

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.

Blankenship of Union Mills, N.C.²⁶

Our furlough year was less hectic in many ways than our first one. We stayed in Winston-Salem, N.C. renting a house from Ardmore Baptist Church. I did the first year of a regular residency in Obstetrics and Gynecology. This required that I be at the hospital 33 hours out of every 44. However, I had one long weekend a month and one afternoon off each week. After the first nine months I did a three months elective in sterility and family planning and had practically no night call.

Thus much of our furlough speaking was crowded into the last three months. Alice spoke much more often than this throughout the year.

Sometime during the year we put 31 thousand miles on the car. Our last month had an especially tight schedule with many dinners out, farewells to friends, and so forth. We flew from Charlotte, N.C. on June thirtieth. I said then that with three daughters and a wife I needed the biggest tear bucket in the world. We stopped in Washington, DC, where I spoke at prayer meeting to Columbia Ave. Baptist Church of Falls Church, Va.

By the time we reached our rest stop at Amsterdam, we were all whipped out. We slept fifteen hours straight plus an additional four hours in the afternoon. We had considerable anguish on the trip by losing and then finding Benjy's cornet in

²⁶This notation was made in July 1965 when I began the third diary. All three of the handwritten diaries are in my home today (September, 1991). That is at 718 Parkway, Bluefield, W. Va.

Washington and by being overweight on baggage. Eastern weighed us in Washington as being 23 kilos over. We had to pay \$95.00 to Amsterdam.

In Amsterdam we threw out everything heavy we thought we could spare. Alice even cut the pant's legs off of long pants that we planned to convert to short pants in Nigeria. We planned to send the lovely typewriter given us by a family in Winston, The Niblocks, on by air freight. But when we weighed in this time we were 11 kilos underweight. I do not know what happened. I know we did not succeed in throwing out that much.

We arrived in Ogbomosho on July fourth. Connell was on the E.C. so I began covering emergencies and taking call at the hospital on July sixth.

Even though the hospital was partially closed down for mission meeting we had a number of emergencies. By the following Sunday I had operated six out of the eight days I had been in the country.

Obstetrics especially put on a show. That first week we had a partial placenta previa, a central placenta previa, a previous "C" section for V-V fistula, aside from a difficult mid-forceps delivery.

Yesterday I did my first cataract removal of this tour. After that I had to put on an emergency case which had a complete perforation of the ileum and required resection of nine inches of ileum. The ileum then had to be re-anastomosed to the cecum at a different place. The patient was doing well tonight.

During the night, I was called to admit Bob Carey, a Canadian who lives at the premier's lodge, and is working on some sort of water survey project. He had fever of 105 and the spleen down three fingers. He has responded well to antimalarial drugs.

Dr. Adeqoyin is the Rural Health Officer in Ogbomosho. He, too, developed high fever and irrational talk during the wee hours of the morning. Honorable Adigun²⁷, who lives next door to him, and others came to call me. We went out and brought him into the hospital too. He is still not doing too well.

I have seen Samuel, the boy from the blind canter who had cataract surgery last tour. He now works for Mr. Alade a nurse here in Ogbomosho. Mr. Alade is the same man who bought my old Chevrolet at the end of last tour. I heard it rumored that he said when he bought that car it was a dead Apiro carcass that he bought.

Samuel seems to be going over fool's hill to some extent now. He has two constant companions who do not hear any English and seldom speak at all in my presence. Samuel very proudly tells that they were both pagan and have been converted under the influence of his preaching. This is probably quite true, but Samuel has lost the humility he formerly had. Samuel is studying Braille now and certainly has a better position than he had before.

²⁷Honorable Adigun was the Federal Minister of Health for all of Nigeria.

July 30, 1965

Friday

Kontagora

We had a good trip up to Kontagora on Wednesday. We left Ogbomosho by 9:00 a.m. and had lunch after we crossed the Niger at Jebba. We met the Moores going South to Ogbomosho just after we started back up the road after lunch.

The car, which has 65 thousand miles on it, is really doing very well. But it burned two quarts of oil on the way up here.

The Richardsons came by our house in Ogbomosho at 7:00 a.m. on their way to Kontagora. They arrived ahead of us, of course. They planned to go on to Zaria and move their loads back here. (They have been assigned here since they finished language school last year.) Unfortunately they had a wheel come off the car only 35 miles out and had to return here over night. They stayed with the Leggs except for the two oldest boys, Jerry and Walter, who stayed with us.

I have enjoyed the work here. Being on a different station means that we are not so well known and therefore do not have dozens of visitors coming by to salute all the time. We have enjoyed some real afternoon naps, and the night call has been light enough thus far to let me catch up on my rest.

I have done two hernias, a total hysterectomy, and a scrotal repair since I have been here. In addition I amputated a toe which had ainhum this afternoon. I believe the patients here are more amenable to having hysterectomies when they are needed. I have another one scheduled for tomorrow. The work has gone forward nicely here. The Yoruba Baptist Congregation has a lovely

cement block and native stone church just between the hospital compound and the town of Kontagora. Then just by the city gate the Hausa Baptist Congregation is now building a pretty little church.

