THE TEACHERS' STRIKE

One of the Police Officers asked them: "Why do you people want to strike on a day like this?" He was immediately shouted down by the angry demonstrators.

—Daily Express, Oct. 2, 1964

ON a hot, tired afternoon last January, we were invited to go to a meeting of the local NUT chapter in Ibadan. The meeting was held in a one-room elementary schoolhouse in a crowded section of town. We sat on small benches with our feet cramped beneath wooden desks. For an ornamental touch on one window ledge of the bare room there was a green Star bottle with a flower in it. The label was still on the bottle. Our school principal, Chief J. O. O. Ojo, a second vice-president of the NUT, sat with the chairman and the secretary at the speaker's table.

Someone raised a question about what, if anything, the national leadership was doing to improve their lot; the chairman answered that if they wanted dynamic action, they should start by paying their dues and enlisting more active members. It was shameful, he said, that the recording secretary had been unpaid for lack of funds for many months. How could they talk of strikes when they hadn't even been paying their dues? In Washington, he said, the teachers' union is in a skyscraper and they have 500 people just to fill up envelopes.

There were some young sullen-looking boys present—boys who had just come out of grade III training colleges but were given no jobs. Although they were not members of the Union, they had come to ask for help. "Ah", says the chairman, "you come to us now! Do you think we are good samaritans?" But he says he and Chief Ojo will go to the Ministry the next day to see what can be done for them. Cheers. "Sit down, sit down...."

We had the feeling that we had gone through this very same meeting with its talk of ineptness and member apathy a thousand times before in meetings of other unions, clubs, youth groups. It was all the same, word for word. We need members. We need to be dynamic....

But nine months later teachers were preparing to go on strike and were joining the NUT by the thousands, more in one week than in the past 10

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WHITENWASHING MARAKO

"O come now, you don't mean to let on that you like it?"
—Ben Rogers to Tom Sawyer

IN March, Jacques Wilmore was in search of the spring vacation projects in the Federal region. Health officers of the Federal government and the Lagos City Council suggested a project to improve conditions in Maroko, a village of perhaps 4,000 people. It lacked electricity, uncontaminated water, access roads, a sewer system, working incinerators, a playground, a marketplace, safe night-soil disposal, and a police post.

Maroko is not in deep bush; it is several hundred yards from Ikoyi. Many different branches of city and Federal government are concerned with Maroko. The Oniru of Lagos owns the land. The Lagos Executive Development Board leases it for re-settlement of families displaced elsewhere in the city. Most of the services listed above as lacking belong each one to a different government office or ministry. The headmen or bales take their orders from Chief Oniru who is angry with what he considers to be LEDB mismanagement and has washed his hands of the situation. The bales claim that their authority has been undermined by the re-settlement, that no one listens to them anymore.

At a meeting in the village we asked the headmen how they thought the Peace Corps could be of help.
Some wanted roads, some drinking water, some a hospital. One man thought a drainage system was essential before the rainy season. Another wanted an abattoir. A midwife wanted public latrines. Neither wanted a bridge between the village and the secondary school (his children couldn't swim). The headmaster of the primary school listed drainage canals, fencing of his school compound and incinerators as the three greatest needs. Mr. Wilmore explained what the Peace Corps could and could not provide: no money, no equipment, but volunteers to work side by side with the villagers.

Our first move was towards a fence for the school compound. Money for the project was raised by parents’ contributions and supplemented by a grant from the Ansar-ud-Deen Society, proprietors of the school. On April 19th we built the fence of bush posts and surplus barbed wire, fencing a perimeter of about 250 yards. A dozen PC/Lagos were more than matched by villagers.

Our second move was medical. Dr. and Mrs. Conrad, then P.C. physicians, began a weekly clinic for children. No consultation fee; medicine at cost price. Dr. Van Rheenen has continued the work. The service is temporary, however, because the PC commitment cannot be prolonged indefinitely, and yet a clinic cannot be licensed and enjoy a Ministry of Health contract until it has a source of pure drinking water.

For the May vacation project we hoped to begin construction of bar-less field incinerators which require almost no money, only mud and labour. This was to be the morning activity. The afternoons were to be spent working with the Boys’ Club, exchanging athletic coaching and a recreational program for help in clearing up the refuse and getting people to use the incinerators. The “Boys’ Club” proved to be twenty-year-olds who were interested in football and in acquiring a playing field, without which a sports program would be impossible.

“Say—what is dead cats good for, Huck?”

Five Eastern Region volunteers arrived for a fortnight and persevered with the incinerators. Bales were to take turns supplying men. The first day, a half dozen came; the second, two or three; the third... The bales lacked authority despite our remonstrances. As a matter of principle, work could not proceed without the co-operation of the villagers. The Eastern Region volunteers departed with two of the incinerators begun. The three incinerators were finished in late May and June by LCC workmen. At this writing they are not in operation. Some necessary materials have not yet been supplied.

Two Death Songs from Abeokuta

Ilá kò wí fún mi pé ọn akọ.  
Ikan kò wí fún mi pé ọn yó wéwú ẹjẹ.  
Iyá kò wí fún mi pé ọn yó r'ọrun  
O d' abọ ọọ  
Iya ti ku o

Okra did not tell me that it would dry  
Eggplant did not tell me that it would wear a  
cloth of blood  
Mother did not tell me that she would  
go to Heaven  
Good-bye  
Mother has died.

E má d'arò mi, bí mo bá kú,  
E má d'arò mi, yé è!  
Má à fi ọmọ s'áiyé lọ  
Má à mú ọlùgbóró s'ówó ótun  
Má à mú ọdà s'ówó ósí  
Emá d'arò mi yé è!  
Má à fi ọmọ s'áiyé lọ.

Do not sorry me if I die,  
Do not sorry me, yeh!  
I shall leave children in the world  
I shall hold a big stick in my right hand  
And a cutlass in my left hand  
Do not sorry me, yeh!  
I shall leave children in the world.

—transcribed and translated from the Yoruba  
by  
Ayoola Sanusi, Olubisi Aina, and Ann Hilferty

“With Apologies to Chaucer”

When that Harmattanè with hisè windès dryè  
The Muslim North hath perçè to the rootè,  
And chokèd every man with parchèd thraothè,  
Of which Star Beer enswallowed is relèfè;  
When Volunteers thru dusty roads do drivè,  
And Hondas skid and topple in the dirtè,  
Thanne words are herd wich we dare not repètè;  
And blazing bushfires makin melodyè,

We slepen all the nyght on dampened shetè,  
And dream of going home on silver birdè,  
To eat ice creme and view a TV murdè;  
When we awaken to the schoolbell soundè,  
And find no water in the bathroom tappè,  
We longen for to goon on pilgrimagès,  
As far away from here as we can getè,

Some cool and blissful placè for the sekè;  
But we shall stay because we said we wouldè.

