

Okeho, and Reverend Aiki of Ilero on Saturday. Rev. Aiki is a wonderful pastor, they say, who visits his people daily. Don was invited to preach the revival there this week, and he did it all in Yoruba. There were 114 conversions during the week. It is doubly thrilling to know that Rev. Aiki will be back visiting those people, encouraging them, and teaching them.

Alice and I put on the Smithfield Ham tonight to boil. We will set the clock for 2:00 a.m. to get it off the stove.

January 1, 1962

Monday

OYo

We had planned to go to Igedi on Thursday the 20th. We finished school for the holidays on the 19th, and had a Christmas party at the Fine's. However our car started sounding terrible on the 19th. By evening I had found that a bearing was burned out in the left front wheel. I sent the carpenter, here, to Ibadan early on the morning of the 20th to buy bearings. By 9:00 a.m. I had done all that could be done until the bearings came, therefore I started tampering with other parts of the car. There were some bad bushings in the tie-rod steering system, and I had replacements for them on hand so I started into that. I thought that if it proved hard to get the old bushings out that I could stop before any damage was done, but the very first thing one of them tore up. Then the job had to be completed. I worked for six hours trying to get the metal sleeves on the bushings out but could not do so.

Benjy kept moping around saying: "We could be there now if

Daddy had not torn up the car."

The rest of the family came out from time to time to say: "Why don't you call Uncle Earl?"

"Uncle Earl" is Earl Fine and he is a whiz at a car, but I hated to call on him when I knew he had plenty of work of his own to keep him busy.

Finally in the late afternoon I did call for Uncle Earl. However before he could get here the carpenter suggested that I let him take the part to a blacksmith who could cut the sleeves out. This we did so that when Earl came he and I together were able to put in the new bushings without too much more difficulty.

Finally after working on the car for nearly ten hours, I struggled out from under it up the cement pit steps and told Alisa, who was standing nearby, "Well, it's fixed!"

Her face brightened immediately and she cried: "Good for Uncle Earl." I am afraid my own standing still is not too high. The car ran like a dream over the Christmas holidays.

We arrived in Igedi on the 21st in time for lunch. Alice really had me intrigued with the huge Christmas present she had wrapped for me. I teasingly told her that it looked like an upside down hog trough without a bottom. It turned out to be a guitar, and she had to make a triangular shaped box to hide it.

The Hills were very relieved to see us. They did not know what had detained us and were unable to telephone, of course.

After a delicious dinner John and I took all the older children up a real mountain close by. He said it would only be an

hour's climb, but I believe my car work of the day before and John's bicycle riding of the day before had worn us out enough that it took us longer than that.

On the 23rd, Saturday, we all took a picnic lunch to a warm spring which wells up from inside a mountain near Ikagisi.

The convention has been fortunate enough to buy land at that site for an R.A. Camp. Already there are some early evidences of buildings there.

We arrived at the spring -- creek, rather -- about 1:00 p.m. and ate lunch. We oldsters sat on the car seat on the bank with our feet in the water while the kids sat in the warm creek itself.

John and I traced it to its source only a few hundred yards up stream where it seems to come from multiple openings in the mountain side.

On the 24th John and I went to Akure to church. They are building a new Baptist Church there and have just called a new pastor. John says there are many transients there who form the major portion of the congregation, and that local town Baptist are not too numerous.

On Christmas morning the children woke us up with their squeals of delight as they found their stockings full and each one's pile of toys and gifts.

John and I enjoyed helping the older boys build with their tinker toys and erector sets.

Christmas afternoon the Hills carried some toys and clothes

to the little girl who is the daughter to their cook. Our own children were especially impressed to hear the other children say that Ajigbola was the richest girl in town.

On the 26th we returned to Ogbomosho so that we could help in Clinic on the 27th and take some night call. In Ogbomosho we enjoyed renewing friendships with the Geshindes who had us out for dinner one evening. Several of the mission family invited us out.

We especially enjoyed the ice cream from Ruth Womack's new deep freeze. Ah, electricity! It's wonderful!

The Smiths returned on Friday and the Pitmans went off for a little holiday. Sunday we returned here.

We were mighty glad to see the house even with the two inches of harmattan dust and black soot on everything. Today has been spent washing clothes, and fixing that oil leak that has troubled me about the car for nearly six months.

January 4, 1962

Thursday

Oyo

We were very surprised to awaken about 11:00 p.m. the other night to the sound of rain. We hurried out and rolled up the car windows. We were hardly back in bed when a torrential downpour followed putting down about four inches of rain in one or two hours.

The next morning the cool moist morning refreshed us as we started back to school. We have found out that our school will only last until the last of June. This is because mission meeting is shifting back to July this year.

We are to try to finish the first six months syllabus in the next three weeks: that is about double speed. Then on January 27th we will take our orals.

Really I think that it is just as well as far as Alice and I are concerned that the course is being rushed a little. We have both been pleased with our progress and I think we will be able to do very well after that much study -- I pray so at least.

We made some tapes to send home to our families today and yesterday.

The All-Africa Baptist Conference being held in Oshogbo right now is making quite a lot of publicity. Chief Akintola, the Premiere of the Western Region, had the delegates there over to the Independence Hotel for a party. The Independence Hotel is run by Mrs. Akintola and is a nice building located near their own ranch style home just north of Ogbomosho on the Ilorin road.

January 16, 1962

Tuesday

OYo

We are studying hard for our orals now which will be a week from this coming Saturday. I feel sure all of us will do very well in them if we do not become tense and anxious.

This past Sunday I accomplished a first in Africa. I was the first white man to preach in Yoruba at Union Baptist Church in Ibadan. At least Mary Frank Kirkpatrick, who is a member there, said she thought I was the first.

I was amused at the varied reactions on the part of our fellow missionaries to my attempts at speaking the language. When

one of them heard that I had preached in Yoruba at Union Church, a city church of 500 or so, he remarked to me: "Well, the Yorubas are very kind, aren't they?"

However another missionary who was passing through and had heard of my attempts in Yoruba grinned and said warmly: "I hear that a certain church in Ibadan wants to call this man (pointing at me) as their preacher."

We enjoyed spending the weekend in Ibadan with the Crowders and going swimming at Green Springs Pool on Saturday afternoon. The Crowders, Wyatts, Hills and Edwards had a cook out steak supper Saturday night which was enjoyed by all.

Each morning lately I have gone on my bicycle to Baba Adewuyi who speaks to me in Yoruba as a consultant. He lives in a tumbled down mud house across from Reverend Taiwo's. Each time I have been there he was sitting on the verandah on a wooden straight backed chair. I sit on a bench near by and, when I can not think of the Yoruba words I need, I study the holes and cracks in the cement plastered floor. Baba Adewuyi himself is an old man whose white hair is shaved off. His right eye has a white cataract that blinds him, but he sees remarkably well with the left eye. He has pleasant features and a grin made more broad by the absence of some of his front teeth. He is an interesting talker and he tells many stories of the early days of the mission when he helped Baba Powell as they trekked North to Okeho, Shaki, and Ibaraba country.

January 19, 1962

Friday

OYO

Reverend Shobowale from Awe came today and asked me to please go with him to visit one of his congregation who had fallen from a palm tree eleven months ago and has been unable to move his legs since. When we got to the nice but unplastered mud house we found a 25 year old, alert, fresh-faced man lying on a bamboo mat bed in an airy outside room. He seemed very pleased to see us and I noticed a Yoruba Bible on his window sill. Reverend Shobowale had told me that all of this household were Christians and members of his congregation.