Mr. Martins Ogundigi is a first cousin, I think, of Ben Oke. He graduated from Nursing School in Eku some two or three years ago. He was assigned here to Kontagora and came rather reluctantly. He seems to be really enjoying it now. He married a sweet girl who is a mid-wife here. Not too long ago, a year or so, his brother's wife delivered twins and died shortly afterward. His brother is Mr. Ejiwole who is the Chaplain at Agbor. His wife died on the third day after the twins were born, I am told.

Mr. and Mrs. Ogundigi are taking care of the twins now. They are precious babies. They have a hedgehog for a pet. Our children thought this was just wonderful. Especially when all of us sat on the floor in a circle and sang the Yoruba song to the hedgehog. The hedgehog tries to get out of the circle only to be shooed back in again. Everyone then says that he is dancing to the song we sing.

We have enjoyed the Leggs on this trip. We have eaten together a couple of times. Ruth Rumphol has been in on this too, of course.

August 19, 1965

Sunday

Kontagora

The hospital has been fairly quiet. Gene says that it is not so busy here when the rains come because people are farming more

then and the lorries are driving slower. But that in the dry season the work increases considerably.

Even so I have operated every day except today. One patient on the men's ward has huge brawny edema of the left thigh which gives an orange peel appearance to the skin. The leg below the knee is not involved. I have been treating him for filaria, and I probed the thigh with a needle looking for pus, but really it is a puzzle.

Gene and I worked on my car some yesterday. The right hand back window jumps off its runner from time to time. We put a stop in the door so that the window won't go quite as far down as it use to. I hope to find a short in the tail light tomorrow.

The skies have been cloudy all day today. A misty rain fell in the morning and it was comfortably chilly at noon. We have all enjoyed sleeping late and taking afternoon naps. This afternoon, Marianne and Alisa came and got in the bed with Alice and me after nap time for a giggling, tickling, session.

Alice and I are very hopeful that our loads, which were in Lagos, will be in Ogbomosho when we get back there. That means that we will have all the work (and fun) of unpacking before us. But for these few days here we have shrugged off any thought of those responsibilities and enjoyed a respite from our own work.

We went to the Kontagora Yoruba Baptist Church this morning. Pastor Misyuria preached from Rom. 12:1-10. He emphasized that Christians are the only letters that Pagans read about Jesus. He illustrated his point by showing three letters, one very messily

written, one poorly done, and one very neatly and attractively done. Then he asked what kind of letters were we.

August 2, 1965

Monday

Kontagora

No surgery today, but the clinic kept me pretty busy. One Hausa girl was brought in who had delivered just three days ago. She was extremely anemic and was gasping 64 times a minute in her frantic efforts to keep up her oxygenation. She had mobilized a lot of fluid and had edema of the legs, hands, and face. It was evident that if she did not get some red blood cells quickly she would die; however if she were given a simple blood, transfusion and her fluid volume increased she would go into congestive heart failure, her lungs would fill up with water and she would die frothing at the mouth. If we transfused she would die; if we did not transfuse she would die. The trick was to give her more red blood cells without ever increasing her blood volume.

By the time we had blood ready for her she was irrational. It took an hour and a half, but I finally got the arrangement I wanted. We got blood running in the left foot through a cutdown, then we got blood coming out of the right arm through a 15 gauge needle. The collecting bottle airway and the giving bottle airway were then connected by a plastic tube in such a manner that for every drop of good rich blood that went in a drop of poor blood had to come out.

In this fashion we got in the cells from 2 units of blood and drew out the thin watery purplish blood enough to fill one bottle.

When I went by to check on her tonight she was able to smile in spite of still having a respiratory rate of over 30 breaths per minute.

August 6, 1965

Friday

Ogbomosho

When we arrived on Wednesday evening we found that our loads had come: all but three crates anyway. Even though we were tired we were too excited not to start work on them. We unpacked until midnight. What a day! Two minor surgical cases, Clinic at Kontagora. Left at 1:00 P.M. and drove 220 miles home. Dinner with the Flewellens and then unpacked until midnight.

Thursday and Friday were spent entirely in unpacking.

August 7, 1965

Saturday

Ogbomosho

I felt like we got as much accomplished today as we ever have in Nigeria. Alice canned 21 quarts and 9 pints of string beans. The electrician, Mr. Ekundayo, finished running nine new lines and wall outlets of 110 volts. I got the tiller going, made new handles for the pressure canners, cleaned a commode drain, put up a towel rack in the bath room, fixed new curtain fixtures, and so forth.

Professor Oyerinde's younger sister was buried today. They drummed all night last night. But it is quiet tonight.

August 9, 1965

Monday

Ogbomosho

Yesterday after church as we were driving back to the mission compound the early night had fallen and the women traders had lit

their little kerosene and oil lamps to sit by the road to sell. The children began to talk about how pretty Ogbomosho is. They went on and on about how the pretty red oil lamp fires made the whole city beautiful.

Today was my first day back at the hospital after 10 days relieving at Kontagora and unpacking. There were many administrative problems to untangle which took half of the morning ... called to hospital: can't finish.

August 13, 1965 Friday Ogbomosho

This was a mighty good day for a Friday the thirteenth. Clinic was over by 5:00 p.m., and yet Doye and I did four major operations today. I did bilateral cataract discissions, a right inguinal hernia and a tubal ligation.

Alice and I worked on putting up the pictures of the children tonight. It took most of the evening what with masking, matting, framing, and so forth. We enjoyed the record player while we were doing it.

