

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,

Mackintosh's case was dropped for lack of evidence. Charles Edun's case was postponed until February, but it looks like a sure conviction. Jack's case was Wednesday and Thursday and I have not heard how it came out yet. Jo went with me so that she could lend moral support to Aletha Fuller who is dreading the prospect of testifying. I had to go and come from Joinkrama to Ahoada every day Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday then in the afternoons and at night I tried to get caught up on the books and so forth so I could turn over to Bill. On Tuesday I returned to Joinkrama to learn that thieves had broken into the main storeroom and stolen around a thousand dollars worth of drugs, injectables, and surgical suture. Aletha has had the pins knocked out from under her by this, and by the long months she has spent at Joinkrama without even a minimum of nursing help. So she has come into Port Harcourt to rest for a few days.

Alice and I stayed at Charlene's and Walter's house. The Moores had moved to the bible school, so as soon as we left, the house would be empty; and Dameon, the contractors can begin to repair it. Bill and Lois are in a turmoil of moving into their house. Jo just moved to Port Harcourt two weeks ago. So we have really just been playing upset the fruit basket.

On Thursday the 15th we left Joinkrama around 2:00 p.m. The pastors of Joinkrama flagged us down on behalf of the Engenni association to hold a brief farewell prayer with us, and to give us each a beautiful native outfit. Alice's is Eastern style and mine is more Yoruba style. Today we got the loads off on a seven

ton lorry from Armels⁹. We, ourselves, plan to leave early tomorrow morning.

February 22, 1959

Sunday

Ogbomosho

We had a good safe transfer here stopping over one night in Agbor with Nan Owens. Our loads arrived safely and we have spent a good bit of time settling in, putting in new light fixtures, putting up mirrors, and so forth.

The work here is more time consuming and I am at the hospital until 6:00 or 7:00 o'clock every night except surgery days when we get home earlier. I have been off several weekends though, and we have been on all day shopping trips to Ibadan twice.

Alice went one night to Ibadan to hear the West Minster Singers who were at the University College.

There is a new hospital building here which has just been built but it is not yet equipped. We are to move into it this year. This has been, and still is, the training hospital; but the nursing school is to move this year to a wonderful new plant in Eku.

Right now we have a Pharmacist, a hospital administrator, four doctors, seven to ten nursing sisters (some of whom are on furlough now), not counting the Nigerian staff. With the transfer of the nursing school however, we will have no pharmacist, no administrator, only two nursing sisters, but still

⁹Armels is the name of a large transport company in Nigeria.

about four doctors. Of course the executive committee of the mission may assign some other people here. We are watching their meeting next month hopefully.

This month has been a wonderfully restful one for us. We are so glad we got this period with few responsibilities before the coming changes will demand more of us.

March 29, 1959

Sunday

Ogbomosho

The E. C. met this past week, and I am to take both the Superintendent's job and the office of Administrator. Lloyd¹⁰ will leave in two weeks so I will have to take those books then. Bill¹¹ will leave June the first.

Martha Gilliland has returned but I do not know yet how much of the work she will be able to do. She had a thyroidectomy on furlough and then a lobectomy for tuberculosis less than six months ago. So she really should do no work at all or at most very little.

That means that during the month of June Martha and I will be the only doctors here, and I will also have to be superintendent and keep the books and correspondence. There is a clerk in the business office who will help, but he has a tendency to try to take more authority than his position warrants. So there may be some problems to be worked out as well as getting

¹⁰Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd (Ann) Neil moved to Eku.

¹¹Mr. and Bill (Leslie) Williams also moved to Eku. Leslie was the Director of the nursing school.

help from him.

Bill and I have divided up the work so that he takes the men and isolation, and I take the women and obstetrics. This has been a very good arrangement and has allowed us both to have some time off.

Richard Okotieh was born in or near Warri. His father is the Chief Drummer for the local juju. Richard took work with the U.A.C. after finishing standard six where he drank, smoked, played the field, and accepted bribes. He came to know Mr. Agbowu, a fine Christian businessman, who operates a bakery in Warri. Mr. Agbowu talked much to Richard, and he began to attend church, study his bible, and attend meetings of small Christian groups. Finally he accepted Christ and gave up his old job because of the contacts he had surrounded it with. He then played in a small Christian band which played for a number of church functions.

Richard went to Bible School in Benin City to study for the ministry. He and his friends studied, preached, sang, and in general walked the mountain top in Benin for one year.

