Conversations with a Yoruba Woodcarver

(Yorubas, we are funny. We are not making something hard. You can abuse me today, or you can abuse my mother—it is no mind. Tomorrow I will salute you. Not Igbo. He will say, “Na me—I go kill um today.” Hausa will go and find arrow or stick. If you abuse Hausa’s mother he will follow you for life. If you abuse Yoruba’s mother he will say, “All right.” Abuse is not in the body. If Yoruba is coming he will be laughing. If Yoruba is going he will be laughing.

You see Yoruba people that they are funny. They are not annoy too much. Because it is our type; it is what our grandparents have done.

On “Annoy”:
You must always, if you are annoy, don’t let people know that you are annoy. Nobody is above of annoy. Sometimes something can happen with you that can make you be annoy. By that time, go and stay in a good place. Don’t go anywhere, because if they see you your face will be as annoy person. If people is annoy you must know. His face will change. If he is talking, his face will difference. If he is working, his work will have mistake. Go and sit in a good place, and think. Think forward and think backward about the thing you are annoy. And think beyond about the thing you are annoy. You will see that gentle and funny carry all of it.

On “Peace”:
There are many kind of peace. Some peace is money, to have money. Some peace to get food, to chop food. Some peace to have power, to do not be in sickness. Good cloth to wear always, that is one peace. To have sense, that is one peace. There are many—if you begin to count it too many peace. To have child is one peace. For the womans to have husbands, that is peace. For the bachelor to have wife, that is peace. For the person to travel from one country to other, that is peace. For the people to gentle for himself to others, that is one peace. For the people to kind everything is one peace. For the people to have good friend with good sense. For the people, again, either is old or is young, to have the mother or brother, family, is one peace. For the people to have a great deal of money is peace and is not a peace. For the people to have money and many children is a peace, but to have many children without money is not a peace. For the person to have much, much property is one peace..... For the people to advising people a good advice, that is one peace. For the people to like to work every time, that is one peace—that is a very good peace.

For the people to spend for the many people—to do not be miser—is a peace.... For the woman to look other men when she has a husband.
Agents of N.C.

No doubt we have to go all the way back to Mike Hammer (whatever happened to Mike Hammer?) for the literary background of such red-blooded anti-heroes and anti-heroines. One of the agents of N.C. posted in Tanganyika, in a style blatantly imitative of the early Mickey Spillane, writes a letter whose authenticity cannot be doubted as it was "received in New Orleans" in "February 1963":

I am already nauseous from the sight of these black mugs as on which I cannot use my fists. (sic) I must smile it says so in my instructions.

Well, you ask, what is behind this "Peace Corps"? What is the aim of the people behind it? Who are they? I must say right here that a major flaw in Agents of N.C. is its failure to sustain suspense by artlessly revealing the identity of the villain behind the scenes in the very first pages: The genuine role of the "Peace Corps" is to give the CIA an opportunity to legally maintain an army of its agents abroad... Yes, the CIA! Mr. McCona had better keep his drawers closed, for Agents of N.C. reveals to the whole world the CIA's secret plan known only as "Star-70".

This plan provides for a gradual reduction of the number of college graduates in the "Corps" so that they could be replaced by graduates from special military schools dressed up as civilians who would be sent to the Afro-Asian countries under the guise of "experts". During road construction underway somewhere in Tunisia such "experts" would naturally not forget about the construction of new airfields and lines of communication for the United States Army.

This incredible plot becomes almost believable when we meet the diabolical genius at the center of the conspiracy, the mysterious opportunist who is referred to as "Shrives". Who is "Shrives" really? Where does he come from? How did he get into such a position of power?

Formerly, Sargent Shriver was known as a not very successful gambler on the stock exchange. After the 1929-1932 crisis it took him a long time to straightening (sic) his affairs until fate introduced him to Allan Dulles, under whose patronage Shriver began to climb the ladder of success.

Continued on page 18
DIARY FOR A DUSTBIN

Oct. 7 While scouting around Lagos for projects, Jacques Wilmore and I found ourselves at a meeting of the Ajeromi District Council in one of Lagos’ blighted suburbs. Without even knowing if it were true, I said that some boys at United Christian School wanted to do voluntary work during the next school holiday. I asked them to think about a feasible project.

Oct. 12 The principal gave his general approval to what I wanted to do.

Oct. 23 An Ajeromi health officer, Okposo, suggested constructing a public dust bin, a small open building for garbage. I was invited to a health committee meeting, but it was postponed twice and finally canceled.

Nov. 11 Okposo and I visited some tiny plots of Council-owned land and chose one for the dust bin.

Nov. 17 With a poster and an announcement, the membership drive began at school. In two days, forty-two third and fourth form boys signed up.

Nov. 19 At the first meeting of the students, Jacques gave a fine talk about the history and value of voluntary service.

Nov. 20 Ajeromi District Council gave their general approval, too, but there were too few plans to suit me. Who would supervise the work? Could it be finished before Christmas? I wrote a letter requesting £30, the amount estimated by Okposo.

Nov. 27 Okposo, scheduled to be the speaker at our second meeting, couldn’t come at the last minute.

Dec. 1 I handed out a letter about the (lack of) progress and a form for each boy to fill out to indicate the days he could work. Twenty-nine boys filled out this form.

Dec. 7 Requisition for £30 was still lying around the Health Office. Okposo was frequently not “on seat”.

Dec. 9 Final planning meeting at the school. Because of the imminence of the labor, a few boys left, leaving twenty-three, of which twenty-one worked at least one day. I decided not to limit the size of the daily crews, as they might be too small anyway, but no boy was able to work every day. Sixteen could walk to the work site, and the rest I arranged to pick up every morning. I distributed a list of work and safety rules.

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NATIONAL SERVICE CLUBS

A good part of the Peace Corps idea is voluntary service to others. As Americans we think of it as the sharing of a surplus, the obligation of the rich to the poor. But what about the obligation of the poor to the poorer? What are the needs of a developing nation if not the full use of human as well as natural resources without individual self-seeking?

The Nigerian secondary school student is strong, literate, and unoccupied for portions of three annual vacation periods. His school is always but a short distance from a bush village whose people may lack nutrition, sanitation, drinking water or education. Yet his attitude is sometimes contempt and avoidance of the “bushmen” he is rising above, until he becomes involved in service.

To begin, investigate your area, consulting district officers, community development workers, village chiefs. Near your school locate a project on which a fairly small number can work with results for a fortnight or less. The project could be sinking a covered well for pure water supply; digging and demonstrating the digging of pit privies; construction of incinerators, a dispensary, a school building or adult education center, public health education, first aid instruction or making a nutrition survey. The work should be double in nature: toiling to improve local facilities and teaching the proper use and maintenance of the improvements and the reasons for them where they are not understood. Above all the work is what you and the village elders can agree needs doing.

From your principal obtain permission to start another extra-curricular activity: a National Service Club. Schedule your project for a fortnight of the coming vacation period. If your school is

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We Question Dr. Saltonstall

On Medicare

PC POLICY IN NIGERIA

We asked Dr. Saltonstall if he would like to enter into a written interview for the T.L. and he very nicely and promptly sent back these replies to our questions which centered around one area of volunteer support, medical care. Our first question, however, was on volunteer support in general.

