Nigeria VII Arrives

The largest Peace Corps contingent for West Africa to date, 147 Columbia-trained volunteers arrived at Ikeja Airport, Lagos September 11 to begin their two years work in Nigeria. A phone call just before press-time gleaned a few facts about them. Compared with previous groups there is a very high percentage of science and math teachers, subjects with critical teacher shortages in most areas. With 18-20 married couples this should be one of the more “at ease” groups and the age range is the greatest thus far with over half a century separating the youngest and the oldest. A group of lawyers to be posted to the various law-schools is presently undergoing additional training at Yale Law School and will arrive on or about the 18th of September. Lecturers for the universities of Ibadan, Ife and Nsukka are among the arrivees. Two of them, trained in theatre, will join an Ibadan volunteer in entering the University of Ibadan this term to work in the newly formed School of Drama. The TILLEY LAMP joins with the Peace Corps Staff to wish Nigeria VII the happiest of posts and the most enlightened of post-mates possible.

New Doctors

Three new Peace Corps Doctors have arrived in Nigeria in the past few months, increasing the medical staff to five.

Rick Van Rheenen, who arrived in late July, will be stationed in Ibadan and will take care of the entire Western Region and part of the North below the Niger. Dr. Van Rheenen, formerly of Portland, Oregon, did his medical training at the University of Oregon after pre-med work at Iowa State University and the University of Oregon. Besides his medical knowledge, he brings with him to Nigeria his wife Kathy, a former English teacher, and his tow-headed children Brian (4) and Erin (3).

Jerry Brinker is the new PCMD in Enugu, replacing the Doctors Conrad, who are now running medical affairs in Lagos. Dr. Brinker received his training at Iowa State and the State University of Iowa. He’s accompanied by his wife Linda and 8-month old daughter Julie.

The new doctor for most of the Northern Region is Gordon Tripp, who will be stationed in Kano, next to the new PC resthouse there. Dr. Tripp comes to Nigeria after a year’s work as PCMD in the Cameroons. Originally from Minnesota, Dr. Tripp got his first degree from Harvard, went on to Duke Medical School, spent a year at Oxford, and interned at St. Lukes in Chicago. He plays the five-string banjo which is currently sick with a broken E-string.

Father Steensels is seen explaining a point in Yoruba grammar to PCV’s Barbara Ewer (Ogbomosho) and Jeff Fischer (Ilesha). Barbara and Jeff were joined by PCV’s Paul Bestock (Abeokuta), Margot Butterfield (Ondo), Ann Hiltfery (Abeokuta), and Cedric Clark (Ibadan) in a three-week Yoruba course which terminated on the twenty-third of August. Taking advantage of the Peace Corps sponsored project were two other expatriates, Mary Luczyinska and Audrey Charles.

Father Steensels, a White Father who speaks fluent Yoruba, and two Nigerian informants (Joseph shown in photo) conducted the course which was held at the Oyo Divisional Teacher Training College in Iseyin. Father Steensels lectures normally consisted of a paragraph of Yoruba written on the blackboard. From this paragraph he would introduce the students to new vocabulary and grammatical constructions. Some class sessions were devoted to the study of Yoruba found in “Highlife” records and in learning popular Yoruba folk-songs.

With the fruits of having been in Nigeria for eight years, Father Steensels presented his students with a course which had been designed to cover at least six months—still there were many smiles, as our photo shows.
IN SEARCH OF COSMOPOLIS

We were in Lagos a few weeks back, trying to get out. With projects closing in fast from all sides, it was "time to go on leave". After a week of the Lagos sweet life, we were able to book passage on a French cruise ship for an eleven day fact-finding mission down to Pointe Noire, Congo Brazzaville. We saw that Pointe Noire was a finger span and a half away on any decent map past a bevy of romantic enclaves that receive a dyspeptic color of their own. Dick Hughes, resident regional editor for the East, felt the need for a significant leave: no rutted trails or youth hostels for him either. With no more thought than this we struck out into the blue and future financial insolventy.

Regarding the French ports-of-call: lovely planned, clean towns sprinkled with cheerful shops and cafes, cheerfully staffed with the charming French who are busily keeping Africa at bay. The towns are rimmed with the best paved and lighted slums in West Africa. Nothing free-style about the French. We got back to Lagos, refreshed and sullen; despite the flood we were in Ibadan 26 hours later looking up old friends who hadn’t left Africa.