Then he came to the Seminary in Ogbomosho. He had to study harder than ever before in his life. He could not preach because he knew no Yoruba. He went into the valley that often follows mountain top experiences. He thought about going back to Benin or to Warri, but he was not satisfied that doing that would be the right thing. He felt, as he said, like a piece of dead wood. He could not sleep; he became restless. Finally his frustration

became so great that he had a nervous breakdown, and had to be hospitalized for treatment.

He is much improved now after shock therapy at Ayo hospital, and he has been discharged. He can not go back to his studies yet, but he can not go home to his juju worshipping father. New first generation Christians have problems which we never have to consider personally. I hope we can make good arrangements for Richard because he is one of the finest strongest Christians I have met here.

Gonahu¹² passed Standard Six; he was a strong healthy young man. But he was visited by Sopona which is the Yoruba name for the god of small pox. He had very severe small pox, but he was kept hidden at home so that none would know of the trouble. After a long wretched time of hiding in the gloomy twilight confinement of four mud walls, he began to recover. However he found that he could not see because the lesions had blinded his eyes. He did not know what to do for a living, but he decided to try soothsaying. He traveled all about the country telling fortunes and soothsaying. He took his own work seriously and often spent all night in prayer in some Moslem cemetery trying to learn the truth. When he was first approached about becoming a Christian he replied how could I become a Christian: I would have to stop soothsaying, and how could I live? The missionaries and the Nigerian Christians continued to work with and pray with him.

¹²Mr. Gonahu Raji was still the Headmaster of the Ogbomosh Blind Training Center when we returned for a few weeks in February 1991.

Finally he accepted Christ. He made a clean break with his past, and the Wests were able to get him into a school for the blind which taught him basket weaving. He came back a happy clear-faced man, and began plying his trade.

Recently the government has decided that such a school should be opened in the Western Region. Just a week ago Ogbomosho town council voted one hundred and fifty pounds to Gonahu so that the school can be opened here with him as the headmaster.

May 17, 1959

Sunday

Ogbomosho

We have just returned from a two week vacation -- called local leave -- so I will write as if I were writing day by day on that trip.

May 3, 1959

Sunday

Bida

We left Ogbomosho early this a.m., and traveled loaded down: Lolete Dotson, Alice, Benjy, Alisa, Harriet and myself. The Ray Crowders traveled in another car slightly ahead of us, and we had lunch together.

Just after crossing the Niger river over the Jebba bridge we saw eight or ten monkeys scampering away from the road. The children especially enjoyed seeing them.

The government rest house here in Bida is very nice, but the meals are typically British.

We went to the Bida Baptist Church which is in a small poorly furnished building. It is a Yoruba congregation, and the

services are in Yoruba.

May 4., 1959

Monday

Mina

We spent the morning in Bida seeing the glass and brass shops. The brass workers hand-tool imported sheets of brass and sell it. We drove along a narrow street past round mud huts with grass roofs. Stopping at a little intersection, we got out and went to the large round mud hut which served as the glass workers factory. A blazing hot fire lighted up the inside of the dusty, sultry, little hut to reveal several men working around the fire with hot beads of sweat popping out from their nude torsos. An old man with a white goatee worked the animal skin bellows up and down with his arms to blast the fire while younger men melted down old broken bottles to make beautiful multicolored beads. After leaving the hut we bought some of the same hand made beads (four cents a string).

Leaving Bida we came north to Zongaru which was Lord Lugard's old capital of the North. In spite of the fact that the Kaduna river runs through it, I shall forever remember Zongaru as a hot dry arid place with only a few scrubby trees.

We reached Mina in time for me to walk out with the shotgun. I saw monkeys, but not close enough to shoot at.

May 6, 1959

Wednesday

Keffi

We came on to Keffi yesterday stopping along the way to see Gunara falls. These falls are beautiful cascades over a wide

rocky gorge.

Yesterday Ray Crowder and I went hunting and shot five bush fowl and one wild guinea fowl. Today we saw a heard of six or eight antelope but were unable to shoot any.

