

January 3, 1967

Tuesday night

Ogbomosho

Mrs. McQuire did deliver about twelve midnight. Since all our children were off visiting, Alice put on a nurse's uniform and came up to help.

We went to Lagos on Thursday as planned. We saw the "Music Man" which was on at the Metro cinema, went to Targua bay, and to Victoria beach.

We had tea after church on Sunday with the Fred Clarks. Their baby is real cute and nice.

Adunola Alake is a patient who had her left lung removed two years ago by Connel because of tuberculosis. She became pregnant this year. I was very interested in following her closely, and had her come to see me every week. I gave her sample medicines to keep from costing her too much money and made no charges for her visits.

When it began to look like she was going to have to be hospitalized at 33 or 34 weeks gestation, I took her by the business office and got her put on 100% charity.

Evidently she did not understand this for during the next week she went into labor and stayed home to deliver the little premature baby.

I did not see her again until she came complaining that she had no milk for the child.

I caught cold in Lagos. I was the only one out of the whole family who got sick. My nose runs hot water constantly now. I

made the Ire trip today, but we had very few patients. I got back at lunch time.

January 8, 1967

Sunday

Ogbomosho

By dint of hard work and staying at it constantly, we were able to arise, eat breakfast, get the children dressed and get to church by nine o'clock.

By 9:15 enough children were present for us to begin singing choruses. Then by 9:30 Alice began teaching the Sunday school lesson. One little boy, Oladipo, got up and told the story of the Other Wise Man which had been told to him at Christmastime. By 9:45 Alice was reaching the climax of the lesson story and there were about 50 children present. At this time about another 50 to 60 children came. I met them at the door and patiently explained over and over that they were late and could not enter at that time and interrupt the others who were nearly finished. Both the children and the adults who came with them seemed absolutely incredulous.

Madam Alari, the W.M.U. President, came down to see about the hold up, and I explained it all to her again. She seemed to not like the explanation, so I told her that if she wanted things done differently that she could come and work with us and help us. Then we would do it any way she wished, but that as long as no other adults came to help that we would have to do it the best we could.

One of our usual helpers came then and got in to it. The

non-Yoruba speaking pastor from the East had been on time and was inside helping Alice.

It really makes you wonder though, when you are holding the door, whether you are doing right or wrong. I do not know the answer, but I know from experience that to let 50 more people mill in and out of the S.S. Class room in the last 15 minutes of the hour is not the answer.

On Wednesday of last week, I saw a diminutive, clean, attractive lady who had a five or six centimeter mass in her pelvis at the last of November. She still had the same mass on this examination so I recommended a gyn laparotomy.

She said she wanted to talk to her husband. When he came back I realized that she was the wife of Rev. Alabi who used to preach here at Orioke. They are close friends of the Imosogis.

Immediately I mentally rechecked my findings with the vague misgiving that perhaps I was recommending major surgery too quickly. No, I reassured myself any adnexal mass of five centimeters or more that persists for over a month should be looked at. Nevertheless there was a vague uneasiness in the pit of my stomach.

On Friday at operation we found a cystic tumor filled with yellow oily fluid and some hair was visible inside through the thin capsule. I knew immediately that it must be a Dermoid cyst and that it definitely should have been removed. She is doing well now and having no trouble today.

Tom and Sharon Smith dropped by to see us at 2:30 this

afternoon, and stayed for a few minutes. She delivered here about five and a half months ago.

Milosh and Quimby Mammula and their little one year old Margaret dropped in about 4:00 p.m. They have been on a tour of the North for their holiday. They will spend the night with us.

January 22, 1967

Sunday night

Ogbomosho

From reports circling about, lawlessness seems to be on the increase in Nigeria. We heard today that armed men entered the mission house at Agbor and took all of the student's school fees, a total of three thousand pounds, paid on the opening day of school.

Mr. and Mrs. Davidson, friends with USAID in Ibadan, wrote this week saying they were robbed on the Lagos-Ibadan road in broad daylight.

We went to Ibadan yesterday for dental work. Alice did some shopping while I stayed with Harriet and Marianne at the dentist's office. Afterward we went to Jimmy and Joyce Masry's for lunch. She is a grand Lebanese cook. We were served Shish-ka-bobs, barbecued chicken, Irish potatoes, stuffed with ground beef, and pine seed spice, a green bean casserole, rice and fruit and of course lots of the round loaves of Lebanese bread. In the afternoon we went to Green Springs where the kids swam a lot and we swam a little.

The Harmattan is still very heavy. On the trip to Newton School today the hills were obscured by the dust. All of us have

coughs, hoarseness, sinus trouble and so forth. We need to pray for rain.

Friday night I was on call and had three major operations during the night: two pelvic abscesses and one Cesarean section.

We have written Betty Blankenship urging her to come this summer. We will pay her way and Alton will cover some of her other expenses.

February 12, 1967

Sunday

Ogbomosho

It seems strange to be sitting here in a quiet hiatus listening to records, and writing on Sunday morning instead of hurrying off to church. Marianne is somewhat sick and it has prevented Alice from going to her Sunday School. I am on call and have spent the last hour at the hospital making rounds and getting out ward orders.

The harmattan stopped some weeks ago, but the dust it brought is still troubling everyone. It is the season of sickness. We admitted two cases of Spinal Meningitis within one hour of each other from Ejigbo this week. I have felt very strongly that just one good hard rain would abort an epidemic before it got too much of a start. I have been praying for that rain in my private devotions. On Thursday I was called on for prayer at the station prayer meeting and made that a matter of ardent supplication. On Friday night a real rainstorm came. It thoroughly soaked the entire area from here all the way to Oshogbo. The wind was terrific here in Ogbomosho and took the

top off of the morgue and a storeroom building. Some of the rafters were stuck up in the ground like arrows.