Question: In the December issue of the "Volunteer" we've been charged by Glyn Roberts with having an overly-developed administration here which overly protects our volunteers so that they "never get very far away from the U.S.A. in spirit or practice." Do you think there's something to what he says? Do we have too many nice cars around our offices? Do we encourage a Big Brother system among volunteers? Are our volunteers too well supported?

Answer: He (Glyn Roberts) says of the Peace Corps that "it is the administration itself which is overdone." He specifies "evaluation sessions, medical check-ups, fortnightly group trips, visits by the field representative, visits by the PC doctor, a sort of Big Brother system whereby each Volunteer keeps an eye on another, just in case of any eventuality." Though I strongly resent the reference to the Big Brother system, and don't believe for a minute that Volunteers in Nigeria are spying and reporting on one another, I admit that in our effort to improve and support the work of Volunteers that we may "over-protect." It must be remembered that no two Volunteers are alike. Some really need medical check-ups. Some enjoy frank evaluation sessions. Some even ask for visits by the field representative. All this work is meant to strengthen the program and the individuals that make it go. The danger is that in an effort to be more effective we may undermine the self-reliance of the independent Volunteer. Some Volunteers complain of too little support, while others prefer to go it alone, God bless 'em. We try to steer a middle course, never to pamper, but always to encourage. Whether we succeed or not is not for me to say.

Question: The volunteer manual says, "The Peace Corps doctors make periodic rounds for routine examinations and inoculations." It is our understanding that general physical exams were formerly given to all volunteers at the end of their first year of service, but this is now no longer being carried on. Is this correct? What is the thinking behind this?

If the volunteer would go to a private doctor for year-end general physical exam, would the Peace Corps reimburse him? What routine exams are now carried on, besides gamma gob shots?

Answer: The check-ups at the end of the first year may include a medical history, physical exam, examination of blood, stool, and urine, tuberculin test, and the proper immunizations, which usually means gamma-globulin plus typhoid and polio boosters. The contents of each individual PCV's mid-term exam are at the discretion of the regional PC Physician. He bases his decisions on professional preferences for certain types of exams, the frequency and nature of former consultations with that particular PCV, whether the exam is conducted at the PCV's post or in the doctor's office and the amount of time available.

The Peace Corps Physician is the best judge of what exams, laboratory tests, and immunizations should be given. However, if it is impossible for the PCV and physician to get together, the Peace Corps would pay for exams performed by private practitioners or hospitals. This situation should not occur frequently.

Question: We understand our individual medical histories are given to the doctor in each region. What care is taken to see that these are continuously kept up to date? Are all minor ailments and complaints recorded on these? We heard one rumor that a volunteer who got well after a serious illness had a relapse, but could get no background report on her initial attack from the Peace Corps. Would this be possible?

Answer: Maintenance of adequate medical records is a responsibility of physicians all over the world. This has become especially true recently, with the increase in medico-legal claims. The U.S. Government, and hence the Peace Corps, is very definite in its desire to keep adequate records. The Peace Corps physicians are very aware of the necessity for complete medical records and they perform accordingly. Some of the difficulties arise when volunteers are ill and hospitalized without the knowledge of the Peace Corps Physicians. Many times these hospitalizations become known to the physician only months later, if ever. Also, traveling volunteers often consult a physician in one region when their charts are in another.

Continued on page 14
BIG oaks fall on the little blokes, as POOR RICHARD said in his Almanack in the year I cannot just now remember.

& & & & &
Dept. of Honestee-is-the-best-policy:
We’ve heard that a number of volunteers in Benin have had burglaries in their homes, but we take especial delight in the story we heard about a robber who came into the house where Virginia Crucikshank and one or two other girls were sleeping, chasing them into different rooms with a knife and then leaving with a portable radio. It appears that one of the girls woke up as he was first climbing in through a window and cried out, “Who are you!!?” “I’m a thief,” he answered without hesitation.

& & & & &
From our Man in Kaduna we learn that Gus Schlick of Nigeria V has returned to his old post at Katsina on private contract with the Northern Government; and that Blue Eagle Wooldridge of Nigeria VI is the first Nigerian Volunteer to extend for one year, continuing his teaching at the Provincial Secondary School in Sokoto.

& & & & &
In connection with the articles in this issue on the National Service Club idea for making Nigerian volunteers out of students, we have a report by Stephen Ridley on a project where some students of his were to go into Iwaya Village and work with a boys’ club to construct a house for covered bucket latrines. Plusses were friendships between students and villagers, and willingness of carpenters and bricklayers in the boys’ club to do real work. Building wasn’t finished, though boys’ club still carrying on, because of lack of some advance planning by others, including getting approval of location by health officials, getting a plan for construction, arranging transport. Steve says he feels they might have done more propaganda work in encouraging the neighborhood people “to use the latrine and telling them the importance of doing so.”

Sam Abbott arranged a vacation project for some of his boys by having them translate child guidance tests from English into Yoruba.

& & & & &
Dept. of Deelightful Mother Suckers:
Latest arrival among Nigerian volunteers is Katherine Amanda Oladayo Ha-yafe Treitel who appeared on February 6. When asked by your reporter how she liked it here, Kat, like a perfect young diplomat, only blinked her eyes and smiled.

While browsing voraciously through the public notice section of the Village Voice, a notoriously wonderful social-art-conscious weekly newspaper of Greenwich Village in New York City (10 cents a copy, c/o 1 Sheridan Square), after a notice of a psychologist looking for pet kittens to observe, we came upon a notice advertising “Traditional African Egusi Palm Oil & Fufu Dinner.” Effiom Odik was the name given as the entrepreneur of the fete to take place at 135th St. between Lennox & 5th Ave. Price for this exotic treat was to be “$5”. POOR RICHARD must commend such enterprize.

It is your delight in your friends, your irritations, your concerns written down by hand in a few moments of leisure that will ever give this paper any red blood; we have only your eyes and hands to give us life. We regret in this issue we do not have a volunteer’s impressions of the Nigerian election crisis, the American involvement in the Congo, the explanation of a volunteer who has been trans-
The Nigerian Heritage

The Stone Figures at Esie

In the early nineteen-thirties a local priest, Father Simon, while working in the bush near Esie in the far northern reaches of Yorubaland, stumbled upon more than eight hundred carved soapstone figures arranged neatly in a small obscure clearing. The figures were apparently attached to some local cult worship, and sacrifices had been made to many of them; more information than this he was unable to discover. The Antiquities Commission was alerted of the find and a temporary shelter was erected, having several rows of concrete steps on which the figures were hastily arranged. And thus they have remained.