When the man removed the covers from his legs they were thin and flabby. The knees looked knobby and overly large compared to the wasted limbs. The toes were beginning to dip down into a foot drop and the arch of the foot was gone. But his skin was in good condition and he had no bed sores on his heels so I knew that his wife had been caring for his legs well by rubbing them with Shea-butter. He had loss of sensation to just above the pubis and it was obvious that he would never again use his legs. After examining him I took Reverend Shobowale outside and explained the situation to him. When we returned to the sick room I sat quietly as Rev. Shobowale explained the situation to them.

As I watched Rev. Shobowale I saw the big burly shoulders of an ex-policeman, the graying curly hair of an aging man, and I saw the muscles in his cheeks tighten and release as he thought of what he would say.

The patient listened to our suggestions of hand work like weaving, and he ground one fist into the open palm of the other and cracked his knuckles. At the end he sighed, smiled and thanked me for coming. Before leaving we all knelt and I prayed for him in Yoruba -- halting and stumbling more because I hardly knew what to ask for in this situation than because I did not know the language.

January 24, 1962

Wednesday

Oyo

The other day I laughingly said that it was getting more and more difficult to hold body and car together, and unfortunately it is true. We had hoped to sell this 55 Chevrolet before going home last tour and to buy a new one, but the ball did not bounce that way. So we brought back \$300.00 worth of parts. I had high hopes for its doing well, but they have not panned out just right. 'Seems like I have spent more time under it than in it so far. We replaced a cracked piston, put in a set of rings, put on a new muffler, a new exhaust pipe, new shock absorbers, and two new bushings. We rebuilt the fuel pump and carburetor with replacement kits. We bought a new battery, and have replaced two front bearings. Now, however, the battery has a dead cell after only six months and a back bearing has burned out.

But then where else could a doctor get such an education in automotive mechanics?

I spoke on heaven at the Leprosy settlement today. The Yoruba word for that place is "ago ireti" meaning the "tents of

hope". I have grown very attached to that small congregation,

There is a little short teenager with a bright smile who sits right up front by himself nearly every week. He seems to read fairly well and always brings a hymn book with him. Strangely enough he sits on the women's side. Most of the men sit on the other side. There is one with a wide mouth, loud voice and no fingers. Another is tall and somewhat gawky -- the phrase "country come to town" goes through my mind when I see him, but he is smiling and pleasant. Most of the women sit near the back in one group. One of them always comes in and sits on the floor so she can rest her back on the wall. One of them has shoulder and arm muscles that ripple and are stringy like a man's, but she does as well in the reading period as any. One who is rather matter-of-fact in her manner usually leads the congregational singing.

They try very willingly to sing the hymns in the hymn book which are mostly translations of English hymns, but the pained look that they have as they try to follow the director is somewhat discouraging. I have gotten to where I not only accept, but enjoy, the foot patting and hand clapping that accompanies their own native airs. And secretly, when there are no other missionaries along, and I lead the few native airs that I know, I do as much swaying and hand clapping as the rest.

I suppose I must look a little ridiculous when in the midst of some of our singing I suddenly remember my dignity and try to stop clapping and be a little more sedate.

All of that congregation are professing Christians and I have tried to bring some comfort into their lives by talking about heaven and the promises of Jesus.

January 26, 1962

Friday

OYo

We are so pleased with our pretty beige and ivory vinyl tile floor. Alice and I laid it last week with house fund money.

I enjoyed the tape recorder we were able to bring back -- especially so today when I received a tape on cancer detection from Dr. Bert Corpening. It was one of the General Practice series.

Tonight we have really enjoyed listening to some records we brought out: both popular and hymns. We especially love the melancholy cowboy songs. At this very moment George Beverly Shea is singing "At The End of The Road".

However I must admit that as much as we enjoy these luxuries it sort of pricks my heart sometimes: that is I am afraid sometimes that we have too many "things". I especially pondered over this tonight after hearing Alisa's bedtime prayer. She prayed for all of the family and friends here and in America. Then with happiness brimming up in her voice she said: "... and thank you, Lord, for all the beautiful stuff." Then she followed that with: "... and thank you for the beautiful bush fires we saw today."

Some of the things the children do and say really amuse us and thrill us. Today Alisa said: "You just don't know how smart

I am: I'm as smart as an idgit."

Marianne has learned to walk well at ten months and even opens the door and gets down the low step-down without falling -- every other time.

We have our six month's oral exam tomorrow. We have only had four and a half months of schools but we have speeded up in order to get on a different schedule.

January 31, 1962

Wednesday

Oyo

Benjy took his 5th test in First Grade today. He takes one after every twenty lessons. For the first time he made straight A's on everything. He and I use the vacant room in the language school for a class room. It usually is filled with drums, toys, rugs, extra chairs, and other things we need to store.

My car is still on the blink, and Henry let me use his motorcycle to go to the leprosy settlement. There I tried to speak on the 23rd psalm and explain to them about sheep-keeping in Israel. They seemed to understand me fairly well, but I was not at all pleased with myself for the sentences sounded disjointed.

We got our first copy of Irohin Yoruba<sup>19</sup> today, and Alice will teach the Sunday school lesson in Yoruba tomorrow for the first time in our class. After that we will alternate teaching it: that is a different member of the class will teach it each week.

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<sup>19</sup>"Irohin Yoruba" means "Stories in Yoruba"

This past Saturday the examining council said they were pleased with all of us and that they were amazed at how much we had accomplished in so short a time.

February 3, 1962

Saturday

Oyo

Alice taught the Sunday School lesson in class this past Thursday morning. She did a real good job and spoke for nearly 45 minutes in Yoruba doing it.

Henry Martin, Earl Fine and I went Apiro hunting again today. The Apiro or bush fowl is the size of a chicken with gray and white striped feathers and is delicious eating.

We usually dress in old clothes, tie our breeches legs with cord to prevent the itching thistles from getting up them. Or if no string is handy we simply fold the cuffs of the breeches and pull our socks over them.

We ride out of town to the farms and park by the side of the road around 4:30 or 5:00 p.m. The sun is a red glowing ball in the Western harmattan haze. We blow the dust from our noses, rub our burning eyes, pick up the guns and set out.

Usually we enter a cassava field or an okra (guinea-corn) field on a ridge or hillside. Often there is a line of tall green trees off from us a half mile or so telling where a dried-up stream bed wanders through the valley.

Most birds are found in the guinea-corn fields especially when the stalks have been broken over. But it is very difficult to walk those fields across the rows and impossible to do so without lots of noise.

Soon a covey of birds will fly up some 20 yards in front of you, and fly over to the brown elephant grass fields surrounding the farms.

These fields have usually been burned over once and the dirty sooty cane grass that is left makes running nearly impossible. But we try to run to the spot where they landed as quickly as possible. Then we romp around noisily. Each hunter has his own particular hiss or lip clicking or foot stomping that he thinks is the best at scaring the birds up.

Suddenly there is the staccato beat of wings and one goes up into the air from the grass. We all turn to fire, and as often as not today we missed. However Henry brought back six birds. Strangely enough though he does not especially like them and he gave Earl and me all of them when we got home.

February 11, 1962

Sunday

OYO

As Alisa said with a radiant face tonight: "It's been a happy day! We had elections of officers at our church this morning, and I was elected lay-reader. I will have to read the scriptures in Yoruba, for each service now. I was flattered that the people wanted me for this office -- I just hope they can understand me.

This afternoon we followed our usual Sunday custom and wrote letters home.

Tonight after supper we let Alisa, Benjy, and Harriet stay up while we made divinity candy. I expect that had as much to do

with Alisa's approval of the day as anything.