—Linda Ecker

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little Strokes fell great Oaks, as Poor Richard said in his Almanack, the year I cannot just now remember.

The French make Plain Fish satisfyingly potent with garlic butter.

Christine and Paul Boldt of Ilesha gave birth to one Randal Warren Boldt on August 19.

Miss Joan Osterling of Ilesha and Mr. John Oakland of Fiditi were encountered travelling in Ghana in September on a bus headed for Accra, but stopped just outside of Kumasi. Mr. Oakland and the driver's helper were outside pushing the bus. Miss Osterling was sitting with the other 26 passengers within. Miss Osterling, in inimitable esprit de Corps, shared a Star Beer with the driver.

Dr. Michael Okpara came to visit sometime past at St. Michael's Community Grammar School, East, where Miss Nancy Queenan is teaching. She prepared and contributed a Potato Salad for the Occasion and was complimented for this.

Errol T. Carrol of Kaduna announces that he will not be AT Home for some days after Nov. 25 as he will be visiting African cities for the Schools Broadcasting Service in preparation for a "THIS IS AFRICA" series for next year's television programming. Mr. Carrol says he will visit 15 sub-Saharan capitals.

Nash Noble and Allen Geyer sang songs of Handel and Schubert, and Max Brandt played the recorder at a concert in May at the University of Nsukka during a music conference there. They also planned an organization to promote and preserve Indigenous Nigerian music, while the university is collecting on tapes native songs and airs from all tribes in Nigeria.

Vexed by greasy pies time after time? Pull yourself together. Blake Patterson anxiously writes that in the Pecan Pie Recipe presented in the July Tilley Lamp, it should be one-half (1/2) cup sugar and one-fourth (1/4) cup melted butter.

Karen Mitchell of Nigeria IX returned to the United States this summer.

Orange juice and palm wine cocktail together make for Poor Richard a Contented Relaxation.

On December 17-20, Miss Irene Griffin of Badagry and Peace Corps/Ibadan are putting on an Art Show to benefit the Western Region Day Camp. If you would like to exhibit yourself or if you know of other artists willing to contribute, write to George Sealey in Ibadan.

An Arts Festival in conjunction with the Art Show at the Ibadan office will feature an evening of Poetry-reading-with-rhythm-combo of Peace Corps Poets and Musicians; and an evening of a Camera Slide Competition (for best character study, most candid, most Peacecorpsian, most delightful).

If you would like to read or send in poems to be read, write to the Tilley Lamp Editors. If you would like to submit slides, send them to Alice O'Grady, Peace Corps office, Ibadan. Also write to Alice if you will be in Ibadan then and would like to join in the rhythm band.

The Ministry of Economic Development holds art festivals annually in every region: students compete in art, literature, public speaking, native dancing, drama, handicrafts and music (African and Western).

. . . . All of which is quite well said by Poor Richard.
The Nigerian Heritage

The Tsoede Bronzes at Tada

Among the most impressive sights in Nigeria are the sacred bronze figures at Tada on the Niger. These figures, though their history is vague, are proof of a long-dead culture remarkably advanced in its artistic skill and sensitivity. One has been described as the most important work of art in Africa, excluding Egypt.

Tada, a small Nupe town situated on a spit of land flanked by two branches of the river, is accessible only by canoe and, unless one resides in or near Ilorin, Jebba, or Share, it is best to make it a two day trip.

The best place to begin the river trip is Ogudu. From Share to Ogudu is about thirty miles over a good, smooth laterite road. Accommodations for the night are available: for solid (but expensive) comfort the catering rest house in Ilorin is best. But for three shillings there is an attractive bush rest house (with screens) three miles from Ogudu, or four from Dumaji, in Shonga, commanding a lovely view of the Niger and the surrounding savannah countryside. The “keeper of the keys” (who will expect a small dash) is available through the chief, or etsu, of Shonga, a large, jovial fellow who is deservedly proud of his spotless, friendly Nupe community.

Ogudu is half-Nupe, half-Yoruba, and the line of demarcation is sharply drawn. The chief is a squat, friendly (but exceedingly stubborn) Yoruba man, with a stumpy white beard and a sly twinkle in his eye. He has a monopoly on the Tada-transportation business. But the rate for the nine-mile, three-hour trip upstream to Tada should not exceed five shillings per person, and a minimum of ten shillings if one is alone. A gift of some sort (ours was a tin of meat) should be made to the chief as well.

The trip up the river is complete with singing polers. Along the way are several small settlements of displaced Ijaw fisher-families, each worth a short visit. These people make a three-month trip up the Niger from the Delta and stay for two years, reaping a tidy profit from their fishing (the Nupe are more farmers than fishermen). Among the many interesting things to be seen in these villages are the famous Ijaw canoe paddles, which are painstakingly carved over a period of some months by Ijaw men as gifts for their brides.

Tada, set back from the river on a quiet inlet, is a typical Nupe village, neat and clean, with well-ordered rows of conical thatched huts, From the large group of politely curious people which assembles on the banks at the announcement of visitors, a guide, probably a schoolboy with some knowledge of English, will come forth to lead the visitors to the house of the etsu Tada. The etsu is a very tall, impasive man, who wastes no time settling on a price for viewing his bronzes. Here, again, no more than a few shillings per person should be paid, and it should be made clear that the money is a gift to the chief, not a payment for a favour performed or services rendered.

THE SEVEN BRONZES

The bronzes are seven in number; four are human figures and three are animals—two ostriches and an elephant. They were made by the cire perdue process and, together with the two similar figures at Jebba island (also worth a trip), are among the largest figures cast by this method in West Africa. They have been dated at somewhere around the tenth and eleventh centuries A.D., and probably earlier by two or three hundred years in the case of the largest human figure, and the elephant and larger ostrich.

The animals are the least interesting artistically, although they seem to have been made by artisans with rich senses of humour. The larger ostrich, about four feet tall, is a proud bird with a strong, well-proportioned body and prominent wings, a large beady eye, and a suggestion of a smug, very wise smile. His smaller counterpart, about a foot shorter, wears a rather stupid, lost expression which corresponds to his ungainly and too-small body, insignificant wings and non-existent tail feathers. The elephant, two feet high, is at once comically fierce and bewildered. His legs are too long, his body too thin, his trunk too short, and his single remaining tusk seems a stick on which he is confusedly chewing.