August 15, 1965 Sunday Ogbomosho

I have thought several times today of how happy I am to be where I am, doing the things I am doing, married to Alice, raising the family that I have - how thankful I am that the Lord has provided just exactly the things that He has provided.

Yesterday morning was filled to the hilt with work. The

total hysterectomy that I did was one complicated by technical difficulties. A hemoglobin of 4.5 grams% had cause us to cancel the proposed surgery on Thursday. After transfusion we began again yesterday, but the spinal did not take. I put her down with the EMO²⁸ machine and left the general anesthesia in Mr. Koleosho's²⁹ hands then I started the surgery again. I had not gone far with the procedure when I had to stop to start some blood. I told Alice later that I had not had such complications since leaving Joinkrama.

The Ray Crowders had lunch with us. They have just returned from the States and are bubbling over about the piano and other things they were able to bring back.

Rev, Ogunyale preached on Worldly Riches (Oro-Aiye) this a.m. contrasting the riches that God provides with monetary goods. He gave a good sermon.

Nobel Brown preached at Eastern Antioch tonight. He preached on our fellowship with God versus the lack of it. I sang "In the Glory of His Presence" as a solo. Paul Miller is leading the Choir and congregational singing there now, and he is doing a grand job. The congregation even stayed up to tempo!

²⁸The EMO machine was a canister that contained ether in such a manner that a measured amount of the drug could be mixed with oxygen or room air and delivered to the patient in a semi-closed system. We gave endotracheal anesthesia using a Reuben's valve to manage a semi-closed system. We even did open chest surgery with this apparatus.

²⁹In 1990, I saw Mr. Koleosho again. He had become an important Chief in the Shaki area of Nigeria. He owned and operated a large trucking company.

Tuesday

August 24, 1965

Ogbomosho

I was on call this past weekend. It was an unusually busy one. We had a Cesarean Section, a strangulated hernia and an abdominal laparotomy on Saturday night, and a Cesarean Section on Sunday morning.

The abdominal laparotomy was on a little boy on Pediatrics. We knew he had tuberculosis and had solidification of the lower lobe of his right lung, but he also had an umbilical hernia. This became hard to the touch and apparently irreducible. He developed complete obstruction of his bowel with distention and vomiting.

Obviously he was a poor operative risk with so much lung disease, but I felt that he must be opened to see if this really was a strangulation of his umbilical hernia. We gave him phenobarbital and Demerol; and, while he slept groggily, I did him under local anesthesia.

He did not have a strangulated hernia, but instead an ileus due to generalized tuberculous peritonitis. He is still living and improves slowly on Streptomycin and I.N.H.

Sidikatu had twins several years ago. Unfortunately, they both died before they gained any weight at all. In 1963 she had a brow presentation, and I did a Cesarean Section for her. That child is still living and doing well.

Saturday she came in again at full term and in active labor. It was felt that she might have a trial of labor since she had delivered before. I talked with her about this, and she very much wanted to avoid a repeat Cesarean Section if possible.

We watched her along, seeing her several times in between the other surgery. When on Sunday morning it became obvious that she could not deliver, I sectioned her. The little boy baby was dead!

Today I saw a case the like of which I have never seen before. An eight year old boy named Lasisi had measles four or five months ago. He has been unable to see since then. On examination there is a growth of skin over the eyes which completely closes the space usually open between the eye-lids. Apparently he lay with his eyes half opened for a long time with the conjunctival crusts of measles on them. A layer of skin grew across this crust.

He lay very still on the operating table not even flinching when the needle stuck his eye-lid to give him local anesthesia. As I worked to peel away the crust and skin he began to say "I see something white." Then he exclaimed: "I see the Doctor: he is wearing a white gown."

Then he began to pray out loud asking God to bless us, to help us and to be with us. I pray the skin will not try to grow back over his newly opened eyes.

We took Benjy to Newton School today. Alice and I feel tired, depressed and blue tonight over loosing our boy. For now he will be away from us more and more. Of course we are glad that he is growing to manhood and can accept his new responsibilities with such equanimity, but still there is sadness there. The girls all came home and cried. But they really could not answer when asked if they wanted Benjy to be here or if they wanted to be

there.

August 30, 1965

Monday

Ogbomosho

We went to Newton yesterday to see Benjy. He still seems to be having a wonderful time. His dirty laundry was stuffed wet into his laundry bag. When Alice caught that fact, Benjy said, "Well, see you later, Mom, I'm going out to play."

I had a brief but vicious bout of diarrhea on early Sunday morning. I managed to get to Newton in the afternoon, but had some waves of nausea and occasional twinges of colic.

We are buying a second-hand Bently piano for 150 pounds. We have not seen it but have been told that it is 6 months old. The hospital lorry is going to pick it up on Wednesday.

Grace Ojo and her two children, Sunday and Kemi, spent three days with us this week. We really enjoyed having them. Sunday seems to be exceptionally bright.

Monday

September 6, 1965

Ogbomosho

I was scheduled to go to Kontagora on Wednesday, but was so sick Tuesday night vomiting and having explosive diarrhea that we had to make hasty changes of plan on Wednesday morning. Connel went up on Thursday morning. I had a sort of rough week, but feel much better now.

Sunday morning at 5:00 a.m. they called me for a set of twins. The second one had the cord prolapsed in the forebag of waters and probably would have died in the hands of a mid-wife. It was right

gratifying to feel that I had really made a life-or-death difference.

