

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

Goldie and his family. The Goldies are going to Ghana to begin Leprosy work there and leaving the expanded Health Service work here in the hands of Drs. Karl and Mary Elizabeth Myers.

As we approached the church there was a sight which would have made a good photograph:

The pretty brown cement church with the "Lockett Memorial Baptist Church" sign arching over the doorway had 30 or 40 crutches leaning on the walls beside the door left there by the worshippers as they went in.

The church members, all patients or former patients of Dr. Goldie, gave him, his wife and all six children Yoruba outfits of beautiful cloth. The preacher chose Ecclesiastes 3:11 "...and in his time he made all things beautiful." as his text, and extolled Dr. Goldie for all the fine things that had been accomplished in the leprosy work here in the twelve and a half years that he has been here.

New Years Eve Night around three a.m. I was awakened by Jane Hill as she called saying that Pat had appendicitis. This was his fourth attack.

Connell and I did the surgery for him the next day, and he has gotten along real well thanks to Connell's skill as a surgeon.

We put him in a semi-private room on men's ward at O.B.H, and let Jane have the other bed in the room. It worked out real well. He is our first Oyinbo (white) patient at O.B.H. After several days we moved

him to F.J.M.<sup>16</sup> for convalescence.

I mentioned a woman whose baby died on Christmas day -- I have heard her history now. She was persuaded to take one of the motherless babies from Kersey Home in adoption. She did it reluctantly because she said if she did her own child would die.

In an effort to encourage her Ruth Womach told her: "No, her own child would not die that she would help teach her how to make both children grow strong by eating the right food."

Finally the woman agreed. Shortly after taking the child both of the children got sick and the woman's own child died even as she said it would. I wonder what this bad situation has done to her mind and heart?

January 22, 1960

Friday

Ogbomosho

My surgery this week was very satisfying. I operate on Wednesdays, Conell on Mondays and Fridays, and Martha on Tuesdays and Thursdays. This Wednesday I did a hernia and a tarsectomy and bilateral pterygia.

The pterygia had grown all the way across the man's line of vision and must have loomed up as dark huge masses whenever he tried to see. Of course, the removal of pterygia was much simpler

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<sup>16</sup>For many years Francis Jones Memorial Home served as the place where missionaries were treated for their illnesses. The room on the left just before the hall turned down to the right even served as a delivery room for some births. With the building of the new hospital all medical care was done there. Ogbomosho Baptist Hospital an Eku Baptist Hospital were approved by the U.S. Consulate for major surgery and obstetrical care for American personnel stationed in Nigeria.

than a cataract operation, and he went home today. Every time I walked into the ward he would start kneeling down clear across the room saying: "Thank you, thank you, thank you !"

The tarsectomy was just my second try at repairing the painful turning in of the eyelids so that the lashes wipe against the cornea. So far she has done well and the lashes are turned outward now. Conell brought a hyfrecator which helps a lot with that work.

We have had a measles epidemic and are keeping five or six cases isolated out on the sun porch of pediatrics all the time now. So far we have lost only one of them for which we are very grateful.

Thursday morning around five a.m., I was called to the maternity center to see a woman who was making no progress with her labor. She had an enormous umbilical hernia. So large in fact that the entire uterus hung out in it, and the baby's head constantly aimed at the pelvis wrong and would not descend. We eventually had to section her and found twins! I can hardly imagine an umbilical hernia filled with twins.

January 25, 1960

Monday

Ogbomosho

Grace Gray delivered an eight pound one ounce baby girl at Francis Jones Memorial Hospital on Saturday night around one a.m. (Sunday morning it was then)

I was on call over the weekend, but it was very quiet and I got more rest than Conell and Martha because of the baby.

I saw a man today with a large keloid scar on his neck which he wanted removed. He gave this history: Some years ago he had a stiffness in his neck so he went to see a native doctor who scrapped his neck and applied a strong irritant. Then he bound the whole thing up with a cloth. Of course his terrible keloid developed. We were unable to remove it since another would recur. He paid three pounds (about \$10.,00) for his treatment by the native doctor.

Today at preaching in the Chapel I felt strongly led to call for decisions at the end of our service. At first the people did not understand and many church going Christians held up their hands too. Finally we got it straightened out and only one man was left holding up his hand.