We made some Cashew jelly yesterday. I do not know whether others have made it before or not. Anyway many here were dubious about it, but it turned out to be a sweet clear jelly. I added yellow coloring to it which made it prettier.

Yesterday I also burned some cashew nuts and extracted the nutmeats inside without getting blistered, so I guess I am not allergic to them.

Rev. Taiwo returned from Ogbomosho yesterday. He was so appreciative of the attention I had given him during his sickness and my taking him to Ogbomosho.

February 14, 1962

Wednesday

OYo

Today when I reached the chapel at the Tents of Hope, as the leprosy settlement is called, the women were sitting on the dry brown grass in the shade of the chapel enjoying the breeze. Not a man was to be seen I rang the bell and went on into the chapel for prayer meeting.

Soon the Olotu or Chief came and said that the "Baba" from Ogbomosho was in the men's camp. I thought he meant the doctor so I went cheerfully over with him to see Dr. Gaventa.

However as soon as I reached the grass and mud huts of the camp I realized that I had misunderstood his Yoruba. The "Baba" was an old man named Mr. Ogundiji, an inmate of the camp, who was comatose.

He was completely covered by cloth and the only way to tell

that it was not a dead body was by the rhythmic breathing of the mass of cloths.

I removed the cloths and could see in the gloom of the hut an old man whose abdomen was bloated, and whose limbs were puffy and swollen. His face was swollen, too, on the left side where he had lain too long. I lifted his left hand, which dangled toward the floor, and felt for his pulse noticing the deep pitting of the flesh wherever my fingers touched. His pulse was slow and although I had no watch I would guess at a rate of 45 to 50 beats per minute. The skin over his chest was dry and scaly and no organs could be palpated in the abdomen. Dirty dark saliva drooled from his mouth and his pupils were very small. His respiration was gasping in nature.

By the door of the hut was a makeshift stretcher made of dry bamboo. I thought the Olotu had ordered it made so that Mr. Ogundiji could be taken to my car and on to Ogbomosho. But even then others were busy digging his grave.

We moved him with difficulty to the bamboo stretcher. The task was doubly hard because the patient was so heavy, and because the fingerless hands of the lepers have trouble lifting things.

After we worked him out of the narrow door we carried the stretcher to the car. By the time we reached the car my leg muscles were aching bitterly from carrying one end of the stretcher. We put him down and I turned to check him again.

He was not breathing. Try as I could I could not find a

pulse. So I put my ear over the precordium. The heart was giving a few weak irregular beats. As I raised my head the puddle of sweat from my ear looked grotesque on his dry scaly chest. Attempts at artificial respiration only caused more coffee ground, blood tinged fluid to drool from his mouth. I called the Olotu and told him that the man was dead.

After much struggling the men managed to lift the stretcher and corpse to the head of the strongest man there. He started off rapidly toward the women's camp and on beyond to a burned over field where the long narrow shallow grave had been dug. Soon the weight became too much for the lone pallbearer. He began to cry out: "Hurry, hurry, help me, for God's sake help me."

We all rushed to help him. Then two others carried it for awhile.

We trundled through the black ashes of the burned over field more like a mob than a group of mourners. When we reached the grave there was no way for the lepers to lower the corpse slowly decently into the grave. I had no suggestions to offer, so I watched silently as they resorted to simply tumbling the corpse into the grave with a sickening thump.

Quickly, in a very matter-of-fact manner, they threw dirt on the corpse which was covered with a cloth.

We all circled around the grave and I read a sort of funeral service in Yoruba selecting passages from John and Revelation.

When we got back to the chapel we had a further memorial-type service, scripture reading and prayer. This service attempted to

emphasize the difference between what we see when we bury some one since we see only the body, and what the dead sees as a spirit going to his God.

Poor Alice has broken out all over with a rash identical to poison oak. We feel certain that it is due to the smoke from the cashew nuts that I roasted last Saturday. I am apparently not allergic to them, but Alice must be very much so. For she was not very close to the fire and smoke, but still broke out severely.

February 23, 1962

Friday

Oyo

Today is Alisa's birthday, her 29th. The children and I gave her a watch. She also received a Westminster Bible Dictionary a fountain pen, a table cloth set and a towel set from other well wishers.

We are all very tired! These last few weeks of the dry season just seem to take the vitality out of a person. Even the Nigerians are complaining of the heat, and they seem better able to stand it than we are.

We heard the orbiting of America's first Spaceman, Colonel Glenn, USMC, on the short wave a few days ago. We kept up with it just as clearly as any one at home in the USA did; except, of course, our reception was radio and theirs was probably television.

In her prayer tonight Harriet, age three and a half prayed saying- "Help Alisa (age five) to grow up."

February 25, 1962

Sunday

Oyo

I preached at First Church, Awe, this morning. The same Yoruba sermon that I preached in Ibadan not long ago. I felt dissatisfied with myself and the sermon after church. I hope that is a good sign and not a bad one.

Alice has gone into the town now to visit with some women at the home of her Yoruba consultant. She will be telling the story of the prodigal son in Yoruba.

March 1, 1962

Tuesday night

Oyo

Margaret Martin, Marian Phillips and all the Edwards went to Ogbomosho this afternoon for medical purposes. Margaret for a prenatal check up, Marian for a routine physical, and we were taking Marianne because she has had some bleeding on her diaper.

We really did not find anything definite with Marianne except a red sore bottom: enough to account for the bleeding, and to relieve our minds.

The days start off fresh enough now, but by 10:00 a.m. we all feel terribly sluggish. The Yorubas call it "ojo-iba" or "rain fever" and say that it will all go away when we can go and hold our faces up into the rain. Then we will shake heads and bodies with pleasure as the rain washes away our gloominess. The expression they use for the way we feel now is: "Ara mi se gude-gude." This means literally "my body is gloomy or cloudy."

I think the humidity is what makes us feel this way for it does not seem as roastingly hot as it does at some other seasons.

Riding through the country now is strange for the first rain "ojo ibaru" (the rain that hits the ashes) has fallen, and the trees have all put out green leaves. But the grasses have not come up yet, and will not come up until the next rains come.

Consequently we have a lovely new light green canopy and barren brown or ash-gray fields. Frequently we see hunting parties armed with sticks, knives, slingshots, and deign guns burning the bush for the last meat of the season.

March 3. 1962

Saturday

Oyo

At 6:30 this morning, Alice and I hurriedly got out of bed and hastened outside to build the fire under the wash pot for clothes washing today. We had a roaring fire going and Alice had cleaned and filled the wash pot before seven. We were just adjusting the tubs and washing machine when a brisk wind made us look up. We saw dark black clouds rolling in across the sky. In just a few minutes a wild wind was tousling the tops of the Isin trees. Quickly afterward a fine misty rain began to fall.

Even though it broke up our wash day we could not complain about the coming of something we had prayed for.

We anticipated a heavy sudden rain which would end as suddenly as it began, to be followed by a hot sun and clear sky making the land steam and smell marshy. But we were wrong. The cloudy sky lowered until past midday and a fine rain "set in" as the saying was at home.

We were real frustrated in finishing up the laundry, and it

was mid-afternoon before it was done.

March 15, 1962

Thursday

OYo

This past Monday and Tuesday, Alice, the kids and I all went to Okeho and spent two days and one night with the Fraziers. This was for a W.M.U. School at which I was to do the health talks: 40 minutes each X 3. At the end of 24 hours as we were returning to Oyo, I suddenly realized that I had been talking Yoruba for two hours solid out of the last 24 hours.