Two incidents remain in the mind. The first is an encounter we had with the Gabon volunteers. We were trekking from the small boat dock to town when a jeep wheeled alongside, and the driver in a somewhat murky French asked us if we were Americans; we lowered how we was, and then as birds of a feather we were whisked off for a beer at the PC resthouse, Libreville. The Gabon project is a school-building outfit, modeled along the lines of the WWII Navy construction teams, the Sea-Bees. It wasn’t funny, only accurate to call the PC Leaders “bos’uns or sargents”. PCLs in Gabon don’t ride in the back of their trucks. Naturally we asked if they had been to Lambarene to meet Schweitzer. Most of them had. One fellow with a pleasant moustache, who had been there two or three times, talked at length about the hospital and recent criticisms of it in the Press and TIME magazine. The reporter from TIME had spent just under three hours there. Still smarting from TIME’s evaluation of Nigeria as “that shoeless nation”, we agreed that Americans jump to conclusions. After a tour around town, we spent the rest of the hour as hosts to the volunteers in the ship’s bar. We waved and the Gabon volunteers waved back. Later we were discussing the Gabon Project and its hearty PCLs: “Dick, that was a good bunch of guys—especially the one with the big moustache”. Said Dick, “y’ea, about that moustache—isn’t it the same one that received the Nobel Peace Prize a few years back?” And we said, “and what’s wrong with a Schweitzer Complex?” But we really hadn’t noticed; the young man had only seemed rather just.

The second incident concerns a traveling lady teacher from San Diego, out doing what most geography teachers do not do—actually seeing the countries they teach about. At first sight of her we liked her—many a stern lecture on our poor penmanship has been given us by just such a gal. Personality we thought. Over coffee in the Cabin Class lounge we talked Peace Corps and Africa. Gradually we became aware that for having spent two and one half months traveling in Africa, she had some rather strange ideas reminiscent of Prester John or a certain vagabond senator.

continued on page 7
PROJECT PRIMARY SCHOOL

I've never been asked by anybody to write something for anything like a paper or magazine. Well, I was asked to write this and I got tense and for something to say I said, "Yes," and then walked dumbly to the nearest Cosley, a knot in my stomach and empty of thought. At this lonely point, I began analyzing the personal cost of the task ahead and my fears subsided. First, it's for a southern publication which I've seen only once (and then by chance) so I figured I had nothing at stake with Northern friends. As for subscribers in the South, those who know me will be sympathetic and the others I'll never meet anyhow.

I taught for a month this summer in a village junior primary school. The village is called Ketare. It's 100 miles south of Katsina, and if that doesn't help, 600 miles north of Lagos. Upon arrival I was told I was the first white man to visit in some years and that, aside from the principal, no one had heard of the Peace Corps (an idea I now fall back on with relief after subsequent stays at Peace Corps rest houses in Kaduna, Lagos, and Ibadan). My job was to teach third and fourth year children English. At times it was difficult at others exceedingly so. But at all times it was enjoyable, and I thank Ketare for giving me my first real feeling for Nigeria.

After my first day of classes and some consultation with the other four members of staff, we divided the third and fourth year classes into two groups, those with no English and those with a little English. From that point on, I worked with only the latter. With two exceptions all were boys, the other school girls having all carefully bent to the array of forces which said, "Don't learn." For four weeks my two student bands and I explored the subtle complexities of expressing time, dates, where we live and where we don't live, calling a pot a "pot" and not a "fot," and so on. By the end of a month we could do these things, both in unison and individually. We could do them standing or sitting, with one or both eyes closed. We could do them before nono,* during nono, or after nono; and were I to return today I venture a few could even do it now. And were I with a friend upon such a return I would appear blase, but underneath I'd be a welter of pride. I wouldn't have built a bridge and I wouldn't have helped increase the yield of a peanut crop, but there would still be the faint suggestion of accomplishment, and as a Peace Corps person with at least his share of misgivings, it would be enough.

*Phil Roden

For the "Ad-Men"

Peace Corps/Lagos frequently has requests for and need of black and white photographs, of any size or shape, and color slides of PCVs, projects, school compounds, PCV housing, etc. Please send any you can spare to PC/L. PC/L will reimburse PCVs if additional copies are made and sent to us. We would like to have relating photos eventually of each PCV in relation to his work. Please keep this in mind as the shutter clicks.