Not two hours after that I was called for a face presentation in a gravida six. I was able to flex the head and change it to a vertex. I expected her to deliver in just one or two contractions, but she made no further progress. We have a vacuum extractor so I applied this instrument to the baby's scalp. It is, in essence, a metal cup that fits on the baby's head. A vacuum is then created inside the cup which holds it tight to the head. Gentle traction along with the mother's pains then helps the head to descend. After applying this cup she delivered in exactly four pains.

Before that was finished I was asked to look at a primipara who could not deliver because of scars in the vagina. She had apparently used some sort of native medicine which had burned the birth canal leaving bands of scar tissue. These had to be transected before she could deliver.

Late Sunday night I was called to see Mrs. Ferminyon, the wife of a Seminary Student from Cameroon. She has taken the Christian name of Olivia. She has four children at home, and anticipated a quick delivery with this one. She was almost fully dilated and pushing hard at 3:00 p.m. Then something happened, and she had no further contractions. The baby's heart beat could no longer be heard in the uterus. From that time until they called me to see her she had no contractions, developed marked pain and tenderness and went into shock. When I heard the story I feared a uterine rupture and when I got there and saw her I was

sure. We hurriedly pumped in two pints of uncrossmatched O Negative blood. Everyone rallied around, the seminary students came up by the dozens to offer to donate blood. We operated immediately and found the uterus torn across the anterior part. The body and extremities of the fetus were in the abdomen. She tolerated everything marvelously well in spite of the fact that it had to be done under local anesthesia.

Today was a typical blue Monday. 280 plus people showed up for clinic. Doye had to leave after lunch for an interview in Lagos. The maternity center, cranked off again with an emergency "C" section first thing. Then a mother came in and precipitated twins in the admission room. The second twin had a head-hand presentation and aspirated before it could be delivered by the admitting mid-wife. We worked on it even putting a tube in the trachea and using a bag to breath for it for three and a half to four hours, but it died.

Then a patient came in who had been previously sectioned in 1959 for placenta previa. She had twins this time and the lower one was presenting as a shoulder. She had to have a Cesarean Section.

In the midst of all this six victims of a Lorry accident were brought in. Needless to say, I am tired tonight.

Pastor Okanla came by tonight and we went to see Mr. Ganiyu Raji. Rev. Adeyemo also happened to be here so he went too. Mr. Raji is the blind man that Ralph and Francis West helped so much. He had been a Muslim and had professed faith in Christ. He has

been backsliding recently and going to the mosque again. We are all concerned to try to encourage him to stand fast in the Christian faith.

September 29, 1965

Wednesday

Ogbomosho

I left my journal here by forgetfulness when I went to Kontagora. My week there was a rather slow one. We had one lorry accident, but none of the victims were badly hurt. I enjoyed eating out with the various families there. I stayed first at the Moores house and then with the Richardsons. The first two nights there Mr. & Mrs. John Crossley and family were there. I was interested in meeting him because I had heard so much about how he mastered Yoruba in a year of living and studying at Iseyin. He is with the Methodists and works especially with Muslims.

One evening we spent at Ruth Rumphol's with all the missionaries on the compound together for supper. I heard again the hilarious tale of how the Leggs traveled from Zaria language school to Kontagora. It was highlighted by an auto malfunction that required Gene to get out in a downpour of rain. Being on a very infrequently traveled road he took off his outer clothing and worked in his underwear. Then he put on a black plastic raincoat to go a short distance further on. However, they had to stop at someone's house for a fan belt and got roped in for a spot of tea. Gene steadfastly refused to take off his raincoat of course.

Then on to Pondagarri which is a village in the North. There the car broke down again. This time after fixing it the men in

the village brought him a big calabash to wash in, and gathered around him in a circle holding up their flowing robes to hide him while he bathed.

Mary Leigh Legg and Arnold Lloyd came back to Ogbomosho with me. She is expecting in early November and has had a little bleeding. She has done well so far though.

We have gotten back into the regular routine here now. Fortunately there are enough of us for a few weeks now that the work seems lighter than it has been. I have had a number of interesting Gyn. cases recently.

October 4, 1965

Monday

Ogbomosho

This was a long hard weekend to be on call. Actually, Saturday was not too bad, but I developed diarrhea and vomiting and spent what time I had at home in bed. About 7:00 or 8:00 p.m.

I had a stomach twisting episode of vomiting and felt better afterward. I napped until 10:30 when I was called to the Maternity Center.

The woman there had two previous Cesarean Sections for dystocia due to a borderline pelvis. Last year she had dreaded repeat section so much that she stayed home until she was fully dilated and had the baby's head well down in the pelvis. When she came in then I was able to apply forceps and deliver by a difficult struggle.

I suppose she wanted to try the same thing again. Anyway she was fully dilated when she arrived here. However, on examination

the fetal head had not even entered the true pelvis. The promontory of the sacrum was very prominent and there simply was not enough room between it and the symphysis pubis.

I asked for them to call for the O.R. boys to set up for a C. section, and then I lay down on the cot in Mrs. Jester's office for waves of nausea and abdominal cramping were coming back.