Alice did a good Yoruba devotional on Tuesday afternoon! Neither one of us came back elated, but rather worried over how poorly we did in the language. This in spite of the fact that it was not nearly all that poorly done. I wonder if we will ever become so at home in Yoruba that we are able to just relax in it completely.

Our children have entertained us no end the last few days. Some of their concepts, freely expressed, are hilarious at times.

Today Harriet was talking about poor people and rich people. She was quite taken aback when Alice told her that she, Alice, had been poor as a child. Harriet said: "Was that why you didn't have no bath tub, Mommy? "

Mother said: "Yes, Harriet."

Harriet replied: "Well, Mommy, was that why you had to take a bath in a barrel?" (Alice had told her about washing from a tub in the wash house.)

Then at prayer-time tonight I was trying to explain that God

is everywhere and hears our prayers. I said: "Why, He's right here in this room, but we can't see Him."

Alisa answered: "Yes, I know it." Then with narrowed eyes and expressive hand movements she added, "but sometimes He goes back to Heaven and then the Fairies come."

The fourth or fifth rain of the season came today. Harriet watched the lightning and said: "Look, Mommy, God is flashing His flashlight all about."

March 18, 1962

Sunday

OYo

Mr. G. E. Amechi is an Ibo man from Obinzie. He is a buyer in this area for the Nigerian Tobacco Company. We first met him in Ogbomosho when he was a clerk with the N.T.C. We got to know him best through the Ogbomosho chapter of the Red Cross.

He is a pusher!.<sup>20</sup> He tells you in language replete with four letter words that in his opinion the trouble with Nigeria today is the fact that the young men do not want to do any hard work. He not only talks he, himself, works. He has a farm, domestic animals, and is always hurrying about one project or another. He has a lovely Fulani wife and four children like stepping stones. These children are not all spaced two years apart in accordance with proper local custom. (A good evidence that he is true to his wife.) However this has led him to name

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<sup>20</sup>In 1991 when I reviewed this diary I realized that the term "pusher" has come to mean someone who sells illicit drugs. That is not what is meant here. Mr. Amechi was just an energetic, ambitious, outgoing individual.

one of his children an Ibo name which being translated means "Let them say."

Yesterday he came by to visit us and while here said that he had bought a \$250 to \$300 console radio-record player combination, and that he wanted me to keep it for him until Oyo gets electricity. It is a lovely set: 4 short-wave bands and a medium wave band.

I spoke in Yoruba at Christ Church Awe this morning -- a health talk of about 25 minutes. I came away again feeling that I had done a rather poor job and that I had made many mistakes.

Consequently it was delightfully reassuring tonight for Baba John to inform Alice and myself that our Yoruba sounded sweet to his ear.

Christ Church, Awe, is a big hulking cement plastered mud building painted yellow. It has two large towers out front with asymmetrical round windows in them. On entering one has the vague impression of going into an overcrowded gymnasium with a high vaulted roof. However on looking up one notices that the vault effect is really wooden ceiling boards that meet in a peak in the center.

After mounting the rostrum and seating oneself though, the church takes on a different and more pleasant aspect. The pews are beautifully done out of solid mahogany. And although their lines are simple they are symmetrical. The furniture on the rostrum is some of the prettiest I have seen resembling dining room furniture instead of elaborate overly heavy big gawky

chairs.

March 23, 1962

Friday

Oyo

This afternoon Mr. Ogundiji, my illiterate consultant, and I went to a nearby spring called Odo Awumoro.

We left Ishokun turned left on Gudugbo street, and after traveling that way a while we turned left again and went to the Awumoro D.C. Grammar School.

A main cattle trail from the North leads right by this mud-walled school. We walked across the dry school yard kicking up plumes of dust from the glaring sandy patches between the brownish grass. We went past a little tree with some bamboo benches under it.

The cattle trail with its multiple crisscrossing cow paths led rapidly down hill. I assumed that the shady, sandy bottom land of the valley before us was the spring. Really I was still looking for a river for the Yoruba word "odo" means either spring or river. However Mr. Ogundiji insisted that we stop half way down hill and look at a dirty muddy puddle at the base of an oil palm tree. He said: "This is Odo Awumoro." I was somewhat disappointed.

Then he showed me the little clay bowls on a small hillock just across from the mud hole. There were a few kola nuts scattered upon these bowls, and one bowl contained some bloody leaves where chicken blood had been poured. Mr. Ogundiji told me that pagan women come here and pray saying: " 'Dakun, 'Dakun, E

bun mi omo!" which means "Please, Please, present me with a child." Then they sacrifice to the spring. Afterward they draw water from that spring and drink it daily until they become pregnant.

Perhaps they also use the kola nuts for divination. That is some of the pagans kneel before their "Orishas" and present their requests. Then they throw up two broken pieces of kola nut. If one lands smooth side up and the other broken side up this means "yes". Otherwise it means "No". If they got a "No" answer they begin to bargain with the orisha saying will you give me a baby if I sacrifice a chicken to you? Then they throw the kola nuts again. If they get a "yes" answer, they sacrifice the chicken and go their way satisfied.

March 28, 1962

Wednesday

Kontagora

We left Oyo early yesterday morning, but because of numerous stops in Oyo and Ogbomosho it was after 10:00 a.m. before we left Ogbomosho.

We had trouble in Ogbomosho because the car would not start. I acted like a dead cell in the battery. Then after leaving Ilorin the horn would not blow: it would just wheeze a little. We came down a hill to a narrow valley that had a railroad crossing in it. We had to slow down considerably because of a gang of laborers at the crossing. We looked for a train but saw nothing more than shimmering heat waves and occasional dust devils. Then suddenly the car choked down. I just knew we were stuck in that

dry hot valley; but miraculously it started at the first touch of the starter, and on we came.

Not long afterward it choked out again in a little village. We pulled over to the side of the road, got out, and worked on the carburetor and other parts. It seemed like a strange dry land: the savanna country I believe it is called. However "savannah" makes me think of the green tide water flats around Savannah, Georgia and nothing could be more different. The dead elephant grass had been burned off leaving black stubbly fields. The grotesque igba trees were standing far apart with their locust beans dangling like numerous arthritic fingers. Swirls of dust occasionally mounted up suddenly into little whirl winds when the eddy currents in the hot dry air fall into the right patterns. Each one of these sudden whirl winds brings to mind the word "dust-devils" for indeed it is like a brown amorphous devil that has suddenly surged up out of the ground to hurry off throwing dry brown leaves in an evil tantrum.

When I raised my head up to look out from under the hood of the car I thought to myself: "The strange Muslim North! No one speaks English or Yoruba! No Christian fellowship! The strange Muslim North!"

Just then a man approached. He looked a lot like a Yoruba. He said: "Se ko si nkan?" That is "I hope there is no trouble?"

I answered in Yoruba also, and soon we had a nice conversation going. I asked: "Is this a Yoruba village?"

He replied: "Yes this is a Yoruba village,"

and added as an afterthought, "and this is a Christian village too."

Then he said that we could see his church over yonder pointing, with his finger. How different the land felt! How nice to hear him offer further: "do you all need any water? We will get it for you." Christian fellowship is where you find it after all.

Soon the Fergusons passed going South and they stopped and helped us too.

We managed all right the rest of the way. We were all scared to death that the car would choke out on the Jebba river bridge, or while eating lunch, but it did not.

However it choked out about six times on the last 50 miles into Kontagora. But we never stopped; it always caught and came on further for which we thanked the Lord.

March 30, 1962

Friday

Kontagora

Some of the patients in this hospital are extremely interesting. There is a mingling of tribes here so that it is not unusual to see Hausa, Fulani, Yoruba and lbo people all in one ward.

