

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,

one at the hospital for all the workers, another at the hospital for all the worker's children, one at our house for the management committee of the Blind Training Center, and several others.

On Christmas eve, Alice and I invited Amos, our cook; Awudi, who keeps the children; Abel, the gardener; and Welcome, who we have been helping in school; all to come for supper. Alice did the cooking and we served them (and ourselves) on our good china.

We had chicken jollof over rice and plenty of it. What trace of stiffness there was disappeared after I referred to Amos as "Ajanaku" (Elephant) which is his Yoruba nickname. After supper we read the Christmas story, sang some hymns, had a prayer and gave out the Christmas presents. Welcome received a suitcase to his delight. Abel, who is a young boy, received a ball and some cloth, Awudi was thrilled with her velvet cloth and Amos with his nylon lace cloth for an Agbada.

On Christmas day we had fried country ham for breakfast at the West's. Then we had a turkey dinner at our house. Our guests were Professor Oyerinde, the Wests, Martha Tanner, and Alice Miller.

Alice gave me a beautiful nylon lace Agbada for Christmas. I gave her a nylon embossed cloth for her outfit. The Wests had given one another the currently fashionable gray and silver cloth outfits. We all donned them Christmas afternoon and visited Sister Adetayo, Mrs. Kike Gomes, the Adeniyi's, the Adegbite's, the Geshinde's, and Rev. and Mrs. Adeniran, and Rev. and Mrs. Ige. We all had a grand time: the Nigerians are so gracious.

The day after Christmas we went on our local leave. We went to Shaki along a different route than usual. Part of the road is unpaved from Igbetti to Igboho. As we were motoring along this stretch we saw several quick glimpses of small game. Suddenly we saw a monkey cross the road, so we stopped to let the children watch. There must have been twenty monkeys on either side of the road racing around in the tree tops. The ones to the north of us quickly moved on off, but the ones to the south seemed frustrated in their desire to cross the road because we were sitting in it. One monkey especially continued barking after the others had moved away. I took the shotgun and some bird-shot and went into the area where the monkey was barking. A large monkey moved away ahead of me. I could never see the monkey just see a bush move here or hear the monkey bark there, or see a tree shake yonder. Finally I turned back and was retracing my steps to the road when I heard a noise in the bushes. There was a year old red monkey with his left hand caught in a steal trap. He was so little and so frightened that I was able to catch him by the scruff of the neck and free him from the trap. I took him out to the road for the children to look at. By this time the monkeys to the South of us had circled around and were crossing the road about 100 yards west of us. I turned the little monkey so he could see his companions and turned him loose. He made a wild joyful dash to join his companions. He scrambled into the bush quickly. If he ever looked back, we did not see him.

We enjoyed our stay in Shaki and had intended coming on to

Ibadan after two days. However on the day we hoped to travel Alice developed nausea and vomiting. She slept for eighteen of the twenty-four hours; and the next day was feeling well enough to travel. We came on to Ibadan feeling thankful that twenty-four hour intestinal viruses do leave you alone in twenty-four hours. However in a few hours the baby became sick. Marianne vomited so persistently that we finally took her to Ogbomosho where we stayed overnight and gave her I.V. fluids. The next day she seemed all right so we returned here to the chalet to finish out our local leave. However we have not seen a day yet that one of the children did not vomit at least once. We have managed to stick it out and have a nice time though.

We have eaten out each night with friends from the American community for the last three days. There are more Americans in Ibadan now than ever before what with USAID, the Ohio University Project, and so forth.

January 8, 1963

Tuesday night

Ogbomosho

I returned to work today lighthearted after this past two week's rest. I suppose that today's work has not been too different from many another day's work, but the fact that I am rested has given me a feeling of well being as if I were on top of the work instead of under it.

The typical frustrations of daily living here were waiting for us, but they have not seemed too bad: Amos cut down a tree from our yard without permission. There is some evidence that

Ezekiel Adeniji, our most trusted clerk, may have embezzled some funds from the hospital. The water tap in the bath room won't work right. Calls to do administrative work and calls to do medical work still conflict with one another. But all in all it is good to be back.

January 9, 1963                      Wednesday night                      Ogbomosho

Well, it looks like the luck of this station is staying poor. I got back from local leave yesterday and today Jim Moseley, Ray Crowder, and Gene Pitman all got sick. Gene managed to make it through the day. Ray got through half a day. But Jim was flat on his back with influenza or malaria or some other depressing sickness. He looked and felt better tonight, but will still not get back to work for a day or so.

Patients ran through the mill "like sausages" today. One hundred and fifty six patients came and with only two of us seeing them we had a time. There isn't any satisfaction to pushing yourself to work at a speed like that. You can never really feel like you are doing a doctor's work right. Dr. Lawson says that any doctor who sees wholesale masses of people in a clinic like ours is really selling his soul.

January 13, 1963                      Sunday Afternoon                      Ogbomosho

Thursday night Awudi stayed with the children and Alice and I went to the West's for a turkey supper and an evening out. Dr. and Mrs. Adeniyi, Mrs. Gomes, and Mr. Odunbaku were all there.

After supper we played caroms and careers. We all had an hilarious time. Alice and I were the first to leave at about ten o'clock. I don't know how late the others stayed.

Yesterday Mr. John Twitty, an American Negro with the USIS, presented a demonstration Space lecture here at Shoun hall. He had a model of Ranger 1, Friendship 7, Echo, and a whole line of models of the rockets that sent them up. Some of these models designed to show future plans included "Prospector", and two other probes designed to land on the moon. I was enthralled, as I knew I would be. Benjy, too, sat open-mouthed for the whole hour and a half show. Mr. Twitty stayed overnight with the Wests. We had him and the Wests over for dinner today.

Times are changing. Yesterday Alice was giving home permanents to two of her friends here when the Singer Sewing Machine man showed up. She and the other ladies ordered patterns right from our living room. While that was happening a boy drove up on a bicycle selling ice cream and popsicles. Some enterprising merchant has taken good advantage of our full time electricity.