KANO RESTHOUSE OPENING

John Dodge, Northern Region Rep, on behalf of the remarkably hospitable Kano PCVs, is happy to announce the opening of the Kano Peace Corps Resthouse. Located on Manchester Road (above the Eagle Insurance Company), the new resthouse will provide beds and meals for about twenty PC travellers. The resthouse should be in full operation by the middle of September.

FORD GRANTS AWARDED

L. Gray Cowan's recent visit to Nigeria to interview candidates for the newly founded Ford Fellowships (International Development) brought good to four Nigeria PCVs. Fellowships were awarded to Dave and Judy Danielson, Dave McDowell, and Don Ferguson. The Danielsons will be studying at Harvard, McDowell will be doing work in Comparative Education at Columbia, and Don Ferguson will be returning to his alma mater, Cornell, for further work in Agriculture.

BOOKS

AND SHALLOW DIES THE SWAN by Rance Fine-deeds. 311 pages. Haveland and Penker. £1.10s.

Admittedly autobiographical, ex-Peace Corpsman Fine-deed's novel of disillusioned idealism strips the Helanca stretch hosiery from the sun-tanned flank of mores dichotomized between Anglo-Saxon precepts of self-regimen and Dionysian insistence on self-indulgent ego-centricism.
TALES OF DAN-MASINA & DAN-MARINA

Tales of Dan-Masina & Dan-Marina (17th Century Scholars & Authors of Katsina) (Collected by a University of IFE Expedition in the North; July & August)

These traditions are told by the family of descendants of the original Danmasina, a title which is now bestowed upon a member of the family by the emirs of Katsina.

Danmasina was the greatest mallam of his time. During his days of teaching, the Emir brought a Sudanese concubine to the palace. This woman died before her pregnancy was fulfilled. But a child was born beneath the ground in her grave. The child came out to play every night, around the dyespits nearby, unknown to the townspeople. The dyers wondered at the havoc they found each morning. One of them set a watch to discover the intruder, and found the mysterious child. On Danmasina’s advice, the dyers seized the child and prevented it from returning to the grave at daybreak. The boy was found to be the Emir’s “Son” in fact, and so was brought up in the palace, gaining intellectual powers. He mastered the Holy Koran at 10 years of age, and by 30, under Danmasina’s direction, had become more learned than the master himself.

It was troubling Danmasina as to how to “examine” his student, now called Danmarina. But Danmasina realized he must do it so the young man might become mallam in his own right. In order to test him, Danmasina told his student a moon would rise the next night. Danmarina disagreed, saying that it would rise on the night afterwards. Next evening, Danmasina took a calabash and threw it into the sky, where it stayed. The townspeople, knowing the challenge, were watching for the moon, and thus saw it. They came together in front of Danmasina’s house for the evening prayer. But Danmarina was not fooled. He challenged his teacher, saying that this was not the moon of Allah. “Whose was it then,” “Your moon, Danmasina!” In order to prove it, Danmarina had his teacher call the moon to him. It immediately fell down beside Danmasina; only a calabash. The student passed his exam, for the true moon of Allah did appear the next night.

Three years later Danmasina and Danmarina agreed to pray for each other, but the community did not know why. Danmasina was too revered to be asked, and so the curious went to Danmarina: “I asked the master to pray for me because I must not have heirs, else they will rule as emirs and disrupt the present family at the palace. And Danmasina asks my prayers so that his grave will never be revealed, and people will not be able to come and ask evil interventions by his spirit when they are angry, nor invoke bad wishes on others at his graveside. . . . And so it turned out. Danmarina died without heirs, and his grave stands revered today as a holy place by the Muslim community of Katsina. But when Danmasina died, and his body and grave had been prepared for burial, it mysteriously disappeared. Only his teachings and writings remain; among them—what is believed to be the earliest history of the Yoruba people.

Dave Wilcox

ANOTHER LETTER FROM MA GRUBERG

Dear Son,

It’s good to see that you haven’t forgotten us or my chicken soup and knadels. Things are fine here, your cousin just joined the Marines. Dad took third place in the league’s bowling tournament. We figured it was about time after twenty years. Dad felt his prize should be two bowling lanes but I’m not sure. Well, here are some recipes to keep you going.

Chicken Soup: Take cold water as many cups as you want to serve plus one extra. Let it come to a boil. And while boiling add the pieces of chicken. Then add one or two scraped carrots and some celery and parsley if you can get it. Add salt to taste and cook for 1 hour or more until chicken is soft.