Alice, the kids, and I had gone to Oshogbo to give the M.K.'s valentine party. We had left our windows open. Not too much devastation was done, but some vases were broken, and the beds, floors, and furniture wetted. People teased me about "praying down" such a storm and not having the courage of my convictions enough to close the windows before going off.

The Valentine party was a big success. Alisa was voted the "Princess of Flowers". We were thrilled that our little fifth grader was chosen for such an honor. I am sure it is because Alisa is such a friendly, out-going little girl.

Mr. Sam Groves, an engineer with Westinghouse Corporation had been up here before with his Argentine wife Zulma for some treatments.

About a week ago he was helping get a thousand pound load off of a truck and tore loose an old hernia which had been repaired in the service.

He came up on Monday, and I did the repair on Tuesday. He has gotten along just grand and went back to Lagos on Saturday.

He and Zulma are to come up for the weekend six weeks from now for a check up. I think that I will probably stay at his house for the convention.

I was in Ede at the general workers conference Friday two weeks ago. Therefore I missed the American Embassy doctor and a guest Ob-Gyn man from the states who is teaching at the Lagos

teaching hospital.

Evidently they were well impressed for Dr. Rosenfelt, the visiting Ob-Gyn man, referred a friend of his here for obstetrical care.

The friend is Mrs. Elaine Masso. Her husband is a pharmacist with the W.H.O. measles and small pox vaccination program. He is stationed in Niome, Niger. That is about 1500 to 2000 miles from here, but there apparently are no facilities for delivery really acceptable to the American authorities around that area. Mrs. Masso flew to Lagos where she will stay for some weeks. She will come here on March eighteenth and await delivery on the twenty-ninth (hopefully).

Mel Wasson and I have started doing an astronomy class for the third and fourth grades one hour a week on Wednesday nights.

Mel gave his son Ronny a telescope for Christmas, and the Myers have one too; so we are able to see the moons around Jupiter and some other interesting things.

March 7, 1967

Tuesday night

Ogbomosho

I am tired tonight: Three Americans came this morning from Ibadan for physical examinations and various complaints, and one from Ilorin. That and a few other things took up the morning. This afternoon I got all of the agenda for medical board done.

However, the thing which made me tired is the fact that I was up most of last night with a Cesarean section and some other patients.

Mrs. Harrington, Mrs. Graves, and Mrs. Taylor all had lunch

with us today. They are with USAID in Ibadan.

Rev. Agboola is here for a revival service at Antioch Church. He had supper with us tonight.

Hazel Moon and Alice Miller had supper with us too. Hazel has just returned from furlough. Ruth Womach was to eat with us too, but somehow she did not show up. I think she was caught at Kersey Children's Home with some work there. She is going on furlough soon.

Rev. Idowu from Okeho is lying in the private room on Men's Ward now in coma. He looks as if he may die tonight. His wife, Rev Bamikole, Mr. Awujoola, Abigail Aboderin, and several others were there when I went by.

Last week I really had to travel. The weekend Alice and I spent at Ikogosi with the M.K.'s.

Alisa went forward at the decision service. She says that she will be a "missionary in Ogbomosho and live in the Jester house". But she really does seem to feel a definite call from the Lord for special Christian service.

Tuesday was Building Committee in Shaki. Friday was another Committee at Eku. Saturday we traveled for ten and a half hours coming home in the Neil's Peugeot by way of Ibadan - Oshogbo - Ogbomosho. Whew!

March 19, 1967

Sunday night

Ogbomosho

Rev. Idowu died about two days after the above note.

Ina Frazier brought her Idowu³² down for a hernia repair. Little old Scot is only five years old and he took the hernia repair right in his stride. He went to Jones the same day of the operation and back to Kaduna three days later.

Gulf Oil Company has decided to use us for the care of most of their expatriate employees.

Drs. Jack Stewart and Roy Gilbrin came up by plane on Friday to look at the hospital.

They landed on the water reservoir in a sea-plane. Unfortunately this frightened many of the people in town and the rumor started that the East had invaded by plane in order to poison the water.

Jim Clark had to go down on Saturday afternoon and talk with the Police Inspector and with the Shoun. Jim was quit upset last night over the turn of events plus another rather frustrating matter.

Today late another plane buzzed the hospital and dropped notes which said: "Send Ambulances to Oshogbo to receive a patient with a broken leg." The patient turned out to be a Chinese man: Mr. Chin.

I was detailed to take the notes down to the Shoun and explain the matter to him. He was very nice as he always is. He

³²Idowu is the Yoruba name for the child born after a woman has previously had twins. In olden days the Yoruba's believed that an Idowu took the curse from the mother, but that superstition is not so prevalent now. Even so the child born a year or so after a woman had twins is still called Idowu. Scott was born after Ina Frazier gave birth to her twins Beth and Brent.

seems to be genuinely interested in letting the Gulf people land here and thus increase the prestige and the income of the city.

He walked out to the car with me and seemed to be pleased when Harriet and Marianne both knelt down in the Nigerian fashion of courtesy for him.

We had a rain on March 17th and it looks like we will have another tonight.

