Clarice, the baby, has developed a mild infection of the cord, but rather than run any chances we have given her Penicillin for two days and Tetanus Antitoxin.

Leta White arrived in Port Harcourt on March 14th, 1958 about the same time that Harriet was born, but they were late getting back here. Charlene was in the native Market just before they planned to return to Joinkrama when her wallet was stolen and they had to stay over night to get duplicates of the stolen papers. They arrived here late yesterday afternoon.

Lagos Joel has made an error now which may work his downfall. The missing O.P.D. syringe has turned up again. It is in a Spinal Set which Lagos himself made up. It now appears that he took the syringe to discomfit Aletha, and after our talk to him the other day he became frightened and returned it. But not knowing how to cover it up he wrapped it in a new Spinal Set which he made up

himself. Walter, Aletha, and I will talk to him again tomorrow.

A touching incident just happened: ten of the Sunbeams from Ususu came to the house to serenade the new baby. They sang something about "Hallelujah, Christ was born a baby too... born in Bethlehem." Then they all gathered around her, folded their hands, and prayed for her.

March 24, 1958

Monday

Joinkrama

We talked to Lagos and Simeon, the ward attendant, who works in O.R. Lagos was able to throw some suspicion on Simeon who would not defend himself. We finally had to let Simeon go as well as suspend Lagos,

Lagos accepted his suspension laconically, and quickly moved out of the nurses quarters. In a few days we received a letter from him requesting a recommendation and giving his resignation. He enclosed money orders for Twenty one Pounds being one months salary paid in lieu of giving notice.

We had to recall Mr. Jack from his vacation to take over O.R. Mr. Jack did not seem to mind too badly. We are very short of help now, and it is impossible for a nurse to take a vacation right now.

One nurse is to go to convention next month for ten days -- during that time we will simply have to close O.R. to everything except emergency cases.

March 26, 1958

Wednesday

Joinkrama

Leta White has been a "God-send". She has really helped us out both at the hospital and at home. She has kept Harriet Clarice some at night to help us she says -- but also because she has looked on it somewhat as a lark.

It surely was nice to have her help with clinic today. The second patient that I saw was a full term pregnancy with sudden painless bleeding. I worried about placenta previa immediately, and when the head of the fetus would not go down into the pelvis I was even more worried. Being afraid to watch her since we have no blood available we did a Cesarean section. Surely enough, there was the placenta in the lower segment of the uterus. If she had delivered at home the baby would surely have died and she might have died herself.

Leta is to go from here to Lambarene to visit Albert Schweitzer, and then she will go back to Ogbomosho to work out the rest of her year's visit to the mission field.

Walter has sent a telegram to the Executive Committee of the mission volunteering to relieve Curt Abel at Eku when Curt goes on furlough. He would be gone for three months. Walter has sometimes been accused of being more interested in Joinkrama than the mission as a whole and in evangelism than medicine. I hope this helps show how much he has the whole mission at heart.

March 29, 1958

Saturday

Joinkrama

I took Leta to Port Harcourt yesterday and irritating bad luck dogged my steps all the way. The hospital land rover broke down five miles out of Elele and Leta had to go on by taxi to Port Harcourt.

Russell Locke came out and towed me in. I ran furiously over town finding a garage to fix the car, doing the shopping and the multitude of other things that had to be done. It happened that Walter's car was fixed in Port Harcourt and had not been picked up yet so I used it.

I spent the night at the Robison's house. They were out in the bush and as I hurried off the next morning to take Russell to the wharf to catch a canoe, I locked the key inside the house. After getting Russell off, I broke into the house and then repaired the place where I broke in.

By then I was way behind in doing our month's shopping and I had only a few hours to do all the necessary running around for us, for the hospital, and to pick up some things for the others on the compound. I hurried into Union Trading Co. and left the front window rolled down so I ran back to lock it -- and locked the keys in the car. I had to break into the car. I had to break a window to get in. Ordinarily I do not make so many ridiculous errors, but I guess the pressure of getting everything done was too much.

When I finally arrived home I found a telegram waiting for me from Jim Taylor, my brother-in-law, saying that Ma has had a stroke paralyzing her right side. It is the Periarteritis that

she has so I am somewhat prepared for it.

But when you hear news like that it makes you a little boy again and you can not help but remember: the birthday parties, the tennis games, the swimming, the bridge parties, Ma's Sunday School Class, choir practice at our house, etc., etc. After recalling all those things I realize that Ma's life was a happy and useful one. She has had such an unflagging interest in us and in the world about her that this sign of increasing age is a shock. But I feel sure that should death come she will leave us reluctantly but assured of great joy in Heaven with Benjy and Daddy.

April 2, 1958

Wednesday

Joinkrama

At payday on Monday, Moses Nwoke handed in his resignation. He is, in my opinion, the best nurse we have and I am enormously disappointed to loose him. I believe that he is honest, and it may be that the crookedness that has been going on has precipitated his resignation.

I am selfish enough to wish he would not resign but most of all I pray that he will hold fast to his Christianity whether here or elsewhere.

We are distressingly short of nurses. But the Lord has watched over us. Surgery has been the lightest these last few weeks that it has been in years.

I found George Reuben asleep at the desk the last night that

I went to the hospital. He has done poor work on night duty, and it shows up on rounds in talking to the patients.

Yesterday the laborers came almost en mass to accuse Headman of accepting bribes, using hospital laborers to do his own work on hospital time, and charging for such services as digging graves. They accuse him of taking bribes from a blind man (putting pressure on him to extort money really -- not a bribe) and of charging a father for digging his two year old child's grave. Surprisingly the laborers have actually signed a statement telling what he did. He has been fired, of course.

April 6, 1958

Easter Sunday

Joinkrama

We are having a meeting of the hospital advisory board here on Tuesday morning. We will bring out all of the things which have gone on here except for our sources of information.

This week Alice and I had a little colored baby to try to raise for one night. One of the patients at the hospital delivered a 2 pound 8 ounce premature. We took it home and tried to feed it and keep it warm here for I knew the mother could never do it even at the hospital. But in spite of everything it died after 24 hours.

We all dressed extra for Easter and went to the preaching station through the blazing hot sun. Benjy has diarrhea and Alice had to bring him and the baby back before the service was over.

April 8, 1958

Tuesday

Joinkrama

Most of the advisory board members came. Three Nigerians were present. One, Mr. Mbejame, spent the night with us. All of them added greatly to our meeting and gave good suggestions. I was elated over the meeting for I feel like these men will be capable of pursuing a good denominational program even if we should someday have to withdraw missions from Nigeria.

April 14, 1958

Monday

Joinkrama

It is after midnight and I have just finished a long siege of working with the P.A.Y.E. Income Tax for the nurses, but I want to add a note to the Journal.

Late yesterday a woman came in with a history of retained placenta. She delivered at home around midnight on April 12th. She had native medicine and was seen by many native mid-wives, one of whom ruptured the vaginal vault trying to manually remove the placenta. I suspected placenta accreta where the placental villi actually grow to the uterine wall, but I wanted to verify it before doing a hysterectomy. Aletha was sick and Walter was gone to Port Harcourt. So Midwife Daniel stayed with our children while Alice came to give ether. On pelvic exam under anesthesia manual removal was attempted and failed due to the fact that the placenta was growing to the uterine wall. We put her up for immediate hysterectomy, performed the operation, started fluids by

vein, repaired the vaginal tear from above, and were closing up apparently out of the greatest danger when she became much worse. Her pressure had been low all along, but now it dropped out of the bottom, her breathing became labored and in spite of all medications she died just as the last sutures were being put in.

Oge was a one year old boy: a good looking child. He developed severe diarrhea and was brought to the hospital very dry and weak. If we had some special fluids I feel sure he would have lived, but all the fluids that we have contain too much saline. We tried giving some of them, and also fluids by mouth but he got progressively worse. His legs were swollen with edema fluid from the saline, but none of that water could go into the cells where it would have been lifesaving. After thirty-five hours of fighting he died. The ward was filled with mourners. I tried to buy the fluids we need in Aba this weekend. They said they had them and I was delighted, but on reaching here and unpacking I found that they have given us the wrong fluid again.

Comfort's baby should have lived. It was normal, healthy and three weeks old. Comfort, the mother, is slowly recovering from the tetanus she got delivering the child at home on the floor. But the folks here have a funny superstition about tetanus in the newborn or newly delivered period. They say if the child lives the mother will die, and vies-versa. Comfort was in poor shape and the baby was doing well. While I was gone to Aba, Comfort improved and by the time I saw the baby again it was moribund, dry and malnourished. Some have suggested that the child was

neglected because of the superstition -- I don't know.

April 19, 1958

Saturday

Joinkrama

It has been a busy week! On Wednesday one of the people in the town came to Aletha on business and while there he began to discuss the situation here in the hospital. He says (and there are reasons to believe that most if not all of what he says is true) that Mr. Jack, our head nurse who just passed his bar examination, is bringing in black market penicillin wholesale and dispensing it by giving illegal injections. That Alabi David, whose fare the hospital has just paid to the convention, is also giving illegal injections. That Maxwell, who use to work for the hospital even goes into the villages, sets up a table with syringes and penicillin and says: "Dr. Norman or Moore or Edwards sent me to you all to give you injections." McLean, who worked in O.R. for so many years, has even done minor surgery in his home.

Thursday the Joinkrama Chiefs came and we assured them that we had good reasons for the recent termination of Joinkrama employees They listened with some reserve even though Mr. Ates the principal of the E.T.C. Obenzie spoke also. He had been present at the Advisory Board meeting and knew what proof we had.

