

THE TILLEY LAMP

PEACE CORPS NIGERIA

VOL III, NO. VI

DECEMBER 1963

JOHN F. KENNEDY
1917-1963

In Search Of Cosmopolis

We were in Lagos a few days back tending to business. Holding a copy of official memorandum one we found the new office right where they promised it three months ago: smack in the middle of health on one side (Conrad's) and prosperity on the other (RH). It was with a certain "glow of pride" and oneness that we opened the door and stepped into the chill good-will of PC/Lagos. We found ourselves in a waiting-room: chairs and propoganda. A receptionist. Receptionists have always scared the hell out of us—it goes back to the days of our braces. "Whom do you wish to see?" Caught in that telephone courtesy, insight into PC/Nigeria 600 strong didn't help—we were helpless. Rapidly losing our nerve, we asked for spare carbons for our logbook and began our retreat when the inner door opened and a familiar face walked past. Knowing us from the old days it led us through the important door and welcomed us. We found a chair to slump into. It had been eerie but real; sad but necessary to our growth. We understood and promised to carry on.

Jim Jackson explained it the next day. "PC/Nigeria is going to spend up to \$2,000,000 this next year and we have got to know why and where the money goes. I spent years as a budgeting officer in the Pentagon, Navy Department and this office in Nigeria doesn't look any different from the ones there." Jackson is the new administrative officer, taking over from Bill Kruse. We liked him. No romance with the Peace Corps. We guessed he could be tough and we guessed that was good.

* * *

Someone sends us the Reader's Digest and the Sunday edition of our hometown newspaper, the Seattle Post Intelligencer. This accounts for our clear-eyed, no nonsense approach to national and local affairs. I read one edition of the Seattle P.I. last summer. At the height of the summer's protest marches, the P.I. carried a coverage of Seattle's first racial demonstration, on page five. As the people marched, the mayor spoke eloquently of their right to march, while sitting at the fringe in a police car. They kept marching and he kept sitting.

* * *

We were in Kano a few weeks back, in search of a project to fill in the slack time before the new school term started. Though not exactly a summer festival, Kano does have some attractions for the home-sick volunteer. One in particular we thought worth passing on is Ed Younis' outdoor ice-cream parlor where we enjoyed something akin to Dairy Queen, and the monologues of the proprietor himself. How he worked himself up from purveyor of fancy goods to supplier of Dairy products for Nigerian Airways and PCVs at large. New volunteers, he told us, will get a six-penny cone gratis; we got one too, our first payola in an otherwise unremunerative job.

(Con'td page 5)

Educational Supplement Proposed

Greetings.

Towards the close of the first training program here in Nigeria at Ibadan University, a number of us who were involved had hopes of developing an educational newsletter so that the experiences and difficulties of the PCVs as teachers might be shared amongst the group. For a variety of reasons, this project did not get started.

We now have a large body of PC teachers in the country and a magazine in wide circulation. The editors therefore discussed the possibility of adding an educational supplement to the Tilley Lamp.

There are many different types of material which we could use: outlines of teaching material; teaching units worked out for classes; experiments in science with cheap materials; drama productions and class-room drama, lesson plans; critical evaluations of syllabi in use; work for West African or Higher School Certificate; reviews of textbooks available or recently published; the success or failure of particular topics; University teaching and its problems.

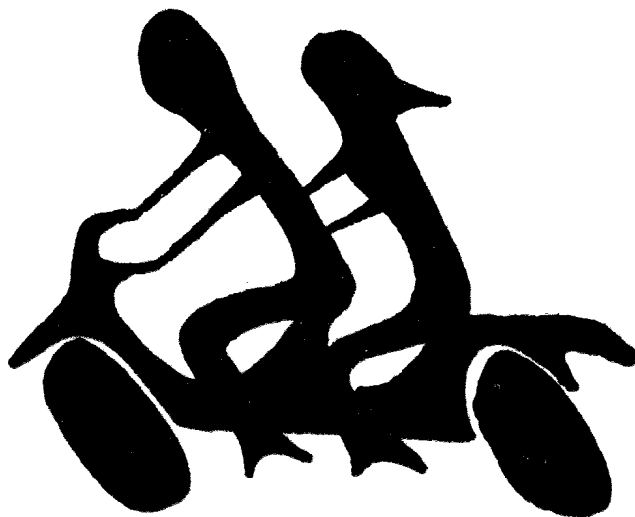
Another type of contribution to this educational supplement might be more general and related to the particular experiences of Americans working in a foreign school system. Your attitudes to Nigerian education have probably varied at different points during your period of service here; a reappraisal of your reactions to the teaching job here could be of interest to new volunteers in training.