Knadels (serve in the soup): for three or four. Separate 2 eggs. Beat yolks and add 1/4 teaspoon salt and 1 tablespoon of shortening. Beat whites then fold yolks into them and gradually add two-third cup of fine bread crumbs. Shape into balls and drop into boiling soup or salted water. Cover and cook 20 minutes. (Mine come out good so I think yours will too).

Nothing more to write so stay well and write a little more often.

Love
Mom & Dad
Domesticity

There was a whirring sound, and a familiar crack as the bug hit the wall; whirr again, crack, and a different hollow buzzing sound as it forced itself on the transparent pink plastic light shade, deep dish discuss style, hanging by a trinity of dirty gold silk cords from the ceiling, right center, if one is sitting with his back to the window to the left of the front door facing out.

At chair level the room serves as sitting room, library, beer hall, B.B.C. reception center, neo-antiquities museum, and fantasy anchor. Above all this is another world, spacious the only word for it, vast, limitless. Apart the creatures that people this realm, lonely, their flights hard to imagine, until they collide with one accidentally, sometimes messily.

The lights hang isolated, moving slightly in the night air from the open windows, and slowly filling with bugs; all kinds of bugs, shapes, leg to body ratios; all gradually turning to the dark mass that is alone visible from far below where we sit reading.

Whirr, whirr again, buzz as another finds the surface of the light. Hardly worth noticing, yet typical, and W. looks up from his legal journal to estimate the size of the latest arrival. Buzz as it skates up the outside of the plastic, then silence as it decides to crawl, buzzing angrily on occasion, eventually making it to the top, and over. Reluctantly our books are allowed to reassume their importance.

One can imagine its next sensations, blinded perhaps by the glory of the radiant bulb, dazed and joyous as he, or it, rolls down the inside of the shade, a shadow now to our sight, basking finally in the literal warmth of the heavenly wattage. The long flight has not been in vain. The night’s emptiness is a thing of the past. The now is a new heaven, a new earth. The warmth becomes warmer though. He begins to climb out. Only then does he realize that much of the very ground is crawling to get out. He makes it hurriedly to the sides curving upwards, and speeds up, to get nowhere. Were he one of the smaller types he would have long since lost our attention, but perhaps this time he is a fair size, and the chair level world looks up as his shadow appears distinct from the half charnel mass of his fellows. Sometimes one will almost get to the top. They’re all multi-legged, and at full speed look like eights gone berserk.

We read, cushioned, and drink beer, profoundly labeled, and try not to look up, but do. We’ve even come unconsciously to classify them from our godlike recumbence: the maniac bugs that orbit the shades noisily, diving for the inside only to find that they can’t get out; that, not content to join their silent fellows in the futile climb, raise the dead, the exhausted, the dying, the long since dead in the bottom of the light; the tragically significant flying ants, maturing to find themselves wingless in the filling shades. We enjoy watching them tire, the forms weaving slower and slower patterns, disappearing into the rest.

The philosophic implications are for the unoccupied mind limitless. From the darkness they come to the pink plastic beauty of the little earth. The lights hang there, each an eternal electric good, enlightening with the joys of the light, of what the red-headed Jesuit would call the predicament, and slowly, and slowly. Its impossible to think about without a fascination nausea.

Activities vary from book to book. The shades are just there, hanging above us like weird television, in almost perpetual morality play. Turning them off gives one a strange sensation. There must be an eerie feeling of comradeship up there. Perhaps they keep on climbing in the dark, and none of them ever sleep. The very thought of having screens has come to seem immoral. Our rootless home has settled in a sort of swaying domesticity. Its funny how some nights lying in bed inside the mosquito net the ground seems to be crawling under you, and the sun comes up and everything seems a glowing plastic.

—Don Scharfe

Notes of A Compulsive Alibi-er

Eleven-thirty, trying to work;
Bothered, then pestered
By a Bug—I swore and swung.
Nothing mystical here,
I don’t feel petty or hindu.
Yet the fellow didn’t just die:
He sparked and glowed
Down to the floor
Like a spent match.
And then I sat down and wrote
This, for him.

Hebert
Mbari

Since I have some small connection with the MBARI, many people have questioned me about MBARI. In order to save myself time which might be better spent in preparing classes, pestering Murray Frank and drinking beer, I write this article.