I tried to make them understand how dangerous it was to take medicine and injections from untrained people, but it was obvious it fell on deaf ears. In order to please us Mr. Ogbona, the head chief in Joinkrama, said they would make a proclamation in the

town that none should take medicine except at the hospital. However he added that the man without ears will be no concern of ours. In his answer to our requests Mr. Ogbona took some time to advise me that a new king in a village should seek to have a peaceful reign. That was really the gist of his answer: Peace at all costs and don't terminate anyone unless you catch them red-handed at least twice. I answered that I was sure that what he said of village kings was true of hospital superintendents too. That I was sorry such a row and palaver had come up just after my arrival, but that I met the trouble here. Further the Bible said to hunger and thirst after righteousness not after peace, and that as long as I was here there would be no peace if this unrighteousness continued! I added that I wanted peace for the hospital too, but I wanted a real peace and not a false peace like has been here for the past few years.

The trouble has really weighed heavy on us -- we have even talked of transferring and/or closing the hospitals but none of us want to do anything like that.

But take Otobo for instance. He is an Isoko man from way west of here. He came here in 1947 almost dead and was slowly nursed back to health. He pledged that he would stay here to help his people find this hospital. He lived for a while in a small mud hut on the compound, and often he kept visitors who were then seen in the hospital clinics. He had only one rule for those visitors: they had to join in his family devotions. At nine in the evenings, you could hear them singing and praying, or so the

older missionaries say. He became an interpreter and speaks nine or ten languages. Several years ago he was found to have tuberculosis. So through all of one year while he was sick in bed Aletha Fuller paid him a monthly salary out of her pocket. His tuberculosis was arrested and he returned to work. But now it is reported to us that he is giving illegal injections and taking bribes from patients to interpret right for them.

It seems like the Devil himself has tried to corrupt the work here. We are constantly in prayer for the work, for the people involved, and for ourselves for we wish to be better workers for God.

Aletha and Dale left today for Port Harcourt where they will meet Jo Scaggs and go on to convention in Lagos. Walter and Charlene will leave Monday so we will be by ourselves for two weeks. I hope there is very little surgery for we are shorthanded with some of the graduates gone.

April 25, 1958

Friday

Joinkrama

Things have gone pretty well during the week although we have been busy. On Wednesday at the close of clinic a man came in with what I thought was a strangulated hernia. I was loathe to do surgery as short-handed as we were, but he had trekked for three days to get here. I hadn't the heart to tell him he would have to go twenty more miles to Ahoada. It turned out to be a huge abscess and spermatocoel instead of a hernia. I worked for three

hours excising it. Alice circulated for me so Kain had to look after the children instead of cooking supper.

We received word from Ma today that she was improving some, but also having episodes of cerebral arteriospasm. Thinking of Ma and all of her medical problems makes me homesick. Benjy said in his prayers tonight: "Bless Daddy and Mommy and Aunt Tan and Ma - -Oh Ma is sick!" As if he had to be sure the Lord knew of Ma's condition.

April 27, 1958

Sunday

Joinkrama

In the absence of Pastor Frankhart, who is away at convention, I led the preaching service at the preaching station today. Alice and I struggled up to the hospital waiting room where the services are held with the three children in time to encourage the patients to come to Sunday School.

We had a good turnout and all went well until Chico, our monkey, found out where we were. He proceeded to come in and perch up on the back seat and chatter monkey language while I tried to get through three interpreters (one Amegi, one Igbo, and one Engenni).

Alice leaped to the rescue and chased him out. She tried to catch him to look him in the O.P.D. But she was hampered by the month old baby she had in her arms, so she ended up skittering back and forth outside the window calling hoarsely: "Here, Chico, here".

Meanwhile Alisa paraded to the front of the room to show my Amegi interpreter how she had her doll tied to her back Nigerian

style. That went over big of course. As I shoved her back to her seat Benjy turned over the collection plates, which being made out of tin, careered musically along the cement floor.

Through it all you might say that Moses was having a time getting the children of Israel out of Egypt, but we sure were getting across what the plagues were like.

April 28, 1958

Monday

Joinkrama

Otobo (Oh-tow-bow), my interpreter in the out-patient department has been preaching to the clinic patients in Pastor Frankhart's absence, while I make rounds at the hospital. He thought that his sermon was so good this morning that he was like a little boy with a new toy. I could tell that he wanted me to listen to a summary of it, so in between patients I asked, "Otobo, what did you preach on this morning?"

He broke into a grin and said: "I preached on when the storm was serious." He swept his arm expressively and added, "The wind was passed ordinary! And all of a sudden they saw a thing in front of the canoe (He pronounced it Kay-nu) like a God. And the thing cried in the voice of Jesus saying: 'Make You no dey fear oh!'

"And when Peter saw it was the Lawd he said: 'Lord, I'm coming to you.'"

"And he lift himself out of the boat, and he start to trek for the Lord. But the storm grow more serious, and fear catch

Peter. He 'bout to sit down, but the Lawd reached out His hand and grab him safe. And de Lawd say, 'Make you no deh fear, Peter,'"

Otobo smiled expansively and added: "And the Lord will reach out his arm and grab you if you will let Him."

May 6, 1958

Tuesday

Joinkrama

Paul Sunday was as honest and humble a person as you could find. Only fourteen he had already felt a call to preach. He was our house and yard boy, and he worked well. Last Thursday he had a long talk with Alice, and he seemed somewhat agitated and euphoric. He discussed how he felt called to help his people see that some of the customs they had were wrong. We were thrilled!

Then some of the townspeople began to say he was crazy -- we thought they were mistaken. But as the days went by he became more and more agitated. By Saturday he was telling of visions and prophesying wildly.

He arranged to be allowed to preach on Sunday, but he became so maniacal that he wept and clapped his hands until he had to leave the church.

Monday night he came to the hospital just as I was leaving: he was quite manic with flight of ideas, nonsense repetitions, dancing and so forth. I had to put him to sleep with I. V. Amytal. I have him on Ultram now, but he still has shown very little improvement.

Jo Scaggs came today. She, Dale, Aletha, Mary Frank

Kirkpatric and Barbara Epperson all were coming in Dale's land rover when they had a flat tire some twenty five minutes ride from here across the river. They sent us a note saying they could not get the tire lugs loose so we went after them. (Note added in 1991 when I was editing this journal: Several we strong men had tried to loosen the rusted lugs, but had been unable to do so. The were most surprised when I was able to get them off. What I did was to attach a very long lever to the lug-wrench so that the total torque on the lugs was tremendous. I still remember the surprised looks on their faces and feel a sense of pride in knowing how to get the lug-nuts off.) We had a grand supper all together at Charlene's and Walter's.

May 14, 1958

Wednesday

Joinkrama

We went to Port Harcourt over the weekend and had the most leisurely visit we have had there yet. We had several hours to explore in the native market and found scads of interesting items. I found one good pamphlet on Igbo and I am right pleased with the small progress I have made in that language. However most of my Igbo vocabulary consists of medical terms I am afraid.

May 17, 1958

Saturday

Joinkrama

Yesterday Pastor Madry from Edagberi came to tell me there was a case of Small Pox in that village. I rode over on the bicycle to see, and sure enough a man who had been vaccinated some

years ago looked like he was recovering from a two week siege of modified small pox.

So today we went there and vaccinated 307 people. I really enjoyed the trip even if I did "back" Alice on the bicycle -- the first time for either of us to perform that feat.

June 7, 1958

Saturday

Joinkrama

Since the last entry, we have vaccinated over 800 more people vaccinating in each of the other three Joinkrama churches.

Things have been going very smoothly in spite of our shortage of nurses. It is working Aletha overtime though. She has to go to report at 3:00 p.m. and 9:00 p.m. every time one of the nurses is off, and we have to put a senior ward attendant in charge. She had to get up at 5:00 a.m. this morning to give an injection to an Ob. patient because the ward attendants, of course, can not give injections. We heard from Nan Owens the other day. She enclosed a short essay that one of the school girls had written. We have all enjoyed it and perhaps it is worth recopying here.

"The Person I Admire"

"There is nothing as exciting to me as the appearance of Miss Nan Owens. She is of the white race. A lady of about 5 ft, 5 ins., with soft wavy hairs. Her eyes although bad are small, oval, and blue. She has a pointed nose, and a sweet mouth which

is really her beauty. Her hands which are neither too long or fat adds to her admiring structure. She has a moderate structure from her shoulders to her hips which exactly fits her head and legs. Although her legs are a little bit tiny, yet they give her the smart supportive posture when walking. Her feet are not too small, and that is a typical characteristic of a normal lady.

"Although the structure of the body does not determine the full beauty of a lady, yet the way she dresses adds a bit. Miss Owens wears very simple dresses, especially narrow skirts. She is fond of wearing skirts and blouses, with her spectacles always on. I have given her the name 'Miss Simplicity'

"She is very funny and likes jokes at any time. In order to cause excitement when she laughs, she jerks and produces a very queer sound which also makes people laugh. She likes eating at all time, and must always share it with others. There is one thing she dreads, and that is dirtiness.

"Her ambition is a teacher, and she has passed all the necessary steps in becoming a qualified American Teacher. Her favorite subject is English, but since she is so funny and likes people she teaches Physical Education also. She sings the middle part like a nightingale.

"I have known nothing yet about her parents except that she is from a Christian and happy home. She talks and walks like her mother, as been told by her friends. Her sight is glorious, and I hope an opportunity will be mine some day when I shall have her room as my housework.

"Her best colors are white if blouses, pink background skirts, if they are only skirts, and in her full gown, she likes wearing checks, especially with brown lines. In all her dresses you must find some lines drawn on them."