The origin of the figures is entirely unknown; but some scholarly guesses would relate them in some way to the long-sought after “missing link” in the solution of the riddle of the equally mysterious Ile brasses and stone heads, and the Tada and Jebba bronzes. Some still are worshipped and a few of the finest figures are heavily encrusted with the dried blood of sacrifices, but even the worshippers can offer no more explanation of their origin than the local belief that they “sprang out of the ground”. Determining the age of the statues by any scientific method is impossible; probably they are not older than two or three hundred years and perhaps much less, but since there are no credible stories of their origin we can probably assume that they predate modern Yoruba settlement in the Esie area.

Esie is located just north of the Western boundary, in Ilorin Province. The quickest route, and the best for public transportation is to go to Ajasse, about 42 miles by tarred road north from Oshogbo, or 27 miles southeast from Ilorin. From Ajasse go about five miles due east on laterite and take an immediate right turn over a bush track, south about one or two miles, to Esie. The keys to the “House of Images” are held by the Elesie of Esie, a friendly round oba with a good knowledge of English. He will be only too glad to supply the visitors with a guide, after a small dash has been made to his senior wife, a small, wizened old woman who sits in a small room adjoining the palace, and whose only companions are her two ibeji figures, representative of twins long since deceased. The guide will then lead the visitors through fields and across rice paddies for about a mile to the House of Images.

In spite of the mystery that surrounds them the figures can be appreciated for their beauty, their intricate detail, and their incredible variety of style — no two are alike, nor even closely similar. Both men and women are represented, and the figures range in height from a few inches to about three feet. Some are complete, and most of these are seated in dignified poses; perhaps they are representations of kings or chiefs, queens and noble ladies. But most have been damaged — soapstone is very soft — and visitors will no doubt feel a great sense of pity and futility at the sight of the large piles of broken limbs, hands, feet, and torsos, most of which can never hope to be re-joined to their rightful bodies and heads. Over the years many pieces have been carried off by museum-workers, plunderers, and souvenir hunters, but among the more than seven hundred more-or-less-complete heads and bodies which remain can be seen some of the very finest examples of stone carving yet discovered in Sub-Saharan Africa. Many of the figures are amazingly lifelike and were quite sensitively produced, showing people in a variety of attitudes of everyday living: eating, sleeping, playing musical instruments, or just sitting and staring.

Continued on page 13
OF INNOCENT MERRIMENT

On a tree by a river, a little tom-tit sang ‘Willow, titwillow titwillow!’
And I said to him, ‘Dicky-bird, why do you sit singing “Willow, titwillow, titwillow”?’
—from the Mikado

AN American folk-tale of Barbara Allen and a witch-boy, set in the Smokey Mountains, has been adapted by Dan Legant into a fantasy set in a village of Eastern Nigeria with a witch-boy who wants to become human so that he can court the girl he loves. Dan calls the play, “The Hoot of the Owl.”

Dan has organized a traveling student theatre company out of his work as director of drama at the University of Nigeria at Nsukka, after raising money and having a truck donated by The Mobil Oil Co. of Nigeria. According to a time-table we received, after engagements in the East, “Hoot” can be seen in

the North:

Markudi on 21 Mar
Jos 22 Mar
Zaria 23 Mar
Kaduna 24 Mar

the West:

Ibadan 26 Mar *
Abekutka 27 Mar
Lagos 28 Mar
Ijebu-Ode 29 Mar *

the Mid-West:

Benin City 30 Mar
Sapele 31 Mar

glittering array of costumes for a lavish full-blown production of “The Mikado.”

We’ve been badgering with little success these drama people to write some articles for us to help secondary school teachers get some background, cautions and encouragements when finding themselves in the middle of huge spectacular Elizabethan productions for the first time. Putting on an evening of drama at a school can be tremendous satisfaction for a teacher who has the bad taste of the daily grind in his mouth, sometimes. We hope to come up with something by the time of the next issue and welcome ideas and helps.

(* We’ve just been told Dan will be in Ibadan March 29. Other changes not known.)

A ROSE IS A ROSE IS A ROSE

A cartoon-story of suspicious people staring at each other suspiciously on an Ethiopian Hide Painting; a Nigerian Giotto named Asion with hammered figures on sheets of tin; some Matisse-like black ink drawings of funnel-breasted women by C. Okeke; what looked like red and pink plastered paper mache somehow transformed into beautiful oil-like abstractions by Viola Franklin, an American; and a two-foot carved palm-wine tapper in wood and a detailed skin-textured blue clay oba’s head by Rick Amu of Benin were some of the more than 100 works exhibited at the PC/Ibadan Art Show for the benefit of Western Region Day Camps.

The show took place over the December vacation. It was opened by Mr. F. O. Shadare, Principal Information Officer for Hon. O. Adebayo, Minister of Information in the West. Coordination and display was managed by Irene Griffin of Badagry, who also showed some of her own paintings.

Works were purchased by Nigerians, expatriates and even some PC volunteers. You could pick up Asion’s hammered tin for £20; or a carving for £8 by Lamidi Fakeye who did the paneled doors of the Catholic chapel at UCI and will have some shows in the U.S. next summer, starting at Western Michigan University; or a lovely red engraving of tormented plastic figures by M. O. Nwulu for only £3.

At a film show held with the art exhibit Clay Hollister from Ondo showed a wonderfully bright, frenzied 8 mm. film he had put together on the crowds and dancers at an Oggun festival.
I have just completed a trip around Africa that every Volunteer should be able to make, providing he can manage to sell his house and honda for money to do it. Actually, it was a project-type trip, preparing a television series for Kaduna ETV.

The biggest expense is getting to the eastern side of the continent. Once there, all points south are easily accessible by cheap overland travel, but it is necessary to fly there. (Talk is heard of a direct Lagos-Entebbe flight which would be considerably cheaper than the routes available now.) As it stands, a plump £100 is needed to go via Leopoldville or Khartoum to get to the East.

I chose the northern route by Khartoum and was kicked out before I arrived by the impending revolution (the occupational hazard of a trans-African traveler). For £5 extra I went to

**ADDIS ABABA, ETHIOPIA**

The city is built on the top of seven hills and 25. Ethie (10 pence) will take you anywhere by city taxi. They all save money by coasting down the hills. The headquarters of the O.A.U. is there — as interesting as a trip to the UN.

The Ethiopians are a handsome people. The girls, all descending from the Queen of Sheba, are showstoppers.

There is a Peace Corps hostel and several good Italian restaurants (from Mussolini’s escapade).

*I flew in the P.C. plane with their doctor as he swooped down on Volunteers in the Ethiopian bush (there simply are no roads). As we approached you could see them stuffing away their contraband goods...like refrigerators (how’s that for a policy??)*

**KAMPALA, UGANDA**

The baasuti, those four-piece Mother Hubbard’s imposed by the well-meaning missionaries on the Ugandan women, have all the charm of a shower curtain wrapped in a laundry bag. Beaten bark underclothes are a big item too...their bark is worse than their basutti.

Steamer excursions on Lake Victoria are available bi-weekly. You can make a round trip or disembark at any of the mail stops along the way. The lake is unsuitable because of bilhartzia but nice to sail on. Train service anywhere south.

Only one medium-priced hotel but Peace Corps arrives there this month so a rest house should spring up soon.