Pastor Oyelade talked to him for us and learned that he is from a village near Ibadan which has no Baptist Church. However there are two churches in nearby villages, and he promised to go to one of them. Then he asked Pastor Oyelade for a letter from here to take to the church there. So I am happily pleased at the prospect of his lining up with a church.

January 27, 1960

Wednesday

Ogbomosh<sub>o</sub> Benjy an

One of the patients whom I operated on last year for a twelve pound ovarian cyst returned today saying: "Doctor, my belly is swelling again."

I thought, "Oh, oh, the tumor has returned." However this felt like uterus and when I questioned her closer I found that

this tumor is kicking and has a heart beat. She and I both were thrilled.

Mrs. Jester, Miss Moon, Miss Howell, Adeoti, and I are going to Ilesha at 6:00 a.m. tomorrow to see how they run their well-baby clinic. They have a grand reputation at Wesley Guild Hospital for child welfare.

January 30, 1960

Sunday

Ogbomoshog Thursday we l

narrow detour and completely blocked the road.

We returned to Ogbomoshog and went by way of a long tortuous dirt road to Ikirun and then on to Ilesha: a total distance of about 70 or 75 miles. But it took us until 9:30 a.m. to get there.

They saw 400 patients that morning. The work being mostly done by N.R.N.'s and grade II midwives. These were given certain medicines to dispense and only the worse cases were referred to the doctor.

I sat with N.R.N. Moses Nwoke who use to work with us at Joinkrama, (he was innocent of any of the wrong doing there), and he did a good job. By the time I got to sit with him it was about 12:30 p.m., and the accumulated filth of a morning of seeing hundreds of people was stifling. The work was being done in an open barn-like building with cement floors. There were still large crowds of women with poor, malnourished, skinny, sick children clinging to them: babies with scaling yellow pus-filled skin lesions, or hacking coughs, or thin yellow diarrhea, or

piteous whines and cries of kwashiorkor. Just as I felt overcome with the squalor I heard a woman call a dog. Being attracted by the sound I looked and saw a young woman holding a one year old naked child up by one arm. The child stood unsteadily on his legs and had just passed a large amount of soft yellow feces. A shaggy brown mongrel dog trotted up in answer to the summons and began to lick up the stool on the floor. After eating it all he turned to lick the bottom of the child who danced and pranced over so much stimulation from behind.

Thursday a week ago, we visited an old man and woman in the Balogun Oshupa Compound. Mr. Oyelade interpreted as Bob Gray preached. I added a line or two at the end also. They promised to be attending church, and to become Christians. This week I heard that last Sunday he and his wife raised their hands in Oke-Lehrin Baptist Church to make public professions of faith in Christ.

Welcome leaves for Oyo tomorrow to start Class II in Baptist Boy's High School Oyo, I surely hope and pray that he can pass the work. He is as proud as a peacock of his new uniforms, but then he always has been a clothes horse.

February 3, 1960

Wednesday

Ogbomosho

Ralph and Francis West, Ruth Womach, Alice Miller, Alice and I went to Ibadan yesterday to hear Billy Graham preach at the evangelistic crusade.

He preached a very clear simple sermon and there appeared to

be many decisions. However the crowd and the decisions were less than in some of his larger crusades.

Afterward we went to the Osumare restaurant for steaks, and they were delicious. The first real good steaks we have had in three years.

This morning Dr. Graham came to our station to see the seminary and the hospital. He established comradely rapport immediately, and, as he left he saluted us by saying that he would tell the board in April that we were working not loafing. Then he grinned and added and of course I will add that you need more money and more people!. The entire station had lunch with him in the Seminary social hall.

I am tired tonight. I did three operations by 11:30 a.m. thanks to Alice Miller's organizational skills. Then we got to the lunch with Dr. Graham on time.

Back at 1:00 p.m. I was the only doctor working in clinic because Connell and Martha went to Ibadan to hear today's crusade message. Of course we sent many of the patients away to return Friday, but I managed to stay busy until 6:00 p.m. when I closed up in spite of not being finished completely.

February 11, 1960

Thursday

Ogbomosho

An old woman sits beside the road on the corner by the hospital. She wears rag-tag clothes and the people say she is mad. The other day she went into labor, being at full term, Mrs. Jester sent several times to bring her into the Maternity ward so

she could deliver, but she refused. Finally she delivered a child out on the roadside.

She allowed us to take the child in and care for it. Then after much persuasion she came. She was found to have leprosy, and although somewhat mentally retarded she was not mad. After recuperating in the maternity center for 24 hours she was transferred to the leprosy service where she will live now.