(Nan is at Baptist Secondary Girl's School at Ile Ife)

June 17, 1958

Tuesday

Joinkrama

Ekagidi (Ee-cog'-ee-dees) lay exhausted on one of the iron hospital beds with rust stained linen. His eyes sank deeply into a cadaverous face whose stubby growth of gray whiskers were stained with tobacco-colored vomitus. He did indeed look like death warmed over as someone had said once in medical school.

He roused up and stared at me with glassy eyes and said: "I gung to die?" It was a mix between a question and an exclamation.

I could not honestly disagree with him, so I tried to evade the question by saying, "Yes, surely, we all are going to die sometime."

I moved on to the next patient, but I thought about Ekagidi. He had moved years ago from his family home to a little town near the hospital so there was no immediate family to bring him food. Secondly, he had always been so mean and ungracious that no one would befriend him in his extremity. One of my ward attendants even told of a girl who had cooked for Ekagidi after his wife died, The Ward Attendant said that Ekagidi would not even share

the more choice bits of food with her for doing the cooking.

My heart really went out to Ekagidi: for days he stared death in the face, wild-eyed and frenzied. He was dreadfully afraid to die, but he had no help, no friends, and no Christ to lean on.

Wednesday

June 18, 1958

Joinkrama

Last week Alice, the children, and I all went to Port Harcourt for supplies, fellowship with the Lockes and Robinsons and a few days rest. The road from here to Ahoada has gotten real bad due to the rains and a persistent timber truck which uses the road illegally. We started out around four p.m. on Tuesday, but before going three miles we slipped out of the muddy ruts and slid into the ditch. So we tied the children on our backs, Nigerian style, and trekked back to Oshobebe where we crossed the river by canoe.

The next day we took twenty of the hospital laborers, tied the children on our backs, and trekked back to the car. The men heaved and pushed and I gunned the motor. Soon the mud grip tires that the brotherhood at Round Hill Church had given us caught the ruts and pulled us out again.

We went on about one mile when I heard a rapping sound in the right front wheel. It had been in a strange position in the ditch, but whether that had anything to do with it or not I don't know. Any way the grease was oozing out from around the bearings,

so I stopped and repacked the wheel bearings.

We proceeded about half a mile when we found the culprit timber lorry with the motor broken down in the middle of the road. Finally attaching a cable to it I got barely enough traction to drag it over to the side of the road so that we could pass.

By the time we reached Port Harcourt I was sort of dirty and needed a rest.

June 27, 1958

Friday

Joinkrama

We were warned not to take Eunice (They pronounced the name as if it were "You nice") in to look after the children, but we were desperate and could find no one else. To our great surprise, she turned out to be ideal help. She was efficient, seemed interested in the children, and was always cheerful.

Alice especially took to her and tried to befriend her in every way possible during the three and a half to four months she was here.

During one trip to Port Harcourt Eunice went to Okarki, a village about 10 miles down river. While she was there she was "taken in" by Cooke, who is a wealthy timber contractor. This Cooke has five wives already and is suppose to have a reputation for taking in girls for a year or two and then driving them away.

Of course Alice and I were up-set, and we were ready to terminate Eunice; but when she returned she vowed and declared that she had not had an intimate affair with Cooke and that she

did not want to marry him. Cooke insisted that they were to be married or so we heard by the community grapevine. And further we heard that Eunice's husband had been summonsed from Fernando Po so that a divorce could be obtained.

Meanwhile Anijohnson, one of Cooke's wives delivered a son in the hospital. Cooke came often to Joinkrama but he only came to see Anijohnson once during the week she was on bed.

Eunice's father came to see us and told us how he was afraid Cooke would take Eunice from him since he was a poor man, and Cooke was rich and powerful. We assured him that we were on his side and that if Cooke came to get Eunice that she could come here anytime night or day.

The following Sunday Cooke came. We repeated our offer, but all day long no Eunice. On Monday we heard that the bride price had been paid and Eunice was to marry Cooke. The whole village was talking about it, and I wanted to be sure.

So I went with the pastor to her father's house. We stooped to pass into a plastered mud house with two chairs and one bed. There was a palm-nut cracking machine in the corner, a fishing trap in the loft, and wrinkled dusty clothes hanging at eye level.

Blue pungent smoke poured up over the partition that separated this room from the kitchen.

The father was out so we talked to the mother. She denied that the bride-price had been accepted. She talked openly about this intimate problem in spite of the 15 or 20 small faces that filled every window and air space to stare curiously at this white

man that sat in native huts.

However she did say that Eunice was the one who had summonsed her husband. So I came home with a heavy heart knowing that she had succumbed to the temptation, and was lying about it.

When I got home I learned that she had been seen going to one of the U.A.C. huts with Cooke some weeks before. On that occasion Cooke had beaten Anijohnson who was at full term of her pregnancy and given Eunice Anijohnson's bed.

Unfortunately the simple telling of the tale does not leave the empty feeling that Alice and I have had inside: a sort of hope that played out to nothingness.

-.-

Today has been an eventful one. On arising this morning I heard the phone ringing first one house and then another. Soon Walter called me to come over. When I got there I found Alabi David's wife.

She complained that Alabi had driven her away, and that he was keeping a woman named Susan.

This Susan was introduced to me in Port Harcourt some weeks ago by the Baptist pastor there. She is the wife of the Headmaster of a government school in Port Harcourt.

After hearing the story of Alabi's wife, we felt we had to talk to him so I went to his apartment at the nurses quarters.

Susan was standing out in the yard in front of the house. I greeted her and asked her if she was staying here now. She quickly said: "Oh no, I stay for town."

I went on up to the door and asked if Alabi was in, and she said no. I called but no answer. She laughed that I had not taken her word for it. I said: "Well, I suppose Alabi will not mind if I sit in his living room and wait for him," entering as I talked.

She rushed in behind me and sat down. I said: "Do you know Alabi?"

She answered, "Yes, I was just coming to visit him and he was not in."

On the living room table sat a large brown briefcase. I could not help but wonder if it held medicines and syringes. I wanted to open it, but I did not dare.

I walked to the back door and asked, "Where is his family, his wife, his 'pickins'?" ("pickins" means children)

"I don't know, Doctor. I live in Port Harcourt, you know, and I'm only visiting here." There was a note of anger in her voice, I sat back down and eyed the briefcase. Suddenly she jumped up grabbed the briefcase and ran out the front door. I ran after her, took the briefcase from her and opened it.

There were vials of penicillin, vials of streptomycin, sterile water for injection, Albucid eye ointment, cotton and methylated spirit. Two Oxo bullion cube tins were there and I presume they contained 2 cc syringes and needles.

Alabi came up breathless from a fast ride on his bicycle. I met him at the door and orally suspended him from work. I instructed him to come immediately to the office to get his letter

suspending him in writing. In stead of coming he fled.

This afternoon a young boy came with a slip from the post office for me to pick up a registered letter. The slip was dated the 26th (yesterday). I went over and talked to Walter, and he said the post master was from Edagberi (Alabi's home village) and might even be kin to him.

I went to the post office: "Postmaster, do you have a parcel for me?"

"Yes, Doctor, come in, come in," he answered.

I got off the bicycle and shed the drippy raincoat and asked, "What kind of parcel, Postmaster, a package?"

"No," he said, "a registered letter!"

He offered me a seat and shoved the register book over for me to sign.

"I'll just stand." I answered. "Let me see the letter." He handed me a blue envelope which was heavy and thick. I surmised that it was filled with money: the month's pay that Alabi would have to pay if he resigned without notice.

"I refuse to accept it," I snapped for I was becoming more and more vexed. The postmaster's eyes widened and his lower jaw dropped slightly.

"Oh," he muttered, "I see."

Then I was worried about the date on the letter. I had started out of the door, but I wheeled around and said something about the wrong date being on the letter. The post-master agreed and said he stamped it before he had time to change the date.

I told him heatedly that the date was wrong and that it was important. Further that stamping the wrong date on a letter was a federal offense and that if he left it as it was I would carry him to court. He hastened to change it. And he signed a statement saying that he had in reality registered the letter around 10:00 a.m. today.

Well, it just shows again how all the people here can be bribed in one way or another. Now that postmaster had changed the date on the registered letter. Well I will keep his statement under lock and key and if there is any further trouble from him I will have a talking point.

June 29, 1958

Sunday

Joinkrama

Alabi's father drove Aline (Alabi's wife) out of his house yesterday because they guessed that she had told me about the bag of injectables. So today I went to Edagbari to preach. It was a difficult service. I felt vexed of course, but I wanted to help the people and not alienate them. Many of my waking moments were spent pondering the matter even though I was busy with something else. I did not want to appear to back down in the least, but I did not want to drive the people further away either. By 9:00 a.m. I still did not have a suitable text or the words formulated.

I went into the guest room and prayed for help and guidance -- still

I did not know what to do. Finally I ended my prayer thus:

"Lord, I know that you have said, 'Take no heed of what you shall say for in that hour I will put the words in your mouth.'"

For a moment the words of David Livingston passed through my mind: "The Lord Jesus is one of the most perfect gentleman who ever walked the face of the earth and His word is the word of a gentleman."

"I take you at your word," I said and closed my prayer. Then searching the Bible I found the scriptures that seemed right for the occasion. There was much bickering at the church at the close of the service. In riding back through Isua and Ususu people refused to speak to me and turned their backs on me. But my heart sang within me for I had a deep inner conviction that I had tried hard to attune myself to God and that I was close to the Lord. Soon my smile became broader and broader and a few of the people smiled back.

Alabi, himself, came by tonight. He still denies everything which he knows I can not prove. But he looked troubled as if the Holy Spirit was really convicting him of sin. I prayed with him before he left and I have tried to encourage him to completely repent and turn to God.