I think I have said enough to indicate the types of things that occur to me at present.

IAN ESPIE
Faculty of Education
University of Ibadan

(Editors' note: Send material for this educational supplement to Peace Corps Office, P.M.B. 5102, Ibadan.)

* * *



Letters . . .

FROM SALTONSTALL

With the arrival of about 110 new PCVs in January and the departure of about 40 "old" ones, we shall be 380 strong in January. Though GON is not standing by to repel boarders, this is a lot of Americans, no matter how you slice 'em. Imagine the reaction of Texas or Massachusetts to a similar number of Nigerian teachers!

It is obviously impossible to run a program of 380 PCVs the way we ran one for 100 or 200. We can't all know one another and we can never meet together; so we try to keep in touch through the *Tilley Lamp*. It is for this reason that I warmly appreciate this publication and wish to encourage and back it.

I hope Nigerian PCVs will help the editors by contributing articles, news items, and letters to the editor.

The one thing I care most about is that each individual PCV receives the kind of backing and support that will enable him to do the best possible job in Nigeria. It is too easy to think of you as a group, just as it may be too easy for you to think of your classes in the same way. In each of our jobs it is the *individual* that counts—not Nigeria VII, or an eight o'clock algebra class of 40 students, but the particular Volunteer and the particular student. If we can keep this point in mind we can continue to do a job as our numbers approach 500.

From Dave Hibbard:

Some time ago I visited the fishing village of Aiyetoro, on the coast south of Okitipupa. I was quite impressed with the development of the village and resolved to do something to help them. They still have a problem with water (getting a clean, adequate source), so I have investigated the matter.

Through DATA and VITA I have accumulated a lot of information on the construction of a water system to meet the needs of the Aiyetoro villagers. Now that my time in Nigeria is rapidly coming to a close, however, I am not able to implement what I have worked so hard to get.

Would any Volunteer be interested in taking over this project and following it up? I hate to let all this good information go to waste.

Sincerely,
DAVE HIBBARD, Oct. 5, 1963

Dear Tilley Lamp,

I have an announcement for The Tilley Lamp. I am now undertaking the leadership of the Bauchi Chapter of the "Bury Goldwater Movement" Let me tell you that Bauchi is fast becoming a real hot-bed of rabid slightly-left-of-center-leaning agitators. In order to project the Peace Corps image and to whip up the feverish winds of moderation back in the States, copies of the enclosed photograph have also been sent to Wm. Buckley, Jr., Sen. John Tower, David Lawrence, Sen. Strom Thurmond, Rev. Billy Hargis, Norman Thomas, Westbrook Pegler, and, of *course*, Peace Corps Washington.

If you're interested in this grassroots movement, just write to Grand High Potentate and Mystic Archon Dr. L. Willard Shankel, Security National Building, Roswell, New Mexico. Send one dollar and a stamped self-addressed envelope, and I'm sure he'll help you out.

Sincerely,
HARDY BALLANTINE
PSS, Bauchi

FROM THE WASHINGTON OFFICE

Dear Bob and Tom,

Recently a former Peace Corps Volunteer from Nigeria wrote me concerning a New York Times' article that was reprinted in the TILLEY LAMP. (Vol II, No 3) The title of the article was "Wanted: PCV's for Gov't Jobs."

It is true, as the article states, that the President and many top government officials have expressed their hope that as many Peace Corps Volunteers as possible will enter the Federal service. And Volunteers are being given credit for their Peace Corps service upon entering the Federal service. As you may know, the President issued an Executive Order (Executive Order No. 11103 of April 10, 1963) establishing special procedures for the appointment of former Volunteers to positions in the Federal Government.

However, this particular article also has several inaccuracies which need to be clarified. The first inaccuracy in the article concerns the written exam. A former Peace Corps Volunteer who has satisfactorily completed his Peace Corps service and wishes to be considered for a Federal job still must meet qualification standards for the position to which he wishes to be appointed; this includes any written exam. However, the written exam may be administered non-competitively. The non-competitive exam is the major advantage granted to former Peace Corps Volunteers.