**NAIROBI, KENYA**

A little London with a large Indian minority. Very expensive, but again Peace Corps is moving in. Many good restaurants, including a Wimpie’s that makes almost-like-real hamburgers and milk shakes.

The Nairobi Game Reserve is only 20 s. from the center of town and in the sundown tour most of the plains animals can be seen. A more expensive (£20) but once-in-a-lifetime trip is a night in the Treetops Lodge. You spend the afternoon and evening in a lodge built in a Cape Chestnut tree in Aberdare National Park and watch elephants, rhino, buffalo, all the forest animals cavorting around a water hole. The food and drinks taste great out under Mt. Kenya.

Indian shopkeepers and excellent beaches in MOMBASA and a handsome old Portuguese Fort is worth the trip from Nairobi which takes you past Kilimanjaro (40 s).

Want a catharsis? Watch a $100 bill (necessarily your own) float out a porhle in the Indian Ocean. It takes some restraint not to follow it. Fortunately I met a friendly matron (in 1st class) after the tragedy, who kept me... in pocket money. (Ralphie, I dare you to print it) (Ed. note: We have agreed to print this in full and also to forward it on to the proper authorities, so that the article is uncut and only Tinnie expurgated.)

**DAR-ES-SALAAM, TANZANIA**

Visiting the sisal plantations (they make rope out of it) we saw acres of the bleached blond fibers on racks drying. It looked as if a million Hollywood ingenues had come to rest. Nor were the local girls unaware of their charms... five shillings to photograph the picturesque plugs in their upper lips.


**MOZAMBIQUE**

Much palaver trying to travel here unless you have your visa ahead of time, but little to see in this tightly held Portuguese Territory anyway.

**SOUTH AFRICA**

Things are so labelled and segregated here... it might seem difficult to believe, but at one point I had eight different rest room doors to choose from. Disaster was imminent by the time I decided. DURBAN, the Afrikans resort town, has everything an American or European city its size would have. Tours through Zulu villages available. CAPE TOWN has everything plus some...
on 7.50 a day

of the most exciting scenery. From the top of Table Mt. (by cable car) you can look down the entire Cape Peninsula. Daily bus tours (40s) make the 90 mile round trip to the Cape of Good Hope, stopping at the Cape vineyards for refreshments. South African Airways run an internal Skycoach service between major cities, cheaper than 2nd class train, but Garden Route Tour (at least 4 days) between Durban and Cape Town has some of the greatest seascapes around.

RHODESIA

My favorite bit of lore from Rhodesia was the fact that hippos conceive under water. Other interesting things were David Livingstone, the magnificent Victoria Falls, and Celia Latham. The latter was a friendly matron at the Falls Hotel.

ZAMBIA

Tours of the rich copper diggings are available at NDOLA. At this time my elephant’s foot (I had acquired this in Rhodesia wrapped in a burlap bag of little elegance) was getting stronger than I was, and three different hotel managers wouldn't have the two of us.

ELIZABETHVILLE, CONGO

It is impossible to rate such tourmilo. Cost depends on how well you do in the black market. U.S. dollars easily bring 3 times their value, pounds about twice their value. The hotel is not expensive but service non-existent. The only thing worse is LEOPOLDVILLE. Generally speaking, the Congo, especially the cities, isn’t worth the effort.

Given no civil interference, it is possible and easy to travel overland from Nigeria to Cape Town. On the French Line from Lagos you can get to Pointe Noire for 20 pounds (less 3rd class). A railroad will take you to Brazzaville for less than 5 pounds. A ferry across the Congo to Leopoldville only costs a few cents but is dependent on the political crisis of the day. For the unheard of sum of 8 pounds (black market) you can go 1st class steamer for Five days up the Congo and Kasai Rivers (a weekly service) to Port Franqui, there connecting with a 4-day 1st class train taking you to Elizabethville; 2 pounds by rail over the border to Ndola in Zambia; and then 16 pounds (2nd class sleeper) to Cape Town on the best rail service I’ve ever encountered. It would probably cost a little more than the five hour flight to South Africa and you should have at least three weeks to do it in, but what a three weeks! The Congo is the only stickler, because of the rebel policy of skinning the tourists.

Our last word... about African curios: Nigeria has more variety and better quality than the rest of Africa put together. With the exception of animal skin objects of the game reserves, the East is devoid of indigenous craft. Beadwork is the forte of the South, and Congo ivory is as expensive there as the pieces that trickle through here. So support home industry and your local, friendly Hausa trader.

I’ll be glad to help out if you have any questions. In the meantime start looking for someone you can sell your Honda to.

—Tim Carroll

Conversations with a Y Woodcarver from page 1

for the husband to look other wives when he got a wife, very bad peace.

On “Women”: A car is an instrument for working. It is nothing. Yoruba women, they don’t know it is nothing.

Suppose you are a woman, but you don’t want to make bad, bad habit. You are serious. You don’t want men to black your brain. So, if a man coming to you always, so (he is) prideing that he can do good for you; he can buy you many things; he can be as your father for you; he can be as your mother for you. If he can be your husband, what he cannot do for twenty years he will say that he will do it this year. And shouting and prideing that his father is a good person, and saying that he himself is a gentle person, and qualifying himself. So, and but all this he is telling lie. He is jagbajagba people. He know that he himself is jagbajagba people. If you don’t know that he himself is telling lie, he will know himself that he himself is telling lie. When he tell you all this thing, and you believe him, and you agree what he want from you for him, but you don’t want to do it before, but as he tell you all this thing, you have believe that it is so.

One wife, one disease; two wife, two disease.

On “Men”: All men are punishing ourself. We shall go to the sun, work hard; we shall go to the rain, work hard. Because of to bear children. I am giving money to the woman without work for us...

Your husband must be your master. Is your master and is your father... Because he have bought you as a proper slave. He have bought your secret thing.

Continued on page 13
The new **ENRICHED** Peace Corps POP POETRY

LIKE MARILYN, MARILYN, MARILYN, MARILYN

AN old god, an image of beauty was she.
Her heart warmed, was painted and free.
Within were the steps to her goodness and steep;
She waited, and laughed at my sleep.
And tired I came, and in awe of the sight,
Started the walk in her night.
My stumbling feet gave a miss, and a roar
Gave echo back down to the door.
Steel girder enmeshed with her metallic flesh,
Writing defiling was fresh.
Harry, and Johnny, the others had been,
Murphy had talked his way in.
A lipstick they'd used to write on her drab walls,
Some names and some numbers for calls,
And then like myself I had continued the climb,
Were cursing me now in the rhyme.
Warm air lured me on from the windows on high,
A breath from her heavens, a sigh.
The view from the top as I hurried was gray,
A soft glow swept upon the way,
And wafted me wondering, home of the brave,
The crest was a many-starred wave,
That lifted us into a calm from the sea;
She lay there, was smiling at me;
Then brought the cast robes to herself, almost shy,
And took up a pose ‘neath the sky.
Day found us there, she in a stare,
Turning from me without care.
Down the sad street, what a breath on Marie,
Long live the bare one, and free,
Waiting for men from afar; and when blonde
Being especially fond.