All three doctors worked all day Friday in clinic. When we finally closed up at the end of the day we still sent about seventy-five people home whom we had been unable to see.

Saturday about 11:30 a.m. a family brought in a nine year old child with severe diarrhea and dehydration. We put him to bed and ordered fluids on him. They called me soon afterward because they could not start the fluids. Before I could get there the child

suddenly vomited, asphyxiated and died. It was so tragic. When I arrived I literally held him up by his feet and large quantities of fluid ran out of his nose, mouth and throat followed by 1/2 pint more from the stomach. We gave closed chest cardiac massage, but all to no avail. Even after this many years in medicine, I still can not accept death especially in the young.

January 20, 1963

Sunday night

Ogbomosho

Gene and Ann Pitman and family went to Ibadan on Monday night so that Gene could be there all week for the meetings of the West African Collage of Surgeons. Everything went well until Thursday.

On Thursday Jim Moseley was gone to Ede to do the admission physicals on the new class of students there. That meant that I was the only doctor here on the station. Just before I started my third surgical case, Alice brought Marianne, our 18 month old baby, up because she was sick. Alice got lab work on her while I finished the surgical case and then I examined her. She was pale, fever 102 degrees rectally, and complained of stomach ache. Her stomach felt quite tight on examination and there were some bronchial breath sounds in the right lung base. The question was: is this appendicitis in which case she should have surgery; or is this a right lower lobar pneumonia in which case she should not be put to sleep for surgery. Alice took the baby and a note to Dr. Adeyemo<sup>23</sup> to get a second opinion from him, but he was on tour.

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<sup>23</sup>Dr. Adeyemo was the doctor at the Government hospital across town. He was not a board certified general surgeon, but like most doctors in Nigeria at that time he did some surgery.

Finally we called Gene long distance and asked him to come see her. By the time he got here her temperature was 103 rectally which really is most too high for appendicitis. He confirmed a right lobar pneumonia, and we put her to bed with Penicillin and Streptomycin injections. She has improved, but she still runs fever.

A great gulf has come between our mission and our convention. Since the last Nigerian Baptist Convention met here in Ogbomosho, hardly any Nigerians have attended any of the mission committees to which they were named as representatives. At the last meeting of the mission Executive Committee only the President of the Convention, Rev. Lawoyin, came and he for only 24 hours. We felt a great need for a joint meeting of the Convention E.C. and the mission E.C. so we asked the Convention E.C. if we could meet with them at the time of their next meeting in February. They have refused. Our lines of communication have been cut and matters will get worse, I am afraid.

I have felt so much concern over this matter that I went to the home of one of the elderly leading preachers of this city. We talked at some length. We sat in his living room under the gaze, so to speak, of the photographs of men like his father, and like Professor Oyerinde, and other friends of this man. We talked some in Yoruba, but mostly in English. (I am ashamed that he had to use my language to discuss these hard matters). He talked to me candidly and I think in great restraint and Christian love. Some of the things he said makes me know that there have been many

times throughout the years that we missionaries have humiliated our Nigerian Brothers.

One day a group of pastors and church leaders met in one of the school rooms at a nearby Baptist Day School. (This was more than thirty years ago). As they were meeting a certain missionary entered the room and demanded to know what they were doing there. They answered that they were meeting about church work and that they had asked the headmaster of the school for permission. The missionary's answer was that this school does not belong to the headmaster. This is a mission school. Do not meet here again unless you get permission from me.

Professor Oyerinde is in my estimation one of the finest Christian men that I have ever met. This in spite of the fact that he is a polygamist. He is approaching ninety years of age now. He walks upright with a cane and with a spring to his step, His eyes twinkle brightly, the pupils are have arcus senilis haloes. President of the Ogbomosho Red Cross. He is on the board of Trustees for the two local government high schools. He is the "Otun Bale" of Ogbomosho (The "King's Right hand)

This gentle humble Christian man was one of the first Nigerian Baptists to study in America. He went to Virginia Union University and perhaps some schools in the North. He earned his B.D. ant M.A. degrees. He evidently worked his way through much of this schooling for every now and then in conversations today he will say: "Oh, I was an elevator operator once." Or "I worked in such and such a place as a steward once."

Upon his return to Ogbomosho he taught in the Nigerian Baptist Theological seminary. His position was not Professor or Assistant Professor. It was Tutor. It remained Tutor as long as he was with the Seminary.

On one occasion all the qualified missionaries were on leave. Chief Oyerinde was the best qualified man on the staff at that particular time.

The mission did not ask him to act as Principal but instead asked Dr. Locket, a medical doctor, who was then at Ogbomosho Baptist Hospital, to act as Principal of the Seminary. At least so the story goes in the town of Ogbomosho today: I have never heard Chief Oyerinde mention it. Such things as these are greatly resented by the people today.

Chief Oyerinde married an American Negro. Apparently she was not well accepted here by either Nigerians or Missionaries. At least she was unhappy here. She left Chief Oyerinde and went home to America. Indeed once before she left, Chief Oyerinde sent her to America for a holiday and brought her back. But things would not work out.

I have heard it said that there was a time in Chief Oyerinde's life when his own people did not like him because he supported the mission. The mission, which he supported, did not advance him or honor him or fully appreciate him. They say the Shoun of Ogbomosho despised him, and the District Officer, Captain Ross, did not like him. Apparently he was neither fish nor fowl and could find no place of acceptance. Then when his wife left,

he finally took second wives.

How much we lost when we lost Chief Oyerinde from our ranks!  
How great is the gulf between us and Nigerian Baptists!

Of the thirty or more missionaries in Ogbomosho only four or five speak and hear Yoruba. Our Pastors suffer sickness and heartache and we do not visit them because we do not even know them and their families. How great is the gulf!