One of the babies in now is a Fulani child just a few months old. The mother agreed after much persuasion to bring the child to the ward some days before we arrived. The child had fever of 104 and was convulsing sporadically then. On the way to the ward she changed her mind and started to take the child away. Miss

Lolete Dotson and some others pleaded with her to come on so she agreed again. However after a few more steps she changed her mind again. This time Miss Dotson took the baby away from her and ran with it to the ward. When the mother got there and saw other Fulanis she agreed to stay. The child continued to run high fever and be very jerky for two or three days. Then she showed some response to Streptomycin and probably has a tuberculous meningitis. I am told that there is no spinal set available for proper spinal fluid testing.

As we walk further in women's ward we come to a corner bed with a woman sitting up in it with the sheet wrapped around her waist. She has bandages on her torso which cover the ulceration which has replaced her left breast. The hard lumpy nodes in her axilla and neck tell of the inoperable breast cancer which she has.

On men's ward you can see a smiling Fulani boy as soon as you enter the door. He wears a pig tail like a Chinaman's queue, and he grins like the Cheshire cat in Alice In Wonderland. He has lost his right leg where a cow gored him.

Accidents are pretty common. Today I did a skin graft on an old Fulani man who had a fight with a lion. The teeth holes in his left thigh are two inches deep now. Perhaps the infection has tunneled them deeper than they were at first.

April 1, 1962

Sunday

Kontagora

I offered to preach in Yoruba this morning at the little

Yoruba church here in Kontagora thinking that I would prepare last night. That is I would put the final touches on the sermon last night. However at shortly after ten this morning I found myself following the choir into the little mud building without having even read the sermon over last night. It all happened like this:

Yesterday afternoon I decided to try to help out in the store room, so I cleaned, dusted and put up a nice Bell and Howell projector that was in there. Then I put two beds together for pediatrics. By the time I finished it was nearly supper time.

While still at the supper table, we were called to see a patient who had a generalized peritonitis secondary to a ruptured appendix. We went to the O.R. and drained the appendiceal area and put him to bed on I.V. Terramycin, I.V. fluids and Wagenstein suction.

By then it was 11:00 p.m. so I thought: "Well, I will study in the morning." So I went to bed.

About 5:00 a.m. we were awakened to hear the story of a primipara who had been in labor since the morning of the day before and who had been bleeding since 2:00 p.m. the afternoon before.

She was sitting on the labor room bed when I arrived wrapped up in a hospital sheet. Dirty, dark red blood clots clung to her legs and thighs. From the waist downward there was a film of mixed blood and sandy grime. The girl herself was doubled over

with labor pains and her abdominal muscles were strutted and tense.

Since no blood was available and since the fetal heart could still be heard, it was decided to operate immediately to remove the child by Cesarean Section.

The patient was prepared. Miss Lolete Dotson was roused out of bed to help prepare the O.R. The only N.R.N. in the hospital scrubbed. We gave a low spinal and began to start fluids. Suddenly the patient became very restless, and her eyes ceased to focus. She would not respond to call. Blood Pressure and pulse could not be obtained.

Cut downs were done in both ankles and 5% glucose in water with levophed, a powerful vaso-constrictor, was begun in one. Dextran, a plasma expander was begun in the other.

She clung to life by a thread, but did not seem to get much better. Suddenly a buzzing noise could be heard all around the O.R. We ignored it at first, but then we realized that this buzzing had been growing louder all along.

Then we saw the bees. Literally hundreds of honey bees were swarming on the windows at the front of O.R. Some managed to slip inside and as we struggled to get the patient's blood pressure up we were dodging bees. Soon there were 20 to 25 bees in the room.

We tried to ignore the bees and do our work as well as we could, but slowly the woman's life ebbed away until she heaved a last heavy sigh and her heart stopped.

We came home tired and defeated in the early morning

twilight.

After breakfast the little time left for preparation was taken up by a little four year old boy. He had a right eye so swollen that he could not open it and the deep penetrating dirty gray gangrenous ulcer on his right cheek reached to the tooth beds in the bone of the lower jaw. After admitting him it was time to go to church.

As we entered the church the scripture verse saying take "no thought for what you shall say ... " entered my mind. But my version of it -- the one that kept revolving through my head -- was: 'take no thought of what you shall say in that hour for you know not the language in which you shall say it.'

April 5, 1962

Thursday Night

OY

On the way home from Kontagora we were dogged by car trouble. The voltage regulator perhaps is the source of it. Anyway we did not dare to let the motor die unless we were on a hill so that we could restart it.

We followed a lorry across the first part of the Jebba bridge with some anxiety. We knew that the train was coming soon for we had passed it just a few miles back on the road. (The train and the motor road share the one bridge across the Niger at Jebba.) It was all we could do to resist the urge to look back over our shoulders to make sure the train was not tailgating us. Suddenly the Lorry in front of me stopped. I slammed on the brakes, and the motor choked out. Luckily we were within a few feet of the

edge of the bridge and a long hill went down to Jebba island. So I pushed us off of the tracts and as we went down hill the motor caught, and we were able to go onto Jebba Island. However before we could cross the other longer section to the bridge we had to wait for the train to pass. In just a few minutes it went past. We waited and waited but the motor traffic did not resume. My leg got a cramp, but I did not dare take my right foot off of the accelerator so I opened the door and stood on one foot on the ground keeping the other on the accelerator.

Finally Alice went to inquire about time delay. She learned that the Fulani's had been driving cattle over the bridge and that one of the less healthy cows had died on the bridge. It had to be dragged back by brute force to be cut up and sold in the Jebba market.

After an hour and five minutes we were underway again. About 13 miles out of Jebba we hit a bad bump that tore the tail pipe loose and in trying to stop for that the motor died again.

An Alhaji stopped and he and two men with him helped push us into the shade of a tree.

We ate lunch, and let the car rest and cool. Then Alice and Awudi were able to push us off and get us started.

We came on past Ilorin, and were able to get gas and get through the town traffic without the motor dying. But just outside of town the bailing wire used to hold up the muffler gave way and we had to stop again. We stopped on a hill.

I fixed the muffler up again. Alice washed all the kids and

threatened murder if they got dirty before we reached Ogbomosho. We got back in the car, but it simply would not start.

Benjy and I finally came to Ogbomosho by lorry while Alice and the girls waited three hours until we could get back to them.

April 8, 1962

Sunday

OYo

On Friday the Martins got off to Lagos with the Fines taking them. They will reach America in just a few more hours now. We really will miss them on this compound although we know they will enjoy a well-deserved furlough.

Friday afternoon we went to Shaki, 80 miles north of here, in the language school station wagon. I had to be there Saturday for an advisory board meeting, and Alice and the children went too so that we could make a weekend of it.

We thoroughly enjoyed the weekend with Bud and Mayrene. Mayrene fed us too much and too good though.

This morning Bud and I went to a little mud church at the outcast village of Majo.

We stopped under the shade of an iroko tree by the narrow blacktop road. We walked back and crossed a flimsy two plank foot bridge and entered the little white painted mud church.

The grass roof covered a cool airy little rectangular room with four rows of benches and a center isle.

The floor was thickly rubbed with a mixture of cow dung and sand, and this hard coating flaked off in a few places.

We went back out of the church to round up the people in the

village and to salute the "Bale". We encouraged all to come and finally had an attendance of about 25 or 30. The Bale did come, and so did one of the wives of the "Okere" of Shaki. At the close of the service one man in the Bale's household made a profession of faith.