As I lay there I wondered if I could even do a Cesarean Section without getting really sick to the vomiting point. I had about decided to call Connel Smith to do the section when I realized that this might be the time to try the symphysiotomy that I have heard Gene Pitman advocate lately. It is a much simpler procedure. I hurried back into the delivery room and asked for Novocain, syringes, needle and a knife. After getting adequate local anesthesia over the pubic symphysis. I placed one gloved hand in the birth canal under the symphysis and pushed the urethra to the side. Then I inserted the knife directly over the symphysis. At first I hit bone, but by trying first to the right and then to the left I found the cartilaginous joint in the midline of the symphysis. The knife immediately sank in the full length of the blade. I could feel the tip of the blade through the tissues with my left hand. Quickly the joint was cut through, and the two bones that go together to make the symphysis spread apart wide enough for a finger to be inserted between them. With her next pain she pushed, and the head entered the pelvis springing the pubic bones apart even wider. By this time my stomach was churning and hurting with all the effort required. One of the

Grade II midwives scrubbed to complete the delivery, and I hustled off to the bathroom with renewed diarrhea. I returned just in time to give some fundal pressure for the delivery. The patient is doing fine today, and has been effusive in her thanks that we avoided a repeat Cesarean Section.

I stayed home Sunday morning since I was still feeling a weak stomach. But by Sunday night I felt much better and planned to go to church. Unfortunately a patient I had operated on for an internal hernia last Thursday went bad and had to be reopened. The herniated bowel looked fine, but a piece of ileum had turned on its mesentery and become gangrenous. This had to be resected.

That just started the night off right for during the night I got in an ectopic pregnancy, performed a Cesarean Section, stayed up with a patient who was in shock because of a retained placenta, and got another "gift" from Ire of a double footling breech anencephalic monster. I went to bed at home about three or four times for half an hour each and once in the Maternity Center for about an hour.

Clinic today was extremely heavy as was to be expected since Friday had been a holiday. About mid-morning Doye came into my office and said that he had received word from Oyo that Mr. Robert Koleosho, our Assistant Nursing Supervisor in the operating room, had been in a wreck the night before and was in the General Hospital at Oyo.

Mr. Omole and I took Connel's station wagon and a stretcher and went after him. We arrived there about 11:45 a.m. We were

greeted by the Nursing Superintendent, Mr. Fasanya, and the Nursing Sister who were most helpful. The Sister asked if I wanted to go by to see the S.M.O. (Senior Medical Officer). (There is only one doctor there).

I found him sitting on his lumbar spine in an easy chair in his office with some papers scattered about talking to some friend. When I asked him about Mr. Koleosho's condition he replied that he was sorry he did not know for he had not seen him yet.

"I'm sorry I haven't had a chance to see your patient," he said, "but I haven't been feeling quite well today."

I am sure he was relieved when we took Mr. Koleosho with us back here to Ogbomosho. Mr. Koleosho has a simple transverse fracture of the right humerus, one of his sons, Tunde, has a similar fracture of the left humerus. The other boy seems to have escaped injury.

Alice and the girls went to Oshogbo yesterday afternoon to visit with Benjy and to take Marcia Bender back. Marcia spent the weekend with us. She is in the ninth grade and not really the same age as any of our children so it was right flattering that she wanted to come visit her Uncle Keith and Aunt Alice.

October 18, 1965

Monday night

Ogbomosho

The big news for all of this region is, and has been, the election. I heard one old farmer here in Ogbomosho pray out loud the other day, and he said: "...and Lord, give us peace from the

election." I gather that the older people are not too enthusiastic about the democratic process.

We still see troops moved from place to place, more police than usual, and read in the paper about arrests, teargas, and 7:00 p.m. curfews.

We left early Saturday morning for Ibadan for the first long weekend off that I have taken since we got here in July. We did some grocery shopping, and let the children browse through the toy shop at Kingsway. Kingsway has already put out the Christmas toys so that us back country fellows can get there once or twice before Christmas.

About 30 to 35 Baptist missionaries, including the children, met at Green Springs Hotel for lunch at the side of the swimming pool. We all had steak and chips at eight shillings per plate. A half an hour after lunch we all began swimming and swam until 3:30 or 4:00 p.m.

Sunday we went on to Oshogbo where we spent the afternoon with Benjy. I preached there that night so we were the guests of the school for supper.

In spite of the curfew we came back to Ogbomosho about 8:00 to 9:00 p.m. We met very few cars, but saw a lot of foot traffic, especially in the small villages.

They told us that we picked a good weekend to be gone from here! Mary Leigh Legg bled again Saturday around 1:00 p.m. and Connel sectioned her. She had a placenta previa. The little 5 and 1/2 pound girl Lynda Leigh Legg is a real doll. She has the

pretty round "doll-baby" head of the section baby.

Ray and Jeanie Crowder had gone to Oshogbo for the weekend to relieve the house parents there. Ray's hernia popped out again and strangulated. This makes the third time that he has had surgery for that same hernia. When I stopped by his room this morning to tell him hello, he grinned and said that it really showed how well he had identified with the Nigerians. Hernias are notoriously common here.

Ray and I have had a serious falling out. We do not see eye to eye on how to approach problems at the hospital at all.

We had hoped that shifting authority to him and making him Hospital Administrator would solve much of the problem. We still decide things by meetings of the administrative staff and taking a vote. If Ray feels strongly about something he finds it difficult to abide by a decision of the staff contrary to his feelings. This has led to our latest breach in personal relations. I am not at all sure we will be able to work together as co-heads of one institution.