Friday Night

January 25, 1963

Ogbomosho

All three doctors have been able to work every day this week! This is one of the first weeks in six months that we have accomplished this. It has paid off too. We feel like we are catching up somewhat. Today we did two hernias, two D.&C.'s, many ward procedures such as cutdowns for infant transfusions, paracentesis, and so forth, and we saw a total of 198 patients.

Yesterday we had some marvelous guests. Mr. and Mrs. Charles King and Mrs. France were visiting the station here. Mr. King was the Director of the Wings Over Jordan Choir that sang over the radio in America from 1938 to 1948.

He has a beautiful voice, a radiant personality, and evidently a deep Christianity. He sang on the wards for the patients and then went from bed to bed saying: "God bless you!. May you get well soon!."

He said, "I have been to many hospitals in Nigeria, but, really, this one is the cleanest and has the best spirit of any. I can tell there is a lot of love here."

His songs, his sincerity, his radiance really has inspired us.

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Ray Crowder, the business manager, and I have grown farther and farther apart in our relationship. Some of it is my fault for I have not listened to his plans and proposals as I ought to have. Not that I felt they did not warrant listening to, but because I let myself get swamped under by the pressure of work. We had a long session together this week trying to apologize to one another and to regain a happy working relationship. I am afraid it is still an unstable, taunt, emotional relationship.

After our talk together, I walked the two miles to the new blind center and back just thinking and praying.

On Thursday night the Wests had a party for all the students at the blind center. Mrs. Gomes and Mrs. Santola cooked the food which was yellow with palm oil and hot with pepper. Many friends attended or dropped in such as Chief Kuti, Dr. Adeyemo, Professor Oyerinde and others. Alice and I gave the students a guitar for their Christmas gift to add to their drum and accordion band. After supper the students played and played while some danced in the gathering gloom of twilight. A light wind whispered through the Casurina trees at the West's house, and we all had fun joking and talking. Some one finally persuaded Professor Oyerinde to dance. (He is nearing 90, they say). As soon as he did so we all rushed up to press a coin of money on his forehead as is the custom for drummers and professional traveling minstrels.

Saturday Night

February 23, 1963

Ogbomosho

Doye and Dayo Adeniji have moved into the new house right across the road from us. It is so good to have some capable fine Christian Nigerians to join our staff in senior positions now. They both seem unusually fine.

We have just returned from a week's trip to Shaki where I stood in for Bud Doshier while he was on local leave. We have returned now, and the Pitman's have gone up for the second week. While at Shaki we had a strange coincidence occur. A Fulani man was brought in from some 30 miles further north by some U.M.S. Missionaries. He was a young man still with boyish features. The hair at the sides of his head had been shaved some weeks ago and was about like a crew cut. The center of his head had plenty of hair like an Apache Indian only this boy's hair was platted into several interwoven pigtailed. This young man had climbed a tree to get green leaves for his cows to eat. (Often times, just before the rains come, the trees, which have deeper roots, will have green leaves while the grass is still a dry brittle gray.) While he was in the tree he slipped and fell onto the horns of a cow just below

him. When he got to Shaki he had a wound that penetrated to his lung in the second left intercostal space near the sternum. This had sealed well and although he had some sub-cutaneous emphysema he was breathing well. Some of his friends came down with him to help see about feeding him. He was doing so well I put him to

bed, gave him Penicillin, tetanus antitoxin, and then I went home to bed. Some three hours later the nurse called me back. This boy was doing fine, but his friend who had come to take care of him had strangulated his hernia and would have to have surgery. We operated on him about 5:00 a.m. Both boys did well and were ready to go home four or five days later.

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"You are sitting on my god", he said.

I was not sure I understood the man's Yoruba just right so I asked him again: "What did you say?"

He answered me: "I said you are sitting on our god!"

I had been visiting in the homes of some of our hospital patients who had professed interest in Christianity. We had gone to the upstairs room of a blacksmith. After talking with him for a while we prayed with him, turned and walked across the slats of the upstairs floor. These slats gave a little with every step making the gloomy smoky interior of the mud house seem rickety. Then we went down the ladder-like stairs and out into the sunlight. As we were going out to the car we passed by the blacksmith shop or buka so I went in to see some of the work. Several young men were making shotgun slugs out of bits of iron. I found a nice outcropping of granite rock next to one of the forges so I sat down on it to watch.

This was when someone said to me: "You are sitting on our god, Ogun!"

I feared that I had made a terrible breach of social

etiquette, but no one seemed to mind. Apparently sitting on Ogun was not an insult to his worshippers. However they fear Ogun -- not the rock really, but the "Orisha" which the rock represents. They say he is strong, powerful, and cruel like iron. When we visit Ogun worshipers we try to talk about how power and love are mixed together in Jesus Christ.

Several weeks ago G. Menon (Soapy) Williams, America's Ambassador for African Affairs came through Ogbomosho. We were privileged to have his party visit our hospital. Afterward we were invited to a dinner at the Independence Hotel given by Premiere Akintola in his honor. We enjoyed the honor quite a bit and found something to talk about in it.

We heard at the first of this month that Chief Kuti was going to be transferred. He is the treasurer of the District Council and is very active in civic affairs. He seems to be as honest as he can be.

When our crowd heard that he was being transferred we were all upset. Susan Adetayo, Kike Gomez, Frances West, Alice, Myra Moseley, and Janet Akinrinade all determined to go to Ibadan to plead with Premiere Akintola on his behalf.

Since Chief Kuti is a civil servant and not an elected officer, it is not really meddling in political affairs.

As it turned out Janet was unable to go. The others went and apparently they had a wonderful time. Alice came back bubbling about the decor in the Premier's office. Also it appears that their mission was successful.