—Don Scharfe

!!! SPECIAL BONUS OFFER !!!

*Meaning AND Interpretation by the poet HIMSELF!!! For the first time only, all hidden meaning expurgated!!!*

"The Marilyn poem takes its title conscious of the fact that the name is worn out as a sign or symbol and deals with the Statue of Liberty, and is a sort of pop art contribution to the legislative program. It does interesting things if you think about it, and obviously doesn’t care what the girl was like as a person. Imagine a Jasper Johns flag. If you don’t like pop art there isn’t much to be said . . . ."

---

O
god
.bless
.ame.
.r.
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Books From Mbari

I am the owner of my arm, 
if it breaks — let it break. 
I am the owner of my eye, 
if it goes blind — let it go blind. 
I am the owner of my belly 
if it bursts — let it burst! 
— "Boasting Song"

THIS is one of the translations of Yoruba children’s poems in the Mbari Publications book, The Moon Cannot Fight. (Translated by Ulli Beier and Bakare Gbadamosi, delightfully illustrated by Georgina Betts, sells for 5/-.)

The book includes children’s games, songs of abuse, songs of praise and mocking, enchanting bits of advice like “House-training a Child.” And riddles... 

The bereaved one has stopped weeping 
The compassionate friend is still crying. 
(Rain dripping from the leaves)

And child-thought:

The moon cannot fight
Sun leave him alone.
The moon cannot fight
Sun leave him alone.
The moon gives the earth his good light.
Come and eat beancakes with us at midnight.
Thief! Thief with the goggle eyes!

Mbari publications are lovingly published with exceptionally fine formats and excellent illustrations. Most of their publications are books by young African poets, and would be good selections for school libraries that are short on African literature. A catalogue of publications can be got by writing: Mbari Publications, PMB 5162, Ibadan. Or, for those who are in Ibadan and want to look over the books, their publications office is in the Niger Motors building directly across from Kingsway Chemists.

Another recent Mbari publication we recommend is Brush Fire, a collection of poems by Congolese writer, Felix Tchikaya U’Tamsi, translated from the French by Sangodare Akanji. U’Tamsi’s poetry (also anthologized in the Penguin paperback, Modern Poetry From Africa) is simple, lyric, with macabre-surrealistic twists of imagery — like contemporary French poetry, but with distinctly African mood and image:

.... I told myself the other day 
the most beautiful song of revolt 
is a hum of toads

when the moon is rounded with the dry north wind
....

from “Abortive Joy”
....

the flower of the coffee tree 
becomes a knife
....

and already the beasts have human teeth
and their faces and beards
idols
the owl watches the making of the monkey
we are in the present century
....

how flows the river
I have danced in my head
and I recoiled
without courage
I danced
puffing up my cheeks
like cobras in the worst monsoons
....

from “Madness”

U’Tamsi has illustrated his book with delicate ink line-and-blob drawings, abstract, gaunt faces and eyes — sometimes intricate labyrinths reminiscent of Steinberg, sometimes soft, muted shadows. The illustrations themselves are worth the price of a copy (7/-).

— Margot Treitel

Poor Richard’s From page 5

ferred to a new site. We would have liked to have had. Perhaps this is not the place for them.

& & & & &

The Ivory Coast has been “approved as the site for the first project of the new School-to-School program in Africa.” The village of Kakoukro, 8 kms. from Adamie, will be the first location for construction. $1,667 has been donated by the children of the school system of Scranton, Penn., to be matched by the community of Kakoukro.

We maliciously take delight in observing, in connection with Sam Abbott’s review of J. P. Clark’s “America, Your America” in our next issue, that this book is prominently featured in the Baptist Bookshop, Ibadan among a number of novels on a Shelf clearly classified as “FICTION.”

& & & & &
Diary for a Dustbin  From page 3

Dec 10 Four students made and displayed at school a sugar cube model of the proposed dust bin. At Ajeromi I had a beer with Okposo and three council members; this helped regenerate good will between us.

Dec. 12 With Okposo’s help I wrote out the materials list, hoping this might cause action on the requisition. Jacques agreed to let me borrow a Peace Corps microbus for the project. The first work day was two days away.

Dec. 14 Sixteen students gathered at the site at 7:30. Since the requisition was about to receive attention, we happily carried out the first phase of the work: we demolished the condemned public latrine which stood where we wanted to build. In the process we uncovered and killed a large snake. A GVSO came to see what we were doing and for five days he gave us a very welcome helping hand.

Dec. 15 Fifteen students. I expected failure today, but a flurry of things happened. One student went to buy a lorry of sand; another rented shovels. Another health officer was tagged to do the “pegging”, a fascinating process of measuring, palavering, adjusting, and tying strings, at the end of which there were never any square corners nor any two equal dimensions. We bought locally five bags of cement, then twenty more later from the Factory. A bricklayer, Kuru, was hired and he brought his block-making materials. By closing time (12.30), the foundation was dug, 100 blocks were drying, and even the microbus was pooped.

Dec. 16 Fifteen students. The third day featured a confrontation between the Council and one adjacent property owner. The owner refused to have a “smelly pile of disease” next to his lot. While the students and Kuru calmly made another 150 blocks, we visited some alternative sites. The final outcome was disappointing — we had to move to a new site on a less populous street near a cemetery. A bribe was rumoured.

Dec. 17 Fourteen students. We “pegged” and dug another foundation. Okposo said the Council would transfer the blocks we’d made, but a punctured tire on their tractor made it necessary for me to use the microbus, which hauled thirty blocks at each loading. We poured the foundation and laid one layer of blocks, which was then rearranged several times until it was acceptably level and square. The dust bin was going to be about 12 feet square.

Dec. 18 Twelve students. Work began late today because Kuru was evading the tax collector. Kuru laid about 100 blocks today to complete the foundations, though I wondered if they were really dry enough. Another load of sand was bought and another requisition for 10 was written.

Dec. 19 Nine students. By working until 1.30, we helped Kuru do the walls up to their final height. For the duration of the project, the students and I did mostly small jobs: we mixed mortar right and left as fast as Kuru could align the blocks. This time should have been used for public health education in the neighborhood. I was dashed one bottle of beer by the Council secretary, and I took the boys to the beach.

Dec. 21 I had expected fewer students in the second week, but the beach trip must have been taken as the end of work. Only two came. Kuru finished the corner pillars and set bolts for anchoring the roof. We had to buy ten additional blocks to finish. Okposo said we could slow down and complete the job after Christmas, but I told him to hire a carpenter for tomorrow.

Dec. 22 Three students. Wood and zinc had been purchased so, while Kuru began plastering, a carpenter started the roof. Especially now, but throughout the ten days, I tried to get the boys to anticipate the work, to start the next job at hand, and to offer to help the hired men. Enthusiasm, however, was waning now. The noisy talk which often enlivens an African worksite was becoming less, perhaps because we were so few and so tired.