October 28, 1965

Thursday

Ogbomosho

All efforts to relieve the situation between Ray and myself have failed so far. Edgar Burks spent much time this last weekend meeting with the staff and meeting with Ray and me in an effort to settle this thing. I have agreed to try to continue working as we are, have offered to resign as Medical Superintendent thinking that since most of mine and Ray's conflicts are on the administrative level that this would help. In spite of this Ray says he will not stay here any longer and has written the E. C. asking for immediate transfer. Edgar has told me that in all probability if the E. C. transfers Ray it will transfer me also.

It just breaks mine and Alice's heart to contemplate leaving Ogbomosho. We feel like we have really worked hard trying to gain the acceptance, rapport and identification that we have been accorded here. Now just as we have really become equipped to work effectively it seems that we may be moved.

Modele Akintola died at Jericho Nursing Home in Ibadan earlier this week. She was such an attractive girl. She was born to Mrs. Akintola in 1936 in the same room and only a week apart from the time that Elizabeth Pool gave birth to her oldest child.

The first time I ever saw Dele was at the dedication of the General Hospital. She was one of the most lovely, best dressed Nigerians I had ever seen.

When I came to know her better and treated her through a few illnesses, I realized that she was too thin, too peaked and too drawn to be the happy robust radiant person she appeared to be in

public. But it was with a heavy heart that I heard of her death. Emma watts, M hospital. There was a multitude of Christians, Moslems, Pagans, commoners, and Obas (Kings) there. We saw Mr. Ajao of the District Council who let us into a parlor to wait. He then called Chief Akintola and told him we had come. Chief Akintola came immediately to greet us. He took us upstairs to see Mrs. Akintola. We tried to console, but truly who knows what to say at a time like that.

October 31, 1965

Sunday

Ogbomosho

We had a Halloween Carnival for Alisa's and Harriet's school on Friday night. Paul Miller did the horror house. He had a six foot paper skeleton, dangling threads for a spider web to hit in people's faces, and the usual "dead man" of many parts. Della Flewellen painted a grand huge witch's face on a box with the mouth open and cut out for a game of "witches-toss". There was also bowling, ring toss, go fishing, and cakes and cookies for sale. I was a Gypsy fortune Teller with a black patch over one eye, mascara mustache and side burns and a blacked out tooth. The Fines, Martins, and Leggs were also here visiting so we had a grand crowd. Everything was one, two or three pence so that we made some money for the school and the children had fun too.

Alice and the girls have gone to Oshogbo to see Benjy. I am on surgery call at the hospital and could not go. I thought I would get more done this afternoon than I have, but I entertained

for over an hour.

Mrs. Ruth Oladoyin came again. She is the lady that had tuberculosis of the hip and has practically adopted us. She brought us, oranges and bread and chin-chin for the children.

Mr. S. O. O. Olaniyi and Pastor Olaniyi's mother came by to salute also. Pastor Olaniyi is now at a new church in Ede having recently graduated from the seminary.

November 17, 1965

Wednesday

Ogbomosho

Ray and I finally settled our differences. At a Thursday afternoon prayer meeting I felt strongly led to make one more attempt to reconcile us before the E.C. met and acted on either my resignation as Medical Superintendent of the hospital or Ray's request for transfer. At least I had been told by Edgar Burks that Ray had already turned in his request for transfer.

I got Alice, Doye, and Chaplain Asaju to go with me and went to see Ray. We had quite an emotion filled session. I resolved to say that I hoped we could forget the past and go on to a new and different relationship. I am sincerely convinced that Ray and I see the things that have happened and the differences between us in such a way that we can not even talk about them without being critical of the other. So forgetting the past and starting out all over again seemed to be the best way.

Ray drew out a sealed envelop from the safe dated five days earlier which read: If Dr. Edwards comes to me to try to resolve our difficulties (or something like that) within one week I will

not send in my request for transfer, but will try to work out this matter. Ray seemed to feel that this settled the matter.

On my part I rather resented the sealed envelope which did nothing to really solve the problem or to bring us together, but would have served only to prove that he had been willing to respond if I had not come and when it was too late.

However I swallowed hard and said nothing to renew the angry fires of disagreement that seemed to be dying down. After the about two hour session, Ray and I had resolved to really try again to work as co-heads of this institution.

If I was to speak freely of my feelings it would be to voice a deep feeling of having been indicted and judged far in excess of the guilt involved. That night a phrase came through my mind many times: "I feel like I have been raped in spirit." No doubt, Ray on his part, felt the same way. But with prayer and the hope of the power of God we resolved to try a new to establish a new workable relationship.

It was with considerable dismay that I learned that the administrative staff went on to accept my resignation as Superintendent and recommend to the E. C. that Connel be placed in that office.

It was rather embarrassing the way I learned about it. Edgar had come for a special going away service given in his honor at the Seminary. I went up to him after it was over to tell him that Ray and I had resolved our difficulties. He said that he wanted to see me to talk to me the next morning.