Aunt Grace Carson says this is the longest driest harmattan she has ever seen, and she has seen plenty. If we slice bread and leave it for five minutes on the table it becomes dry and crisp like two day old bread.

I have been in bed today. I have had a little sore throat, fever, and nausea for several days, and finally gave up and stayed in bed today. I am feeling better now though.

February 19, 1960

Friday

Ogbomosho

We heard from the Nichols in Germany today. They are definitely looking for us for a week in July. We have received our flight confirmations. We wrote Mr. Wright about the car we want to buy in New York. So with all of this we are really getting excited about our coming furlough.

Mrs. Jester is the Matron in charge of our maternity center. She was a missionary in East Africa for years before coming to Nigeria. In the 1920's they had an epidemic of some dreadful eye infection. She says that the eyes would literally bulge out of their sockets and hang out on the cheek. She treated them by

taping the lids shut and holding them in place and irrigating daily with saline, but many people lost their vision. Then one day she got the illness. She saw the government doctor and he told her that it was almost hopeless - that she would surely lose her vision. That night the W.M.U. women held a special prayer meeting for her and prayed fervently that her vision would not be lost. The next day her eye felt better and they took off the bandage to find her eye nearly normal. It immediately healed completely. In Bible times they would say this was a miracle. In Modern times they would say it was a coincidence. I will not try to put a name on it; I have just written it exactly as she tells it.

February 21, 1960

Sunday

Ogbomosho

Last night I felt a little "headachy" due to a harmattan cold so I went to bed early. After I was asleep Dr. Dahunsi came to tell me I was to lead the invocational prayer at the service at Oke Lehrin today in honor of Premier Akintola. Alice told me about it when she came to bed.

I kind of waked up and began working out the prayer in Yoruba. I have never prayed publicly in Yoruba, and the more I thought about doing so the wider awake I became. Finally I resolved not to think about it any more and after a few false starts I got to sleep.

This morning I worked it out on paper and had one of the nurses, Mr. Olasunde, help me check it to be sure it was O.K.

Then I pinned it inside the program so that I could read it unobtrusively.

My heart was pounding by the time I got to it, but I did O.K. After the service Rev. Adediran came over and said with obvious pleasure: "You prayed today in my mother's own tongue."

Naturally I was beaming.

I was to have a part on the program in training union tonight, and I prepared off and on all week for it. I had it ready to do, but they had the sword drill contest instead. There was one boy who was as good as any I have seen anywhere.

March 7, 1960

Monday

Ogbomosho

Alice, the kids and I went to Eku on Friday so that I would be there for the Bar examination committee since I was one of the examiners. The place is beautiful now. However an incident at tea expresses my feelings exactly. Mr. Ukuoku was asking me if I had seen the new buildings, and I was exclaiming over them. I told him how pretty the new nursing school was with animation and enthusiasm. Then he asked me if I was going to apply for a transfer there. Caught by surprise I gave vent to my feelings: "Good gracious, No!" I exclaimed.

I think that he was a little surprised that every one did not want to come there.

We had 272 people pass cards in clinic today. Eighty two of them were babies or children.

I saw one girl today who had a white depigmented spot on the

bridge of her nose. I was looking at it closely to be sure it was not leprosy, when she seriously explained to me that one idol here, and she called it by name, caused her to have that spot because it was angry with her.

We are still waiting anxiously for our first rain in months. Really we become obsessed with the desire for rain. We talk about it every day. I find myself thinking about it during work at the hospital. And every time a breeze comes up, we go outside and scan the skies hopefully.

March 19, 1960

Saturday

Chalet, Ibadan

Rain came on March tenth: pure, delicious delightful rain. We watched the surge of the first gutter full of rainwater flow off the house. It began like dirty black syrup sluggishly dripping off the rain spout then it built to a surge of potty black water as it mopped the black ashes, the dirt, and dust off of the roof. Only after half an hour did it become clean enough to let it run into the water tank.

We have had several rains since then, but it is still dry. One day large fat rain drops fell in such scattered few numbers that each drop caused a little swirl of dust to rise up as it hit the ground. It reminded me of the line in Antonina's poem that says: "When the rain turns to dust it is dry dry 0 !"

We came to Ibadan on Wednesday March 15th on local leave. The first two days were spent in the dental office while Howard McCamey worked on our teeth. Benjy and Alisa had their first

dental work done and did real well. We had to buy Benjy the toy we promised him for not crying, and the next day Alisa's too.