THE STUBBY DWARF

A delightful stubby dwarf is twenty-two inches high, with a round, happy face and eyes that bulge out from his head, which is bald save for a single short braid beginning at the very peak of his skull. He has no neck, his head being fitted closely onto his fleshy shoulders. His pudgy hands are clasped in front of his chest and elevated towards his mouth; they once held something, perhaps a musical instrument or some article of food. His feet are enormous. But in spite of his ungainly physique he stands straight as an arrow, and seems

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africa

on $7.50 a day

I. TIMBUCKTU AND GAO, TOO!

If the *Navigation du Mali* put out a brochure for its riverboats which go up and down the Niger River, it would probably read something like this:

* Enjoy five carefree days on the magnificent Niger.
* First class accomodations, including private cabins.
* Excellent French cuisine
* Visit fabulous Timbuctu and Gao, capital of the ancient Songhai Empire
* All of this yours for only 21,000 francs (Mali) ($80)

Sound good? But ridiculous if you are just about out of money. We went fourth class instead for 3,500 francs. ($14)

One great advantage of going fourth class is that you are sure of getting plenty of fresh air. You sleep on the deck. You get a blanket and a mat and fight for a place to spread them out.

Getting to know your neighbors can be exciting. At first they thought we were crazy. Who ever heard of white people going 4th class? But friendships soon developed and we exchanged food and information. Our biggest problem was sleeping. Our neighbours' families expanded by two or three bodies at night. It seems most Africans can curl up and sleep in an extremely tiny space...we couldn't. So there was a battle for space each night. We usually lost!

Another great advantage of going fourth class is that you don't have to be tied down to eating meals at specific times because no food is served to the 4th class passengers. The Africans come fully prepared, even to charcoal stoves. We bought bread, fruits, yams and tinned food. We also obtained a cooking pot, eating bowls, cups and spoons. We were lucky enough to arrange with the boat's cook to cook our food on his stove. (Almost anything is possible if you have a pretty girl traveling with you!) Our food and equipment cost about $15. for three.

The third advantage was we didn't have to bother waiting in line for the toilet or the shower. Fourth class was not provided with washing facilities. When we were lucky, we were able to dodge the boat manager and sneak up to first or second to wash. Drinking water was no problem if you have a strong stomach. We bought two oil cans, cleaned them out (but not enough) and used them for water straight from the Niger. We used the water pills from the health kit so we had no trouble but the taste. But we enjoyed all the same sights as the other passengers. We (Pat Francin, Eric Gedney and myself) had a great trip.

The boat leaves from Koulikoro which is about 40 miles up the river from Bamako. It stops at all the major and minor ports on the river for passengers and cargo—Segou, Mopti, Goundam, Bamba, and Bourem. There is a special stop at Timbuctu. Actually you must go several miles inland from the river to reach Timbuctu which is still a fascinating city. The boat can go as far as Gao, a hot dusty city which has the tomb of Askia the Great, one of the greatest kings of the Songhai Empire. The governor's palace which looks like a mosque is beautifully designed and has magnificent multi-coloured pillars inside.

It is fairly easy to get to Niamey from Gao by land. The road is closed at times during the wet season, but there is a flight each week between the two cities. The boat leaves Gao the night after arrival for the return trip to Koulikoro, and usually stops at the same ports on the way back. Trains and planes run regularly from Bamako to the South and west parts of Africa. During the dry season the roads are fairly good to and from Bamako.

The government of Mali operates two riverboats (which look somewhat like the ones that used to run on the Mississippi) during the wet season from August to October. They leave the two ports about every ten days or so. During the dry season the boats go only from Gao to Timbuctu.

—Ken Dueppen

II. BOATING IN NIGERIA

Okitipupa-Aiyetoro: A launch leaves from Okitipupa every Tuesday and Friday at 10.00 A.M., and arrives in Aiyetoro at 8.00 P.M. (6/- per person). You must write in advance (for food and lodging reservations) to:

His Highness, Oba Okenla
The Oba of Aiyetoro
The Holy Apostles' Community
c/o Aiyetoro Postal Agency
Aiyetoro City via Okitipupa
Western Nigeria
Tell what day you will arrive and how long you intend to stay. They will arrange your return trip. Food and lodging is free.

Aiyetoro is Nigeria’s unique, communal society. Just now the villagers also believe they are immortal and they shout, “Immortality, we are immortal!” as they work in the fields. You can buy their manufactures (cloth especially recommended). Their factories, dredging machine, bakery, shipyard and generator are interesting.

Note: The best way to Okitipupa is by new Ijebu-Benin Road. Branch at the U.A.C. road to Ode Aiyre.

Okitipupa-Lagos: A lovely 20-hour trip by water lorry (10 A.M.-5 A.M.) down the inland waterways (14/- 2nd class; 10/- 3rd class.) Second class is a chair with cushion and backrest; third class is a backless wooden bench. The launch drifts along stopping at fishing villages. Coming into Lagos Harbor at dawn is especially nice. Bring your own food.

Lagos-Badagry: For the PCV who’s done everything else, there’s a dugout canoe trip of indeterminate length between these two ports. Badagry has one of the loveliest deserted beaches in Nigeria, and was one of the old slave-trading ports. Try to time your trip to coincide with Badagry’s 19-day market. Traders come from Dahomey and the East to sell cloth, baskets, carvings.

Oran-Calabar: A 5-hour ferry ride along the Cross and Calabar Rivers (2/9 per person, £3 for a car, 5/12/6 for a lorry). The scenery is lush rain forest with scattered fishing villages. You can buy refreshments on the boat. Calabar’s attractions include historic Mary Slessor’s grave, Hope Waddell College, and guided tours of palm oil estates and rubber plantations. Carved chewing sticks are the best buy there: 2 for 1d. in off-season, 3d. each around Christmas.

—Ann Hilferty

III. THE FRENCH LINE...

Some scruffy PCV’s from Gabon arrived in the Lomé hostel while we were visiting there. They said they got their first African culture-shock when they arrived in Enugu and saw the big buildings, and accused us of working in an over-developed country. We found that hard to understand. We’d been having a culinary Culture shock of our own the last few days, and were still digesting our last sumptuous six-courses. In fact, we’d been delighting in the leisurely French way of life through Cotonou to Lomé, idling on idyllic white sand beaches, eating our French pastries with wine. We were impressed with the quiet, clean, tree-lined

The Hunter’s wife

My husband is a hunter-
He hunts near the river
I go with him for hunting
One day he killed a bird
It fell into a near-by bush
He told me find it
I find and find and find
I found it under a leaf
I took it to him
He told me roast it
I roast and roast and roast
And took it to him
He told me butcher it
I butcher and butcher and butcher
I took the pieces of meat to him
He told me wash it
I wash and wash and wash
And took them back to him
He told me cook the meat
I cook and cook and cook
I took the meat to him
He finished the meat
None for me
None for his child
I entered my room
And took twenty shillings
It made WU-RA-NG in my purse
I left for market
I was greeted by my lover
I told him how are you
My husband greeted me
My answer was
Your greeting is not for me
But for your mother and father
And in the market
I bought yams and fruits
For myself and my child
I bought a fresh fish
That is for my lover
When I reached home
I went to the back yard
I got a toad’s leg
Coupled it with cow dung
And that is for my husband
He ate and twisted his face
He ate and cried.