In studying for the sermon I read what Bildad said of the wicked in the 18th chapter of Job: "... terrors frighten him on every side and chase him at his heels". Alabi looks like that is true of him now, and I could not help but feel sympathy and pity for him in spite of his reprobate actions.

July 12, 1958

Saturday

Joinkrama

The situation here had come to dire straits. We have only two graduate nurses left. We have had to put untrained ward attendants in charge of some of the shifts. That meant that one of us, Alice, Aletha, or me, had to go to the hospital to give injections, take over the narcotics for some shifts, and so forth.

As the situation grew darker our spirits dampened too. We dreaded to think of closing the hospital, but it seemed as if the Lord were closing the door. Another thing has lain heavy on us in this too. The Engenni nurses have seemed to ostracize the other people so that all of the nurses we had were Engenni. The ring of illegal injections and thieving seemed to pervade the whole hospital.

We watched as the Lord made these sins known and tried to follow his leadership. But now it seemed like He had cleaned out so much of the sin that it left us too thinly staffed to do the work.

We prayed over this much, but we did not know of a single prospect for a nurse here except for Michael Phillips and Ule Gladd. That still was insufficient.

Usually at our prayer meetings we try to pray for specific things, but this had reached such a point that at the last prayer meeting I asked: "just pray for the hospital - I don't know what about it to pray for, specifically, but lets just ask God to do what needs to be done about it."

Then just in the last few days we heard from Ogbomosho that four of their graduating seniors have put Joinkrama as their first choice of a hospital to work in. Today I got a telegram saying Michael Phillips was on his way.

Now it has become apparent to us that God has just been "emptying us out" so that He could refill us anew. The four new nurses (prospects) are Ekpeye, Abua, Ogbogolo, and Yoruba.

We had just begun to rejoice when Pastor Frankhart brought news that one Gabriel from Oshobeles had sent word that he would burn his JuJu this Sunday if we will just come to witness it. Gabriel has recently been a patient in the hospital and I thought he was just putting us on when he said he would "think about becoming a Christian". I am so glad he meant it.

Oshobeles is an Ekpeye village just across the river. They had a preaching station under the guidance of a man named John who had the bright prospect of being one of our best Ekpeye preaching station pastors. He attended Bible School well. He was young and active. But some time ago he became involved in the social whirl of Ekpeye and took a second wife. The convention has had to withdraw fellowship from that young little church.

Obi (the name means "heart" in Igbo), another man of standing in Oshobeles has been a polygamist for many years. He accepted Christ after some surgery at the hospital a year or so ago. He attended Inquirers Class here, has taken an active part in the service. But he has been refused church membership because of his polygamy. Being Baptist, of course we do not feel that church

membership is a prerequisite to salvation. Obi is saved, no doubt, but he can not be a leader in the church because he has become so entwined in the customs of earth that he can not free himself to come completely to God. I surely do sympathize with them for some of them yearn for a closer covenant with God, but feel duty bound to keep their several wives. Obi burned his own Juju a year or so ago; and we believe he is a Christian influence on those around him. Of course we encourage him even though he can not be a full member of the church.

I went hunting early this a.m. about one mile from the house and saw many elephant trails which must have been made in the last three weeks.

August 3, 1958

Sunday

Joinkrama

Things have gone in relative peace for the last few weeks. Alice has been sewing much for mission meeting.

We will go to Ogbomosho next week and stay for ten to fourteen days, It is our first mission meeting, and we are looking forward to it. I am sure there will be some real fights over mission policy but the fellowship will be wonderful in spite of the "in session" disagreements.

We had three decisions for Christ in the Preaching Station today. One man, Moses Amakalaka, from Kolo had seemed to resist our witnessing on the ward, but today he listened intently to Pastor Frankhart and seemed to really be excited and happy over

his decision.

September 2. 1958

Tuesday

Joinkrama

All of the next few pages will be written on this day but since they deal with events over the past month I will try to date them and locate them in chronological order.

August 9, 1958

Saturday

Joinkrama

Benjy was sick so Alice could not help me at the hospital. I was quite harassed trying to see the stragglers in clinic; dispense medicines, give O.P.D. injections, fill drug orders and supplies, pay the 29 laborers that we are laying off today, and close up for mission meeting. I have resolved to leave Monday instead of Tuesday so I will not be trying to do all of this alone for another day.

August 11, 1958

Monday

Agbor

We left Joinkrama around 7:00 a.m. but less than one mile out of Oshobebe there was an enormous cotton wood tree across the road. It fell in the wind and down-pouring rain that we have had for the last four days. I would guess that it was ten feet in diameter at the base and walking on the broad trunk I paced off thirty yards to the first branches. It took two and a half hours

and one pound in cash to get it cut and moved. Going on to Onitsha we ate lunch while waiting for the one small ferry that was in operation.

After crossing the Niger, we sailed over to Agbor and decided to stop by the Girl's school although we felt sure Nan and Margaret would be gone to Mission Meeting by now. The gate was closed and all appeared deserted so we started to move on; but Alice said, "We have come this far lets go to the door."

When we did Nan dashed out to greet us. She was by herself and delighted to have company.

August 12, 1958

Tuesday

Benin City

We came on to Benin City in the afternoon without any real difficulty. The car acted up a little and I had to clean the carburetor after our arrival this evening.

The Gaultney children, Connie and David, are here and Benjy and Alisa are delighted. Benjy and David fight playfully and when told to stop usually reply: "But we're just foxing."

August 13, 1958

Wednesday

Ogbomosho

We had lunch along the way between Owo and Akure then came on into Ogbomosho in the early afternoon.

We are staying with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas High and their two children Thomas and Stephen. He is a professor in the Seminary

here. We ate supper in the beautiful rough stone seminary dining room, and had a wonderful time renewing new and slightly older acquaintances.

August 22, 1958

Friday

Okeho

The mission meeting schedule was as follows:

7:30 a.m. breakfast; 9:00 a.m. opening session with devotional; 9:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. debate and so forth; 3:00 p.m. devotional; 3:30 to 5:00 p.m. debate etc. Nights were filled with committee meetings.

I was asked to sing a solo once and in a quartet once. I was a replacement on the Language and Orientation committee in Igbo. Once during the meeting we strayed away off from the question, and the parliamentary procedure was terrible so I rose to a point-of-order. Immediately thereafter I was elected Parliamentarian so I had to say much more than I thought I would.

The budget is an enormous one and took a lot of ironing out, but perhaps the most important action taken was on the Transition Committee report. It is a step toward turning over money and responsibility to the Nigerians. The details were long and fought out, and I am afraid that some of our Nigerian Convention Representatives may have felt some of the missionaries did not want to turn over to them. That really is not the case at all, but neither are they (the Nigerians) completely ready for all the responsibility they want by any means.

At the close of the Convention Dr. Dahunsi spoke saying that they appreciated the stands we had made but that they were hurt to hear many people say "their" and "our" when it should really be "we" for both the convention and mission. They seemed to misunderstand our insistent urging that the Nigerian people should take up more of the financial load. They do well, but we still feel they should be encouraged. I personally feel that Dr. Dahunsi's speech was much misunderstood for I think he was trying in true Christian love to help us as white people to understand the Nigerians -- and in a way it was a plea for us to understand himself too. But many in the mission took it as a rude criticism - even Dr. Patterson seemed to be much hurt over it.

This transition is always touch and go and we must approach it with much prayer.

The Locations Committee had two recommendations about us: (1) that Dr. and Mrs. Edwards move to Ogbomosho as soon as the Normans return, and (2) that they look with favor on our request to go to Hausa language school in the future".

We came from Ogbomosho to Okeho today to spend a few days with Don and Ina Frasier.

August 23, 1958

Saturday

OYO

We came to Oyo this afternoon to spend one enjoyable night with Earl and Roberta Fine. Earl has built a grease pit for the Oyo compound which is very nice. He really has a mechanical turn.

August 25, 1958

Monday

Lagos

We came to Lagos yesterday and have had a grand time shopping for Santa Clause. We tried all afternoon to call Ma in Columbia but we could never get a good connection. After we got back home Benjy said, "But, Mommy, we did not go to Ma's house."

August 26, 1958

Tuesday

OYO

We returned to Oyo to spend the night with Homer and Millie Brown. Homer is principal of the Oyo Baptist Boy's High School and has a commanding personality. I will not be at all surprised if someday years from now he becomes the Secretary-Treasurer of the mission.

August 27, 1958

Wednesday

Ire

We came on to Ire to see the graduating class of mid-wives to try to persuade one or two of them to consider Joinkrama. The whole class said they were willing to come if the Christian Worker's Board assigned them there. They really do seem to have a good spirit. Miss Sanders looks right tired. She is going on furlough in just a few months now. Miss Masters and Miss Audry Dyer seem to be quite capable of taking full charge at Ire in Miss Sander's absence.

August 29, 1958 Friday Ibadan

We came to Ibadan for dental work, but Wayne Logan, the mission dentist, was a little late since he and his family had taken the Pattersons to Lagos to catch their plane home for furlough.

Alice had two teeth pulled and I lost one. We were both right mouth sore on the way home.

August 30, 1958 Saturday Benin City

Just a stop-over with Martha and Oren on the way home. I declare I never cease to marvel at what wonderful hosts they are. They never seem to mind any extra work and never rush to meet previous appointments. It is a real gift that they have cultivated into a fine art.

September 2, 1958 Tuesday Joinkrama

We arrived here on Sunday the 31st, left our car in the Ahoda rest house garage, and came on in the hospital Landrover.