Medical Board meeting went O.K. on March ninth. However we have had a most vexing problem between Valda Long and Mr. Omole. Mr. Omole wrote a quite insubordinate letter. The committee to deal with the matter met all day on Saturday. It was a tiring job emotionally and physically.

Tonight Polly Clark called to tell me to quickly go around behind Alice Miller's house that some one was trying to break in. She and Jim went from the front and I went from the back.

We found a man who appeared somewhat sick and mentally deficient. We took him to the police who were able to get out of him that he was from Ijeru.

We took him there with a constable and put him out at the market.

While there an interesting thing happened. A drummer's apprentice drummed "Ebo, Ebo" at me. I shouted to him to salute me with my Oriki. Some one nearby said: "It's Edwardu whom they call Okanlawon." So the boy drummed out the sounds for "Okanlawon".³³

³³Okanlawon means one in a million. I was given this name by

Alice's Sunday School was overflowing with children today. Afterward we went to Isale Ora Church. It must be one of the newest ones in Ogbomosho. The beams are Acacia trees and there is not a straight one in it. The walls and roof are pan. The cement floor slopes downward and you have the feeling that you are peering over a fence when you stand at the pulpit to preach, but even with all that there is something lovely about a new house for preaching the gospel.

April 9, 1967

Sunday night

Ogbomosho

Alice Miller died just after Easter Monday. On Easter Monday she visited with us and appeared well and happy. She borrowed some squash seeds for planting and worked in her garden.

About 9:00 that night Hazel Moon called for me to come see her. She had abdominal pain and vomiting. She had hemorrhagic pancreatitis and rapidly got worse. Truman Mays helped me to follow her on Tuesday for I was gone to Ire on a dispensary trip.

By 7:00 p.m. Tuesday night she went into shock. After that Dr. Mays, Myers, Pitman and myself all were with her until midnight. Sid (Flewellen) worked constantly in the lab. Alice and Della gave blood for her. Many came to see about her.

We finally decided we had to operate because in spite of X-rays and lab test we had not been able to rule out a ruptured ulcer.

the members of Oja Oba (King's Market) Baptist Church. We were the only white members of that 1200 member church for a long time.

She was quite willing for the surgery. I prayed with her before giving the anesthesia. She breathed rapidly to cooperate and go under the ether quickly. She never woke up.

The funeral the next day was one of the most lovely I have ever seen any where. Alice and the other wives decorated the casket with lace and coraleta flowers. They also made the floral wreaths from roses and tropical flowers. Carl Whirley conducted the service. Eveline and Paul Miller sang a lovely duet.

We have had dozens of visitors this week; the Massos (Ob.), the Stetlers (Ob.), Mattye Reid, Eva Sanders, Miss Trully and the other Abeokuta girls, the Kidds (Ob.), and so forth.

Today was a terrible one for being on call. I practically stayed at the hospital all day: two Cesarean sections, seven victims of a lorry accident, two measles, one meningitis, one diabetic, several children with diarrhea, one bleeding Ob., one incomplete abortion and so on.

Tonight was the beginning of the Music Revival at the hospital. I gave my testimony and sang "I'd rather Have Jesus" during the service.

April 18, 1967

Tuesday night

Ogbomosho

The music revival went real well last week. Every night someone gave his testimony. On Monday night Chaplain Asaju told an interesting story of his conversion from a little boy in an idol-worshipping home to being a Christian and later a preacher. He told of the first white man he ever saw: an S.I.M. missionary

who played Yoruba records on a gramophone.

On Tuesday night Rev. Akinleye gave his testimony and sang a gospel song, he had composed himself, to the accompaniment of his electric guitar.

On Wednesday night David Adeleke told of his conversion in the Baptist Hospital Ogbomosho after loosing his leg in an elephant hunt.

On Thursday Eric David told of his experience as a child in his grandmother's home in Liberia. His mother is a Liberian, his father is from South Carolina. He has the typical accent of the Southern Negro.

On Friday night, Rev. Adediran gave his testimony. He served 57 years in only two pastorates. He said that several times lately he thought the Lord had called him home, but that he was disappointed.

June 3, 1967

Saturday night

Ogbomosho

May was one of my happiest months ever in Nigeria. We had enough doctors so that I had some freedom to garden, get sleep at night, and so forth.

I have thoroughly enjoyed my garden. It is one of the best ones ever. We are getting grand squash, cucumbers, and some corn already.

However during the month of May I occasionally had the feeling that this was the calm before the storm: that God was

giving us a chance to rest for heavy days ahead.

June has started out fulfilling such thoughts. The Eastern Region declared independence this week. The Federal Government says they will crush this rebellion. The United States government has ordered either all Americans or all wives and children out of the East. (We aren't sure which.) It looks like serious economic sanctions will be brought against the East and probably war.

Yesterday an American couple of German descent came by. They are missionaries in the Northern region in an area that borders the East. The American Government has ordered them to evacuate that area. She is due to deliver in three weeks. So they are going to stay here for delivery. Her husband has gone back to their former station to tell all their other missionaries to leave.

We hear on the radio that Americans are to be moved by boat from Port Harcourt to Lagos. Apparently they can not get an O.K. to fly planes into the area. We cannot get telephone or any other communications through to the East so we don't know what our missionaries there are doing. We fear that if they do have to leave our institutions there that much will be lost to looters and that it is unlikely that any of us will get back in there anytime soon.

We go on with our work here as if nothing were happening. However one has a feeling of uselessness when working on committee responsibilities which deal with future plans. We are

quite ambivalent about the situation. We have packed suitcases in the closet, but are making pickles, freezing squash and planting beans.