WE'VE been told that we spoiled Abubakar, although how we spoiled him and what future we spoiled him for is not clear to me. He's gone now and we rather miss him.

He was a fixture in the house when I arrived in January 1963, a middle-sized Town Fulani boy somewhere in his teens (He told school authorities he was twelve, but he wrote my sister that he was 17.), who washed and ironed our clothes, swept the floors and, if the mood struck him, polished our shoes. My roommate had acquired him the previous fall from a Pakistani teacher and his wife. He had left his mother, a widow in Mubi, and come south to find a job. He was more a ward than a servant, really, but my roommate, who was eating with two other PCV's, had needed someone to clean for him. When I arrived to share the house we hired a cook-steward and could have fired Abubakar; instead we paid him ten shillings a week for light household work and sent him to a Catholic mission school with what we made him save. We sometimes took him to the cinema. We didn't lend him money or pay his tax. He complained that we didn't give him enough money at Sallah, and in truth he probably did not get as much as other small-boys. I did dash him worn-out sneakers and a tennis racket with a shattered frame.

He was never easy to live with. As a worker he required constant prodding and even then worked only in fits and starts. More than one morning I paced the living room in my underwear waiting for Abubakar to iron a pair of shorts. About cobwebs he was philosophical: "They catch the insects," he argued, "and you say you don't like insects, so I leave them." He was always in need of money, sometimes within 24 hours after he had gotten his week's pay. The nature of the expense was usually mysterious. "I have my business," he would say. He hardly ever spent money for food that we could see, but if he asked us to cash in his savings it was for food; he would starve, he said, if we didn't give him the money. After days of such begging he would display the fruit of sacrifice and hoarding, some sad parody of his masters' luxuries: a fake watch, a pocketknife (for protection against thieves), garish high-cut sneakers or—flotsam from America—a maroon teeshirt with "Stoneville Roadmasters" written in gold letters across the front.

These Yanks American

If we did anything wrong, it was probably to allow him to work inside the house at all. It wasn't that he stole; in that respect he was like the cook, an old man trained to move about his duties oblivious to luxury. He respected our things, but our things did not, in a sense, respect him. He moved through a miasma of clothes, typewriters, books, magazines, tennis rackets, shoes, cameras, phonograph records, pills and toiletries. His

admiration was keen and touching. He wanted to know how much each thing cost, of course, but his appraisal did not end there. "Very nice shoes," he might say as I prepared to leave for some occasion or other. "Babba mutum—very big man!" I remember Abubakar coming into my room as I was hanging up my suit after a school-closing ceremony in June. He told me how some schoolboy friends of his had admired this suit and the one my roommate had worn, particularly as the suits of the Englishmen present had been baggy and wrinkled. "Very good pressing," they had told Abubakar. Abubakar had replied that the suits were wash-and-wear and wrinkle-resistant and that he hadn't ironed them since January. "Kai!" the schoolboys had said. "These Yanks American. Very rich." Abubakar laughed.

He was not always content merely to reflect our glory. In the spring we had a phonograph and records loaned to us, and it was no time before Abubakar had found his favourites. A Joan Baez record was one, and the soundtrack from Black Orpheus—which Abubakar renamed "Brazil Negro"—was the other. He begged us to play "Brazil Negro." When we did, he would go into a paroxysm of dancing in the living room. "African music, sir," he would shout. He memorized the tunes and, naively, all the extraneous noises on the soundtrack as well: snatches of conversation, shouts, groans and a scream of fear.

Books and magazines were the worst; it was as if their words and pictures breathed an infection of the imagination as deadly as sleeping sickness. We could come home to find the broom in the corner and Abubakar sitting on the floor with Life or the comics section of the Milwaukee Journal. Dear Mr. Congressman and Crazy Cartoons by Vip were continually missing from our shelf of Peace Corps books.

His Ebony Period

He discovered our copies of Ebony magazine shortly after I arrived. This would have been exciting for any African, I suppose, but for Abubakar the vision of a land of black Batures across the sea was overwhelming. We lent him one issue, and he kept it with him in his house for weeks. Was it true? he asked, and, satisfied by the photographs and advertisements that it was true, he dreamed of winning a scholarship or sneaking aboard an airplane that would take him there. We
were leaving Nigeria in two years; we wouldn’t leave him here, would we? He would write to President-Kennedy, who would certainly provide the money.

One afternoon during Abubakar’s Ebony period I was leaving for my daily session of tennis when Abubakar followed me out of the door with his racket—the one I had dashed him, which he had attempted to repair with string. He looked somewhat forlorn, but when I turned to say goodbye he suddenly preeened. “Look,” he said, one hand on his hip and the other waving the racket arrogantly, “American Negro going to club to play tennis.”

School fed, rather than quenched, his dreams. He was far from bright (On his transfer certificate from Mubi he was listed as thirtieth in a class of thirty.) But this was no deterrent to his ambitions. Did he get 30’s in English and maths. on his report card? This was balanced by his 60 in “general knowledge.” General knowledge, he explained, was his specialty. There was some truth in this, actually. With his access to our magazines he was quickly elected “news chairman” of his class. He was football captain as well, a tribute to his age and size.

From his two class offices sprung two disparate but equally strong ambitions. On the one hand he wanted to be a lawyer. “This lawyer,” he said. “I like this lawyer too much—babba mutum!” Here his Ibo teachers had left their mark. He disliked them, felt they persecuted him for being a Moslem and a Northerner, but he saw the law as a source of revenge. Oratory fascinated him. Afternoons he would bore us with interminable dialogues whose point—if you could bear to listen—was a plan to outwit one of his Ibo teachers. He practiced even when there was no audience. One afternoon my roommate and I heard high-pitched shouting coming from behind the house. We crept to the window. It was Abubakar standing on an empty Star carton, arms waving, forefinger chopping forensically, giving forth a torrent of high-sounding English. A minute of this and he would jump down exhausted, turn and gaze at the box as if to provide himself with an audience. Then back on the box again as soon as he had caught his breath.

Abubakar’s other goal was to be a boxer. “I will like to hurt people,” he explained simply as he shadow-boxed around the living room.