'Paid salaries yesterday ... learned that the Christian Worker's Board had met and terminated Alabi ... learned that Watson, a disgruntled laborer, had tried to steal a bed from the Isolation ward, and had fled when he was caught.

Two operations today...

Got off the P.A.Y.E. income tax forms...

Just fell back into the routine, and boy, does it feel good!

September 14, 1958

Sunday

Joinkrama

Right after returning from Mission Meeting, I noticed that our typewriter was missing; however, I thought Walter might have borrowed it. Soon that proved untrue, and we were left with no alternative except that it had been either mislaid or stolen. Since Kain held the key while we were gone he has really worried himself sick over its being gone. He has palavered in the house and in the town with all of our household help.

I personally feel that the true story is something like this: Santos, our washman, who has stolen small things in the past probably sneaked in on the day we were leaving and went to the office to get my tin box of valuable papers, money, and jewelry. But when he found that gone (I had previously locked it in the storeroom), he took the thing nearest to it.

We finally terminated Santos some days ago. I did not accuse him of taking the typewriter, but told him it was because I could not trust him that I was letting him go.

He went to the town chiefs and made a case against Kain whom he said accused him of taking the thing. The trial was held last night and I hear that the villagers pronounced them both innocent,

and insisted that they go to some juju medicine man today to have guilt pronounced. We are very sad over the whole situation, and especially that Kain has allowed himself to be drawn into juju. Yet I can not help but sympathize with him because if he had refused to go they would have all said that he was guilty.

Welcome is a young boy who has been a Ward Attendant here for several years. He has a quick mind and has been helping me in the operating room. He wants very much to be a nurse and was going to try to get in this year, but the nursing school is trying to raise its standards and requires at least modern school education now.

We proposed to let him go with us in December to work as a cook-steward combination. We will pay him three pounds per month and put up two pounds and ten shillings per month for him toward his education.

He came by tonight and could not conceal his jubilation. His mother has agreed to the proposition. He is the senior son, although he has four older sisters, so he is responsible for his widowed mother. I hope this arrangement works out all right.

September 15, 1958

Monday

Joinkrama

Kain and Santos went to a nearby town called Amegi yesterday. Kain told us something of what was done. Very ceremoniously they were made to lie down, then something was put over their eyes, and they were told that the guilty party would be unable to open his eyes. Both of them opened their eyes: Kain immediately and Santos

after a minute. So they were declared innocent.

Today as I was making rounds I heard nearby drumming and looking up I saw a motley parade coming down the road. Santos' wife led the procession with a hip-swinging walk muck like a drum majorette. She swung the ends of her "baby-carrying" cloth about wildly. Many children and men and a few other women followed singing. Santos wore two sprigs of greenery in his hair which stuck up like the ends of a Roman wreath. He danced and sang. He twirled a cane over his head. Then he would crouch low and hold his arms out in front of him darting back and forth for all the world like he had a small imaginary wheel barrow. Next came the drums: the "wrestling drums" from the town pressed into service for the occasion. They are called the wrestling drums because their usual function is to advertise the wrestling matches. The last of the procession consisted of several men with megaphones who cried out "Santos" in counterpoint to the drums. The noise went something like this:

Bum, tidy, bum, bum, Pause, SANTOS!

Bum, tidy, bum, bum, Pause, SANTOS!

Bum, tidy, bum, bum, Pause, SANTOS!

Of course a multitude of parade followers soon joined in: thus did Santos "prove" his innocence.

Today "D_____¹" came by and talked to us some more. He says that the clerk, Mackintosh, was responsible for a recent death in

¹Demion was an Igbo man in the area who informed on some of the happenings at the hospital

the hospital. The story, as I know it, is this: An Isoko family brought their child in acutely ill, and I could not find the cause of the illness. I suspected native medicine, but the family persistently denied it. The child died shortly after arrival in the hospital. Every one was upset. The family had even cut the child's head 10-15 times after admission to the hospital in a mistaken effort to drive off the evil spirits. George Jeremiah was so worried that Alice even asked if the child was his relative.

Now "D_____ says that the history is that the child had a little "craw-craw" (any type of non-specific rash), which the clerk tried to cure with an illegal injection of Acetylarsan. The child became sick immediately afterward.

We are considering going to the C.I.D. men -- first I will go to Ahoada Friday and talk with the D. O. (District Officer), asking his advice. Surely an investigation needs to be made here though.

September 16, 1958

Tuesday

Joinkrama

With a hernia repair just finished and a leg amputation to go I was hurriedly making rounds this morning when a dead child was brought in.

The family gave a vague history of the illness and complained much over a little boy whom they said had attacked the little girl. The gist of the story is that the illness started suddenly

after the five or six year old girl had a run in with a boy of the same age some three days ago. The family took the child to the dispensary and perhaps somewhere else. On examination I noticed an enlarged liver and intense jaundice; so I was satisfied in my own mind that it was a form of hepatitis. I told the family that the little boy had nothing to do with the cause of death.

All during the day though I worried about the girl and when I got home I looked up causes of acute jaundice. The one which best fits the clinical picture is Acute Yellow Atrophy, and it says that is most apt to be caused by arsenic poisoning. I can not help but feel that this is another child that has died as a result of an overdose of some arsenic compound which has been injected illegally. Tonight the father of the little boy in the case came by to see me. I have told him that the best way to clear his little boy is to try to find out if the dead child was given an injection and if so by whom. I gave him a letter to take to the father of the dead girl to ask him to come and talk to me.

I dropped a hint at the hospital to the clerk today implying that the family of the case he was involved in might be talking. It would be wonderful if he would vex with the family enough so that they would become provoked and take him to court.

In going over the hospital charts today, I find four or five children who have either died or been extremely sick in whose cases I have made a note questioning the use of native medicine. Perhaps it is not native medicine after all but injectables.

I must confess that all of this has been very depressing. I

have thought many times how true it is what Miss Susan Anderson said about sometimes wishing one could have an honorable discharge from mission work. However I am afraid if we would let ourselves we would slip into the attitude of "Lord, I will go where you want me to go, but when I get there make the people appreciate me."

Consequently as we pray over the situation we find that we are praying for a right spirit within ourselves. So many times in the last few months I have not only not known which way to turn, but often I do not even know what attitude to try to maintain, or what words to say to people.

September 28, 1958

Sunday

Joinkrama

We went to the District officer when we met Walter and Charlene returning from Oshogbo and the medical meeting in Ogbomosho. Frank

Kenedy, the District Officer, said he would personally ask for a C.I.D. man to investigate in this area.

The Medical Team (Operation Brother's Keeper) did not come here because of some changes in flight plans, but on the 23rd Alice, the kids, and I all went to Eku for the medical meeting there.

The team that was traveling came under the sponsorship of The Baptist World Alliance and with support from the Mr. Maxcy Jarman of General Shoe Company. We only met five of the team.

Dr. Payne, a pediatrician from Hopkinsville Kentucky, is a

Southern Baptist and sees things very much as we do.

Dr. and Mrs. Antes, Methodists from Cleveland, appeared to be sincerely interested in world medical problems; but he felt, as he said once, that the Mohammedans and the Christians all worship the same God only in different ways. He did not seem to feel our zeal for evangelism.

Mr. Dickson, a typical American high pressure salesman, (He reminds me of Henry Hazelit Upton's character "Botts"), accompanied the team representing a company that makes a "needleless injector" and a portable oxygen apparatus.

Miss Jo Robeson, a medical journalist with the Cleveland Plain Dealer, also accompanied the team. She appeared to be a perceptive woman with plenty of horse sense.

Several doctors visited the meeting -- probably the first medical meeting ever held in that section of Nigeria. Some of those who attended were: Dr. Coker, a whiskery Nigerian from Benin City who did not bring his European wife; Dr. and Mrs. Okajie, who own and administer a private hospital in Ishan area; Dr. Okajie appeared to be very intelligent and with a deep character. His wife is a nurse and mid-wife. Dr. Adetunde, from Sapelle, seemed to be very nice. Thin and asthenic, he was more reserved. Another doctor from Kwale Hospital came late and left early and never said a word in my hearing. Drs. Gottier and Frazie, both with the World Health Organization, presented posters on Yaws control and Dr. Frazie gave an address. Cases of edema were presented by Drs. Phillipot and Gaventa (Hugh and Bill) from

the wards at Eku.

Our new buildings at Eku are eye-openers. The new nursing school is to have four dormitories, a dietetics laboratory, two class room buildings, administration buildings and a central dining room. The center of the campus is to have a modern chapel.

All of the facilities, lights, heat, steam, hot water, and so forth are to be powered by a boiler that is shaped like a rocket ship. The staff calls this huge boiler "Eku's Sputnik".

Alice Gaventa told us some more of Dr. Mbakrum's correspondence and truly his arrival is anticipated with anxiety.

Some how he has received a full medical scholarship from the board without being interviewed. From his correspondence there is serious doubt that he is even Christian. One Mr. Ekweku, who has had tea with Dr. Mbakrum told Bill and Alice that he did not think Dr. Mbakrum would be with the mission very long.

On returning home we learned that the C.I.D. man had arrived. On the 26th he attended clinic, but could not be seen because it was operation day and Ob-clinic day. He saw Otobo make arrangements with a certain man and he trailed them to Otobo's house, where Otobo and the man went inside and locked the door. Two of Otobo's children were put on guard at the door. Then he heard the child (the man was carrying a small child with him) scream and cry. Shortly afterward, the man left the house carrying the child on his shoulder and patting it to make it hush crying.

He has sent in one report and a general raid of eight or nine

suspects may be in the offing.

I do not know what this is going to do to our mission work here, but we have preached, and talked, and dismissed workers, and we feel like we are up against the last wall. We have to resort to something strong.