July 18, 1967

Tuesday night

Ogbomosho

I have felt compelled to come write in my journal several times in the last four or five weeks, but kept putting it off.

The tension has blown up into a real war. The Federal Troops are marching on Enugu from two points on the Northeast border. They have already taken Nsukka and Ogoja. The radio says air force planes strafed Enugu today.

All but a few of our missionaries are out of the East. Bill Norman is still at Joinkrama. Ralph Davis just went back over there after E. C. meeting and is in Port Harcourt.

Dr. Gorner was here for E. C. meeting. He wanted to go to the East after the meeting. I hear that he and the missionaries who went with him spent a miserable night on a ferry at Onitsha. They arrived too late to be checked, and allowed into the East; so they had to sleep on the hard benches of the ferry until the next morning.

Benny Griffen telegraphed today from Lagos that twenty four of our furloughing missionaries are due into Lagos this Saturday.

Today is Joe Barnes last day of work here. That leaves Truman Mays and myself as the only doctors until Connel gets back. In spite of the fact that many Americans have left the nation for home, we still have a good many expatriates coming here for their medical care. Mrs. Flanders is at Jones now

awaiting delivery. She has "post Clomiphene" twins.

The E. C. stopped the child welfare clinics (shortage of staff and money). We are to visit Ire only once a month and Iwo only once a month, the leprosy service only twice a month, and the clinic for tuberculosis only twice a month. Our work is really at a low ebb. Mr. Ige, the man Ray put in as Office Manager, refused to do the work required of him today and he was terminated. Mr. Omole resigned effective August 20th. I am ambivalent about Omole's resignation: there are many rumors about him, and he does not get along with Valda or Jim. On the other hand he and I have always gotten along fairly well.

When Gene Pitman went home before Connel had returned, the staff of the hospital asked me to carry the duties of Medical Officer I/c until Connel can get here. I can't help but somewhat resent this rather glib way of accepting my resignation for the staff's convenience and then asking me to do the work for their convenience. However our staff is so short, and the current situation so difficult that I have resolved to do the best I can and say nothing about the matter.

August 18, 1967

Friday

Oshogbo

Events are moving so rapidly in Nigeria that one person could not chronicle them all if he wrote daily. In a diary such as this when time is snatched for occasional comments it is probably better to try to pick a few insignificant occurrences and tell them to give some human interest background to the

events.

The Barnes moved on to Eku successfully without losing their loads, but hardly had time to get settled when the armies from the East invaded the Mid-West. One column of troops must have moved down right in front of the hospital itself on its way to Sapele.

Bob Amis called Ogbomosho on the radio and asked cryptically: "Do you have any messages for us?"

It happened that I answered, and I had not heard anything about the events in the Midwest at that time.

By the next day arrangements had been made for the women and children to evacuate on the Liberian ship "Kust". Joe Barnes came with his family. They are still in Lagos undecided as to what is best to do.

The Eubanks came to Ogbomosho. Bobby Eubanks has been able to talk to her husband Brandon, who is still at Eku, by the Gulf Radio. She and her children are staying with the Smiths. We went over to see them and chatted awhile in the living room.

Apropos of a discussion about flashlights, one of the boys said:

"If you have any flashlight batteries that need recharging you can give 'em to us and we can recharge 'em. We've got a charger."

Then after a minutes thought he added, "In Eku anyway."

The E. C. is meeting in Ogbomosho today with representatives from Newton School to decide whether or not to go on with school. It is unlikely that Newton School will be able to open.

We have children of all ages in Ogbomosho now. About twenty six of them ranging from Grades I through 10.

Some of us are speculating about whether our wives and children should go on to the States now. As Ann Neil says: "It is all right to wait around all during the summer, but you surely would hate for your children to loose a whole year of schooling."

Since we did not anticipate teaching the higher grades ourselves we simply are not prepared: No Calvert courses for the higher grades or anything.

As of today we have no missionaries in the East. Martha, Owen and family are in Benin City. About ten single men and women are at Eku.

Many of the evacuees are in Lagos waiting some word from the E. C. as to what is best to do.

Lagos, Enugu, Onitsha, Kaduna, Lokoja, and Makurdi have all been reported bombed from the air by one radio broadcast or another.

Alice, the children, and I went on our local leave as planned on Saturday August 12th. We spent the first days in Ikogosi Baptist Youth Camp. There is a warm spring there with a warm water swimming pool.

The Leftwiches came up too, and we had a nice time together.

Alisa and I had a meaningful moment together in front of that lovely chapel with the red dahlias growing beside it. I was recalling her commitment to full time Christian Service there last year and could assure her that this choice led to a good

life.

Thinking back over my own life I could assure her that my greatest happiness came as an integral part of my own commitment to full time Christian service.

August 23, 1967

Ogbomosho

Newton School has been postponed for one week because of the unrest in Nigeria. Fighting at Ore; Bonney; near Enugu; Okene, and so forth is going on now.

Mr. and Mrs. Kienast came up today from Lagos. They brought friends, a Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph, with them. There was no room at F.J.M. for the Rudolchs so they are in our guest room.

We had renewed opportunities to witness to the Kienasts tonight. She has such a hard time accepting the death of her infant son. I do pray that they will come to accept Christ and to be more reconciled.

Connel is leaving at 5:00 a.m. on the hospital lorry to go to Lagos for their car and loads.

Bill Norman, Joe Barnes, Truman Mays, Connel Smith and I all worked here today.