We surely will pray for him that the Holy Spirit may work with him. For it is hard to tell how much he understood the service or how he will be treated after this in a Muslim household.

April 15, 1962

Sunday

Oyo

Mr. Ajayi and I took the car to lbadan last Tuesday and left it in the shop. We enjoyed running around together in lbadan to do a little shopping. Then we went to the Lorry park to catch a lorry and come home to Oyo. These lorries carry passengers, charcoal, sticks, yam, and various other commodities including goats all at the same time. It is not unusual to see these top-heavy contraptions careering down the road at 50 miles an hour with people literally hanging on to the back of them. We reached the lorry park and recognized some of the mottos written on some of the lorries as being from Oyo such as "Alhaji Bizinilah", or "Ma ba ayo mi Je, Oluwa!" Also one from Ogbomosho called "Okin l'oba eiye." Just as we were trying to decide which one to enter a man passed in a private car that Mr. Ajayi knew. So we flagged him down and road to Oyo with Mr. Ayan the drum maker.

On Thursday afternoon Bud Doshier from Shaki came by in his

little Peugeot station wagon. He was on his way to Ilesha to a medical meeting at Wesley Guild Hospital. I went along with him.

We took Jud, his son, and Benjy, my son, with us as far as Ogbomosho where they stayed to play with Loy Smith.

Connel Smith and Gene Pittman joined us at Ogbomosho, and we had a grand time going on to Ilesha.

At Ilesha Dr. Roy Gounewardina from Ceylon spoke on common fractures of the long bones for an hour.

Afterward we had a grand supper on diuker, a delicious little deer-like animal.

Yesterday we went to Ogbomosho and spent the day with the Pitmans. Gene had gotten sick on Friday and slept most of the day on Saturday.

I gave anesthesia at the hospital for two cases requiring semiclosed circuit endotracheal anesthesia. One was a gastroenterostomy and the other removal of the lower lobe of the left lung.

We are quite proud of Dr. Smith's chest surgery. At the present time I believe we are the only hospital in Nigeria doing routine chest work. U.C.H. had a chest surgeon, Dr. Weaver, some time ago, but he has gone back to U.K. now.

This morning our church was organized into a full church. We have been the Emanuel Baptist Mission of Ishokun Baptist Church. Rev. Olufade, the field evangelist in this area, conducted the service. Rev. Lawoyin from Ilora First Baptist Church gave the charge.

Afterward Rev. Earl Fine conducted the Lord's Supper. This is the first time I have had communion since returning to Nigeria. Last tour we went for three years without taking the Lord's Supper.

April 22, 1962

Sunday

OYo

We went to Ogbomosho yesterday morning in time for me to give endotracheal anesthesia for two cases. One was a thoracoplasty and the other was a bowel obstruction with pelvic or peritoneal abscesses. Gene Pitman was feeling better, but he sure had a bout of illness this past week. He has lost 11 pounds in this one weeks time. He was due to take call last night. I was able to do that for him, and give him one more night's rest.

Yesterday afternoon Alice went out to Baaki Baptist Church and taught the Sunday school lesson in Yoruba.

This morning I preached in Yoruba at the same church. There was one profession of faith at the end of the service. However so much attention was paid to money during the service that I got the feeling that entirely too much emphasis was put on it.

The pastor took one full hour on announcements and taking the offering. Much of this time was spent discussing a new clock which had been purchased and taking up an offering to complete the payment of it. Let me say in Pastor Aboderin's defense though that the church has grown from a mud building with unpainted low ceilings to a plastered, painted high ceiling, louvered-windowed

pretty church with a large membership.

May 5, 1962

Saturday Night

OYo

This past week has been convention week in Ogbomosho. The Nigerian Baptist Convention met in the beautiful new stone and concrete Oke 'Lerin Baptist Church. The bamboo scaffold is still around the outside, but the inside was complete even to overhead fans, and fluorescent lights. It will really be lovely when it is painted. After worshipping in mud buildings with crooked doors and windows and warped archways, it is an exhilarating feeling to see plumb walls, square corners, and a perfect arch over the podium.

Sunday night Dr. Dahunsi gave the Hallelujah Chorus with a choir of one hundred voices which he had trained. I understand he began with 280 voices and cut down to 100. They did remarkably well. The church was so crowded for that service that hundreds of us were standing outside listening.

President Lawoyin's presidential address was an attempt to interpret Dr. Gerner's recent visit to Nigeria at which time he helped them to understand that the mission and convention could not and must not merge completely. The convention responded well to this added responsibility which was placed upon it. They show real good signs of being able to give up the mission crutch in a number of ways. They also asked the churches to give 20% to the convention fund instead of the present 15%.

On Wednesday night Harrison Igwe spoke. He is the newly appointed home missionary to Southern Ijaw. His topic was "Almost

Too Late". He told a number of well related stories to illustrate his point. He used effectively the story of one man who has built a concrete juju house, and another of a little child who died because the parents refused help when it was offered. Rev. Igwe has a real talent for preaching, and he imbues his audience with his own overflowing enthusiasm.

The E.C. met and has asked us to move back to Ogbomosho around June first. We are not sure yet into what house we will move.

May 17, 1962

Friday

OYo

We have been pushing hard to complete the scheduled work in language school. The schedule is based on two six month courses, but we will only be here a total of nine months. However by real effort we have been able to complete all of the called for translation and most of the class projects.

In a few weeks we will return to medical mission work. I've begun to look back over our years of preparation with some nostalgia: college, medical school, seminary, and now language school. The field that we try to cover is so broad that however hard we work we still do not feel satisfaction in our proficiency.

I don't believe Alice has felt the nostalgia or melancholy that I have -- but then women are suppose to be more practical.

Both of us are glad to be returning to Ogbomosho and to medical work. Although we have enjoyed being in class together there has never been a college girl and college boy relationship

that one might suppose. The main reason for the lack of that relationship has been the children. They have seemed to need one or the other of us frequently enough to interrupt any walking to school together hand in hand except for rare pleasant occasions.

Speaking of children we heard the news today that Henry and Margaret Martin had triplets on the 14th. Margaret had seemed more frequently tired this time than ever before. Now we see that she had good reason for it.

I am very proud of the seven or eight sermons that I have managed to prepare and type up in Yoruba. It usually takes eight to ten hours to do one. I spend one and a half to two hours preparing it and writing it out in English. Then about four hours translating it with the help of Mr. Awujoola or Mr. Ajayi. Then to type it and hand mark the tones takes another one and a half hours. I wonder if I will ever get any more done after I leave language school.

June 2, 1962

Saturday

Ogbomosho

Our last week or ten days in Oyo were filled with entertainment. We were invited out by a number of friends: American, British, and Nigerian.

Perhaps one of the most notable of the invitations was for supper and an evening out with the Awomalos. Their house is small but very tastefully painted and furnished inside with chair covers and cafe curtains to match. She served us banana fritters, sandwiches, pineapple slices, cokes, cookies, pop corn and

candies. Afterward we enjoyed playing the Happy Families card game on a tim-tim<sup>21</sup> table. We had a grand time, and Alice and I would have stayed longer than we did if Benjy, Alisa and Harriet had not been so anxious to go home. The children knocked over tables twice while we were there -- three legged end tables.

The Western Regional Government has certainly been in a turmoil the last couple of weeks. The Action Group is the ruling party of the Western Region and it has had a split-up fight. Chief Akintola of Ogbomosho, the Premier, and Chief Awolowo, the leader of the party, have rival groups of followers now.

Many of these men have been limited in their movements by the Federal Government while the government has been placed in the hands of an administrator.