I preached at Ususu today. As they say I am to be their revivalist. Of course this whole investigation may break in the midst of the revival. Maybe it is good; maybe it is bad. One of the great lackings here seems to be an awareness of sin -- surely it will be clear this week with such a raid going on.

October 2, 1958

Thursday

Joinkrama

On September 29th Walter returned to say that the raid was to be that night. He then went to Ahoadá where he met eight constables in plain clothes and brought them in the land rover.

Parking half way between the Sobo Camp and Oshobehe he secretly met a cohort of constables who waited with an open canoe and paddles. They crossed the river having a fright when the current carried them right in front of U.A.C².

Early the next morning the raid was conducted:

Charles Edum was found with a tremendous box of surgical instruments, drugs including a few narcotics, syringes, and even

²U.A.C. stands for "United Africa Company". This mercantile company had a store on the banks of the Orashi river right below the mission compound and the hospital. Various people frequented the place, and Walter was afraid the canoe load of Constables might be seen.

100 dozen scalpel blades.

Clerk McIntosh Caribi was found with drugs and a syringe. Thank You³ Wa

Wilson Dema, who had been steward for Walter and Charlene for five years, was found with syringe, needles and drugs. Romeo Origbo Jack, who passed his bar exams in February, was literally holding a clinic in his own house with a waiting room for patients. He had narcotics along with his other supplies too.

Somehow Otobo got word of it. At 4:00 a.m. he was sitting up with his light lit waiting for the searchers. Rufus⁴ had fled and was not found in town all day.

Dan, the tall good-looking ward aide from Edagberi, ran ahead of the searchers and warned George Reuben that they were coming.

They did not find anything on Amiebi Daniel⁵ and Michael Phillips who live in the nurses quarters.

The house boys were innocent too, except that Kain had some unlicensed native made guns that he hunts with.

Mr. Jack, Wilson, McIntosh, Charles, and Thank You were all taken in under arrest. Mr. Jack even tried to bribe the man with twenty pounds in cash.

We have had no surgery since then and will not be able to for some time. We had no clinic on Wednesday, but did today and will tomorrow. I have sent an eighty-four word telegram to Carl

³"Thank You" is a proper name. There are many such names in West Africa.

⁴One of the interpreters

⁵Mrs. Daniel was the midwife at the hospital

Whirley in Ibadan. He is acting Secretary this year while Dr. Patterson is home on furlough.

Moses Ikiri was seen taking a bribe by the C.I.D. man, who reported the incident and all the details to me. We have terminated Moses and he said that he wanted to confess his sin before the church.

So today at the close of the revival meeting he came up and "confessed" in Engeni. My interpreter interpreted as follows: "I want to confess before the church, before the Pastor, and before God that the policeman said I took a bribe, but it was not a bribe; it was a gift. And if taking a gift is a sin, I confess it." I was so nonplused at hearing that statement that I could only sit down opened-mouthed. But before the service closed I told the congregation exactly what the policeman had told me which was that the policeman had seen Moses try to shake down a man for ten shillings but could only get four shillings.

As the boat loaded up to take the prisoners to Ahoada Rosalynn Jack came running down the bank and tucked her skirt about her knees as she stooped down to try to see Mr. Jack's face under the raffia canopy on the canoe. She looked like a little girl lost in loneliness. Today many people from Joinkrama came to beg us to keep the hospital open. Oh how I wish we could hear someone say just once, "I repent and will do better", rather than "Please, Doctor, please, please."

Tonight the C.I.D. man returned and arranged Rosalynn Jack on some charge concerning patent medicines. There has been much

palaver over her statement, which she is giving in the Bible School Buildings. There has been no bitterness so far, but this troubling of a defenseless mother can lead to it if all is not handled carefully. Rosalynn, herself, seems very bitter and uncooperative.

As one person here said: "Joinkrama dey shake oh! We are all shaking.

October 8, 1958

Wednesday

Joinkrama

Monday I had to testify in court in Port Harcourt in the case of the murder of Orisha Olumu. I was the first witness to testify in the supreme court here this year. I am sure of it because I spent all morning watching the elaborate opening ceremonies including a one hour church service, mounting of the honor guard, and a parade. I called Ibadan trying to talk to Carl Whirley, and got Barbara Eperson instead by mistake. One of my main reasons for calling was to press our needs for nurses and mid-wives.

On Saturday I had received a telegram from Enugu saying that the Honorable Minister of Health for the Eastern Region was coming to inspect us on Friday of this week. Of course I told Barbara about that too. Now we have heard that it may be just a tour coincidental with our trouble, but at first we figured surely this was in direct response to our trouble.

Today at dinner just before we left Port Harcourt, Mr. Batubo, the Assistant Superintendent of the high school in Port

Harcourt, called to say that he had received a phone call from Ibadan. He and Rev. Igwe, the pastor of the First Baptist Church of Port Harcourt, are to meet Dr. Ayorinde's plane at 10:30 tomorrow morning and proceed to Joinkrama so that they can all be here for the minister's visit. Dr. Ayorinde is the pastor of the First Baptist Church of Lagos, a vice-president of the Baptist World Alliance, and the president of the Nigerian Broadcasting Company.

We have held a prayer meeting tonight especially requesting the Lord to work on the hearts of the people so that all of this purge and agony will not have been for nothing. We do pray that this group from the Christian Worker's Board may have a good influence here.

October 12, 1958

Sunday

Joinkrama

The Hon. Minister of Health canceled his visit at the last minute because of poor roads and traveling conditions.

The convention committee came though, and Mr. Dairo, the treasurer of the convention, had accompanied Dr. Ayorinde. All four of the men spoke at church in Isua on Friday and did a superb job. They really laid it on the line to the people that it was their own responsibility to help keep the hospital open by maintaining a Christian atmosphere.

Since that meeting the disposition of the people has changed. They seem willing to work now, smile and greet us

again, and are trying to enforce the laws regarding quack medicine.

Moses Ikiri came by again yesterday in company with Pastor Samuel. He truly confessed his bribery. He appears wide-eyed and shaken as if he is really convicted of his own sin. Today he went before the church and confessed it all. I would personally be willing to reinstate him, but Jo and the others say it would not be wise at this time.

Wilson Roman has returned as our file clerk. He was dismissed once as discipline over an entirely different type of problem. During the time he was away from work, he lived in a nearby village. The church he and his wife attended became involved in Juju, but he and his wife stood fast and refused to have anything to do with it. I hope that Moses Ikiri's sequel will be equally as happy.

October 20, 1958

Monday

Joinkrama

We tried to do two cases of Surgery last week, but it was just too much with our short staff. We are not doing any now except emergency surgery. It is very hard to see the people come with large incapacitating hernias and know that you can repair them, but have to turn them away. I must have written "turned away for lack of nursing staff" six or seven times on the clinic cards today alone.

Bill Gaventa, Oren Robison, Jerry Gualtney, and a national pastor, whose name has slipped my mind, came the other day as a

follow up committee to evaluate the situation now. They brought one nurse, James from Eku, on a loan basis. I understand we are to receive another on loan from Ogbomosho.

The Christian Worker's board has assigned us four new nurses to come in January, and two new mid-wives as soon as they pass the examinations at Ire.

Isaac Stephen came today to see if we would help him again with Ngozi Stephen's education at the P.T.C.⁶ in Abua. Our lives have become strangely intertwined with Isaac and his family. The first time I saw Isaac he brought the village lepers to clinic for their Dapsone tablets. I was told that this mild mannered man was a former leper who was now cured. He regularly brings the other lepers to get their medicine every Friday.

His youngest son Ngozi appeared to be a young man of good caliber. He needed ten pounds once before and I loaned it to him on the recommendation of Luckyn, our Head Laborer, and Kain, our cook. Luckyn and Kain have paid back two pounds per month regularly. Isaac's oldest son is named Akalu. I came to know him in the past few weeks. In the turmoil of events, I let the story of our typewriter drop out of this journal. That is how I heard of Akalu. We were told that Akalu Stephen sold our typewriter in Port Harcourt. When we questioned him he evaded the questions nervously and then denied it heatedly with his nostrils flaring. His own cousins accused him of it however and he finally confessed to selling it. We still do not know if he took it out of the

⁶Primary Teacher's College

house and if so how he got in. Perhaps Owudi knows more than she is saying, but the women are kept under the thumbs of the men here so strongly.

Anyway we talked strongly to Akalu and threatened to take the case to court right away if the typewriter was not returned.

Today when Isaac came by I refused to help Ngozi again for I said: "Isaac in order to replace our typewriter we will have to pay forty or fifty pounds, and I therefore do not have ten pounds to put on Ngozi's education. After all," I added, "Akalu is your son."

Isaac smiled a sort of resigned smile as if to say who can fight against fate: "Yes, I borned him. He said he would make Ngozi come home with an empty hand. He is the oldest -- said I had no right to send Ngozi, his junior brother, to get the schooling that was rightly his. He said he would spoil it."

"He did not steal the type sitting at home," Isaac added. "He stolt another man's wife first -- run off with her -- he stolt the type to pay the adultery fee."

"He stolt my shoes and sold them. My family is palm cutters and I can't work without these heavy shoes -- stolt 'em he did."

"Fought his mother -- took a stick to her and beat her..."

"Said he'd spoil it for Ngozi... I don't vex with you, Doctor, I understand... I born him; he's a witch!"

Through the whole tirade Isaac grinned; I got the impression he would have rather cried.

We will send the eight pounds he needs now directly to the

school in Abua.

Owudi is going to Ogbomosho with us and we are delighted. She is one of the hardest workers I have seen in Nigeria and the children love her.