The Barnes are settling in across the street at the Myers house after having to evacuate from the mid-west.

August 26, 1967

Ogbomosho

It misted rain all day, and the weather has been cold. It almost feels like a dreary Winter day. I found myself thinking

of Christmastime yesterday afternoon.

The Smith's loads have come up from Lagos. Connel brought up their lovely Citroen car yesterday. He made a fast trip down and back in 48 hours. He had hoped to do it quicker but had trouble getting the car started in Lagos.

We have had guests at every meal including breakfast for the last three days except for one breakfast. With as many evacuees as we have on the station now we feel that we ought to entertain some.

BBC says that the next several days are a crucial time for Nigeria because of events occurring around Ore. The Daily Times also says these days will be crucial.

With such news in the air we are understandably tense. We all listen closely to the radio, but go about our usual work as routinely as possible.

We are still running 200 plus in clinic and surgery is holding up fairly well.

September 3, 1967

Ogbomosho

I went to Kontagora last Monday and stayed until Friday afternoon. Dr. and Mrs. Fried brought their son to Newton School and then did some shopping.

I enjoyed my stay in Kontagora about as much as I have ever enjoyed it. Both missionary and Nigerian staff seemed to be happy and cooperative.

I did two Cesarean sections, one hysterectomy, two hernias,

and Steinmann pins while there. I felt sorry for the two with fractured femurs. A soldier had commandeered their land rover and then wrecked it when he ran through a road block at 60 miles per hour.

Coming back I stopped at Mokwa to see the doctors Kayser. Mrs. (Dr.) Kayser had gotten pregnant after some years of sterility and was so thrilled. Unfortunately she miscarried last Tuesday.

I was delayed for two hours at the Jebba bridge. A lorry had wrecked on one of the approaches to the bridge. I did not get away until 6:00 p.m. I hurried on home, but the last two road blocks did not really want to let me through for it was after 7:00 p.m. I was able to talk my way through and got here at 8:00 p.m.

We went to Newton to see Benjy and Alisa today. They both seem to be happy and really trying to do their homework. Both of them have signed up for piano.

Marianne is so excited about tomorrow being her first school day that she can hardly be still.

She has been real cute today. Every now and again she will grin and exclaim: "Tomorrow I will be a school girl!"

Harriet is not quite so effusive, but I think deep down she is ready for school to start. She is a little depressed because she can not be at Newton in 5th grade with Melody Leftwich.

Bill Norman and Ralph Davis have left for Duolla and points

east.³⁴

September 10, 1967

Ogbomosho

Turner Hopkins came and audited the hospital books. He found, among other things, that in the first nine days of August Godfrey, our admissions clerk, stole 377 pounds from the hospital. That is close to \$1000.00 and is more than my salary for two months. Some of the clerks in the business office have destroyed records up to July 29th so they are implicated as well.

Connel did a pneumonectomy Friday. This is his first chest case since returning this tour. It took a while for us to get set up for the anesthesia, but everything went well.

On Saturday I gave anesthesia for Joe Barnes to do a laminectomy at T 12. He removed a bullet from the spinal canal of a 12 year old child.

The Jim Clarks are leaving for Lagos tomorrow. He has had a difficult job this tour as business manager/administrator of the hospital, health service and Kersey Children's Home. There is no doubt in my mind that this is the job with the most pressure strain in the whole mission. Jim reached the point where he could not hold up under it.

We had a going away party for the Clarks and a welcome for

³⁴They went back into Eastern Nigeria by going to Cameroon and back in that way. I was afraid to be too explicit in the original diary. So I added this footnote in 1974 when I was typing the diary from handwritten notebooks.

the new missionaries on the station last night. Edgar and Linnie Jane Burkes came from Ibadan for it. As usual the Mays did not come, but went to Ibadan for a holiday and swimming. The Burkes spent the night with us.

Our cute little Chihuahua named Jeepers is sick. We have really enjoyed him. I hope it is not distemper.

September 22, 1967

Friday night

Ogbomosho

We have been very thankful for the radio that Gulf Oil installed at Eku and here. It has given the missionary families who are split up an opportunity to talk to one another.

Today, however, Bob Amis called early around 5:00 p.m. They usually call at 8:00 p.m. They would only give three messages and seemed to be under pressure.

They said: "The laundry has been discontinued."

"This is a critical time: pray for us:"

"The name 'missionary' is often mispronounced."

We think this means:

1. They are cut off from Sapele where the laundry is done.
2. There may be fighting in their area tonight.
3. That missionaries may be mistaken for mercenaries.

October 5, 1967

Thursday night

Ogbomosho

The fighting has pushed pass Eku and on beyond Agbor now. We thank God that none of our people were hurt.

Don Reece and Ruth Kube came from Eku via Sapele to Benine

to Owo and here on a military pass. They had to travel many back roads and had some rather harrowing experiences. Some of the Federal forces are billeted at the nurses quarters at Eku.

I was called to the maternity center a day or two ago to see a Fulani primipara who was in term labor. She had been trying to deliver for two days and simply was not big enough for the head of the child to come through. She had a 4.5 gram hemoglobin. I had to do a symphysiotomy³⁵ (a procedure that I do not like to do). After the baby was delivered by forceps, it was in poor condition. The midwife worked with it and soon the baby began to cry.

When the girl heard the baby cry she began to say: "Mo ti se barika!" which means literally "I have done congratulations!"