The market here in Keffi is one of the most interesting anywhere in the world. Some of their goods are: imported and hand woven cloth of bright hues; crude brass pipes to smoke; raw ginger root; beautiful beads carved from amber; oversize straw hats with hand embroidered leather work called Emir hats; herbs, medicines, and raw minerals of various sorts; juju material such as bird skulls and so forth; brass and glass work from Bida; antimony to paint the eye-lid margins; fruits and various foods like yam flour; spear points and a variety of needles and tools for every day use. We walked and looked and laughed and saluted and in general enjoyed ourselves. The people seemed to enjoy us too.

May 9, 1959

Saturday

Jos

We left Keffi on the seventh and went on to Jos. Climbing the plateau was hot work because of the bright tropical sun, but when we road up to the top it felt cooler.

The plateau people live in square mud houses which somewhat resemble the Yoruba houses. They make spacious compounds and fence them in with hedge rows of cactus plants. In many ways they are very primitive though. The women wear nothing except a handful of leaves tied in front and behind. We stayed at the

S.I.M.¹³ rest house in Jos and really did much resting and very little sight-seeing,

May 10, 1959

Sunday

Kaduna

We went to church in Jos this mornings and I was thrilled to see that large Yoruba church which was so well attended. Rev. Sanuola, the pastor, really seems to be on the ball, and there was a feeling of Spirit and fellowship in the church.

We came on to Kaduna and will stay here several days with the Lows¹⁴.

May 13, 1959

Wednesday

Kaduna

Everything here is in a stir over the independence celebrations. There is to be a durbar on Friday when 3000 horsemen will parade before the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester who will be the Queen's representatives.

Fortunately we were able to watch a dress rehearsal of the Durbar. Company after company of horsemen came by bedecked in gorgeous crimsons, shining whites, gaudy reds, oranges, and even one group in terrifying black. One company carried cow skin shields up to five feet high. They were armed with hand wrought swords, hand beaten spears, and bows and arrows.

Between the groups of armed horsemen companies of trumpeters would ride by giving loud blasts on the six or eight foot long

¹³Sudan Interior Mission

¹⁴Dr. Ed and Anita Low

brass trumpets. The air was filled with the constant wail of the cow horn flutes which are blown with the cheeks puffed way out.

Knowing that these thousands were the Moslem leaders of the North and that we Christians are more or less tolerated gave a sinister air to all we saw. So that one could easily imagine different circumstances when all of this regalia would be as frightening as it is designed to be.

In Kaduna we met Rev. Akinbala and went with him to some of the villages where he is backing some Hausa language missions. He is a jovial person who wins many friends by merely laughing with them. He laughs heartily and says: "Let the Hausas and Fulani think everything in the city is proper Moslem, we will get out in the villages and win the people!"

May 15, 1959

Friday

Kontagora

We came on Thursday to Kontagora to see the new hospital under construction. Kontagora is a small-town type of village with few large stores. I think it would be a wonderful challenge, and we still are very interested in going here.

May 17, 1959

Sunday

Ogbomosho

Coming home yesterday we had two bad blow outs that ruined the tires. I crossed the Niger seven times at Jebba trying to get straightened out. Finally came on here on a borrowed spare tire. The Wayne Brennermans who are with the United Missionary Society loaned it to me. They seem to be wonderful people, and we felt

right at home with them immediately. I am to send the tire back tomorrow by a runner.

September 13, 1959

Sunday

Ogbomosho

Bill Williams stopped work about June 10th and from then until Joanna Maiden came the last of July I took call by myself. It really kept me running, but the Lord was awfully good not to let the emergencies come at night, and during the whole six weeks I was only up a few nights.

Joanna Maiden came the last of August and it sure was wonderful to get a weekend off. During all that time Lolete Dotson saw baby clinic in addition to her usual job as "Iya Pataki"¹⁵ of Kersey children's home. I know she worked late at night on the books of Kersey Home, because some nights as I went to the hospital I would see an Aladdin lamp burning in her room.

Emma Watts went home June 9th. Dr. Berry and Francis Bell left immediately afterward and we have been terribly shorthanded.

Just at Mission Meeting time Dr. L. C. Smith (Connell) came out from home. He is a board certified chest and general surgeon. Alice and I knew him and his wife Eunice at N.C.B.H. and we have really had grand fellowship.

Leonard Lane came here as business manager and got the water into the new hospital by Mission meeting time so that we could use some of the new empty rooms for housing some of the mission meeting crowd.

¹⁵Iya pataki means Mother-in charge or chief woman.

The new water tank that Mac Gilliland spent so much time supervising did real well. It had one moderate leak and four or five small ones all of which stopped as soon as a few bolts were tightened up.