Dec. 23 Four boys. Kuru continued putting on the plaster we mixed for him, while we passed zinc up to the carpenter on the roof. I bought some additional zinc with my own money since Okposo was out of town. The Peace Corps wanted me to return the microbus, but I couldn’t do that.

Dec. 24 Nine students today, probably because of the prospect of publicity. Kuru finished the plastering, despite people who kept leaning into his freshly plastered walls. The last work was to pour the floor, in which I buried the shilling from selling the snake. I dashed Kuru two bottles of beer. The Council Secretary, Okposo, and the NNDP Chairman came to offer congratulations. Photographs were taken. We attached a giant-sized gift label: “Merry Christmas to the people of Ajeromi from the District Council and United Christian School.” The dignitaries entertained the students with drinks and they dashed me two more bottles of beer. Cee Kay, a Times reporter, came and made some notes, but I don’t think any story ever materialized. As we drove away for the last time Okposo said something about an incinerator which the town needed. I haven’t decided whether or not I heard him.

— Duane Hudson

If you would like to start your own Diary for a Dustbin, read on about...
Successful Ventures

Love oh love oh careless love
"
""
"
"
"
Can't you see what you have done to me.

PRACTISING newly-wedded togetherness are Sharon Burke of Owo and Charles Dinardo of Benin; Evelyn Cloonan of Badagry and Ralph Sanders of Idanre; Jeanette Hogan of Sapele and Michael Tighe of Ikirun; and Joan Wasko of Ibadan and Moses Terebo of Okitipupa. Rev. Dean Rose gave the blessing at the marriage of his daughter, Frances Rose, to Fremont Besmer. Be happy and fruitful.

Flinging their last fling are Nancy Hogle and Derrill Quashnick of Ibadan who are planning to get married on March 13, 1965. Under the headline of GRANDDAUGHTER OF U.S. BANKER IS MARRIED TO NIGERIAN ENGINEER, a report appeared in the Dec. 28, 1964 issue of the New York Times’ International edition, as written by Lloyd Garrison, Times correspondent in Lagos, of the marriage of Clement C. Onyemelukwe of Lagos, to Catherine Danforth Zastrow, a former Peace Corps volunteer from Fort Thomas, Kentucky.

'Mr. Onyemelukwe was born 31 years ago in the remote town of Nanka in Nigeria’s eastern region. His father, a local contractor, was barely literate in English, but saved enough money to help his three sons work their way through college.

'Mr. Onyemelukwe took degrees in engineering and economics from Leeds University and the University of London. He then joined the Electricity Corporation of Nigeria — Nigeria’s public-owned power utility — and rose swiftly to become chief engineer of the transmission and distribution division.

'This is a real Horatio Alger story,” said Peter Zastrow, the bride’s father, an engineer with the American Telephone and Telegraph Company in Cincinnati.

'Born in Huntington, New York, Mrs. Onyemelukwe attended Highlands High Schools in Fort Thomas, a suburb of greater Cincinnati and graduated from Mount Holyoke College in 1962. She has spent the past two years with the Peace Corps teaching German at the Federal Emergency Science School here.

'Her maternal grandfather, the late Herman W. Danforth, was appointed the first president of the Federal Land Bank under Woodrow Wilson’s Administration in 1917 . . . .

The Stone Figures at Esie From page 6

But it is their variety which is most remarkable. Although most display definite Negroid features, many show the sharp noses and thin lips of the Caucasian, or the almond eyes and high cheekbones of the Mongolid. And in their wide variations in dress, too, they show an apparent influence of other cultures. Some exhibit the delicate, amazing, lifelike features and vertical facial scarifications which are manifest in the famous brass heads at Ile; others are so totally different that attempts at relating them to the same culture would seem insanity.

Similar figures, although far fewer in number, have been discovered in no less than five other towns nearby, and without doubt there are more waiting to be stumbled upon in the bush. Perhaps in time, when these figures, and those not yet studied or even discovered have been thoroughly examined and classified they may indeed offer a clue to the solution of the puzzle of the origin of the hundreds of other equally mysterious but equally magnificent works of art which abound throughout Western and West-Central Nigeria.

—Phillips Stevens

Conversations with a Y Woodcarver From page 9

On “Children”: We marry many wives to get many children, because we love children too much. If a woman marry husband, and it is five years she does not get child, she will leave that husband, get another. Because she will say their blood, they are not correct.

A Yoruba man who doesn’t want children is a Death.

Some people who are old without marry, without child, they are bad. They are not mercy for themselves. They come to punish themself in world. Anything they have is in vain. They have only one heart. They are mirror. They are looking to look at selfs.

Whatever we come to do in the world, the child is important. So (the woman) will try to conceive; if you get child, if you get about three or two child, you will begin to take care of them. By that time, that is the time you come. That is the time you just come from Heaven. Because who come to the world as a woman, and did not get child, did not come from Heaven.

Continued on page 14
Conversations with a Y. Woodcarver  
From page 13

On "The world of people": All white men feed only wives and children—no others. If you are rich you should feed many people. If I become a rich man people will know me.

I have no mother now, but I don't know I has no mother because I use good habit to many people. If I need mother to use I have many women to use, who are olden like my mother. If I need my mother to use I will call them, because I have use good habits to them, and they will represent my mother.

On "God": There is God, but there is no God. There is God in Heaven, but we are the God of ourselves. If the (table) is too heavy, I may call one person to come and help me take it to my head, but can you call God to come and help you? But if you believe that you are a good person, you can pray to the God to let one person to come along to help you. If the person comes along, that is the God.

On "Death": Death—I'm afraid of it. I'm very sorry for the people who are doing bad. They did not remember that there is Heaven, I'm afraid, and I'm not afraid. The reason why I'm not afraid, I have children. I have changed myself in the world. I have carve a picture of myself. Children are the picture for the people. So, that is why I'm not afraid. The reason why I'm afraid, they're too young. And I don't want punishment for them. If I die now I punish them.

Continued on page 17

P. C. Policy in Nigeria  
From page 4

While major illnesses are reported from one region to the other, things such as colds, minor skin rashes, diarrhea, etc., are just too numerous to report. The amount of paper work involved in keeping the medical charts current is phenomenal without that.

Question: The manual says regular monthly reporting of your health to the Physician in your region is a "firm rule." Is this being carried on?

Answer: The Peace Corps physicians ask volunteers to write monthly reports and they give new volunteers a supply of stamped medical air letters. Very few volunteers send these in over one or two months. With all the current rumblings about rules, the medical division has no plans to set up "firm rules" to urge a PCV to report on his own health.

In my letter to volunteers dated December 28, volunteers were urged to fill out forms (CA-1 and CA-2) available from the physicians if they had any accident or illness during the Peace Corps tour which might cause disability after termination.

Question: In the event of a serious accident or illness when there is no adequate local medical authority, once the volunteer has notified the Peace Corps, what should he do if he feels he is not getting as prompt or adequate care as one might reasonably expect? Would complaints over treatment realistically serve any purpose? What is the necessary chain of authority to get approval for a volunteer with quite a serious illness, (a) to get moved to a hospital? (b) if necessary, to get to medical care in the States?