Wednesday

February 28, 1963

Ogbomosho

My cough, that began fourteen days ago when cement dust was in the air due to household renovating, has persisted until now. Also I have developed occasional nocturnal urticaria making me wonder if I have filaria. The combination has given me a sort of vaguely depressed feeling so that I went to bed to nurse the cough awhile today.

Alice interpreted yesterday for a Ghanaian student at the seminary when she and Frances West went visiting. Frances laughed and said that it was a change to see white interpreting for black.

Friday

March 1, 1963

Ogbomosho

Today was so full that it is hard to pick out highlights from the mass of things which happened.

The alarm clock rang at 6:25 -- up, dressed -- sat down to read two chapters in the book of Job, to think and to pray. By 7:00 a.m. I was making rounds at the hospital. Home by 7:30 -- ate -- caught the V.O.A. news at 8:00 a.m. Put new twelve pound, nineteen shilling carburetor on the car before going back to the hospital.

I did a spinal tap on Amebi Diribe, the Cockrum's cook, then to O.R. for a second try at setting a supracondylar fracture: it slipped again so I have to send him to U.C.H.

Then to clinic. It was a big clinic today. I saw 94 people

not counting the ones that I admitted.

About 5:30 p.m. I had only two patients left to see. One was a pelvic exam. This lady complained that she had dark red bleeding which was not like a normal period. I assumed that it was an abortion in spite of her protests that she had not missed a period. On examination a lot of placenta-like tissue could be seen, but it was impossible to outline the cervix. Then as I did the bimanual examination, I realized that it was not placenta. All that friable, white fungating tissue was in fact the cervix made grotesque by a huge cancer. Even as I did the examination a chunk of the cervix broke off in my hand.

It is hard to explain why things are so frustrating here in Africa. But it is the little things and not the big things.

For example: To go into the Pharmacy at nights we had to open the back door because the front door had only one key. Then walk slowly forward ten feet in the darkness with arms held in front of you to ward off the ladder, supplies, drugs, boxes and so forth, until you reach the light switch. Turn on the lights. Go back and lock the back door so no one can steal anything. Go back to the light switch, unlock the door beside it. Go to the pharmacy office and unlock that door. Go to the file and get the keys to the dispensary cupboard. Get out all drugs except poisons. Go to the poison cupboard, unlock it and get those drugs. Then reverse the procedure locking all cupboards and doors. By the time you get back to the verandah you say: "Thank the Lord there will be no

keys in Heaven."

After a long day's work you come home and go to wash your hands. Turn on the water tap and it does not come. Reach over to the bath tub, turn on the water there and cut it off again quickly and then the water comes through the lavatory pipe.

Start to take a bath and turn on the gas hot water heater only to find that it won't work because the gardener did not pump the over head tank full.

Decide to go fishing: Can't go because the car is so sometimey that you are scared to get away off in the bush. The car has been half-broken for a half-a-year, but I just can't find time to take it 90 miles to Ibadan to leave it for a week of repairs.

I go to make rounds at the hospital: find that they have just moved the hepatitis patient from isolation to the main ward without any order to do so.

In clinic one gets the feeling that if some of the workers could have their spark plugs cleaned they might be able to self-start. But so much time is consumed in seeing that the ward aids get the patients to the laboratory and back and so forth. After seeing a patient the doctor has to write the orders in two different places on the card, fill out injection cards, fill out X-ray cards, fill out dressing cards, look up the prices, figure the bill and write the receipts.

I had my annual physical yesterday: found out that I don't get enough exercise. The trouble is that I am too tired to want to

go by the time tennis and hunting opportunities come around.

Tuesday

March 19, 1963

Ogbomosho

We have been about as broke this month as anytime we have ever seen. We have tried to economize every way: especially by not going to Ibadan and by eating plainer foods.

Sunday morning Tom High and I went to Ile-Abu Baptist Church for a baptismal service. After a brief service in the church, we went out front to the seminary pickup truck which was waiting under a tree. The ten candidates for baptism piled in the back of the truck. We closed the wire cage doors and drove about three miles to the King River (Odo Oba). We stopped at the little village there and trekked through the bush to the river. When we got to the river, someone said that the place chosen for the baptismal services was further up the river and that we would have to wade part of the way. Tom had put on his rubberized baptismal trousers over his suit pants, but I had no such equipment. Consequently I removed my shoes and socks, rolled up my breeches legs and waded up the stream. We soon came to the wider, deeper muddy pool which was to be the baptismal site. Tom waded out to the far bank which was the place of the main current. The stump of a tree grew beside the river. It had a long limb which dangled out over the water. I chose to sit on this limb close to Tom's head. The fact that I was bare footed in a suit with the pants legs rolled up was made more ludicrous by the fact that Tom had plopped his hat on my head before entering the river. This hat

once belonged to Elmer West and is too big for anybody else's head. I ignored these things though comforted by the thought that I was but an onlooker and not actually a part of the ceremony. Tom began the service and asked the pastor to translate into Yoruba. However the pastor was a seminary student from Ghana who could not speak Yoruba very well so the duty of translation fell to me. I really felt embarrassed then: barefoot, legs rolled up, hat resting on my ears, sitting on a stump actually taking a part in the program.

The hospital advisory board met today. We had a brief business session cut down the mission appropriation request by \$3000.00 from what it was last year. Then we made a tour of the hospital. At 11:30 a.m. we dedicated the new Joyee Clark Memorial Chapel. It is a beautiful small building in the shade of some Acacia trees not far from Men's Ward. One really has a feeling of peace as one enters the building. I think this feeling is heightened by the seclusion offered by the Acacia trees.

Doye Adeniyi has certainly worked out well. I thank the Lord every day for his competence and good sense.

We and the Crowders had supper with them last night. It was a delicious meal served in good taste on pretty china which had sea-shell designs painted on them. True to her word Dayo served snail as one of the meat dishes. It looks a lot like liver, but was more chewy like a chicken gizzard. She had a savory red sauce to put on them. I really liked the taste. However all during the night I was thirsty and had the feeling that my oral membranes

were drawing a little as if I had eaten something a little too salty.