Then she told me to go tell that mama outside. I told her that I was not interested in telling any mama that I wanted to sew up the incision and start blood for her. She just grinned and insisted that we should go tell mama. We asked her if the mama was her mother.

³⁵In order to do a symphysiotomy, the patient must be in second stage of labor, with the caput fully engaged but unable to deliver because of cephalopelvic disproportion. Local anesthesia is obtained in the skin over the symphysis pubis. A catheter is put in the urethra. The gloved left hand of the surgeon is insinuated between the baby's head and the mother's pubic bone. The urethra is moved over to one side so that the surgeon's finger is just under the symphysis. Then a knife is inserted through the skin into the area between the two pubic bones. The tissues holding the bones together is cut. When this is being done one can feel the knife cutting just above ones finger. When all of the tissue holding the bones together is cut the bones will spring apart about a centimeter and the baby will deliver with the next contraction.

She smiled a smile of victorious satisfaction and said: "No, it is my husband's mama: Mo ti se barika."

October 16, 1967

Monday

Ogbomosho

I saw the patient on whom I did a symphysiotomy on Christmas morning 1965. The child of that delivery lived for eight months and then died. It is quite disheartening to realize that the good obtained by such long labor for the mother, such drastic surgery and prolonged bed rest post operatively has just died and gone.

Tomorrow morning I am to do a D.& C. for Mrs. Bobby Eubanks.

She is a new missionary and her husband is Business Manager at Eku.

She has had some menorrhagia. I do not expect any trouble, but one must always prepare double for fellow missionaries and friends.

Last Tuesday we went shopping in Ibadan, and we had lunch with Bill and Mattye Reed. He is the head of all of USAID for the Western Region of Nigeria. She is a nurse and consequently we have fairly frequent contact with one another. They are Negroes from Greensboro, N. C. and we have enjoyed their friendship very much.

On this particular day Mr. Strong, the American Consul in Ibadan, also ate lunch there. Not just lunch really, but a real fine curry dinner.

Harriet and Marianne were with us. We said later that Marianne looked like a pig but acted like a lady; which was much

better than the reverse.

Beth and Dave Kidd came by on Saturday. Their baby, born here nine months ago, is real cute and sweet. They spent the day here and had lunch with us. Dave went out on Ikoyi road on some research related to his government agriculture work.

October 22, 1967

Sunday

Ogbomosho

Bobby Eubanks, the wife of the business manager at Eku, has had some heavy bleeding recently and had to have a D. & C. on Tuesday. Her hemoglobin went down to a low point of 6.8 grams%. Urban Green gave a pint of blood for her. Brannon came up on Thursday and has been with her until today. Bobby will stay on here until next weekend before traveling on to Eku.

We hear that Martha Hagood will have to have surgery at Eku sometime soon. We will send a doctor there to help cover the hospital during her absence from work. We will rotate the responsibilities here, but at least one of us will be gone for two months.

The work load still existing in spite of the troubled conditions in the country is really too big for the number of doctors that we have in the country. We could use three to five more doctors and still not have too many.

I have been getting good reception on the Armed Forces Radio Service lately. Last night Harold Wicks and I listened to the Colorado - Nevada football game while Alice and Becky sat on the couch and talked.

Our big black dog Rhythm died yesterday. He apparently was bitten by a snake. He came in blinded in both eyes from snake venom two days ago and died yesterday.

Benjy has been having lots of trouble getting his homework done at school. He has just not been applying himself. We have really rotten on to him, and are prepared to bring him home next weekend if he has not straightened out.

He seems to have really been trying lately. Yesterday we got a letter from him which was the happiest sounding letter we have ever gotten from him.

October 24, 1967

Tuesday

Ogbomosho

Mrs. Caleb Ogundele trained at our Baptist Welfare Center in Ire. She then went to work in a government maternity at Ilora near Oyo. Last year she married Caleb Ogundele and both of them went to work at Kontagora Baptist Hospital.

She had some lower abdominal pain just a month or two after their marriage. She has never conceived and a hysterosalpingogram showed the left tube to be blocked at the isthmus while the right was just barely patent.

I did a tubal transplant for her today. Taking out one inch of tube near the uterus, we bored a hole in the cornu and put the distal portion of the tube in it. It was very satisfying surgery for everything went well and there was very little bleeding.

Bobby Eubanks got sick again on Sunday night. She developed fever up to 103 with a W.B.C. of 11,500.

She is back in bed in the hospital now on Chloromycetin and looks and feels much better.

She will leave the hospital to stay with Joe and Irene Barnes tomorrow. Then she travels with them on to Eku the next day.

We keep hearing conflicting news reports about the war being fought in Nigeria. Mostly we have trained ourselves to ignore the situation and continue our day-to-day work. We are still greatly concerned and pray much about it.

October 30, 1967

Monday

Ogbomosho

Last Sunday an uncle of Mr. Fawumi, one of our nurses, came in from Ire. He had fallen on a stick six days before admission, but had some trouble with continued oozing of blood from the wound. I put him on antibiotics, and T.A.T. and probed the wound. A piece of stick about one inch long came out and the bleeding stopped.

About two days later he suddenly bled again in a large amount. We rushed him to the operating room. There we made an incision in the upper part of his leg and dissected down between two muscle bundles to the sinus tract. From that point I could feel a hole in the fibrous ligaments that bordered the femoral canal and led into the abdominal cavity. Through the hole I could feel another large piece of stick.