“But other people will like to hurt you,” we would answer.

“The Grass-Cutting Machine

But all this ended over the summer. I last saw Abubakar that June. School had closed and my roommate and I each planned to be away from Yola for some length of time. We told Abubakar we would continue to pay him provided he cut the grass and guarded the house. There would be no more work inside the house. “You should have seen the look on his face when I asked him for the key to the house,” my roommate said.

I realize now what our taking the key must have meant. He must have languished during those weeks, cooped in his servants’ quarters and cut off from comforts he had become accustomed to.

Whatever his days were like, they did not include any grasscutting. As my roommate tells the story, he returned from his vacation to find that the grass had not been cut for the entire six weeks. Abubakar said he had been sick. “For six weeks?” my roommate had asked. He pleaded for another chance to do the work. “I was soft-hearted,” my roommate says. “I gave him a week. Then, since he knew he had a week he didn’t do any work for the first three days. On the fourth day he realized I was serious about firing him so he was out there like a madman with his langalanga. He must have gotten discouraged because on the fifth day, instead of working he spent the whole afternoon writing a letter. I wish I’d saved it. ‘I beg, I plead,’ he said, ‘I am your boy Abubakar. I am no grass-cutting machine. You cannot abuse me; you love me too much.’

In Mubi

“By now it was clear that he couldn’t finish the job, but on the sixth day, which was a Friday, he said he wanted to skip school to do the work. I lectured him about this, and it came out that he had been skipping school regularly, for the previous three weeks. I told him there was no reason he should stay with us any longer—the main reason we were keeping him was so he could go to school. He started crying. ‘Where will I go?’ he said. ‘I have no father. You are my father.’ I pointed out that he had a mother in Mubi who needed him and he could go back there.

“This seemed to cheer him up; it was no time before he was as full of plans as ever. He would go back to school in Mubi, he said. The next day he got his transfer certificate from the school here, asked for his savings from me and left. He did say, though, that he wanted to write to us.”

Continued on back page
"What, me boil my water?"
The Teachers Strike: *From page 1*

or 15 years altogether. A short time after the strike was “suspended”, we asked Chief Ojo to talk to us about the NUT and the strike.

Joseph Oni Oladayo Ojo

Chief Ojo is a polished, charismatic speaker. When he pauses before launching into a thought his face is soft and almost sad. Then he smiles, you smile, and he begins.

“I was born in Ifaki, Ekiti in Ondo Province. The time of my birth was not recorded, but it cannot be later than 1917. I remember starting school at the Methodist School in Ifaki in 1925.” When he passed out in 1934 with his Standard Six Leaving Certificate, he began his thirty years’ career in teaching and was paid a salary of 10/- a month for his first two years. He has been teaching steadily, except for periods when he continued his own education at Wesley College, Fourah Bay College in Freetown, the University of London and Durham University. He now has a M.A. in poetry and drama.

Chief Ojo took out membership card 611 in the NUT in 1940. The union was founded in 1931 as an organization to improve the conditions of service and the professional side of teaching, and was composed largely of Nigerian elementary and secondary school teachers. It began in Ibadan, but spread during the ’30s and ’40s to other regions.

In 1947, Chief Ojo recalled that the Rev. I. O. Ransome-Kuti, one of the first presidents of the Union, “roused us up for a strike.” This was the first major conflict between teachers and government. The issues were then, as now, more money. The strike was averted, however, when the government set up a commission, and granted the teachers an increase in salary known as the “Harragin Awards.”

A Levelling of Salaries

The current issues, he says, began in 1955 when the union first began fighting for a levelling of salaries between the government teachers, who previously had been mainly expatriates whose salaries were linked to salaries in England, and voluntary agency school teachers, who have always been paid much lower salaries.

We asked if government teachers were sympathetic to the demands of the strikers. “Some feel they belong to another world and regard themselves as superior.” Yet many “sympathize with us” as they were formerly church teachers who resigned and went into government service. The best brains are leaving teaching for higher paying government jobs. “The exodus began in the late ’30s. They resigned in droves.” Someone estimated between 40-60% of parliament is composed of ex-teachers. “I was heartbroken when my old headmaster, a wonderful man, left teaching and joined the customs department. A tragedy.” And so many who studied at Wesley to be teachers are with the police, the ministries: Western Governor Fadhunsi and Chief Awolowu are old boys of Wesley.

Since 1955 the NUT has been pressing for a National Joint Negotiating Council. The Morgan Report recommended that such a committee be set up. On July 4th of this year the Federal Government called for such a council and requested all regional government to participate. The council was to set up a new salary basis to go into effect by the end of September. The NUT accepted this proposal and elected 25 members, including Chief Ojo, to serve on it. The Council was to meet on August 19. It never met. The regional governments failed to send representatives.

The deadline

On September 8-9, the Central Committee of the Union met and issued a warning to all governments. On September 28th they were invited to meet with the Federal Ministers of Labour and Education. On September 29th the Prime Minister issued his statement that he couldn’t commit other regions to set up the council. “We had no alternative but to declare a country-wide strike on the night of the 30th.”

According to Chief Ojo the strike began on October 1st, on Republic Day, only by accident. “People blamed us—Why on Independence Day?—We had been expecting to get salary awards on September 30. We weren’t thinking of spoiling Independence Day.”

Many teachers were unhappy when the strike ended. Some said the NUT leaders had settled it too easily, for just more negotiations,—the teachers had been sold out for “a cup of tea.” Chief Ojo explained this by the fact that thousands had joined the Union only a few days before the strike in order to be protected, and “they didn’t know what they were fighting for... They thought we would come back with money in our pockets, and say, ‘You are now getting £300 instead of £250,’—we would read it like Caesar’s will.”

On October 23, Chief Ojo went to Lagos to begin the long, complex deliberations. There was skirmishing between the NUT, and the government over how binding on the governments the council would be, and whether increases in salaries would have to come out of increases in taxes. The council will begin its discussions in earnest in December.

We asked Chief Ojo if a 60 member commission wouldn’t be too large to settle anything. “Well”, he answered, too hopeful and cautious to be teased into any controversial response, “all interests must be represented.—How many members are there in parliament?”

—Margot and Ralph Treitel
In Search of Cosmopolis

A short time ago the USIS made available a filmed video tape of the long weekend of the assassination of President Kennedy and the solemn state mourning. One of the news commentators speculates briefly on the causes of the "tradition of violence" in American public life, and gives as one possible cause the free-and-easy mud-slinging and wooly denunciations of political rivalries—a suggestion that seemed ironic to us at this time of the current low-blowing presidential campaign.