We have very much enjoyed the swimming pool at Green Springs Hotel just outside the city.

Benjy and Alisa are getting as brown as berries. Alice is swimming further and further each day. And Harriet screams with delight when we take her out in three or four feet of water. Then she says: "Turn loose, get down; Harriet swim!" Of course she can not really swim at all.

I have taken advantage of some of this time to work on my Yoruba Bible Memory Work. I hope I can take the first examination in May.

March 21, 1960

Monday

Ibadan

We have heard from Patty that Ma's foot is getting worse and that she will loose it; but she does not know when. We feel like we will have to try to get home for this operation. We have written Patty asking her to cable us when to try to come whether now or in a month or two.

March 30, 1960

Wednesday

Ogbomosho

We left Ibadin on Thursday March 24th. Word had come from the hospital to the Christian Worker's Board that one of our nurses was taking bribes. The Christian Worker's Board appointed me chairman of a committee to investigate the incident. So we came to Ogbomosho and spent the whole day in the committee

meeting. Then we went on to Shaki as we had originally planned.

When we got back here Sunday night a letter was waiting for us saying Ma's operation would be this week either yesterday or today. We decided immediately to try to go home now. We regret very much having to leave Connell with so much work and responsibility, but it can not be helped.

Sunday night we wanted to call Dr. Patterson, but he was on route to Executive Committee meeting at Benin City and besides the telephone office was closed. Ralph and Francis West said they thought the office would open in an Emergency so they saw Professor Oyerinde who is the Otun Bale of Ogbomosho and a good friend of the mission. He found out where the telephone operator lived and they found him. The telephone operator suggested using the police station phone. So we did that. We could not get through to Dr. Pat in Benin City but we did get through to Benny Griffin in Lagos, and he said he would begin arranging for our passage home the quickest way to Columbia.

The biggest obstacle then in our way was Harriet's Yellow Fever Shot. We had tried to get it in Ibadan last week, but they said they only gave it on the first Friday of a month: that would be this coming Friday. Also we can not travel until 10 days after the shot because of the international regulations.

Francis called Leonard Lane in Ibadan and asked him to please call the Senior Medical Officer (S.M.O.), and see if faster arrangements could be made. I did not even know about her call to Ibadan. So one hour later I called Leonard myself to tell him of

our plans and to get the office in Ibadan advised of the situation. He told me that Francis had called that he had checked with the S.M.O. and that we could get the shot at twelve noon on Monday if we could arrange for five more people to take the injection at the same time.

The Parhams are on the station now waiting for Jo Ann's delivery of their fourth child. Just the other day Bob was asking me to go about getting their Yellow Fever shots. So they chipped right in and went too. Leonard then notified Benny in Lagos of our good fortune.

Yesterday I got a telegram from Benny saying he was asking for passage for us on April 6th: the earliest possible date in view of the Yellow Fever palaver.

Every one has been so considerate and helpful. The Smiths have had us for meals and the Jesters too. I have been freed entirely from medical work in the day time and I have had a chance to clear my desk of administrative work. I am taking night call to help out. We are anxious to get under way and the kids are very excited.

April 2, 1960

Saturday

Ogbomosho

We have heard no further news from home. Our flights are booked for April 6th: Lagos to London to New York to Columbia.

We have moved out almost all of our furniture and sold all our groceries. We are ready to go except for waiting for the Yellow Fever shot.

I plan to take call this weekend. Then the Wests will take us to Lagos on Monday. Many people have come by to salute us. Mariamo, one of the older maternity aids at the hospital, told Alice that our "way was sweet with the people", and she said: "Now, Doctor be my own pickin. I hold him close!"

The church sent a delegation to tell us good bye. Saadu Sampson stood first on one foot and then on the other and tears welled up in his eyes, but he just could find no words in English or Yoruba to say what he obviously felt.

April 3, 1960

Sunday

Ogbomosho

We have heard from Benny that our flight schedule could not be arranged as originally planned so we will go from Lagos to Accra to New York to Columbia. The Accra to New York is Pan-American. I imagine it is their jet flight, but we don't know yet.

E.C. has asked the Philpotts to come here now to relieve us. Ruth Rumphol is to go to Shaki and Alice Miller is to come here. Jones Memorial Hospital is to be closed immediately until mission meeting at least.