We went up high and made an inguinal incision, dissected down into the floor of the inguinal canal and entered the pelvis

behind the peritoneum. While doing this a lot of blood gushed up from the femoral artery. This bleeding was controlled by digital pressure proximal to the leak. Then a piece of stick measuring five inches by one inch by one inch was removed from the pelvic cavity.

The bleeding site of the femoral artery could not be visualized so the inguinal ligament had to be transected. By doing this the entire femoral artery was exposed from the iliac artery to the bifurcation in the upper leg. By rolling the artery over a rent about 3/8" to 1/2" in length was exposed.

A clot was removed from the proximal end of the artery with a Forgety catheter. That is a long narrow tube that has a balloon at the end which can be blown up with saline. Then the artery was sewn up with thin coated nylon suture. The entire procedure took over two hours. Fortunately Truman Mays was on the compound and came at my call. He did not scrub but advised me as I worked through some of the surgery which I had never seen before. I feel like this is one of the biggest cases I have ever done. The man has done well, and is beginning to bear weight on his leg today.

Friday night we had the Halloween party for the school children here on the compound. In past years we have had a big school carnival at the seminary dining hall with games to play, candy, pop-corn, and so forth. This year we did not do so. The Governor of the Western State has decreed that there be no parties or festivities as long as the war continues. So we had

the various grades in the individual homes.

The third and fourth grade party was here at our house. The "horror house" consisted of Truman and Wanda Mays did the first room. Truman had constructed a box with a hole in it such that he put his leg through it to look like an amputated leg. As the children passed through the bath room, which was dark, Alice touched them with a damp wash cloth. Then they went into our bedroom, where Sid Flewellen, dressed as a ghost, read them a ghost story. After that we had movie cartoons which the Wassons supplied.

We went to Oshogbo yesterday prepared to bring Benjy home because of his inability to get his homework done. We had warned him two weeks ago that we would have to bring him home if his work had not improved.

He has gotten all his homework: not only that but he looks much happier because he no longer faces us with a guilty conscience. His letters have been happier and he looked happier yesterday.

November 19, 1967

Sunday night

Ogbomosho

I went to Eku two weeks ago. I would have carried this diary, but I feared that some soldiers at the road blocks might decide they wanted to read it and I would be delayed.

Bob Amis did Martha Hagood's hysterectomy on November seventh. I sat at the head of the table to take blood pressure and so forth and to give general anesthesia if needed. Bob did a pretty job.

There were quite a number of alarms while I was in Eku. One Hausa soldier named "Yaya" was on bed. He seems to be quite unstable mentally and would come and go as far as his touch with reality was concerned. He insisted on leaving, though not well, and he took his gun and left. A few hours latter he was back with a big catch of Indian hemp which he said he had taken from an Igbo Rebel Hemp-seller.

The same day an Igbo man came out of the bush half-starved and was dragged through town on his back by the towns people. He wound up in the hospital sick, injured but still alive. On Thursday the sixteenth a corporal Okproko, whose wife has delivered twins in maternity, heard about the Igbo man. He simply walked into the hospital took the man from his bed, carried him out in front of the hospital and gunned him down on the public street. He had a friend with him, but I never heard the friend's name.

In defense of his action Corporal Okproko said that this was not the first time patients had been taken off of hospital beds and shot: that in Benin City they not only took out the patients but that they took out the nurses to: men and women.

On Saturday the 18th, Yaya came back. He announced his presence by firing his riffle over the top of the hospital. This stray bullet cut a limb off of a tree in the Reece's back yard. The limb fell some 50 yards from where Harriet and Brian Reece were playing.

When Yaya came he said that he had a paper ordering that the

Igbo be turned over to him. When there was no Igbo he wanted to take Bob Amis in. Finally another soldier talked him out of that.

He then left the hospital, but later in the day he and his friends were reported to have killed a lorry driver at Abraka.

Bob and some others had gone swimming. They saw Yaya in Abraka as they went to the river. While in the river they heard the shots. Then returning home they saw the dying lorry driver.

I guess he died. He was not brought to the hospital.

I have been most depressed and gloomy. Alice, who never saw either the Igbo or Yaya, has been less affected by all this. She as tried to cajole me out of my blues without success.

However T have felt much better since getting back to Ogbomosho and the friendly outgoing Yoruba people.

When I went to church tonight, one of the little girls who goes to Sunday School there jumped up and ran to meet me. She held out her hands to be picked up and loved.

Inside the church Rev. Ogunyale preached on "All things work together for good for them that love the Lord." We sang: "Nipa Ife Olugbala...ko si nkan." That is: " By the love of the Almighty...it amounts to nothing or there is no trouble."

November 21, 1967

Tuesday night

Ogbomosho

I went to Ibadan on Monday afternoon to see Mr. Strong and Mr. Mitthoffer about the events at Eku. They listened most attentively and will pass the word on to the American

Consul in Lagos. We hope that by notifying the Nigerian Government through channels that they may bring pressure to bear to get roving gunmen off the hospital compound.

Connel called tonight to say that Ruth Kube's surgery had been done this morning, and that all had gone well. He said there were some continuing alarms, but that he would not discuss it now.

The U.S.A.I.D./Ministry of Health Small Pox Vaccination Teams are coming to Ogbomosho on December fourth. There will be five teams vaccinating here and they hope to do all of Ogbomosho (300,000 people) in 10 days.

We had the Wassons, Lolette, Joyce and Emma over for a cook out tonight. I burned the meat right badly I am afraid, but even with that it was a nice evening.