The local peoples of all walks of life have all expressed deep regret over this development, but all of them have kept purposefully at their work. There have been no riots or violence out side of the house of assembly, but the people themselves have stayed quietly at their jobs.

We moved to Ogbomosho yesterday: made three trips pulling the Fine's trailer. We left some things in OYo and will not move them until the middle of July when we move on to our old house.

We are now living in the rest house on this station, known as the "Old Burk's house". It was in this house that the Jesters lived for a number of years. I also understand that it was

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<sup>21</sup>A "tim-tim" is a small footstool or ottoman made of dyed leather and stuffed with kapok. We sat on the floor so that we could used the ottoman as a table.

upstairs here that the American Negro from Jamaica died with blackwater fever in the 1930's.

When we arrived here we parked under a great overhanging Mango tree. As I got out of the car I had a sudden nostalgia for tree houses built when I was a little boy. Circling around the car I mounted the cement step's to this big old mud house that gives the impression of an old Southern wooden frame house because of the porches or piazzas. Another bit of detail that catches one's eye is the old iron foot scraper to the left of the bottom step.

Once inside the house though our appreciation of its quaintness suffered considerably as we realized that it had not one single closet and no chest of drawers for clothes.

Alice spent the day unpacking and rounding up furniture to unpack into. I spent the day changing electrical plugs and fixtures, building a gate for the stairs, getting a carpenter to take out a whit-ant-eaten cabinet in the bathroom and so forth.

But we are here! And looking back on it, it has not been any worse than other moves and in some ways better.

June 28, 1962

Thursday

Ogbomosho

We have been so busy this month that it is hard to keep up with the entries into this journal.

Connel stopped work to pack not long after we arrived, and Gene Pitman and I have been the only two doctors at the hospital. That can be an extremely busy proposition.

We took the Smiths to Lagos and saw them off. It flooded some of the low-lying areas of Lagos on the day they flew, but by afternoon the sun was beaming hot out of a clear blue sky.

Connel insisted that he was not excited about going home, but we noticed that he forgot to shave on the morning of his departure.

We took our final Yoruba exam on Monday afternoon and Tuesday morning. We did the written on Monday afternoon: some translations, and composing a sermon. Then the oral on Tuesday morning including preaching a sermon. We have already been told that we passed the oral, but they have not had time to grade the written yet.

Alice and I have both been preaching in Yoruba in the hospital chapel and enjoying doing so. Our problem with the evangelistic services here is not failing to get decisions: it is evaluating and following up the multitudes who make professions of faith (over 800 last year).

Masses of people pass through the clinic every day. 262 on Monday, 193 on Thursday... But some cases stand out in my mind: About 9:30 the other night I received a card from the hospital reading: "pt. has not passed stool for 7 days and has marked distention of the abdomen. Breathing is difficult due to said distention."

This usually means a patient with bowel obstruction of some kind which must be operated on.

However when I got there I found a gaunt-faced middle-aged Yoruba man with enormous abdominal distention sitting in a wheel chair dressed only in a long skirt. The abdomen was soft in spite of the distention and then I noticed that his pupils were greatly dilated and would not react to light. His pulse was 150 beats per minute, and his mouth was dry. On the basis of those findings I diagnosed atropine poisoning. I suspect that he drank an ounce or more of tincture of belladonna. He died before we could get him on bed.

My first Sunday on call I was preparing to go to church when Mr. Ogunjimi, a nurse from Shake, brought two acute cases down. Dr. Doshier was away from Shaki at the time.

One of the patients had fallen on a stick and the stick had penetrated the left inguinal ring into the abdomen. A huge gangrenous mass was protruding through the hole.

At surgery this mass was found to be omentum. No bowel was involved, so we excised it and repaired the wound. He was in the office yesterday and looked well.

The second case was a Richter's hernia, and required a bowel resection. He went home today.

July 25, 1962

Wednesday

Ogbomosho

When I got back from making early morning rounds (about 7:30), I heard a big commotion in the house. Alisa was saying: "Can I come to the living room now?"

Benjy was shouting back: "No, not yet, here comes Daddy: Wait on him!"

I got inside just in time to see Alisa burst into the living room to see her birthday presents. We all joined in singing "Happy Birthday to you!"

She got a plastic baby doll feeding set with little sterilizer, bottles, and so forth, and a book.

As I was going to "tea-time" a few days ago, one of the orderlies called me to quickly come see a man who fainted in the out-patient department.

When I got to him I found his wife trying to lift him up to a sitting position. He was not breathing and had no pulse. I could not feel any heart beat. I made the woman put him flat on the ground and then I gave closed chest cardiac massage. Putting the heel of my hand over the sternum and the flat of it over the precordium, I pressed as hard as possible about 50 to 75 times a minute. Soon a few sporadic heart beats were palpable and this was followed by a rapid steady rate of 180/min. After some minutes he had clonic convulsions. Then his respiration resumed at about 35 to 40 per minute. Over the space of the next few hours he developed a grade three pericardial friction rub. However in about two hours he was awake and talking normally. He went home after four or five days.

Mission meeting was the usual turmoil! I had to spend a lot of time at the hospital this year, and it seemed to me that the session was over quickly.

We have been assigned Ray and Jeanie Crowder, he as business manager, and Dr. and Mrs. J. Mosley. We expect the Crowders in a few weeks and the Mosleys in a month or so.

Emma Watts, who has been our matron, was assigned to the M.K. school in Oshogbo. And the Wassons are coming here as Pharmacist. However just this week Emma received a phone call and cable from home telling of her father's and mother's acute illness, and she is having to return there to help take care of them. She left today for Lagos with the Hills taking her.

It surely seems like the Lord's hand was in it putting the Wassons here, because with Emma's leaving we would have been bankrupt personnel-wise. We are having trouble running these few weeks until the Wassons get here.

We put a lid on the clinic today at 150 since Dr. Pitman and I were alone trying to see them and some 25 had to be turned away.

We have been struggling for a week or more to move to our old house. I went to Oyo last Friday and brought the load from there. But we are renovating and the kitchen is torn up. We are having to wait on the kitchen cabinets now.

July 26, 1962

Thursday

Ogbomosho

We are still in the throes of redoing the kitchen at the house before we can move in. We got in the basic frame work of the cabinets today. But it will be tomorrow at least and maybe longer before the Formica tops and the hardware can be put on. We are getting more anxious to move by the day.



A mission House in Ogbomosho

I did a hysterectomy and, on another patient, the removal of a left ovarian cyst today. The hysterectomy was the first that I have done in two or three years. I was pleased with the ease with which it went.

Alice and I were planning to go to Ile Ife tonight for the inter-mission fellowships but due to moving, staff shortage, car trouble, and so forth we just could not make it.

July 28, 1962

Saturday

Ogbomosho

Both Alice and I feel sort of displaced tonight. We had thought that we might get moved to the other house by tonight. Most of our things are there: piano, table, beds etc. But we just could not quite get the stove, fridge, and filter for water running by today.

When I got to the hospital this morning I had to hurriedly make rounds so that I could finish and do a Cesarean Section. Hardly had that finished before Alice told me that the painters, who are painting our kitchen cabinets, had started painting the black beaten iron early American hinges and drawer pulls that we had brought out. I ran down and took off the ones painted a coffee colored brown and washed them in kerosene.

We had company for lunch. The Dr. Arthers from University College hospital in Ibadan insisted upon visiting the Leper Colony today in spite of the fact that the Gaventas were gone. They were very nice and we enjoyed them, but it would have been nice to move today.

September 1, 1962

Saturday

Ogbomosho

I have not been writing in this journal as I ought, but I have come home so work-weary at night that I have not wanted to think of the work much less review the events of the day in writing.