The second inaccuracy concerns the salary. A Grade 7 salary is 5,540, not 6,675. The individual Volunteer's qualifications and the job itself will determine the grade level for which any Volunteer is hired.

As you can see—many a Volunteer could be misled by the article. I would really appreciate it if you would print a correction.

We here in the Division of Volunteer Support enjoy reading the TILLY LAMP very much. Best wishes,
PADRAIC KENNEDY, *Director*
Division of Volunteer
Support

DEAD LETTER DEPT.—PCV as Source Material

Dear Sir,

I am a sophomore at San Bernadino Valley College. I am enrolled in a Cultural Geography class under Mr. Chapin. I have been given a valuable opportunity to study more deeply the country of Nigeria, which has always held special interest for me, in that we are to do a research paper on "The Effects of the Peace Corps on the Cultural Geography of Nigeria." Included in the cultural elements are such topics as routes of transportation and communication, settlements, economics, religions, and the cultural groups. Any information you could send me concerning this topic or any addresses or other sources I could go to would be greatly appreciated.

Thank you for your help and attention. I will defray the costs.

Sincerely Yours,
LEAH CARPENTER
208 W. 16th St.
San Bernadino, Calif.

From Tony Walsh, Akure:

Will the dirty * 1 - * % who took my sneakers from the Ibadan Rest House please return same to same?

BOOK REVIEW

Breaking the Bonds: A Novel about the Peace Corps, by Sharon Spencer Tempo Books, Grosset and Dunlap, 191 pp., 50 cents.

Tempo Books lists, among its titles for teenagers, *My Friend Flicka* and *Pray Love, Remember*. But, granted its audience, their latest release, *Breaking the Bonds*, is an insult to the intelligence of our kid brothers and sisters who honestly want to know what we're doing here.

What's worse, Sargent Shriver has cheerfully put his *nihil obstat* on the thing. In his foreword to the novel, Shriver notes that "it will certainly encourage many young people to give careful consideration to volunteering for the Peace Corps." If, as Shriver says, *Breaking the Bonds* tells teen-agers "what it means to be a Peace Corps Volunteer," then the Washington Staff hasn't been showing him our letters.

Despite its subtitle, *Breaking the Bonds* is not about the Peace Corps, nor is it a novel. It's just another PR account of what Miss Spencer (with the generous cooperation of PCI/Washington) thinks or hopes the Peace Corps is. An opportunity for Bob and Anne, two clean-living young Iowans, to meet, fall in love, and live happily ever after. After what? After saving an Emir's son by practicing the tourniquet-tying they learned so well in training. How handy these heroics!

All the anxieties and suspicions of training, the reactions of Americans to Nigerians and Nigerians to Americans, all are glossed over or toned down to a faint whisper. The worst that ever happen at UCI is that the volunteers are served fried chicken instead of fried plaintain. And big blonde Bob puts thing right by giving a speech to the Nigerian students.

Miss Smith bends over backwards to be polite to the Peace Corps and to Nigeria and Nigerians. So balanced, so politic: "Although the North, like the Western Region, had stunning, modern cities, its people lived mostly in villages." And then there are the little inaccuracies which smell of insidious censorship; the girl volunteers in Ibadan, for example, have a woman steward.

We imagine our Aunt Lil at Thanksgiving dinner asking the kid brother, "What do you want to be when you grow up, Billy?" "A Peace Corps Volunteer, just like Alan." You're wrong, Billy. Just read *Breaking the Bonds* and you'll be convinced there's not a grown-up in the organization.

SPORTING NEWS

From the Nigerian *Daily Times*, October 16, 1963:

Spectators saw fast and exciting basketball on Sunday when the American Peace Corps beat the Syrian Club 29-23, in a match played on the Syrian Club's Court Ikoyi.

The Americans were very aggressive near the basket and Ed Pantienus of the Peace Corps team in particular played a very forceful game. The Syrians were unsettled by the robust play, but matched their opponents basket for basket, and there were never more than two points between the teams for most of the game.

The lead changed hands four times in the first half, and although the Americans looked more dangerous, the Syrians led 9-8 at halftime.

(Editors' note: Frankly, we must admit that we are intrigued by this new image.)