Dr. Gorner and Dr. Cauthern both came out for mission meeting. Dr. Gorner for all of it, and Dr. Cauthern for a few days.

Ma got extremely sick with her leg just prior to Mission meeting, and had to have an amputation. We strongly considered going home early to be with her. In early August we went to Lagos to see the Don Fraziers off on the plane and got to call Ma on the radio-phone cable. It was wonderful to hear her voice so natural and clear and made all my feelings well up inside of me. She assured us that she was better and we went to mission meeting with a fresh heart.

At mission meeting renewed interest was shown in learning the languages. School is to be for a full year now. Joanna went East to the first session of Igbo language school after which she will go to Joinkrama. Then this January Conell is to go to Oyo for a year of Yoruba study. We hope to ask for Yoruba school and to stay here in Ogbomosho when we return from furlough.

We have really loved the work here in Ogbomosho. The opportunities to visit in the town and to get to know the people are so rewarding.

Alice visited Friday to see again a sick old woman whom they have visited often. The old woman is a calabash fixer and she

worships the iron tools of her trade, and some beads that she wears. She promised sometime ago to destroy her juju and accept Christ, but when the time finally came she refused to do it. Friday as Alice, Eunice Smith and Adeyemo were preaching to her again she was obviously filled with emotion. She finally reached up and ripped off her beads and threw them on the ground crying with tears in her eyes: "Mo gba! Mo gba!" -- I accept! I accept!

Thursday Connell was doing some surgical repair work on Mr. Etotoma's left arm. Mr. Etotoma, an Ichehari man who is an education officer at Oyo, was in a motor cycle accident some months ago and suffered multiple bone fractures. His left ulna was somewhat dislocated at the wrist and he had a non-union of the left radius. Just as Connell finished the operation Mr. Etotoma stopped breathing, then his heart stopped. Connell immediately opened the chest and massaged the heart. It began beating again and Mr. Etotoma is still living. He has not regained consciousness yet and we continue to pray that he will regain his full faculties. After the operation finished and we realized we were "out of the woods", Connell said, "I think it would be most appropriate at this time if we have a prayer of Thanksgiving to the Lord!"

Welcome has gone to Igedi for an interview to try to get into high school. It was nearly a year ago to the day that we first agreed for him to work for us with this in mind. He has kept a wonderfully cheerful and sweet attitude all the time that we have known him.

Juliana is first position in her class this year. She seems to be a real pearl. The Lord has given us a lot of joy in these young people whom He has let us help in some way.

Karibi Marcus is having throat and voice trouble again. I laryngoscope him the other day and he has a node on his left vocal cord. I sent him to see Mr. Martinson at U.C.H. again. I surely hope he will be all right and regain his preaching voice.

September 18, 1959

Friday

Ogbomosho

We have been swamped under with work most of this month. Monday we stopped clinic at 7:15 p.m. and sent about 60 or 70 people home who had not been seen at all. We finally caught up today, but it was because many (perhaps fifty) people became discouraged of ever getting seen and just left and went home. Some of our surgery has been drawn out cases and have kept us from the clinic, but the big cause of our being behind is just that we are too few to meet the tremendous need.

Mr. Etotoma has still never regained consciousness, but he is holding his own.

Tuesday Mr. David Trew from the University College Hospital in Ibadan came to visit us to see our visitation program. They are having a weekend of evangelism emphasis at the University College and having heard of our home visitation program they were interested in seeing it and taking pictures about it for a poster. They are also inviting one of our nurses to sit on a panel to discuss questions relating to evangelism in professional life.

Thursday night we had a medical meeting of the Interhospital Medical Fellowship. The Wesley Guild Hospital in Ilesha, Ogbomosho Baptist, Ile Ife S.D.A., and Shaki Baptist hospitals are members.

Dr. Karl Myers discussed some of the highlights of the year's postgraduate study that he did at home.

September 22, 1959

Tuesday

Ogbomosho Connel and Eu

me that Gabriel Kolawole who had a bilateral hernia operation a week ago had begun to vomit blood. Apparently he also has a bleeding peptic ulcer. By the time I reached the bedside his pressure was 70/0, and he was becoming restless and disoriented. His eyelids were pale white and he was obviously dying right in front of us.

I had typed him Sunday when he vomited up a little blood, he is type "O". I knew that the only blood we had in the bank was "B" and "A".