Gene got sick about mid-August. We thought for a time that it might be hepatitis, but serum chemistries in Ibadan proved that it was not. Anyway he had to stay in bed or at home for ten days. Bill Gaventa came over and took call on the weekend of that long stretch of duty.

Surprisingly I felt good during that whole time. The hours did not seem long. I awoke fresh at night when I was called. Even 6:30 a.m. rounds seemed easy. I am sure that some people

would say that a willing spirit and an optimistic attitude on my part helped make a hard job easy. But even during the time of this long spell of being on call I had moments when I marveled at how happy I felt. I remember riding home on the bicycle one evening after clinic as the sunset that I was consciously aware of a vibrant tangy feeling of well being. As I rode the memory of something that happened when I was a small boy came back to me: I was running across the dam near Brooker's pond in Swansea in a tight blue bathing suit. I had just been for a cool refreshing swim, and as I ran I murmured to myself: "I feel like a million dollars!"

I personally am convinced that this feeling of well being came from the fact that many people were praying for me in this period of stress.

This morning when I was waiting for breakfast, a card came from the hospital about a new admission to the maternity center. I went immediately to see the patient. When I examined her I found that she had a face presentation with dystocia. Furthermore this condition had persisted for so long that the uterus was now hour-glass shaped because of a pathological constriction ring. As I examined her I slipped the baby's head back up out of the inlet a little and immediately dark red blood gushed out. From these findings I knew that the woman had four concomitant obstetrical complications on admission here: dystocia, face presentation, pathological contraction ring, and placenta abruptio. The baby was still living. His heart rate was about 110/minute -- slow for

a fetus. We hurriedly did a Cesarean Section, but 40 minutes later when the baby was removed he was dead. The mother did well however.

This has been a "C-section" weekend. One of the more difficult ones was a procedure which I did last night for large twins.

Ray Crowder, who is our new business manager, has really gotten things rolling. We went to Ibadan together on Thursday and bought a huge load of things for the hospital. We really enjoyed the day.

We had lunch at the Andy Peyton's. He is with the U.S.A.I.D. (or USIS one) in Ibadan, and works with the government agriculture program. They had a nice lunch for us: Mexican food which was peppery and tasty, and a fresh coconut pie for dessert.

Their home is lovely and just like an American home in the United States. They had two air conditioners going while we were there.

The M.K. school has started. Alice is teaching second grade this year. She has Benjy, three other boys, and one girl in that class.

The pastor's conference is at the seminary now, and we have enjoyed having Mr. Reuben Oku from Joinkrama stay with us.

We gave him a gift tonight of a pretty good dress suite and shirt and tie. He really seemed overcome with the thought of it. We enjoyed giving the suite and his obvious appreciation made the giving all the more enjoyable.

November 6, 1962

Ogbomosho

I do not know why it seems so hard to write anything in this journal anymore. We have been awfully busy and I feel too tired to write much at night.

Gene has developed hepatitis and has been unable to work much during the month of October. He will surely be out until Christmas if not longer.

We have restricted the number of out-patients per clinic day to 150. But even so we are all pretty tired by the end of the day. We arise at 6:20 a.m. -- 15 minute prayer period -- then rounds. Have breakfast from 7:30 to 8:00; then back to the hospital until 1:00 p.m. Back after lunch at 2:30 p.m. and stay until 5:00 p.m. By that time we feel drained of all energy, frustrated and depressed for even then we end the day by seeing some people who have waited all day for medical care go home unattended. We tried staying later than 5:00, but then more people came, and we became so grouchy that no one could stand us.

This is Ogbomosho health and baby week. I was asked to be the chairman of the baby show. This also involved being one of the judges in the well baby contest. We did the show and contest at the exhibition center which was a converted football field and a barn-like mud building. It rained just as the baby show was to start so we had to do it all inside. By 6:00 p.m. we had been at it for two and a half hours and were pretty weary. The twilight

gloom was partially expelled by two Nidogas lanterns. The din inside the building, which had several hundred mothers, babies, and well-wishers in it, was punctuated by blaring announcements made over a loud speaker brought to the occasion by the Nestle milk products company.

November 30, 1962

Friday night

Ogbomosho

We celebrated Thanksgiving as a station family. We all had Turkey and the trimmings around T-shaped tables in the Hill's yard. The grass was still green from a prolonged and refreshing rainy season. Pat had placed some loud speakers in some of the shrubbery and played records while we ate. After the meal Jane Hill did a very professional sounding devotional which she had recorded on tape with background music.

We heard this week that Dr. George Green had died and was buried in Danville, Virginia. There are still many people who remember him fondly here.

Patty also wrote that Alma had died with a mesenteric thrombosis in Camden hospital. Alma Inabinet was my father's office nurse. She had polio as a young girl and wore a wooden leg which was the delight and fascination of all of us in the younger set. Patty would always strike Alma lightly on the leg before lying down and putting her head in Alma's lap -- she wanted to find the soft side -- My Daddy once told me that Woodford S.C. was really Alma's town and that the name should be "wooden-foot".

Alma was a talker! She would talk endlessly about one person

after another. Strangely enough even if you did not know the people you would enjoy Alma's talk because of her vivid descriptions and thumb-nail sketches.

She came to Columbia and stayed with us for three weeks when Benjy had his neck broken. Then she spent several weeks with us in the trailer in Bluefield when Alisa was born. If you wanted Alma to visit, you had but to say "I need you" and she would come. Perhaps there were not too many people who needed Alma in her life. But she surely brightened my world. As Patty said when she wrote about Alma's death: "It makes me feel like a part of my childhood has gone away." And it really does: as though it had vanished only leaving a catch in your throat and a sting in your eyes.

Alice and I visited together on Thursday afternoon. We went to the house of a woman named Morenike. It is a rambling old style Yoruba mud house built on the edge of town out beyond Sabo<sup>22</sup>.

Most of the household, we were told, were Muslims. We entered through a gate-less archway, walked over a dirty, mud puddly courtyard of clay. We entered the adobe porch and sat down on a mat with an old man who had been taking a siesta. Several women some yards away in the tunnel-like verandah broke up their conversation to set out upon various chores.

Over the door hung a small goad-like calabash filled with

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<sup>22</sup>Sabo is the name of section of town north of Ogbomosho on the main highway to the North. I believe that the university that has since been built in Ogbomosho is in this area.

blood. This was arranged in such a way that the blood dripped continually onto the ground beside the archway of the verandah.

We tried to preach, but the general hubbub was too great and there were too many interruptions. I was about ready to give up and leave when one man suggested a game of Ayo. I played two games with him; both of which I lost miserably. Then we read the Christmas story from the Bible.

As we left Alice said "Keith, do you know what they kept saying as you played Ayo? "

I replied that I did not know. She told me that they said: "Awon Onigbagbo feran enia ju awon Imale lo," that is: "the Christians love people more than the Muslims."

Tonight we had Mr. and Mrs. Ayandike, Mr. and Mrs. Oke, and Mr. Fawumi over for supper. I think they enjoyed it. We certainly did. There seemed to be more warm fellowship and less awkward pauses.

January 4, 1963

Friday night

Ibadan

The month of December really seemed to fly by what with Christmas parties, work, school, and so forth. We put the tree up before the tenth under pressure from the children. We were almost worn out by parties and festivities before Christmas day came. The Harmattan was present enough to give a bite to the night air and really made us appreciate the Christmas weather.

There were many socials: one at the Wasson's for all the hospital people, one at the Crowder's with invitees from the town,