Answer: The Peace Corps is very cautious when it comes to the hospitalization and evacuation of ill or injured volunteers. There is no limitation on the expense to which the Peace Corps will go to guarantee good care to a volunteer. Planes have been chartered, specialists have been flown to Nigeria from Europe and the United States, and many other expensive operations have been carried out to insure good medical care.

If a volunteer were not satisfied with the medical care he was receiving, he should complain to the Chief Peace Corps Physician in Lagos, or directly to the Director.

Question: What medical care does AID get? Why don't they have their own physicians like the Peace Corps?

Answer: AID Personnel are cared for by the State Department physician in Lagos, Dr. Beeson, and by State Department nurses in the regional capitals. Before the arrival of Dr. Beeson, they were cared for in large part by the Peace Corps physicians. They also utilize local practitioners and mission hospitals. I know of few AID, USIS, or Embassy people who don't wish they had their own U.S. physician.

The Peace Corps volunteer is subjected to rigid medical screening before being selected for training. Almost all candidates with serious diseases are rejected. Then the volunteers are well trained in health and highly immunized against every disease imaginable. After all this there are 4 physicians selected by the United States Public Health Service to care for 630 volunteers. With this preparation and doctor-patient ratio, the PCVs should be, and is, one of the most healthy groups in the world serving overseas.
In Search of Cosmopolis

Mirror, mirror —
On the wall,
Who’s the blandest
One of all?

NOT long ago we read with interest a hard-hitting article in the December issue of the Volunteer entitled, Are We Getting ‘Bland’ Volunteers, by F. Kingston Berlew, acting director of the Office of Peace Corps Volunteers. Mr. Berlew reports that at one of the “healthy, open” staff-meeting discussions they have every Monday and Wednesday at 9.30 a.m. at Peace Corps headquarters in Washington, they discussed the ‘bland’ volunteer and since then, the ‘bland’ volunteer “has probably been the major topic of conversation at Peace Corps headquarters.”

I don’t know how you felt when you read this, but we ran off to the john and looked in the mirror. No doubt about it. Colorless, pale, even we imagined a sort of creeping pallor. Frankly rather upsetting, especially the glazed eyes. We turned away. We felt we had better start off on a new track.

Bland Man’s Buff?

In our pragmatic bush-provincial way of thinking, we wondered if Mr. Berlew was not putting the egg before the chicken. When you discover a round, white innocuous egg in your front yard, would you first speculate about why it is so white and round and innocuous, or, first of all, as we would expect, would you not wonder about where was the bird who laid it? If volunteers tend to be bland, should we not take a careful look at the evaluators and selectors and administrators who laid them and sit on them (metaphorically speaking) and check on their own bland rating? Should we not be concerned, in other words, whether this may not be a case of the bland leading the bland?

To clear the air for a frank, scientific discussion, Mr. Berlew begins his article cautiously and scholarly with a definition of bland according to a Merriam-Webster dictionary, a source we are prepared to accept as it gives us choice of being smooth or unperturbed as well as dull or insipid.

Therefore, with this in mind, we would like to ask you to join us in assisting Mr. Berlew who says “we need more systematic research to identify accurately the factors”. We here put forward our Tilley Lamp Blandsy-Vandsy-Dandy Projection-Evaluation Test to gather this necessary data. To take the test, clear your mind of all thoughts (most particularly all bland thoughts, no matter what a strain this may be) and indicate which rating most appropriately describes your initial reaction. If you pause, you lose.

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The last item in the Blandsy-Vandsy-Dandy (or B-V-D Test) is of course just a cunning safety device by which we can discard all answers which come from a typical manic or depressive volunteer. We realize some wiserac may try to say that the real hard-core ‘bland’ volunteer won’t even bother taking the test and sending it in to us to tabulate for the next issue of the T.L., so that it won’t be a very representative result. All we can do is exhort our readers not to “bland out”!

In any event, we shall tabulate and publish the results of all those test results we do receive in the next issue of the T.L.; and, at the same time, continue our investigations into what safeguards there are on the hiring of administrative personnel to see that they are not bland-bound, in the face of, presumably, so many bureaucratic and political pressures encouraging them to bend that milky way.

What worries us is that many of the current administrative forces happen to be made up of ex-volunteers, some of whom we’ve heard current volunteer excoriates in very un-bland terms. This makes us wonder whether the question to be posed should not really be, Are not the bland feeding on the bland?
Books From Jane

Last spring, Dave Wilcox, a former volunteer at the University of Ife, received a number of boxes of books from the States for the university library. Some of the books were given to the library, while others that were not deemed suitable for university level, were given to a few volunteers at secondary schools. The books were the gift of the Queen's College (Flushing, New York City) Newman Club, which had conducted a book-drive among the students especially for Nigeria. When Dave left in June, he asked me if I would maintain the contact and correspond with the club.

Jane Schuyler, president of the Newman Club and an anthropology-sociology major at Queens, has been writing to me periodically about the club's activities. Recently, she wrote to say that they had held another book drive for Nigeria at the end of November. To advertise the project, the club ran ads in the school newspaper, had a display, and put up posters around the campus.

The book drive was extremely successful. The club collected thirty-one boxes of books, weighing about three hundred and fifty pounds. Part of the reasons for the great success of the drive is perhaps due to the continued correspondence, which made life in Nigeria appear more real and meaningful for people. Telling about the work at the university and sending pictures of students and staff has made people feel more personally involved in the project. As Jane says, "Everyone was somehow stronger because the whole project and the place where the books were going seemed more personal and not far off and foreign."

Where to get money to pay for the huge shipping costs was a problem that was easily solved. The club held a dance in December with the proceeds going for the books. After Christmas, the club members had a "book packing party" at Jane's house and sent the boxes off.

The recent massacre in the Congo had an effect on the book-drive. Jane reports that "the news of what has been going on in the Congo dampened a lot of enthusiasm for helping people in Africa... One of the nuns who was killed in the Congo was brought up in this area (Long Island City, New York) and the local papers have had a field day writing about the 'pagan' cannibalism, etc., which is supposed to be taking place. Local feelings about 'savages reverting' and 'once a savage always a savage' have made many people say that what is true for one part of Africa is true for all. A few neighbors actually advised me not to send any books—'how would you like to be educating those killers so that they can better kill as educated leaders of their nation?'..."

I explain the error of that logic to a closed mind. I realize that you must be very sensitive about this from your letter. Part of the trouble stems from a lack of knowledge about the different areas of Africa on behalf of our people. I took an anthropology course on Africa and all I learned about were unique tribal customs and the moral disintegration of the people of the Union of South Africa after the power of their tribal chief-toms had been destroyed."

This lack of knowledge about Africa in the States is really acute. As Dave Wilcox commented after returning home, "Don't feel too bad, two-thirds of the people I have spoken to don't know where you are!"

—Ray Silverstein

National Service Club From page 3

boarding, transport and extended room and board will have to be secured. If a day school, transport is still required.