We asked him where his family lived, but he just rolled his eyes in fear and wandered aimlessly in his answer. Seeing that we had no hope of reaching any of his people in time I rushed home to get Alice knowing that she had "O" blood.

We hurriedly cross-matched her and started the blood. Several Seminary students also volunteered to give and later in the morning his family came in so that I drew five pints of blood before noon, and gave him three of them.

Before the first pint even finished he was back to normal mentally and his pressure came up. He has not bled any more today.

Nmandi Azikawe ("Zik") came through here Saturday night on a political campaign and since then we have had five police cases -- all political fights.

In some ways it is amusing: the patients come in and say "The NCNC stabbed me", or "The Action Group hit me." instead of saying a man fought me and did so and so.

Mr. Etotoma is still comatose. He runs a fever of 102 to 104 most of the time now.

Tonight I worked late what with police cases, a boy who caught his hand in a corn mill, and a fractured clavicle. Just before I finished it started to rain, so I got soaked on the way home by bicycle. I changed into my Nigerian robes when I got home since it was the easiest thing to get into. So when I was called again tonight the nurses just beamed to see me wearing these Nigerian clothes.

September 25, 1959

Friday

Ogbomosho

I am tired tonight. Every night this week either Alice or I one had to be gone to a meeting. We are understaffed and have to send patients home unseen at the end of every clinic day. There is too much work and too few hands.

Mr. Etotoma died yesterday.

October 19, 1959

Monday

Ogbomosho

We closed the old hospital last Thursday to begin moving to the new one. We moved supplies to the new store room, the laboratory and the out-patient department, and the business office last week. Today the first patients moved to the new wards. We spent some time teaching the patients, the ward aids, and others how to use the new toilets.

There has been an infectious air of joy about the whole hospital. Everyone seems thrilled and overjoyed at the prospect of moving into new and beautiful buildings.

Saadu Samson and I found ourselves rolling a stretcher loaded with laboratory supplies over to the new building singing loudly: "Ayo, Ayo, lai o wa nibe nile Baba mi loke." Which is the Yoruba chorus of "Joy, Joy, Joy is always there in my Father's house above."

We have hired Mrs. Adeoye as an assistant nursing sister. She is the daughter of old Mr. Lafihan and the sister of John Lafihan. Her husband is Dr. Adeoye, a medical doctor, who has said he will apply to work here next year. She seems to be working out very well. We surely are thankful for her and pray the Lord will send us more help soon.

We have seen over a thousand new out patients every month this year not counting the 2 to 3 times that number who are making return visits.

Each of us sees one hundred patients every clinic day. The real agony of heart comes in realizing how poorly we can fill the needs of this community. We are equipped now with the new

building to do first class medicine and evangelism, but we are so pressed for time that we are unable to give the individual patient the time, and attention that he deserves. We are built for four full time doctors and eight to ten full time missionary nurses. We actually have two full time doctors and two half time, and we will have one full time missionary nurse and two part time.

Alice and I have enjoyed picking out pictures from old issues of Ideals which we will cut out and have framed to put in offices and waiting rooms.

November 22, 1959

Sunday

Ogbomosho

Official opening for the new hospital was October 29th, and we had 110 new patients and 270 old patients pass cards. The big spacious chapel overflowed at the doors, windows, and everywhere. Patients and their attendants pressed around the pharmacy window so tightly that in the mid afternoon we were afraid that some would faint in the press. The hub-bub of loud voices and angry retorts as they jostled one another mixed with the cries of the sick and tired babies. The situation approached that of a mob and repeated efforts to quiet them failed, so regretfully we just closed up the out patient department and sent all the sick home. We were all tired and disappointed but we resolved to try again. The next day was not a clinic day, but much of the overflow from the day before returned. The people in the pharmacy probably had the worse frustrations: wanting to straighten out after the bedlam of the day before, but not being able to because so many

patients were back to get medicine and treatments.

This state of affairs lasted about one week, and then suddenly adjusted itself. We see just about the number that come each clinic day now (i.e., 120-150 old patients and 80-100 new ones). Unfortunately that means that there are still hundreds of patients in town who wish for medical attention, but will not stand the waste of time waiting to be seen.

The first three or four operations in the new building were emergency ones done at night. The very first one was an open reduction of a compound fracture of the Tibia and Fibula which I did on a patient that was in a Lorry accident. There were four other minor accident victims.