But it was the search shown on the tape for meaning and expression to the grief over the assassination which never got past a stately dumb show and a feeling of ludicrous bewilderment that made us pause when we ran into another account of a funeral in Chowkidar, the Indian PCV magazine:

Last Respects—May 28, 1964

Last night, or rather early this morning, we went to pay our last respects to Mr. Nehru as he lay in state at the entrance of his house. There were mourners lined up for more than a mile two abreast—small children close to their parents and every kind of human being imaginable. People were quiet but not silent. The line moved in good order without much prodding from the police. Cars were able to move easily down the street. The air was almost too cool for our summer attire. We sensed the sadness mixed with the awe which death always inspires. We also sensed the absence of shock, panic, terror or outrage. We sensed the grief, heartbreak and uncertainty and at the same time the peacefulness with which his countrymen were going to lay their leader to rest.

Once inside the gate the line moved fast until we approached the place where his body lay slightly tilted so his face was visible; his face slightly to one side as if in slumber. He was flanked by two Armed Forces officers and in the room you could see through the closed glass doors, his daughter and two sisters dressed in white, quietly keeping watch as the mourners filed by outside, staring in awe at the calm face, lifting their children to namaste, crowding a little, suddenly silent, awed anew by the sight of death. The police were trying to move us quickly by but without jostling or commanding, but with a soft "chelley jayie, sah'b" and a gentle hand on the arm.

I had not wanted to perform this seemingly meaningless gesture; to see a man whom I respected deeply, whom I consider one of the great men of the times, whom I knew had been dying for months —though still I was sad he had left us yet I felt how much he deserved release from life—to see this man now dead seemed to me repulsive and pointless and unnatural. I would have waited longer than those two hours to see him alive. I did not know why I was waiting to see him dead. I was told I was going to see him because it was a historical moment I had the opportunity to witness so I should take advantage of it; I was told it was a fitting gesture of respect—though for whom I do not know; I was told I would be sorry later at some point in life if I missed it.

I didn't believe any of this so they said wait and see how you feel afterwards. They were right in saying that—my rebellion slipped away and was replaced by awe, intangible awe. The sight was moving, somehow like a still-life canvas, somehow very dignified and at the same time warming. As we walked away, the young Indian friend of ours said "I feel more hopeful having seen him there so peacefully. I somehow feel there is more hope than I thought for our country."

Tsoede Bronzes: From page 4

tcontented, knowledgeable, and entirely carefree.

THE FROZEN FACE

The most elaborate of the human figures is a standing male, approximately 3 ½ feet tall. It stands rigid and straight, and shows no motion save in the arms, which are bent upwards at the elbows, the hands on a level with the shoulders, the fists clenched around now-missing objects, poised as if ready to strike downwards. The face is frozen and lifeless.

THE STANDING MAN

Another of the bronzes is a small (sixteen inches) standing man. The people have tied a cloth around its waist (it must have been thus covered for a good many years, for the stomach and legs, naked under the cloth, are shiny as if new). He holds a staff in his right hand—a staff similar to that of another bronze figure at Benin. His facial expression is one of staring incredulity, and his whole physique is very delicate and childlike. He is still being worshipped in some connection by the Nupe (one member of our party reported having seen this figure being transported in a canoe to some festival down river).

The most impressive of the seven figures, one which has been termed "the most important work of art in tropical Africa", is a seated male figure (photograph) about half life-size. It is remarkably lifelike. The texture, roundness, fullness of the flesh, the proportion and anatomical perfection of the body, the flow and freedom of the whole design can be found in no other traditional work of art in Nigeria.

—Phillips Stevens
Whitewashing Maroko: From page 2

"Boys, I know who's drowned—it's us!"

Melancholia comes easily. The barbed wire fence is rusty and broken in places. It never kept out goats because the lowest strand was too high and the gates were never finished by the LCC carpenters. The three incinerators stand empty while refuse piles up in alleys and vacant lots, and the foundations of the fourth incinerator rest quietly in a puddle of water. This is the visible sum of six months' community development in Maroko. Melancholia, however, is too easy. One becomes depressed by all that needs to be done, forgetting that it has never been in the purpose or power of the Peace Corps to do it. One rebukes an indifferent government, forgetting that we are here not to reform Nigeria but to help her.

Community development has not occurred in Maroko but the development of another Peace Corps objective has: voluntary service to others. The beginnings were quite by chance. In late May a USIS official approached Jacques Wilmore about the Youth Club which they sponsor in Lagos. Dances, debates, and elections could involve only a portion of the membership's energies. Did the Peace Corps have any project with which the USIS Youth Club could cooperate? At this time we were struggling to finish the incinerators before the rains reduced them to the mud from which they rose. We accepted the offer of help gladly, our Lagos volunteers being less than keen, and the project assuming the dimensions of the Great Wall of China when approached only on Sundays.

"Say, Tom, let me whitewash a little."

For six weeks a dozen Youth Club members toiled weekly in Maroko. Only four or five could be employed carrying mud and the others found themselves digging pits and raking up refuse to bury it. Explanations of how flies carried disease followed their queries. Soon we began telling bystanders why we were doing what we did, and what the dangers of refuse were to them, as well as asking for their help in keeping the area clean. English being what it is as a medium of communication, Youth Club members were soon serving as interpreters giving out vigorously with our appeals.

The task of cleaning up Maroko is Augean and things soiled as fast as we cleaned up. We became preoccupied with one back alley that was soiled by everyone else but the particular family head to whom we were speaking. By the end of six weeks it was obvious that manual labor at an impossible task was fast losing its appeal; indeed our PCV'S had long since fallen away. But gradually the need for the English original to precede the Yoruba translation had disappeared. The Youth Club members were working conscientiously in small teams with no constant supervision required. They were, in this situation, far more effective than PCV's and more willing to do voluntary service.

A fortnight of looking this gift horse doubtfully in the mouth and we got the idea. We invited the USIS Youth Club to provide ten members for a Nigerian "Peace Corps", solicited four more from the Maroko Boy's Club and asked the Health Education Officer of the LCC if he would consider taking them for a short course in health education and then supervise three months of work in Maroko where ignorance and bad habits as well as poor living conditions produce ill health.

The course was short and the gospel preached kept simple. The voluntary health workers were to dwell on proper refuse and night soil disposal, clean drinking water, prevention of T.B. and, where required, some good foods for small children.

The "volunteers" have worked well, visiting compound to compound, noting complaints and structural nuisances and counselling where it was welcome. The time and place of the clinic has been well advertised. Presentation has been in Yoruba, often using posters prepared by the Health Office. Several health films have been shown by the Ministry mobile film unit with commentary by one of the "volunteers". A presentation to the Women's Club and a campaign to get the incinerators in use are planned for the balance of the term of service.