Usman's Jihadi—A Turning Point For Nigeria

by Eric Strauss (Michael Crowded)

Today we will consider one of the most important events in Nigerian history—the Jihadi of Usman dan Fodio. Usman dan Fodio, sometimes called Uthman dan Fodio, sometimes called Ahmadj. Amahl—however he is called this last name only by those who do not know any better. (Contrary to the belief of certain peoples, the Jihadi is not a jazz spot on northern Manhattan.) Usman dan Fodio was aided in his Jihadi by his very famous cousin, the Serutan of Rexal, who helped Usman 35 years after the Jihadi had started and continued to lend him assistance quite regularly thereafter, aiding him greatly with his troop movements.

One of the other people associated with Usman dan Fodio was the Portfolio. It was the Portfolio's job to accompany Usman's many ministers on their journeys. However, there were some ministers who travelled alone and they were known as "ministers without Portfolio."

As events would have it, the Fulminate of Mercury, a half brother of the Serutan of Rexal, was deposed after his inglorious defeat at Allah King. As a matter-of-fact, his defeat was due to his own cowardly behaviour and he thereafter became known as the Chicken of Allah King. Within two years of the Fulminate's defeat, culminating in the loss of Allah King, the Kaeopectate of Bath commented, "It was a chilly day for the Jihadi when the Mercury went down." This statement so fired up his masses that they instantly beheaded him. The Kaeopectate, apart from this unfortunate aside, was of no consequence in the Jihadi and failed to plug the gap left by the Fulminate of Mercury.

However, fortunes were soon to change, for the Kaeopectate of Bath was superceded by the Milk of Magnesia. The Milk of Magnesia was firmly convinced that any future war would be won only by the stamina of his men. Thus he became devoted to seeing that his men got plenty of physical exercise and Gerald-Fitzsimmons, in the magnificent Encyclopedia Britannica, which I urge you all to read in its entirety, noted that his men, who became dissatisfied with this rigid regimen, could be heard to mumble to each other, "The Milk of Magnesia is making us run again today." At any rate, the Milk was soon leading his men to new victories and a series of penetrations ensued from the North.

The Jihad finally came to an end when the British entered Nigeria and established the Pax Britannia. Grimace Broadly has written a most lively 900 book series on the inter-relationships of various people engaged in the Jihadi, which I urge you all to read, entitled *I Ran a Jihadi for the PBI*—the Fulani Bureau of Infidels. It's a rather difficult series to find and I suggest you call book dealers in the Manhattan Directory. Incidentally, I really must urge all of you to read this wonderful directory, edited by Att. The parts between Smith and Wolf would be especially helpful but I must warn you that although this book has many characters, few of them are handled in any great depth.

We have not yet mentioned the activities of Usman dan Fodio in any great detail, but then he was never very active—he took no part in the Jihadi. It was simply named after him.

Gruberg's Recipe

In these holiday times when people are dropping by unexpectedly, there should be a culinary way of separating the wheat from the chaff or the sheep from the goats. I think I have a way—CHOPPED LIVER. What a separator! Those cursory acquaintances will pack up in panic at the mention of such a dish. But the true friends, those with whom there is mutual respect, will give you the benefit of a huge doubt. They will be justly rewarded by their faith.

Broil 1 lb chicken or beef liver until done (a few minutes). Take a large onion and saute in chicken fat or oil until soft but not too brown. Prepare two hard-boiled eggs. Take ingredients and put them through a meat grinder twice. If it is too dry, add fat (chicken fat is ideal). Salt to taste. Serve as an appetizer; garnish with lettuce and tomatoes.

* * *

COSMOPOLIS FROM PAGE 2

The winter travel rush from the "Gold Coast" to the "Slave Coast" has begun. PC/Washington is everywhere with pads and pencils. More to come we're told. It's cold back there and we're glad to have them. So be it. Yet we're thinking, and it's strickly our thought, that PC/W ought to go through a toning-up too. A regimen of four missions to a project a year. Despite temptations, and there are many, to know more about us and our feelings toward PC/Washington, a subsistance allowance of only four visits into the field each year would seem to us a great discipline. But then we're fat and need to be told we guess.

We rarely have a simple and easy reaction anymore—we're always cluttering up our feelings with silly ambivalences; for example: A.I.D. Lagos last month received a tragic blow at its warehouse. About \$5000 worth of Scotch and Bourbon was swiped. Many flagons. That is a simple case of right and wrong. Yet . . .