November 27, 1967

Monday noon

Ogbomosho

Dave Mayhall will be coming by in just a few minutes to pick me up. We are going to Shaki for two committee meetings: one tonight and one tomorrow.

On Saturday Alice, Harriet, Marianne and I left at 9:30 a.m. for Iwo. I did the dispensary trip there. Then we went to Oshogbo where we had a picnic lunch. We spent the afternoon with Benjy and Alisa. Then we went on to Ire.

I gave the address at graduation of the Midwives. This is the fourteenth and the last graduation from the Grade Two Midwifery school there. The government is phasing out grade two schools, so this is the last class. Miss Sanders was not present

since she left some months ago.

My mental picture of it will be that of the class marching out with candles alight while Audrey Dyer and Helen Masters, two white figures dressed in white, standing one of each side of the empty front benches before that sea of black faces. My text was "Ye have tarried long enough at this mountain."

Afterward we enjoyed some fellowship with other missionaries at the mission house. While we tried to get to sleep in that large guest room, we heard the pagan women singing and crying on the side of the big rock mountain close to the mission house. We knew some sort of fertility rite was in progress. What a difference from the sedate calm of a Christian service to the yells and cries of a pagan fertility service.

December 3, 1967

Sunday night

Ogbomosho

Early yesterday morning the C.I.D. made a raid on our mission compound at Oshogbo. They said they were looking for a radio which our missionaries were allegedly using illegally without a license. Of course there is no such thing there.

There seems to be a growing harassment of Americans. The week before that there were anonymous threatening phone calls to the Congdons and the Neils in Oshogbo. A woman called and stated flatly: "This is the day I am going to kill you and all your family."

Today's paper the "Sunday Star", which seems to have a Russian bias, had an editorial on U.S. espionage. The writer, a

Mr. Kakwo Dadson, named our Youth Camp at Ikogosi and the so called headquarters of the American CIA in Africa. I wish he could come and see the camp that it is just a swimming pool, a church, and some buildings to live in while boys or girls come for religious retreats.

The thing which makes life difficult in these days is that it is so unpredictable.

It is raining and a cool wind is blowing right now. It is hard to believe that it is the 3rd of December.

Nobel Brown came today. He looks just the same as when he went home last year: very tall and emperially slim. We are excited that he brought back a colored brochure on the 1968 Chevrolet cars.

Exactly six months from today, "L'agbara Olorun"³⁶, we will really be doing the finishing touches on our packing to get ready to go home. Isn't that the way: always looking forward to something else.

December 13, 1967

Wednesday night

Ogbomosho

The medical board meeting on December seventh was an especially difficult one. Mr. Ukeuku sang his usual song of distrust and was joined by Dr. Aremu. I am not at all sure that

³⁶"L'agbara Olorun" means "by the power of God". It is a common Yoruba expression. They have a story about a farmer who asserted that he was going to make a farm, but he did not say "L'agbara Olorun". Each time he started to the farm a bad accident happened to him. Finally he gave God the credit, the choice, and His due by saying "L'agbara Olorun". Then he made his farm without any further difficulties.

we will ever be able to turn the medical work over to the Convention in good order. Our very presence here seems to stand in the way of more Nigerian senior staff joining the work. The Lord knows I would gladly step down or completely out if there were some one to turn over to. So far we have had only one Nigerian doctor work with us for any length of time. Some from strong Baptist Families have expressed no interest in joining Baptist medical work whatsoever. I am glad that I have a break of a year or two to finish my residency this time: it allows some time for reevaluation.

Harriet was baptized on Sunday at Oke 'Lerin Baptist church by Rev. Asaju. We got the sweetest letter from Rev. Asaju. I want to keep that letter with this diary.

Tuesday I went to Ire for the regular dispensary trip. While I was there, Pastor Tada their Chaplain developed an incarcerated hernia. I tried four times before I was able to reduce it. Even so I brought him back with me to Ogbomosho. He is to have his herniorrhaphy tomorrow.

Tuesday night I was called to the hospital to deliver a breech. The mother had three children, but only one was living.

When the breech baby was delivered, I could not even feel a heart beat. I did mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. We prayed aloud for God's help. After a minute or two I felt a weak heart beat.

This grew stronger. I then intubated the baby and one of the midwives and I breathed for the baby with the Air-Shields resuscitator for an hour. Finally the baby began breathing for

itself. About two hours later it was alert, opened its eyes and cried weakly. We took it to the mother for a few minutes then back to the incubator. It barely made it through the night, and then died at 6:00 a.m.

Alice and Eunice went to the Blind Center for a Christmas "do" and then to the Speech day at the High School. I was grateful not to have to go.

Marianne, Harriet, Brian Smith and I stayed here. We let the monkey out to play. It was a sight to see the monkey, Marianne, and Brian scamper up and down water pipes to the top of the tank, then to catch grasshoppers and so forth.

January

Saturday

Ogbomosho

The Christmas festivities are past. I had more time off this Christmas than any since I graduated from medical school. I got a holiday from December 21st to the 25th, and then went to Shake to relieve Jim Mosely from December 26th to the 31st.

Marie and Cecil were here from the 17th until the 21st. We thoroughly enjoyed them, but I did not get to see them as much as I would have liked because of work.

At Christmas I received a gold expansion band for my watch and a nice briefcase for important papers.

Alice received some cloth and a gold nugget on a chain for a necklace. Benjy received many airplane models and a Kodak instamatic 104 camera; Alisa received a doll, clothes and some other gifts; Harriet received a doll and an instamatic 25 camera;