"That's gay—that's mighty gay, Tom."

With three weeks remaining, it is clear that the entire village cannot be covered and that the gains of the campaign are small and perhaps only temporary. But the effectiveness of the program, which was hindered by our own inexperience and the limited knowledge of effective popular health education, is not at question. The principle is. Surely as important as what you do in service to Nigeria is whom you do it with and what they do about it after you've gone. We found a group of Nigerian youths, only one of whom has acquired school certificate and several of whom are looking for jobs, willing and effective in voluntary service to others far outside the realm of even enlightened self-interest. The U.S. Peace Corps has provided guidance but Nigeria has produced her own P.C.V.'s.

Sam Abbott

(Sam and Jacques are hoping to test similar projects in other areas using students at various selected schools as "volunteers" for community development schemes, possibly during vacation breaks. If you would like more details, you might write to them.)
GOODBYE AND HELLO

I. Adio, Adio...Speranza et Anima...

We were present at Ikeja Airport as four ‘old’ PCV’s in memorably procesion boarded a K.L.M. plane to start on the next arm of their Odyssey. Ced Clark came first, complete with matching passport wallet and attaché case, cool as a Brooks’ Bros. model. Harry Drexler high-lifed out with dignity, carrying adire buba and trousers, a farewell gift from a friend. Tony Walsh and Ben Vogel made a characteristically dramatic exit. They were delayed until the last minute, when all other passengers had ridden out to the plane. Then, as a hard core of admirers cheered them on with shouts of “Oyinbo” and “O da bo!” they strode bravely across the field to the Iron Monster: Tony so serious that his socks stayed up for the first time in eighteen months, Ben clutching guitar, treasured dungaree jacket, Ikot-Epene drum, high-powered microscope, calabash, Yoruba hat, and fringed Fulani pouch containing passport, Nigerian recipes, P.C. correspondence, et. al...

—An Extending PCV

(Note: “Adio”—“goodbye, goodbye, hope and good spirits,” “Oyinbo” and “Odabo” are “whiteman” and “goodbye” in Yoruba.)

II. To the acculturated (From A New P.C.V.)

A number of feelings prick you from inside and you have few words to express what this first week in Nigeria has made you feel. You realize that most of the experts who lectured you in training had most of the facts straight, but these facts seem irrelevant to what now surrounds you. They knew what they were talking about, but somehow they missed what you are feeling and beginning to understand. You look about at the people and feel that there is truth in the stereotyped fat cigar-smoking American, and you are it. You smile and stop and try to talk with the people of the streets on your way to the outpost of the familiar, the Kingsway. The air-conditioning and the children whom the guards keep out tend to make you reject the idea that you are the new breed of American. You know that those inside who have transposed their foreign patterns to this nation are living the luxurious life and you are attracted as much as you are repulsed. The children of the street yell “master” as you leave the store belonging to the new shopping center which opened two weeks ago a mile from your father’s home. It annoys you to discover how easy it is to relate to that which you decided to abandon such a short time ago. “Master buy,” “master, buy,”—you search your Yoruba vocabulary and words are difficult to find, but the emotional barrier is even more of a strain to overcome—“No, thank you.” You stop and talk with the young barefoot merchant, and look at the post cards he carries in a box upon his head. There is one of Miss Nigeria, The Railway Football Team, Dick Tiger, and Mr. Kennedy. A man leaning on a pole approaches you on his one properly formed leg—“Dash please.” What’s a penny to an ex-scotch drinker? But for some reason, you won’t dash. You tell yourself that you will help in a different way and you think you are lying. You want to speak but your ten weeks of communications-diplomacy training provides you with nothing with which to fill the void. You pay one shilling for a ride that you were asked to pay five shillings for (and the guy next to you is paying six pence for) and you understand why. Your steward who has been washing your clothes greets you as you enter your new five room flat. You sit on the balcony with your feet up and think about the people whose level you were told you would live on. The question you ask yourself is not what am I doing here, as you were told it would be, but rather what can I do here. You devise great schemes to start exporting products that are probably already being exported, and for manufacturing goods for which there would be no market. The feeling of powerlessness is strong when you first come to realize that you might be able to do one of a thousand small jobs which have been brought to your attention during orientation. The work has little structure and you doubt your competence as well as the value of what you might attempt to accomplish. You don’t want to fail, but viewing it through your present perspective, there can be nothing else. You adjust your perspective and think that there can be no failure. The only thing you are sure of is that you are a fat, cigar-smoking American who is 4,000 miles closer to the heart of a world which few ever hear beating.

—Robert Bogdon

HARMATTAN SONG

Old, brown, chamois-breasted woman
Dried-out seed pod woman
Mute in the sun
Sits on a straw mat,
Thin hands folded over her indigo skirt.
Her plaits are grey and loosened,
Her eyes are not seeing the world:
Crooked April palm tree
No children on its back.

—Ann Hilferty
Africa on 7.50 a Day: From page 7

boulevards, lined with lovely pink and yellow houses with walled compounds. No goats and chickens running in the streets. Loaves of french bread and bottles of Moroccan vin ordinaire (for F.85) on every corner. We took it for granted that PCV life in the French world must be unaccountably rich.

So we quizzed the Gabonese. They have an unusually robust look because they are teaching P.E. in their schools. The French won't allow them to teach English for fear they'll ruin the accent. ("zebokh izh ozn zee tahble"). Some Moroccans arrived about the same time and they all began to compare notes on the insidious French insults to helpless Americans speaking French.

We gave up on Gabon after a muttering response to our question about Schweitzer. They parried by telling us again how good Nigeria was, and added how relieved they were to find Nigerian men so much 'politer' (a euphemism, we suspect) than the Gabonese.

Then we turned to the Moroccans, eager to hear more of what it was like in what we imagined to be the most romantic of PC posts. First off, they shattered our illusions about the Casbah. "It's just a dingy native market...every town in Morocco has one; the one in Casablanca is nothing compared to Fez or Marrakech..." They did admit sidewalk cafes were nice, and trips to Spain. But their jobs were often frustrating. They taught English to unenthusiastic students. Would-be community developers complained of French bureaucrats and Arab rulers who didn't want any changes. They told us thefts are so common they can't even leave cars on the streets, or they will be stripped of all moveable parts.

One, who had also just come from Nigeria, was eager to tell us how exciting Nigeria was, how vital and progressive the people seemed. We saved our own stories of frustration and plunged on with the questioning: One finally confessed the climate was excellent and everything (including hotels) very cheap. But a geologist (the one who had been in Nigeria) interrupted to say how fine it had been in Nigeria to eat a real breakfast (none of this bowl of coffee and hard roll stuff...) and sit down to a real plateful of food (... and not have them bring you all these courses... a mouthful or two on each plate...). We decided there was no accounting for tastes...