The new operating room equipment came a week or so ago, and Ruth Rumphol chuckled and laughed like a little girl at a party all the time she was unpacking it.

We would be working in the O.R. to the clamor and bang of hammers uncrating the things punctuated by claps and squeals of delight from Ruth each time a new thing was opened.

Martha Gilliland did the first operation using all the new equipment: new table, new shadowless light, new suction and so forth.

After moving over to the new hospital, I asked Jim^{oh} to chip out the "time capsule" from the old hospital. I visualized a sealed tin box with the bible, history, and so forth in it, which I planned to present to the staff at staff meeting for them to open.

I was shocked when Jimoh walked into the office with the bare papers and bible somewhat white ant eaten. Some of the magazines were nearly destroyed by the white ants, but the history written by Dr. Green was preserved in good shape.

This material was presented to the staff at staff meeting and turned over to Dr. Gilliland. I think Rev. Mac Gilliland will make some pictures of it before it is turned over to the historical commission of The Nigerian Baptist Convention.

Mrs. Adeoye has worked into the program here wonderfully well. She has been a pleasure to work with.

Since our move Ruth Rumphol has been sick for about one week, Amanda Tinkle, who works half week in the pharmacy, has been sick too, and I have just been out for one week with flu along with Alice. Yesterday we celebrated Benjy's birthday with an Indian party in the yard. The Myers helped with it, and Carolyn and Benjy had their parties together. We built a stick and sheet tepee in the yard, hung a papoose in a tree, and wore paper feather head dresses, and drank Kool-aid "fire-water".

Later we churned ice cream with the Smiths; it was a most happy day.

December 1, 1959

Tuesday

Ogbomosho

Afolabi Oladeji was born in Shaki. He has made good friends or bad enemies of various missionaries ever since he was a little boy running around the Shaki mission compound with a tropical ulcer on his leg.

As he grew older he worked as baby keeper for Dr. Williams and perhaps for some other missionaries.

He acquired a fair education and obtained some book-keeping training. In 1955 he was hired by the hospital here as a book-keeper. He proved to be fairly efficient, pleasant, and a hard worker; so gradually more and more responsibility was given to him. He was allowed to handle some of the funds of the hospital, and to pay salaries. Occasionally when a ward-aid was not doing well one of the missionaries would see Afolabi, who heard English well, and say: "Afolabi, please talk to so and so, she's not doing well and unless she improves she will have to leave."

Naturally he has assumed the position of Assistant Business Manager by degrees when his qualification is that of a book-keeper.

Recently, when Mr. Ray came as Business Manager he tried to tighten up on Afolabi so that he will do the job he is suppose to, i.e. keep books, and leave the other things alone. This has created quite a problem and it culminated in Mr. Ray's telling Afolabi that he is dismissed.

However, Afolabi is a Convention Worker and can be terminated

only by a convention board called the Christian Worker's Board.
He

appealed to that body and they have recommended his reinstatement.

Since the palaver has arisen there are now a number of allegations such as bribery being pressed against Afolabi by various junior employees.

The tragedy seems to be that the two men most involved in this emotion-charged affair really are victims of circumstances that neither of them arranged.

Alice and Benjy have gone to Lagos with the Smiths to shop for Christmas. Harriet and Alisa are here with me. Welcome is staying in the house with us so that when I am called at night someone will be with the children.

December 6, 1959

Sunday

Ogbomosho

Mr. Ray has reacted very emotionally to the problem of Afolabi and the committee which came to investigate the situation.

The committee recommended that Afolabi be reinstated and Stanley feels it as a personal affront as if the committee did not believe him at all. Our working atmosphere is very disturbed and we are much in prayer that every thing works out well.

Alice and I went before the personnel committee yesterday. All first term missionaries go before this committee near the end of the tour. The committee tries to help us evaluate our first tour of service and to find any bad spots in our adjustment. They were very gracious and flattering.

We are getting ready more and more for Christmas and will probably spend some time this afternoon decorating after we write some letters. No boxes from home yet.

Mac and Martha Gilliland have fixed a miniature golf course on the lawn by their house. It is going to be so nice to play on.