As we write this, the President has been dead a very few days and much has already been said. Never doubting the sincerity of the words or our own brief silence when we learned, in matters of sentiment we tend to be cautious, conservative. We distrust the impulse that must make him "great". It is self-flattery. The act in Dallas was absurd. It is tragedy in that we didn't ask for his greatness in time.

We are trying to organize things now, to settle the loss. In the 1950s, with our father in Washington, we had to leave home. In 1960, we were as a nation and a people, near bankrupt of hope. Today our assets are visible. It is interesting to be an American again. This is the work of John F. Kennedy, our surrogate, our brother.

A Caveat

Our Department of Statistical Data has had to hire three new employees to cope with the massive amount of information coming in from the Western and Northern regions. Night and day they have been trying to determine where the Cameroonian answer to Sgt. Bilko will turn up next. So far it is known that he has appeared in Zaria, Benin, Ibadan, Ado Ekiti, Ife, Ipetu-Ijesha, and Akure. He usually is looking for a meal, a bed, and some money to get back to his secondary school. Highly credible, he gives a tale of woe that he has been looking for a fellow Cameroonian, who has his school fees. The average stipend given to him by uniformly generous Volunteers is two pounds and a glass of orange juice. The D. of S.D. preliminary calculation puts his take to the present at around forty pounds.

In his honor we are starting a Prince Clement Montubay (his name) Award for initiative beyond the call of duty. As is only fitting the Prince is to be the first recipient. All he has to do is turn up at our office and he will receive his just reward.



CEC

Research Projects

The editors of the TILLEY LAMP receive notices of research being carried on by PCVs from time to time. We'd like to begin listing these efforts, whether in progress, in published form, or presented at seminars, etc. Hopefully, such a listing will help you link up with one another in similar fields of interest. In the past we've heard of projects in linguistic research in Bornu and Bauchi, an atlas of Eastern Nigeria, collections of folklore in the Mid-West, etc. PCVs in allied fields may also be able to arrange joint research projects during vacation periods, if the research listings become sizeable.

DAVE WILCOX

A Lament

by E. Gruberg

Once in a while it's not so funny that the petrol stations have no petrol. And sometimes there is no humor in sharing your house with driver ants.

So you take a walk in the rain along the road. The rain is important. Fog rises off the road. It blurs all reasonable thoughts. The only thing that comes to mind is that life is a petrol station without any petrol. It is not clever or even precocious.

By now your saturated soles squeak (or is it the hells? Very confusing, like lightning and thunder, and Oshogbo and Ogbomoshu). But you've got to go on because you are not tired enough to sleep off the weariness.

You exhaust your supply of half a dozen greetings on the first cheerful night watchman that you see and that's it. You can't go further because there is no way. So you say goodbye or maybe that means good night. Smiles pierce the vacuum but they only represent new voids. The images fade and new ones appear.

There in front of you is a Honda rider walking in the greyness. You trained together at some distant time. A half a dozen greetings are pounded out and amazingly you reach the same point of imminent departure that you had with the watchman. Only now there should be more to say. Now there should be rapport, empathy, warm fellowship. There should be a sharing of all things that aren't funny. There is nothing, only a pause where none should be.

TORNADO Part II *for Aime Cesaire*

After a hundred years
the tornado hit town again
this time it was D.C.
and the white-haired senator
black hat and all
still sat, saying:
I was planting flowers in my garden.

After a hundred years
the tornado plowed thru the South
like Sherman's march
only this time the roots and budded branches
nurtured by the blood of decades
came up too, and looked

To see a quarter of a million marching for Freedom
FREEDOM NOW they sang
FREEDOM NOW they prayed
FREEDOM NOW and they heard M. L. King
and A. Philip

Randolf and Marion Anderson and Medgar Evers's wife
They felt it in their hearts—a quarter of a million—
enough to be a tornado
so that D.C. was shook
and Lagos, too.

—Harvey K. Flad

*The Editors
and
Staff
Send to all
Seasons Greetings
and
Best Wishes
for a
New Year of Peace
and
Success*

OF LATE

A chit, a hussey, a cheater,
Blue-stockings her yellow
Legs and flaunts past the pale
Hut of my lamp.
I follow ten o'clock down into town,
Again.

—Hebert

THE TILLEY LAMP

Editors.....Bob Cohen and Tom Hebert
Editorial Assistants.....Ed Gruberg, Dave Wilcox
Regional Editors.....Dick Hughes, Al Bielefeld
Editorial Advisors.....Murray and Ginna Frank