We have heard that Bill and Lois are to leave the states on November 15th.

October 25, 1958

Saturday

Joinkrama

A C.I.D. man from Ahoada came day before yesterday and arrested Akalu and another man named "something Matthew". It turns out that this fellow Matthew stole keys to both the front and back doors nearly two years ago when this house was under construction. The keys were not recovered so we will have to change the locks now. The C.I.D. man spent the night here and went back yesterday. We are praying that they will recover the typewriter.

Today we spent all day long interviewing prospective ward attendants. We feel we have gotten some good boys; but we did not get the girls we would like to have.

Medically we have had some depressing cases recently. A six-month old child developed diarrhea at home and had watery stools for six days at which time the parents said "something came out." (Actually this something was the far end of an intussusception which had telescoped down inside of the bowel) They took the child to a local doctor who made a ball of leaves and inserted it like a suppository. For five days the child had

no stool.

When they finally brought the child in it was very weak and dehydrated. We operated until after midnight having to remove nearly all of the ascending colon, the cecum, appendix, and a small part of the small bowel. One hour after we got the child back to the ward and we had all gone to sleep, I was awakened by an attendant with a note saying: "At 1:35 a.m. the baby suddenly stopped breathing."

Grace was only six months along with her pregnancy but her abdomen was so large that she had to assume a position on all-fours to breath easily.

This condition of too much uterine fluid is known as polyhydramnios and is rarely severe, but Grace could hardly breath, and walked only with difficulty.

After hastily reviewing the obstetrical books we tried to drain off the fluid very carefully and apparently succeeded. However around midnight she delivered two small babies too young to live. We measured the fluid: She had seventeen and a half pints of fluid, two babies, and two placentas in her womb. We were sorry to loose the babies, but felt sure the woman would have died herself had nothing been done.

November 1, 1958

Saturday

Joinkrama

They have located the typewriter. Akalu and the other boy have been remanded to the prison yard in Ahoada, and the case is to be arranged Monday.

We had a Halloween Party here at the house last night with orange construction paper pumpkins, black construction paper witches, bats, and black cats. Alice hollowed out the inside of two oranges to make miniature Jack-o-lanterns.

Alice keeps a wonderful spirit and personality. I removed three nevi from her lip, neck and abdomen on Thursday so they could be sent off and checked at a pathology laboratory. I know she must have been tired the day after surgery. But that was Halloween so she read to the children, played with them during the day, and planned a party for them that night with brownie, candy, and Tango (a soft drink), for refreshments.

Walter is due to come back from Port Harcourt today with Milford Howel, Rev. Igwe, Rev. Awatefi, and Rev. Oteh. They will travel back into Ijaw country surveying the prospects for home mission work in that remote and secluded area. That is the same area where only two or three years ago two Joinkrama men were killed as human sacrifices.

November 3. 1958

Monday

Joinkrama

We have been fortunate to get many things done today. I saw 64 patients in clinic; ran the salary payment through the books; got the books posted up to date; figured the P.A.Y.E. tax and paid it; got the specimens ready to go to Lagos; wrote several letters and painted a new out-door sign for the hospital; got off the mileage report to the mission and caught the land rover log

book up to date. I'm not a missionary: I'm a secretary,
book-keeper, and sign painter.

November 13, 1958

Thursday

Joinkrama

Walter, Charlene, and family, and Jo have been off station
now for nearly two weeks. Walter is leading a revival at
Imerinwe, and Jo is in Port Harcourt,

We had one strangulated hernia that required a bowel
resection, but otherwise it has been pretty quiet.

Many of our workers have given notice of their resignations.
Our only midwife, Amiebi Daniel, is leaving at the end of the
year. About four to six of the older ward attendants are all
leaving within one to two months. Several months ago I would
have been upset and worried over this, but now I just feel that
the Lord is finishing His cleaning up of the hospital in order to
start anew. I do pray that we will be able to replace Miss
Daniel soon though.

Many of the neighborhood kids are playing noisily out front
right now. One even retied his cloth so that he could slide down
the rough cement banister to the front steps. Community
playgrounds would be such a wonderful and unheard of thing for
Nigeria.

November 14, 1958

Friday

Joinkrama

Jeannette Dodo left Joinkrama for high school training in Agbor some three years ago. She did fairly well in her studies, became a "prefect", and was reported to be well liked by the girls and the faculty.

Each year she has had some trouble with illness; mostly subjective weakness, fever and occasional cough. She was seen at Eku but nothing definite was found. They recommended chest X-ray but before she could get it she came home to Joinkrama.

I saw her several times in the clinic, but I never found anything on physical examination. Further questioning revealed that most of her exacerbations occurred around exam time. I was about to put it down to either malingering or hypochondria, but decided we would put her on bed just to see if she really did run fever at night.

Sure enough her fever spiked every night, her cough persisted and in very close examination I thought I could detect a few signs of disease in the left lung apex. We gave her a tuberculin skin test and it is so strongly positive that it looks like it may ulcerate. Her father, Frank Dodo, has been troubled by a wasting illness with cough; and although I have suspected tuberculosis, I have not been able to prove it. Now with her case known I feel sure he has it too.

Yesterday when I transferred Jeannette to isolation Frank came to see me. He appeared completely winded after walking the short distance from the hospital here. He rested his chin in his

palms accentuating the abnormally high cheekbones which emaciation had given him. We chatted a while and he talked of how his chest felt like "peppy" as he pronounced it trying to say pepper.

When I explained to him about himself and Jeannette and of how it would take 15 shillings per month each to put them on adequate outpatient treatment and of how Jeannette could not return to school this year...

He looked at the yellow spot of sunlight that had slipped in under the eaves because the sun hung low in the afternoon sky. Then he smiled and looked out the door at the children playing and screaming in the yard. Finally he said, "Thank you, thank you, Doctor, what ever you say for Jeannette that's the thing to do, but myself, now, I'm feeling better small-small. I don't run fever like I use to and I don't cough much again, and I ... " Here he had to stop because he had run out of breath and was panting audibly ...

I have hopes of arranging for the hospital to buy some needed thatch and Palm stems from him to help him find some of the needed money.

November 22, 1958

Saturday

Joinkrama

Monday, the 17th, Aletha and Walter both were returning from Port Harcourt; so Alice and I were the only medical people on the compound: as a matter of fact the only missionaries on the compound. When I went to work I found an obstetrical patient

with a transverse presentation who had to have an immediate Cesarean Section. Alice scrubbed and I used a spinal for anesthesia. All went well, but the child has a right hand wrist drop secondary to a radial nerve injury due to the malposition. Finishing that, we saw 65 patients in Clinic, located the canoe that had washed away in the rain, gave out supplies and so forth. By evening we were pretty well worn out. During the night I was up to admit a patient with lock jaw gotten by delivery at home in the dirt.

Tuesday we did a revision of Bomboy's colostomy and took the cast off of Mallim's leg where we were doing a pedicle graft because of a severe old ulcer of his foot.

Bomboy is one of the most tragic cases we have had. He is about 6 years old and has one of the sweetest dispositions. He was brought in months ago with a soft watery swelling of his scrotum. On admission I felt like he had an infection and we treated him with injections and applications to the scrotum. In spite of the treatment he has gotten worse. About half of the skin just dropped off of his scrotum exposing the underlying structures. We tried various forms of treatment to no avail, but finally it seemed to burn itself out and begin to heal. Unfortunately one of the injection sites on his hip had become infected and a huge area on his hip sloughed off.

In desperation we stopped all of his injections and put him on simple local treatment but to no avail. We used topical antibiotics and it got worse. Finally wondering if it could be a

fungus we used a salicylate-alcohol solution that burned with every application. Regardless the ulcer finally ate its way along the large part of the hip bone and even into the rectum.

I have urged his father to take him to Ibadan, but the father says simply that he does not have the necessary money, and that he understands that I am trying. If Bomboy dies, he says, then it was beyond what we could do.

Now we have done a colostomy on the boy. We give him color books and toys which are received with a radiant smile, but he is gradually melting away.

Last night his father and grandfather came to sit with Bomboy awhile. Around 9:00 p.m. the grandfather was going home to the village, but before he left they had their family prayer. Bomboy folded his hands in bed and the father and the grandfather knelt on the cement floor by the bedside. When they finished their prayers the grandfather went home and that father lay down on a mat on the floor by Bomboy's bed.

While in Port Harcourt I got Frank Dodo's and Jeannette's chest X-rays and wonder of wonders they were negative. I am delighted! But I am surely puzzled as to what is troubling them. On the way in to Port Harcourt, we got stuck and it took us five and a half hours to make the 100 mile trip. On Tuesday night when we first arrived in Port Harcourt, I was the most tired that I can remember. Even during the night I was awake for an hour with a headache. But the rest in Port Harcourt has helped a lot.

While in Port Harcourt we did our Christmas shopping and

bought some real nice new records. Having good music on records really cheers up a dreary night. When we returned from Port Harcourt Walter greeted us with the news that the money had come for the maternity wards and for the water tower to improve the plumbing.

We were just settling our loads in when Aletha came in saying that Walter had asked her to dispense some injectable Penicillin to the wife of the District Officer from Brass and that she had refused. I tended to agree with her that we should not dispense any injectable medications without seeing the buyers injection license first. So I went to the hospital to see him too. He was handing them the medicine as I came up. I advised him against doing so and offered to give the D.O. and his wife some Acromycin Syrup free of charge, which I had gotten as a sample, but they very haughtily refused and were highly offended that I should question their authority to have and use injectables. Before we finished talking we both lost our tempers, and I am afraid I have created bad feeling between the mission and this particular government official. I have worried over my part in the affair very much! The whole incident was charged with emotion and at first I came out of it feeling like I would like to just quit and go home.