December 12 1959

Saturday

Ogbomosho

The first rumors of the decisions made by the E.C. have returned. We hear that the Smiths will not go to language school, but will stay here, and that Miss Tinkle will become a full time Pharmacist here. Also that Miss Alice Miller will come here as a nursing sister. Now our greatest need is for Nigerian Registered nurses. We need fifteen and at the first of the year we will have only eleven. Because of this shortage we are very much afraid that we will have to close up a ward. I am beginning to feel stifled personally. After a good many weeks of being tied closely down to the hospital we feel like we do nothing but work and eat and sleep.

December 17, 1959

Thursday

Ogbomosho

We have spent the entire day being inspected by a committee of three doctors from the University College Hospital. Dr. Collis, Dr. John Lawson, and Dr. Peter Konstam were sent to do a preliminary inspection to see if we could qualify for pre-registration house officers (interns).

They said that with some minor changes, i.e. post-mortems, new mortuary, better records, and classifications, we could

qualify for both medical and surgical ones - that is six months each.

Salaries of these interns would be seven hundred pounds per year (\$2000.00). I don't know why Nigeria has assumed such salaries and amenities for unregistered and unqualified people but they have.

Connell Smith did a laminectomy on a woman with Pott's Disease the other day and she is regaining the use of her legs now.

I did a tarsectomy on all four eyelids of a woman Wednesday for entropion due to Trachoma. My first case like that -- I pray that it does well.

December 19, 1959

Saturday

Ogbomosho Yesterda

real busy. We put tile down on the kitchen floor, cut and decorated the Christmas tree.

Then just before supper time Alice suggested that we go to Francis and Ralph's to see their Christmas tree.

When we arrived the Smiths, The Wests, and Ray and Ann Crowder were there to celebrate my birthday. We had a delicious buffet style supper and really enjoyed the chance to get together and talk.

December 25, 1959

Friday

Ogbomosho

We have had a wonderful Christmas day! Last night after the children went to bed Alice and I opened our own gifts. She got brass candle sticks, silver napkin rings, a wood carving and some

small ivory earrings. She gave me a beautiful Nigerian outfit complete with royal blue velvet hat embroidered in gold. I wore it to church this morning and all the people seemed very pleased.

Benjy, Alisa, and Harriet were thrilled over the R.A.F. set and dolls that Santa Clause brought. We also had some gifts from home to open.

For breakfast seventeen of us ate country ham and grits together at the Smiths. Then we same seventeen had two turkeys and a baked ham here at our house for lunch -- almost too much Christmas and not enough sleep.

We really did not sleep long. Alice and I stayed awake reminiscing, about all of our Christmases together. Then at 6:00 a.m. we were awakened by a group of carolers from the hospital and seminary accompanied by Jim Pool on his trumpet.

The hospital has been relatively quiet although we have had some problem cases. Sickness and death seem even more poignant on Christmas day.

I was called before breakfast to see a child that had been sick for six days. I do not know if they were on the farm and could not come sooner or what. Before I could reach the hospital I heard the mother begin to wail loudly, and I knew the child was dead already. I arrived just in time to see her tying the dead child to her back as she walked away wailing and moaning loudly.

The afternoon was very quiet. We ended the day at the Gilliland's where we shot all the fireworks we had.

I learned later that as Alisa watched the fireworks being

shot, she saw the sky rockets go up and all the heavy white smoke billowing skyward, then she turned to Sheryl West and said: "Sheryl, if all that smoke gets to heaven, I do not know what God will say about it."

January 3, 1960

Sunday

Ogbomosho

It has seemed like a week of Saturdays and Sundays. We have closed the clinic due to the shortage of N.R.N.'s (Nigerian Registered Nurses) over the holiday period. We were very fearful of loosing five nurses and getting only two back or a net loss of three. But Mr. Omale, a good senior staff nurse, suddenly popped up from nowhere and applied for reemployment at the hospital. He had stopped over a year ago for health reasons. Then Bonjubola Idowu's time for leaving and Tinuola Oke's time for returning from maternity leave coincided. That left us with a net loss of one -- then I realized that the one loss was the one who had been our worse trouble maker. We surely do feel better about the situation now. I know this has worked out because of the prayers of many people. As they say here: "The Lord's time (or timing) is best."

Afolabi resigned after Mr. Laoshebikan came and talked to him privately. On the day he left he came by and wanted us to pose with him for pictures, which we did of course. Palavers like this are always sad and leave a disappointed hurt with both sides of the argument.

We went to Locket Memorial Church today at the Health Service. They were having their farewell service for Dr. Bob