The next morning he told me that the staff had met with him without mine or Ray's knowledge and had decided to accept my resignation. I feel a real sense of defeat over this. This office was thrust on me in 1959 when so many missionaries left this station that the work almost went under. Nine doctors and nurses left in one month without a single replacement. I was left as the acting medical superintendent, acting business manager, and the only doctor able to take night call for two to three months at that time. Fortunately reinforcements came. We moved to the new buildings. Of our present staff only Emma Watts, Iya Jester and myself were here at that time. The Myers and the Wassons also were in the old building, but not at the time of the move. I have seen the day when the nurses wanted to resign because there was talk of Emma's being transferred, but Israel Adeyemo rose and said, "As long as Dr. Edwards is the medical superintendent, I know that we will be treated fairly."

I am sure I have failed in many ways, but it still feels unjust to be so unique. For I am the only person I know of in this mission who has been removed from a high administrative post and not transferred.

However in many ways it will be easier this way. And I feel strongly that my biggest contribution is, and should be, medical and evangelistic. I pray God will help me not to stumble on a hard step down.

Just at tea-time Karl Myers came into the tea room and asked, me if I would go with him to the maternity center to check a

patient whom he believed had a ruptured ectopic pregnancy.

Dr. Bill Williams operated on this girl in 1958 or 1959 for one ruptured ectopic pregnancy. At that time she lost her left tube and had 1000 ccs. of blood in the peritoneum.

This time she was about three months pregnant and had developed lower abdominal pain about six days ago. About three days ago she had some bleeding. She was in acute distress when she got here today. Her abdomen was distended and she was moaning in breathless grunts. She had five grams of hemoglobin, and we could not find any compatible blood in the bank. In spite of this it was obvious that we must go on with the surgery.

As soon as the peritoneum was opened we collected the free blood in the abdomen into a blood collection bottle. We managed to collect two and a half pints. We pumped back these pints of blood into an arm vein. We removed the pregnancy and the only remaining tube. As we closed the wound her blood pressure was up to 100/50. She is doing well tonight.

More and more Americans are coming here for treatment. I did a herniorrhaphy on a four month old baby named Jeremy Barth yesterday. Mr. Barth, who teaches at the University of Ife, and his wife seem to be extremely nice.

Copies of two letters received concerning the staff difficulties at Ogbomosho Baptist Medical Center:

From Joanna Maiden, member of E.C.

Joinkrama Baptist Hospital

15/11/65

Dear Keith and Alice,

Just want to say I salute you for your willingness to try the solution proposed to EC for the situation there. I think you're big people for wanting to do it, and I'll be praying for all of you.

Come to see us.

Joanna

From Nan Owens, member of E.C.

Agbor Baptist Girls School

November 13

Dear Keith,

Unfortunate things have a way of sifting to the four corners. I went to the E.C. meeting full of dread over making decisions about Ogbomosh_o. I praised the Lord for working through the staff to bring a recommendation, thereby saving an airing at E.C. in order for us to reach a decision.

As you perhaps know, I've had my own personality clashes. I think that's my motivation for writing you. I feel the tragedy in such relationships more than many people can, and I want to express my concern over the whole situation. I also want to express my appreciation and admiration for the "bigness"

exhibited in your willingness to step down from M.O. and continue to serve on the same staff under such difficult circumstances. I want you to know that Dale and I are endeavoring to uphold you through our prayers, knowing that you have chosen the hard way, but believing that your action speaks volumes to missionaries and Nigerians alike -- to the glory of God and the strengthening of our witness in this land. Only as God provides the grace for it will you be able to pursue the course you have chosen for yourself. May you be responsive to His every directing. Amen.

I didn't begin this with the following in mind, but since it has occurred to me, I'll include it.

Would you have time to help us with the devotional book? I'll include a description of it, though I think you may be familiar with the former ones. I know something of your writing ability and am confident you can make a valuable contribution to the lives of the students. I hope you will return the enclosed air letter by return mail saying you can help. Deadline is January 15.

Greetings and love to Alice and the children. See you in June if not before.

Sincerely,

Nan

November 21, 1965

Sunday

Ogbomosho

Benjy came home for a long weekend. It was his first time home in six or seven weeks. Yesterday was his birthday and he got a new bicycle.

We cooked hamburgers outside for his party and all the 3rd and 4th graders came. They jumped rope, played "it" and howled and ran and had a wonderful time.

In a few minutes we will take him back to Newton and he will be gone for three more weeks before coming home for Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Malcom Ling are staying at Francis Jones Memorial Home right now until their baby comes. He is a part owner of the Cathay Restaurant in Lagos. They brought every thing needed to have a complete Chinese dinner once while they were here. We were invited and had a wonderful time.

November 24, 1965

Wednesday

Ogbomosho

Today has been a hard day. I had a number of operations already scheduled for this morning, and two more piled on top by mid-morning. I ended up doing four hernias (one of them was strangulated), one enucleation, and a closed reduction of the humerus -- not much Gyn in that, is there?

Professor N. D. Oyerinde, the Otun Bale of Ogbomosho, our next door neighbor, is one of the oldest and most outstanding citizens in Ogbomosho. He is Chairman of the executive committee for the blind school and on the school boards for both high schools.

He served on the electoral commission for this past

election. That election has been much disputed and there have been some riots and upheavals since then.

He came to the house tonight asking if he could rent a room at the hospital because he feared hooligans were coming to his house tonight. There are no beds available at the hospital; so we have insisted that he stay in our guest room. He is sitting now in the living room with his ear glued to the radio.