That would be such a simple solution. I was not helping the mission anyway, I rationalized, and besides if I did not come back next tour I could earn money and send it out here. Yes, that is it! Let someone else come out here, God!

No sooner had the thought crossed my mind than I realized that this was the exact form of disobedience that Moses had used and that had angered God. Horrified at my own disobedience I prayed it out.

And, you know, it is quite comforting, when you know you have not done something as well as it might have been done, just to come and say to God: "I am sorry! I failed there, Lord, but really I am trying. And, Lord, I honestly believe you called me out here, and I am going to go on trying. So if You really want me to go somewhere else You will have to tell me so.

November 27, 1958 Thursday - Thanksgiving Joinkrama

We had brought back a big Thanksgiving turkey from Port Harcourt and were planning to eat him today. But this area has had an epizootic in that three or four chickens have been dying every day lately so we decided to kill the turkey quickly before the panzootic did. So we celebrated Thanksgiving yesterday with a real feast at Aletha's and Jo's.

Unfortunately Alice was sick nearly all day yesterday with diarrhea and energy-sapping malaria, but she felt well enough to eat supper. I developed diarrhea in the night and had it all day today confining me to the house. But we are both thankful that we were all well at supper time, turkey time, yesterday.

December 6, 1958 Saturday Joinkrama

We have had to discipline Luckyn, the headman. He did not

terminate a worker that he was instructed to. I am sure a bribe must have been involved. Any way we have sent Luckyn home for two weeks with out pay.

Consequently I have been getting up at six fifteen every day to call the roll of the laborers and to run the diesel to pump up the morning's supply of water. All during the day now I have to race off on the bicycle to the place where the laborers are working to check on them. As a result I am getting a sun tan on my arms.

We have begun shutting off the light plant at 10:00 p.m. instead of 11:00 p.m. The left hand cylinder has developed a knock, and it is extremely hard to get someone to come this far out to repair anything.

The contractor for the new maternity ward came today to sign the contract. Perhaps something new will be going up here soon.

December 14, 1958

Sunday

Joinkrama

Our new good front office clerk left last Saturday. Consequently my new schedule on clinic days is this: 6:30 call roll on laborers; 7:15 eat breakfast; 8:00 pass cards in front office; 9:00 make rounds; 10:00 see clinic patients (by that time George Jeremiah is passing cards for me. He ordinarily is the linen clerk) 1:30 call roll on laborers; 3:00 call roll on grass boys; 5:00 meet laborers to open store to let them put up the tools. Fortunately there has been very little night work.

Alice has had her hands full too. She tries to be at the

hospital more than she comfortably can be because of our shortage of nurses. She manages the house, the children, the catering and me, and finds it a full job I am sure. Even so she manages to keep the children secure and happy. Just the other day I was viewing the turmoil of a torn up house with a mattress here and bed springs there in the process of being moved out. In the midst of it I heard Alice's voice from the next room talking to Benjy saying: Moving's fun isn't it! You like to move don't you Benjy!"

At first I thought I had heard wrong, and then I realized the psychology behind it. I am afraid that I have to be content to admire her when I see her inaction like that because I find that lately I am becoming grumpy with the extra workload.

I am to go to Ahoada tomorrow for court over the typewriter (the Akalu case).

December 19, 1958

Friday

Joinkrama

Akalu received a sentence of two years imprisonment for taking the typewriter. The cowardly sneak-thief Minibeli got away scot-free for lack of evidence. I am sorry Akalu received such a long sentence, but I hope he improves from it and not the other way.

Yesterday I had a grand birthday party, and received several books by Phillips. They really look good. Alice gave me a record of excerpts from The Student Prince.

Last night we had a strange thrill. Two men from the town came, obviously shaken, to report that a war canoe filled with

twenty cannibals armed with spears and guns passed silently through Joinkrama during the early part of the night. It is a wonder we did not see them for we were on the river having a picnic. We have heard nothing more from the cannibals. I do not know what the people in the canoe really are, but the Joinkrama folks are obviously convinced that they really are cannibals.

I noticed a strange thing at the picnic: hundreds of hawks all sleep in one large kapok tree across the river. One could slip over there at night and literally kill dozens easily. They were true hawks too.

The Language and Orientation school group has come to visit us. David and Marie Jester and two year old Lisa are staying with us. They were appointed with us and seem so nice, Lisa is a bundle of cute black-haired mischief.

Tonight Alice and Marie and the others have gone to Joinkrama to help with a Girls Auxiliary camp. David and I are baby sitting. I think he must have lain down with Lisa to get her to sleep and dropped off himself for I have seen nothing of him for the last hour.

December 21, 1958

Sunday

Joinkrama

We cut branches from a lemon tree yesterday to make a green Christmas tree with two inch thorns to hang the ornaments on. After we decorated it Benjy and I were sitting on the cement back steps watching the hawks fly over, and gazing at the old emergent tree with all the vines which Dameon says use to be the monkey's

sleeping tree before this house was built. As we sat there one of my laborers named Obu came up.

Obu had been in the hospital with a boil and I thought that was the cause of his struggling walk and facial anguish. But when he got up to us he said with tears in his voice: "My papa don die-o!"

His father, John, one of the fine old Christian men of Joinkrama had died unexpectedly. Obu shook his head as if he found it too hard to understand, "Oh, Oniso,⁷" Obu cried, "What thing I go' do now? My Papa done die. My Mama dey⁸, but Oh, what is woman? She don't got ground...No got roof... My Papa done die!"

Then he turned to me as if I should be able to answer him asking, "Why my Papa done die? Now yesterday he dey well. I see him with my eye. Now one man come and say he done die finish. Why my Papa done die? How he die?"

Alice came up then too, and we tried to reassure him and tell him of how God is also our father and that He never dies. That his Papa was surely in heaven. We advanced him the two pounds he needed to help with the funeral. In spite of our attempts to encourage him he walked away drunkenly staggering under the impact of his loss. Perhaps the anguish in his eyes has caused me to ponder over it so long or perhaps it was his inability to encompass the great emotion which he felt with

⁷Oniso means God in Engenni language

⁸Deh means to be or to exist in Engenni

words, but whatever it is I have thought a lot about it today. How does a non-Christian ever face death? Yet all of us will face death one way or another some day.

If one of my family should die while I am away here in Africa, it is only the surety that he or she will await me in Heaven that makes me able to come here and leave those who are so dear to me behind. But that same surety forces me to come so that others can have the same promise of renewed life after death.

December 27, 1958

Saturday

Joinkrama

Aniko, Paul's mother, came to the clinic on Monday bringing her twins. She was comforted by us when she had them, and we promised her all the tinned milk she needed if Paul would just carry it to her. Weeks ago he just quit carrying the milk so when she came to Clinic Monday I was not surprised to see that the twins were very pitiful looking. I asked her to put them in the hospital but she refused even though I offered to pay the entire hospital bill. Finally the next day she brought the twins in, but one was moribund due to dehydration. In spite of an immediate clysis he died. Aniko sat for several hours holding the surviving twin very stiffly with her eyes widely opened bulging in their sockets staring into space. When I come up against something like this I realize again how hard it is for us to understand the people. I have no idea what thoughts passed behind those bulging unperceiving eyes.

Ethel Guest, Edith Montroy, Alma Rome, Nan Owens, and Aunt Grace Carson came to visit the station for Christmas.

On Christmas eve we had all of our house boys and their families over for a party. We served candy, cookies, and Tango, and gave each person a present which they thoroughly enjoyed.

Speaking of parties we had two parties for the hospital workers which seemed to go over very well. The first that have been accepted well here. It is undoubtedly due to the change in nurses on the hospital staff.

Christmas eve we let the children open some presents from home, and we opened a few to each other. Then on Christmas day there were not so many gifts to compete with the train and doll stroller and doll that Santa Clause left.

We all had breakfast together over at Jo's on donuts, cinnamon rolls, and coffee. Afterward we had the station Christmas tree where we each gave a present to the person whose name we had drawn. Then we all broke up to go to church in the four villages. After church we met at the Moores for Christmas dinner on two huge turkeys.

Christmas night we went caroling at the hospital and gave the patients gifts of candy and peanuts.

Yesterday Walter took care of the hospital and Alice and I traveled down the river to see some of the villages. We saw Oshi the village of the long juju, and Okarki, the village where the church people and the towns people are having such a terrible palaver, and Akparaki, the village where the community juju was

rooted up and thrown into the river. It was a wonderful trip. I'm so glad we were able to make it before we left this area.

January 6, 1959

Tuesday

Joinkrama

Today the shifts on the ward are covered completely with graduate nurses and the schedule calls for them to be covered from now on -- the first time this has happened since last May. The new nurses and the new mid-wife have come and they have such a fresh spirit and good attitude. Working at the hospital is much more of a pleasure.

Bill and Lois are suppose to have landed at Port Harcourt today.

January 16, 1959

Friday

Port Harcourt

Bill and Lois came on Thursday the 8th and their loads arrived by launch on Friday. We were unable to get all of our loads on the rather large launch (Oriokalaru Transport) which Bill had hired for thirty three pound so Kain went down river with them as far as Abonnema and hired a second canoe.

I came to Port Harcourt on the 10th, Saturday, and met the loads at the wharf and transferred them to the garage at the mission house on #10 Mayfair St. where Jo Scaggs is living for the next six months. I waited Sunday for the second canoe, but it did not arrive until Monday morning at which time Ralph Davis took care of them for me.

On Monday morning I went to Ahoada to testify in the trials,