I understand the snails are boiled first and then soaked in alum and lime water before cooking. Perhaps this has something to do with the dry feeling one's mouth gets.

Sunday afternoon the Wests, the Adeyemos, Mrs. Adika, Mr. Odunbaku, Pastor Ige, Oyinka Geshinde, and Professor Oyerinde, Alice and I went in a kia-kia<sup>24</sup> bus to visit Oyinka's family in Ibadan. They have just built a fine house on Oke 'bola in Ibadan.

The outside is rough coated cement (like stucco) painted brown with green trim. They rent out the lower flat and live upstairs. The upstairs living room in blue with new furniture. It is very airy and nice. We had supper on the roof which was made into a patio, before returning to Ogbomosho.

Tuesday

March 26, 1963

Ogbomosho

The Medical Committee is meeting here today and the medical Board meets here tomorrow. Bill Gaventa arrived here on Monday to stay with us. However we have not seen much of him because of the meetings.

We had a meeting of the Management Committee of the Blind Center yesterday at the old site. It is hoped that the students can move to the new Blind Center site soon.

The Alafin of Oyo was recently a patient in the hospital

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<sup>24</sup>"Kia-kia" means quick-quick in Yoruba and is the term used for a van that might carry people or goods from one town to another.

here. When he left he invited "me and my wife" to come and visit him at the palace in Oyo.

Dr. Elizabeth Truly from Abeokuta came today with bleeding. She was seen by Gene and her hemoglobin is very low. Marie Jester and I each gave a pint of blood for her.

Dr. Smith of the General Hospital (Not L. C. Smith) called and asked one of us to come and help him in surgery this morning.

I went and helped with a problem on a pediatric hernia.

Sunday

April 7, 1963

Ogbomosho

I have moved into a new office at the hospital. It is a fairly large room with a high ceiling. It is made from a part of a converted residence. The walls are yellow and one is a light brown called mushroom. There are two green plants called elephant ears in pots in the room. The tile floor and louvered windows give it a smart modern look. I am having my diplomas framed to be put on the wall, and I am looking around for a big picture.

Some weeks ago the Alafin of Oyo Bello Gbadegesin was a patient here under my care. When he was leaving the hospital he asked as to come visit him on April 6th.

So yesterday Alice, the children and I set out for Oyo in the early afternoon. We left the children to play at the Fine's. Then we drove to the old mud-walled palace compound. We drove in through the gate with its mural of animal pictures painted in black silhouette against the red mud walls. As we drove a little farther we could hear the drummer, who was sitting under a little shed off to the left, beat his drum to make it say: "Ebo ti de o!"

meaning the white man has come.

A messenger who sometimes drives the Alafin's car stepped up to greet us as we got out of the car. He led us through a smaller gate lined by two posts which were carved something like Indian totem poles.

After we passed through another courtyard of bare sandy ground we reached the door of the Royal Chambers. Here the Alafin strode forward to greet us. He was dressed in everyday clothes of a type that resembles an old Roman toga for a part of it ends up being thrown over the shoulder. He took us immediately to the large marble reception hall for visitors. Probably some years ago, and even now, state occasions are held there. He went to the head chair and indicated for Alice and me to sit on either side of him.

We talked with him for about forty minutes and surprisingly enough we really enjoyed it. While we were talking an English lady and gentleman were shown through the hall. They were taken from picture to picture on the walls by the palace workers. They gave us frequent glances but the Alafin totally ignored them, so there was nothing we could do but ignore them too. (Later as we were leaving we laughed together wondering what these folks thought.)

The Alafin sent for Mirinda (a bottled orange drink) to give us. As we were sitting talking, taking refreshments, he had four gifts brought out: a large tim-tim, a leather pocketbook, and ibeji idol, and a carved wooden bowl.

We gave him a Yoruba Bible as a gift. Perhaps the next time he comes to Ogbomosho he will visit us here at home.

This morning Tom High and I went out on Oshogbo road to Irepodun Baptist Church for a Lord's Supper Service. This was the first one of these that I had participated in where I had to speak Yoruba.

The church has no pastor and the Lay Leader of the church, a Brother Jacob, had not planned the service at all. He asked me to lead the order of service. I found this very hard to do in Yoruba. However, I thought that, all in all, it had gone pretty well until at the end of the service I realized that I had completely forgotten to take up collection.

Alice was talking about all the things the Alafin gave us. She said, "I declare it was so much that we just didn't know what to do." Harriet overheard this remark and answered very matter-of-factly: "You ought to say 'Thank you,' Mommy."

W.N.T.V. has been filming a television production for the Nigerian Baptist Convention here this week. Jane Hill wrote the script. Gene Pitman, 'Doye Adeniyi and others are in it. Some of the scenes were shot in the operating room during surgery.

Sunday

April 14, 1963

Ogbomosho

Tommy Wasson is a cute russet-haired little boy of seven. He is the third or fourth boy in the five son Wasson family. Some months ago he began to show a marked limp with his right leg. On examination he turned out to have Legg-Perthe's disease,

and so he had to be in a cast to keep his knee bent so that he can not be tempted to bear weight on that leg. He has borne all his casts with a grin-and-bear-it attitude. This last cast only lasted two weeks, so this time we strengthened it by putting some cloths hanger wire in along with the plaster. In spite of it all he was still grinning and flying low on a pair of crutches at the Easter egg hunt on Friday.

Ralph and Francis West had an Easter egg hunt at their houses yesterday for both the M.K.'s and for the Nigerian children of our friends in town. Alice and I furnished all the pop-corn, the Wests furnished the Kool aid. All the children brought boiled eggs and dyed them in the dye which Frances had ready for them in cups on a table in the yard. I an sure it was the first egg hunt ever for some of the older kids and my how their eyes shone.