Throughout the term meet regularly with the students who are interested in national service; explain to them both the principles and particulars of their project. The training should ideally include instruction and preparation for whatever activities they will undertake: construction, demonstration, or education. They must understand the problems they will encounter. During this period you must arrange for delivery of necessary materials and determine your work schedule and the extent of village participation precisely.

The term following your project the club should visit the village to finish the work, maintain it or encourage full use of it. Whether your club continues its involvement with that village, takes up another project elsewhere, or disbands depends on you— unless you have interested a Nigerian teacher in continuing the work after your tour ends.

Peace Corps/Lagos can provide materials for health education, first aid instruction, privy, well and building designs, and access to expert advice on technical problems of all sorts.

If Peace Corps Volunteers can make small beginnings throughout the Federation, determining the best type of project and the interests of the students, the Peace Corps might succeed in selling the idea to the government on a national basis with a supporting staff and the involvement of many villages and secondary schools. The profit to Nigeria as well as the students looks to be considerable.

(Volunteers working with youth programs may wish to take a year's subscription to the National 4-H News. The rate for this monthly publication is $2.75 per year. A $1.00 check to Mel Thompson will get your subscription forwarded.)
Social Service in Kano

DURING the last year in Kano Nigerian PCV’s have found themselves swinging pick-axes, wielding white-wash brushes, molding mud bricks, scrubbing cells at a mental institution, inspecting lorry parks and market places in the wee hours of the morning, sawing shelves for a prison library and many of the other things they had pictured themselves doing when they applied for the Peace Corps.

Kano N.A. department of Social Welfare was founded in 1951 and has making remarkable progress since that time with the full backing of the government, the Emir and the Council of the Kano Native Authority, and assisted over the past two and a half years by a U.K. Technical Adviser, Mr. George Chaney. Kano has a Nigerian staff of three N.A. caseworkers, three government caseworkers, a probation officer, a Youth Officer and full staff for the institutions operated by the Department. There are also two full-time Peace Corps volunteers.

The department handled 742 cases in 1964. The cases dealt with family problems, probation and court cases, child welfare, and a host of miscellaneous problems ranging from an unjustly fired employee to a stranded soldier. There are also three institutions maintained by the department, the Remand Home, the Reformatory School, and a sport’s stadium. A fourth institution, which will go into operation this month is a children’s home.

Services to the youth of Kano are emphasized. The Remand Home alone dealt with a total of 408 youths during 1964 who needed to be detained or cared for over a short period of time. The Youth Officer overseas a total of 98 Youth Club with a total membership of 5587, as well as a swimming pool for the children in Kano City.

Projects volunteers have participated in have included: the upgrading and sanitation of facilities for the mentally ill; the organization of a prison library; a survey of destitutes and beggars to provide the data necessary for intelligently giving them care and support; first-aid English classes for a group of old-city house-wives; football games, sewing lessons, and rudimentary English for the vagrants and youthful offenders in the Remand Home; turning a run-down building from a home for rabbits to a home for motherless and abandoned children; building a new mosque for inmates of the Reformatory; surveying Kano’s open spaces with a view to establishing sites for future community facilities. In the planning stages is a home for the incurably sick and a hostel for out-patients who have come from outlying districts for treatment.

The people of Kano are slowly becoming accustomed to the sight of Bature happily carrying wash buckets, swishing brooms and slinging paint. At the same time they are becoming more aware of the services offered by the department of Social Welfare, and they are beginning to come more freely to the department for receiving help with their own problems and for offering their contributions for the help of others.

—Russ and Judy Nelson

(Russ and Judy are assigned to the Government Technical Training School and the Northern Ministry of Social Welfare, Kano, respectively. This article has been read and approved by the proper authorities in Kano as well as by the Kaduna Peace Corps office.)

Conversations with a Y Woodcarver From page 14

On “Wisdom”: Children’s wisdom, some of it, are better than those who are old. Some seniors will begin to do as a small boy; some small boys will begin to do as an olden person.

On “Money”: The wasteful person did not know what-is-plenty will be finish.

On “Cloth”: If we are in life, either we have money or not. We ought to go and wear good cloth for ourselves. Because cloth is important peace for the body... If you are not buying good cloth for your body, what your body will chop? Not only food your body is chopping.

On “Food”: All of our food they are power. They are giving us starch. You see, only those who are educated love something like tea or bread, or all that provisions. Only those who are educated love it. But for illiterate, we love; 1. iyan: we love eba, amala, and we love tuo. So, we love all that too much. Number 1, is no cost too much. And then, is giving us power. And then is full the belly. If the belly is full we shall work fast.

On “Nigeria”: America is very rich. Nigeria is not rich but there is a life here. The Yorubas have a sense. They are a sensiful people. I will not leave my country. My country is very the best. There is no money, but there is life. You see anything you want to eat, you can have it and it will not cost too much.
The Cookie Corner

FROM the Mid-West comes a recipe for Bonnie Aman's delectable "yam salad." Bonnie says that after about 15 months here eating yam cakes or mashed yam, and refusing to yield myself to buying those "dear" potatoes — when they could be found, I discovered that a most delectable "yam salad" can be made with white yam. My husband, thinks it is as good or better than potato salad.

Cut slices from the yam about ½" wide. Peel each round and then cut them into 2" cubes. Put into salted, boiling water and cook only until done. The trick is not to overcook, or the little cubes will mash. Pour off the cooking water and pour cold water over them (boiled, of course) until they are cool. Continue as for regular potato salad.

5 cups of cubed, cooked and cooled yam
2 teaspoons of vinegar
2 teaspoons of sugar
about ½ cup of finely diced onion
enough mayonnaise
salt to taste
3-4 hard cooked eggs, sliced
(also good in it, chopped pickles and sliced tomatoes)

Mix it up and chill. This serves from 4 to 6. (Watch for the next issue of the T.L. when we shall present Nigerian-style potato pancakes — made from dried beans. Just yummy!)

& & & & &

Agents of N.C. From page 2

Actually the book is made up of two novellas, the first is the one on the "Peace Corps" while the second is a psychological thriller dealing with the organization known as the "USIS", whose anti-hero is the best top expert in psychological semi-military operations, one Edward R. Murrow.

In spite of any minor blemishes, we find the two stories vastly entertaining and grossly engrossing and we look forward to the next in these "Peoples' Liberation Series": Come on fellas, don't you mugs keeps us on fenderhocks!

—Ralph Treitel

THE TILLEY LAMP

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Our Star-Strung Correspondents

"...Sealtest has just come out with an "exciting" new ice cream. Which means they have spent an infinite amount of money developing a machine which can make checkerboard type arrangements of chocolate and vanilla..." —A REPATRIATED NIGERIAN VOLUNTEER.

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"...at the beginning of the end of the meeting everyone gets up and holds hands and sings about freedom and buses and overcoming and the Gov. of Miss.... Then half the time they were very self-deprecating and the other half just the opposite. But whatever this movement is, it's dynamic. The idea of going down to Mississippi and telling a little negro kid about his heritage and about Africa and how he as a person matters, is important..." —A REPATRIATED NIGERIAN VOLUNTEER.

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