And we recommend the trip. Cotonou is only 4 hours by Peugeot taxi from Lagos (about 20/- or 25/). In Cotonou, Hotel Province is a good place to stay (F. 1000 or L 1/10 for the cheapest room). There's good food here, or at the Pam Pam or L'Igloo. Especially good, but even more expensive, the Hotel de la Plage, on a terrace overlooking the sea. Hotel Babao, Rue de Roi, is the cheapest.

Lomé is another 4-hour taxi ride from Cotonou (about 11-12/-) on a road that runs right along the sea. The hostel is very casual and small and usually empty. You can do your own cooking here. Best place to eat is the outdoor patio of the Hotel Gulfe or le Roi de la Saucoissons (F.600). Boul' Mich or Hotel Ambience are much cheaper, less elegant.

A note on exchanging money: It fluctuates, but we seemed to get a better price for pounds (F.750 for L1) at the lorry park in Lagos than at the markets in Cotonou to Lomé (F.725 for L1). We took the French Line boat (Cie. de Navigation Frassinet & Cyprien Fabre) back from Ghana. It travels up and down the coast from Morocco to Pointe-Noire about every two weeks. You can get the timetable (and make reservations) through the Kingsway Travel Agency in Lagos. During the December holidays, there will be a boat going South stopping in Lagos December 30, going North January 8; another going South and reaching Lagos January 23.

—Margot Treitel

SCHOOL-TO-SCHOOL PROGRAMME

If you know of a community that is eager and able to build a school for itself, and lacks only the funds, we suggest you write to Jacques Wilmore and ask him about the School-to-School program which the Peace Corps has been trying out in Brazil and Columbia, with American schools or civic organizations raising money to be used for school construction materials.

This programme is designed to be a real community development project, according to a memo from the Peace Corps Director to P.C. Reps, so that a pre-requisite is that the community "must demonstrate that they can organize to build the school", preferably by success in a previous self-help programme.

The community must have a clear title to the land, must put up at least 25% of the total investment, supply almost all of the labour, and, among other requirements, "give firm assurance that at least one teacher will be available to run the school."

The Volunteer's job would be to gather information, and, "advise and assist."

* * *

The cartoon on page 10 is requisitioned from Chowkidar the Indian PCV magazine. The artist is known as Ishi.
THE COOKIE CORNER

After two years of relaying tantalizing recipes from my mother to you via this column, I had great expectations for my initial meals in the States. Any woman who can make Varrenikas from scratch is obviously a great cook. Unfortunately, as things turned out, I received one of the great shocks of my life. My mother doesn't like to cook when it is too warm. Her season now extends from December through February. Instead of meals that I had been dreaming about, I subsisted on bottled gefilte fish, frozen broccoli cum hollandaise sauce prepared by Birdseye no less, Oreos, Campbell's soup, ad nauseam. Not even one moist delectable chocolate layer cake, no chopped liver (except from my aunt Jeanne who can't cook a damn). . . .

But I did have a wonderful time eating my way home from Nigeria to New York.

I ate lunch in the air conditioned Volta Hotel which is perched on a splendid site 1000 feet above the nearly completed 500 megawatt hydro-electric dam. The service was excellent, the food minimally fair (canned fruit cocktail). Then on to the cold buffet lunch of the Ambassador Hotel in Accra on the following Sunday. It compared favourably with the Beer Barrel Bar near Kwame Nkrumah Circle which served raw hamburgers at outrageous prices. They used to have cheeseburgers but the government clamped down on such frivolous imports as tires and cheese.

The best meal in Dakar was at the cafeteria of the Cité Universitaire. Anybody could have a great meal for $1 (250 Fr) and if you could convince them you were a student the price was slashed to 35c. The next morning we took a ferry ride to Goree, a magnificent Franco-Iberian flavoured island out in the harbour where we relaxed and shared our pain and God awful pâté (compared with my mother's chopped liver, that is) and washed it all down with some lemon Pschitt.

FILET MIGNON IN THE CASBAH

I hated to leave the place but voilà, I was soon transposed to Marrakech, Morocco where, as I wended my way through the narrow dark alleys of the marketplace in the Medina looking at the work of the silversmiths, I accidently got my picture taken by a German tourist with a Voigtlander camera, who was trying to capture on film the exotiness of it all. He was furious with me. . . .

A definite stop which you won't find in any guidebook is L'Estampe du Sud. I came upon it because I couldn't understand the directions of a man who was mumbling in either French Arabic or Arabic French. So I went in the wrong direction and discovered (!) a place which serves Moroccan genre meals at very reasonable prices (60c for a three course meal). More on the mainstream of things was the Petit Poucet which I recommend without hesitation: ½ honey dew melon with liqueur in center, sweet breads, filet mignon (two big pieces) with carrots and potatoes, lettuce salad, huge bowl of fresh grapes, plums, peaches, vin ordinaire (excellent Moroccan vintage) plus fragrant tinct de menthe in a glass, all for under 10 dirhams (less than $2). Très bon. . . .

(Ed. note: Mr. Gruberg goes on to eat his way through Spain and England. We join him again in France!)

I don't like talking about the gastronomic climax of my culinary trip. It tends to titillate taste buds which won't find release for a long time to come. I hope it will be sufficient to note that I ate at L'Pyramid in Vienne, France. The place lived up to its distinction as the country's greatest restaurant. I ate for three hours, finished two incredible bottles of wine. All it cost was sixteen dollars. What a bargain. . . .

Ed Gruberg

(Mr. Gruberg was a previous editor of the T.L. and now is a recently repatriated volunteer.)

Abubakar: From page 9

I did get a letter from Abubakar the other day actually. He did not return to school. He has gotten a job at General Hospital Mubi, where his mother works. He asked if he could continue writing to my sister, to whom he had sent one or two boastful letters in the spring. Enclosed in the envelope was a picture he had taken of himself at Paragon Photo Studios in Mubi. He is sitting in the inevitable chair, feet and legs looking huge and distended because of the camera’s distortion of foreground objects. His trousers I recognize as the emerald-green pair he always wore on special occasions. He has on his yellow-and-black high-cut sneakers and his hair is still rimmed in the V he adopted in imitation of my roommate's widow's peak. In his hand he is displaying a copy of "The Student's Companion," a catch-all of aphorisms and reference materials popular with schoolboys here. He is returning the camera's stare, and his eyebrows are pulled together with the effort. He is trying, unsuccessfully, to smile.

—Steve Clapp

THE TILLEY LAMP

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