Today as I was preaching at the First Baptist Church, Oko, one of the four or five year olds who habitually sit on the platform at the preacher's feet got a little up set with his companion. The first thing I noticed was that the noise was getting a little louder. When I finished the point I was on I turned to look and saw the little boy on his feet arguing very loudly with his friend.

So I bent down toward him and said as gently as I could: "Dake, ko si joko." (be quiet and sit down). Perhaps being spoken to in front of all of the congregation, or perhaps the sight of a white face speaking a black language was too much for

the little fellow. His eyes got as big as saucers and in a loud hysterical voice he said: " O ni 'Dake, ko si joko!'" ( he said, be quiet and sit down). The whole church roared with laughter for it did seem funny to see him repeat the request rather than follow it. But the little boy was frozen to the spot. One of the elders got him and held him in his lap.

Only one rain this week. Our garden is practically drying up. All the cucumber plants have died but one, and it looks like it is on its last legs.

Mr. Brooks Hayes, former Senator from Arkansas and former President of the Southern Baptist Convention, came to visit the station on Thursday morning along with his wife. They visited the seminary and the hospital in the morning. Then all of the station had lunch together at the Pitman's house so that we could get to know them better. We had curry which is where you put a huge variety of side dishes such as oranges, okra, nuts, tomatoes, coconut, bananas and so forth on top of rice covered with a curry soup. They ate it bravely but I must report that they put the side dishes around the edge of the plate instead of piling it all on top as the old time curry eaters do.

Yesterday afternoon we went to the little mud building with the wooden frame windows and pan covered verandah known as Fatoki Bakery. We bought four shillings (68 cents) worth of bread: that is sixteen loaves (the baker threw in two more loaves free). Then we took them out to the blind center for the workers and students. There were enough so that everybody got at least one



visiting Ogbomosho.

The reception for him was held at the new Town Hall which is a pretty pastel pink building with touches of red in the louvered cement open work. The fact that construction of the building had been hastened to get it ready for this occasion was very evident by the fact that the red paint used on the cement floor was not quite dry, and it stuck to everyone's shoes like a thin film of old chewed bubble gum.

Dr. Azikawe was quite handsome in a flowing white Agbada and his green jaunty cap which, in spite of its roundness, calls to mind the cocky khaki cap of the American G.I.

Huge crowds of people came. A good many of us missionaries were given seats on one wing of the platform. The traditional chiefs of this area seemed to fill the other wing.

There were cheers of "Zik, Zik!" from the crowds sometime at appropriate places and sometime at ludicrously inappropriate places. Dr. Azikawe's speech was in English. At nearly every pause the crowd cried out "Zik!" which gave me the impression that the ones in the back, especially, were really hearing very little of the actual speech.

Once during Victor Lajide's introduction of Zik, he said something about "Dr. Nnamdi Azikawe, LL.D., B.A., M.A. ..." and then he kept on listing all the honorary degrees that Dr. Azikawe holds. The crowd really began cheering at this point. Dr. Azikawe grinned and ducked his head to one side. In doing so he spotted the American faces at our side of the platform. Perhaps

he was unsure of just what we were thinking of all this -- for it was a moment of humor. At any rate a fleeting expression of embarrassment seemed to cross his face. I noticed a second time that he glanced covertly at us after this, so I smiled back as if to assure him that we enjoyed the point of this by-play also.

In his introduction Victor Lajide whipped up the enthusiasm of the crowd as a good political ward boss should.

Dr. Azikawe gave an excellent address calling for unity. At the close of the occasion Professor Oyerinde, the Otun Bale of Ogbomosho gave a Vote of Thanks in which he included the work the Baptist Mission has done in Ogbomosho through the years.

As the party left the hall, a crowd of humanity swirled and eddied about in a colorful mass of cloth and agbadas. Muskets sounded like canons and the powder and blast from them rattled the leaves overhead.

May 9. 1963

Thursday

Ogbomosho

We attended a strange wedding today. Raimi is the only sighted man in the Ogbomosho Blind Center. He does the things that require eyes for the entire compound. He has a happy countenance which frequently breaks into smiles. He and Ganiyu, the blind leader of the Blind School, can be seen walking together very often with Raimi's head close to Ganiyu's ear as he whispers many of the things he sees to him. Ayisatu was born in Mecca. Many years ago when a pilgrim from Oyo was in Mecca Ayisatu's father gave her to the pilgrim as a wife. When the pilgrims returned here, he was, of course, an Alhaji. He took other wives. One day, Ayisatu became a Christian. When she did so she felt she should not continue to live in a polygamous household, so she left. She has since been working at Kersey Children's home.

She and Raimi wanted to be married. They could not have a proper church wedding under the circumstances, but native law and custom could sanction their marriage. However it was not possible for Raimi to perform the usual feasts and so forth for Ayisatu's family since they were so far away. Finally it was decided to simply have a prayer for them in the house of Ralph and Frances West.

Professor Oyerinde said that he knew he was a sinner, but that he was persuaded that the Lord heard the prayers of sinners and that he would pray for them.

Perhaps a dozen people gathered for the ceremony: some in Yoruba clothes and some in American clothes with bow ties. The

simple service was held. Then Professor prayed for their happiness and that God would bless their home. Then Ralph and I took the wedding party the four miles out to the Blind Center in our cars.

Reverend Adediran told me that Mr. Ogunsola had attended church at Oke 'Lerin last Sunday. He was telling me, very spiritedly, about how he had known Mr. Ogunsola for years and been trying to win him to Christ. He finally summed up his words by saying that the whole trouble was that there are too many nominal Christians in that compound. He said the word "nominal" with his face screwed up and his lips drawn back as if he wanted to quickly have such a dirty word off of his tongue.

Alice Miller came into work this morning exclaiming that she had admitted five babies to Kersey Motherless Babies Home this morning all from the same mother. Since they only admit children under one year of age, we all figured this must be quintuplets. Yes, she said, it was quintuplets. The children's home cat had given birth to five kittens.