November 29, 1965

Monday

Ogbomosho

Last Wednesday and Thursday nights were extremely busy. On Thursday morning I had to do two Cesarean Sections. Then a D. & C. patient who had an incomplete abortion developed a puzzling persistent borderline shock. She apparently had shock due to Septicemia, and it responded very slowly after many hours of work and attention. Thursday night they called me for another patient who was making poor progress and whose fetal heart rate was slowing down. On examination the uterus was tonically contracted and the baby's heart beat was only 110/minute. She had no bleeding, and I thought of either concealed abruptio placenta or a strong oxytocic native medicine. She absolutely denied using any native medicine when questioned, so I decided to wait and watch a little longer. About two hours later the condition was the same and the uterus had not relaxed in spite of analgesia. Suddenly, the membranes ruptured and immediately afterward the fetal heart stopped.

I began to mentally kick myself for not operating quicker

and getting a live baby. But I decided then that since the baby was dead I had better give her the rest of the night to deliver the stillborn infant normally.

By morning she still had not delivered and the uterus was still not contracting with a good rhythmic pattern. I felt forced to operate and remove the dead infant -- something that I was very reluctant to do. At surgery the infant was not only dead, but it had no arms at all resembling a thalidomide baby.

Confronted with this the mother and the father finally told the true story. She had conceived by a man other than the husband and had been taking four different kinds of native medicine from the first month on all the way through the pregnancy. She had, moreover, taken medicine the very evening that her troubles in the hospital began. Some of her people had brought the stuff into the hospital to her.

I preached at Olla yesterday morning in Yoruba on Jesu Kristi Oro Olorun (Jesus Christ the Word of God). I have been feeling rather depressed over my effectiveness as a missionary. Especially, I have felt tongue-tied lately. But the Lord blessed the service yesterday with a feeling of warmth, power and understanding. There was a good congregational response.

After I had finished preaching and sat down Rev. Shobowale, that big ex-policeman who is such a good preacher himself, rose and walked to the pulpit. He began to sing:

"E ku ise Olugbala.

"E ku ise Olugbala, Oniwasu!"

That is: "You are saluted for the work of salvation!
"You are saluted for the work of salvation,
Preacher!"

At the last word he genuflected to me. I was very touched by so fine a compliment and inwardly thanked the Lord for bolstering my falling confidence.

December 19, 1965

Sunday

Ogbomosho

Yesterday was my 37th birthday. Alice really worked all day long at getting ready for a dinner party for the entire station. This was not just a birthday party but our contribution to the festivities of the Christmas season.

We put up two card tables in the living room, the regular dining room table, and another table in the office. This gave enough room to seat 21 people without appearing crowded. One table had an artificial greenery centerpiece, another a Christmas tree of Styrofoam balls, decorated with toothpicks holding red satin balls and spray snow, the third one featured a single Queen Elizabeth rose in a green centerpiece.

We had ham which had been given to us by Dan Andrews, Eunice Smith's brother, last summer and brought out in a barrel. We also had turkey.

Alice fixed three cakes: fruit cake slices, a pound cake with green icing and candy cane decorations for my birthday cake, and a chocolate pound cake with "strawberry" cake decorations as a birthday cake for Valda Long whose birthday is December 26th.

We all had a grand time, played charades after supper and sang Christmas carols while Everline Miller played the piano.

Today at church almost the entire time was taken up with the report of the nominating committee, and the election and recognition of those officers. Pastor Ogunyale had only about three minutes for his sermon.

I am thoroughly disgusted and hope to have some influence on changing that kind of timing. This is the first church I have ever been a member of where I have not been asked to serve in any way whatsoever. Alice and I have been members there going on three years, have been reasonably faithful in attendance, given our tithe into the church and yet we have never been asked to serve on any committee nor in any capacity whatsoever.

December 20, 1965

Sunday

Ogbomosho

Two hundred and ninety five patients in clinic today! And only Karl Myers, Connel Smith and me to see them for Doye is on vacation now.

One mother put her malnourished Kwashiorkor baby on her back and refused to stay another week in Ogbomosho to attend daily to learn better feeding habits. She said her husband was killed in Ekiti last week during the political riots.

Tried to do an abdominal laparotomy this morning for a woman who is grossly distended with intestinal obstruction in spite of two days on Wagenstein suction. The spinal anesthesia did not take: so I had to put her back to bed for 24 more hours on

Wagenstein suction because two of us could not afford to be away from clinic in order to give general anesthesia today.

I heard a rumor tonight that the doctor had not been at the General Hospital in Ilorin for a full week.

Cecil and Marie Roberson came today from Lagos to spend Christmas with us. Our children just love them: I think they remind the children of Granny and Granddaddy.

January 6, 1966

Thursday

Ogbomosho

The day after the last entry in this book I redid the abdominal laparotomy on the woman who was so grossly distended. She had a volvulus and responded well to surgery. She got to go home on Christmas day or the day after.

At 5:15 a.m. on Christmas morning, I was called to the hospital to see a primigravida who had been married for 10 years before becoming pregnant. She had been in second stage labor for many hours and had just come in. I did a symphysiotomy and she delivered easily afterward. She did well and went home six days later.

I was able to get back home before the children awakened for Christmas morning.

Julianah spent some days with us before Christmas. She is finishing up her nurses training this year and will be going to U.K. to marry a boy who is already there.

Welcome came just before New Year and has spent almost a week with us. I think I like him the best of nearly any Nigerian