June 10, 1963

Tuesday Night

Ogbomosho

Gene stopped work on June first so that he could have a week's local leave before packing up to go to Eku. 'Doye and I have been the only two doctors here, but Dr. Berry has been wonderful about coming over to help us out with the clinics. Emma Watts helped us today too, because Dr. Berry had to go on a Health Service trip.

We have been exceptionally busy. Friday we had 209 out-patients and I was called to maternity four times for forceps deliveries, D & C's, and such like. Doye had two strangulated hernias this past weekend. He really looked tired out by the end of clinic today.

Some amusing things still happen though; mostly in the interaction of opposing backgrounds and cultures. The Yoruba people have a more frank outlook on nudity than we are accustomed to in America. It is accepted as much more an integral and ordinary part of life without embarrassment. This is especially true in a doctor's office where cloths frequently must be removed for examinations. Late this afternoon such an examination came about. When I entered the examining room Abigail, my helper, had the patient properly draped and ready for a Gyn examination. The patient had never had such an examination before and was somewhat frightened so we spent much time reassuring her that it would not hurt her in any way. Apparently the husband overheard this for he called in through the closed window of the frosted glass to tell her to be still and let the doctor do his work. Perhaps she was afraid to disobey her husband, for she immediately became still and suffered the examination with only two or three muffled cries. I told her that it was all finished and turned my back to remove my gloves. Abigail was probably tired from the long day, and in a hurry to get through, so she pulled the drapes off of the patient. This left the patient completely nude from the waist down, and only a blouse like cloth on top. The patient,

however, was not at all abashed; she hopped down from the examining table and, in her relief and joy that it did not hurt, she grabbed both my wrists and began to dance wildly saying: "I like you 0! You are a good doctor 0!"

Even though I have become somewhat accustomed to the frank, outgoing nature of some of the folks here, this was too much for me. I could feel my cheeks getting hot with embarrassment, and I tried to turn quickly to go out of the room. However, I could not do so because both of my wrists were firmly held in that joyful dance. In spite of this I rather quickly made my way out accompanied by Abigail's laughter for she had sensed my embarrassment.

Another custom strange to me is to hear a total stranger call another person completely unrelated to him or her "my husband," or "my wife." It seems to be a term of endearment which is perfectly acceptable for use with only acquaintances under certain circumstances.

One of my first experiences with it was when I removed a nasal polyp from the nose of an old wrinkled Fulani woman. She must have been in her sixties, but retained a suppleness and agility that belied her years and ancient appearance. She had been unable to breath through her left nostril for five years because of a polyp which filled that side of her nose.

I took her to the O.R.; and, under local anesthesia, I slipped a wire noose around it and simply guillotined it off. As soon as it was out she realized that she could breath through

that nostril. She hopped off of the operating table, grabbed me around the waist and knelt down in her enthusiasm to show her appreciation. Her only words were to repeat over and over again: "My Husband! My husband! You are my very husband!"

July 29, 1963

Monday morning

Ogbomosho

Mission meeting was July 11th to 18th this year. It rained so hard that the little creek to the east of Ogbomosho overran its banks and covered the bridge with about twelve to eighteen inches of water. Every one who stayed at the Health Service compound had to ford this stream each time they went home at night.

We are terribly short of doctors this year. Eku has only two doctors so far for the coming year. Connel Smith has gone down there to relieve for two weeks. Then I will go for two weeks. Next month Joinkrama will relieve them, then the next month the Health Service will relieve them for a month.

The Smith's loads came this past week. We got a 1/2 barrel of stuff in their loads too. It's like Christmas in July. We received three Smithfield hams. We have already boiled one and put it in the freezer to save to bake at Christmas time.

Alice has been in bed for four days with a mild attack of phlebitis due to her varicosities. I have had diarrhea, sinus trouble and fever for three to ten days off and on. Nearly all the children have been sick except Benjy.

Yesterday I went to two churches in the association. At Olo

I preaches the sermon for Home and Foreign Missions week. The service was depressed because of a recent death of a strong young man in the community.

At Odo Oba I met with the church to try to help reconcile the differences between the youth and the elders of the church. My sympathies are really with the youth. The church had given its money into the hands of a treasurer who used the money for his own trading. He now owes the church 67 pounds 15 shillings and 8 pence, but does not have it to pay. I tried to persuade them to put the money they now have in a bank and let the man pay back "small-small" until it is all repaid, but one especially belligerent elder led the church against such advice. I must go back again sometime this week and try again. After the failure of the conference they wanted to give me two chickens, but I refused them. This is a calculated affront to a Yoruba man, but I hope that it made the point of severe disappointment on my part.

Wednesday Night

July 31, 1963

Ogbomosho

We had three major operations and some 165 people in the Out-patient clinic today. For some reason I am sort of tired tonight.

Monday morning when I got up at 6:30 a.m. to go to the hospital my bicycle was missing. I reported it to the police early in the morning. In the afternoon one boy came to my office saying that he had seen my bicycle in a house at Cachika. I went

down and sure enough there it was. I stayed with the bicycle and sent some one to call the police.

While I waited in the covered back verandah of the mud house many people of the house passed by. They would salute and ask if anything was wrong, but at the same time they would look nervously at the bicycle. I would answer that there was nothing wrong and just sit there.

One boy named Olukokun who was raised as a motherless baby at Kersey Children's home seemed especially nervous. Finally, he came and said that he must take the bicycle back to the boy he borrowed it from.

I told him that the bicycle was not to be moved from that spot. He wrung his hands. His lower lip quivered some. He said he had to take it back to the boy he had borrowed it from before the boy's master came home. I told him the bicycle was a stolen one and had already been reported to the police. He picked at a hole in the leather seat with his fingers but did not argue anymore. Finally the police came and took him and the bicycle to the station.

October 12, 1963

Saturday night

Ogbomosho

Sometime in August or September I went back to Odo-Oba Baptist Church. (Where I had refused the gift of the two chickens.) They were very pleased to tell me that the man who owed the most money had paid back thirty pounds of it. The next week as I traveled to Oyo I noticed that they were repainting the

sign over the front door of the church.

Connel and Eunice brought out some things for us in a drum when they came back from furlough. One of my things was a new pair of trousers to go with one of the suit-coats I already have out here. I was pleased to be wearing it one Sunday in September to go to Ajawa for a preaching service.

The road into Ajawa is dirt and gets right bad when it has been raining. I was going along carefully to avoid getting stuck. I was occasionally hitting mud puddles in first or second gear to be sure of getting through them.

Every thing went fine until I hit bottom in a deep rut and knocked the muffler loose so that it hung down under the car. I always have bailing wire along in the trunk for such emergencies, but I hated the thought of spoiling my new trousers before even preaching in them once.

I looked up and down the road, and it was completely deserted. I got all the necessary things out of the trunk, and looked again. The road was still deserted. I pulled off the trousers and slid under the car just in underwear and tied up the muffler. I got out and dressed just in time for a truck load of passengers including women came up at that time. I started on down the road very pleased with myself. But my daring must have made me work too fast for I had only gone another half a mile when the muffler fell again. There was nothing for it but to crawl back under the car, good breeches and all.

A woman was brought into the hospital the other day with a

retained placenta. We admitted her to the maternity center, and after careful preparation and draping the placenta was removed manually. It was a quite difficult one to do, and I was glad when the job was over some thirty minutes later. The next day Mrs. Jester told me something of the woman's history. She had come once to our out-patient clinic, but she decided to deliver at home. After delivery, when the placenta would not come, they gave her several kinds of native medicines. (They nearly always say "ten different kinds" -- I don't know whether that is a true count or just a handy number to use.) Some of these elixirs are compounded of a mushroom-like parasite of trees and some of cows urine. Any way these efforts failed.

She was then taken to a Babalawo<sup>25</sup> who advised several things. Among these the act of swallowing beads on a string. I suppose that this causes vomiting and the increase in intra-abdominal pressure delivers the placenta. When this failed a flat pepper grinding stone was put under the patient's back while several people pushed on the abdomen and the fundus of the uterus.

When all else failed she was brought to us. Thank the Lord we were able to deliver it and she lived to return home in a few days.

Samuel is a fine young man from the Ogbomosho Blind Training Center. He has had cataracts on his eyes either since birth or

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<sup>25</sup>Babalawo literally means "Father of Secrets". It is a term used for the native herbalists.

since the age of six months. Ever since I first saw him about two years ago, I have tried to persuade him and his father to go to the eye specialist in Ibadan for surgery. They have always refused.

We occasionally do cataract extractions here, but I have limited it pretty much to elderly cases with senile cataracts. Congenital cataracts are quite different, and there is more danger of a bad result in doing them.

So it was with considerable reluctance that I agreed to undertake the surgery here in Ogbomosho. We did just his right eye first. At the time of surgery, I felt more tense than usual, more worried about the procedure. Things did not go as smoothly as I would have liked all though it was not bad.

Today I went out to the Blind School to see Samuel. He was standing far down the Verandah and as we walked up he cocked his head to one side and squinted a little as someone does who sees a little, but not too much. He did not know me -- after all he would not know me by sight if he saw perfectly now for he has never seen me before. When I began to talk and ask him if he was seeing a little now, he lunged forward and grabbed me around the waist and chest and hugged me very tight. Yes, he is seeing now.

He does not see very well, but he sees and that is something he has never done before. This coming Wednesday I want to try some glasses on him.

We were working around the house today when a car pulled up out front and a horn began to blow. I heard Alice go out the door

and cry: "Ekabo, Baba, E kuatijo!"

I looked up and saw that it was the Alafin of Oyo. He was having trouble with the arthritis of his neck again, and had come for medical care. When he found no one at the hospital, he came here to the house. We were very pleased for we were able to entertain him with Coca-Cola and banana bread.

I would never have thought that I would entertain a King in my parlor.

October 21, 1963

Tuesday night

Ogbomosho

Samuel from the blind school came last Wednesday, and I tried glasses on him. He can not even distinguish how many fingers are held up in front of him very well, but he is thrilled to death that he can walk any where he wants to go without help.

He will come again tomorrow for the other eye. I pray he gets an even better result with it.

Yesterday, I was called to see a patient in the maternity center who had been in labor for three days or more. She was too small to deliver normally and what with a number of attendants and midwives examining her at home the birth canal and uterus had become infected. Even a purulent amniotic fluid was grossly apparent.

I knew I would have to section her or destroy the child. The baby was living and a heart beat of 150 beats per minute could be heard in the mother's lower abdomen. I certainly did not want to

destroy a living child. Yet to do the usual Cesarean section meant approaching the uterus through the peritoneal cavity. She would surely get a septic peritonitis and, at best, be extremely ill for many days.

I decided to do an extra-peritoneal section. That is to approach the uterus in such a manner as to carefully strip the peritoneum off of the top of the bladder without ever opening it and to do a lower segment uterine incision. I had never done one before. I had never even seen one done before. But getting out the books and reading some, and talking to Connel, I finally tried it and was successful. It really gave me some satisfaction to know that it was planned right and done right. Both the mother and the baby were feeling fine late this afternoon.

This afternoon we had a called staff meeting to work out some problems arising from a disagreement with our hospital and the Medical Board. This was a heated altercation and finally led to both Ray and Doye leaving the meeting in a mixture of disgust, anger and disappointment.

July 1965

Ogbomosho

I have written two former dairies covering periods from 1957 to 1960 and 1961 to 1964 about our first two tours of missionary service in Nigeria. These books are in the attic of my father-in-law's house at the time of this writing: Mr. E. G.