The first usual and philosophically sound question is “What is MBARI?” MBARI is an Artists’ and Writers’ Club devoted to stimulating, propagating and publishing the works of African and Afro-American artists. The word, “Mbari”, means creation in Ibo and refers to an Ibo house or temple which is erected every year in dedication to the earth god, and is made simply by supporting a roof with carved wooden images; often they will contain mud sculptures. It is important to note that membership in MBARI is not exclusively for artists, but is open to all those who wish to join. That means all PCV’s.

“Where is MBARI?” MBARI is located in Enugu, Oshogbo and Ibadan. Since I know very little about Mbari Enugu, I will not mention it again.

“Whence came MBARI?” Mbari was started with a financial assist from the Congress for Cultural Freedom in June 1961 by a group of artists that include Wole Soyinka (playwright), John Pepper Clark (poet), Ezekiel Mphahlele (writer), Demas Nwoko (artist) and Ulli Beier (critic). Their purpose was to create a center where art exhibits and theatrical productions could take place, and where people could meet and converse in pleasant surroundings. MBARI Oshogbo was founded in March 1962 by Duro Ladipo (playwright) and Ulli Beier. Built and financed on a similar but smaller scale than MBARI Ibadan, it has nevertheless been just as active. The town of Oshogbo is largely free of European and University influence, so art there has developed along a possibly cruder but more original line. What Oshogbo lacks in sophistication, it makes up for in originality.

“Just what does MBARI do?” Its major functions are: theatrical productions, art exhibits, art schools, and publishing. Besides Clark, Soyinka and Ladipo, MBARI has presented plays by Ogunmola, famous for the stage adaptation of the “Palm Wine Drinker” and A.T.O. Odunsi. At art exhibits in both Oshogbo and Ibadan, MBARI has presented the works of Malangatana (Mozambique painter), John Ojo (Ilesha painter), Vincent Kofi (Ghanaian sculptor), Suzanne Wenger, Asiru (Oshogbo metal-worker), Georgina Betts (another expatriate who has developed in the less confining African artistic atmosphere) and Jacob Lawrence (American painter). Currently at MBARI, Ibadan is Collette Omogbai; at Oshogbo there is an exhibit of Bambara art. Experimental art school have been held from time to time usually for non-professionals. It is hoped that this will be a regular function. Among the aspiring young artists who have attended these schools are PCV’s. Toni Powell, Mildred Gault, Judy Danielson and myself. The function of MBARI that all of us can enjoy is its publications. MBARI has two regular publications, “Black Orpheus” and “Odu”. “Black Orpheus” is a literary magazine that is probably the best of its kind in Africa and compares favorably with its counterparts in the United States. The bulk of its articles are selected from English-language literature the graphic arts and book reviews. “Odu” is more esoterically orientated, stressing translations of Yoruba poetry and prose, anthropology and the plastic arts. Both can be obtained from MBARI by regular subscription. “Black Orpheus” by the way is now being distributed in the United States by Northwestern University Press. In addition to their regular publications, MBARI has published the works of several authors. The following is a price list: ORIKI by Gbadamosi—6/-, DRAWINGS by Okeke—5/-, SONG OF A GOAT by Clark—5/-, AFRICAN SONGS OF LOVE, WAR, GRIEF AND ABUSE by Damas—7/6, A WALK IN THE NIGHT by LaGuma—7/6, HEAVENS GATE by Okgbo—5/-, POEMS by Clark—6/-, 24 POEMS by Rabeavanelo—6/-, DRAWINGS by Ibrahim El Saladhi—6/-, THREE PLAYS by Wole Soyinka—10/6, DRAWINGS by Malangatana, in production, “BLACK ORPHEUS”—5/-, each or one guinea a year, and “Odu”—3/-6 each. Personally, I would recommend “A Walk in the Night”, “Three Plays”, Heavensgate”, “Song of a Goat” and “Poems” by Clark. “Black Orpheus” is probably a must for any body who has not an extensive knowledge of African art.

“How do you get the above publications?” Just send a check to MBARI PUBLICATIONS, NW/436 ONIREKE ST., IBADAN. Include six pence for postage for each except for subscriptions.

“How do you join MBARI?” Membership in MBARI costs one pound for those living in Enugu, Ibadan and Oshogbo; for those living outside those areas, the cost is five shillings. Pay and join either in person or by mail at any MBARI. Membership besides other things includes the use of the MBARI libraries (catalogued by PCV’s) which are excellent in the fields Art, African Literature and Africa in general. PCV’s who are in a city where MBARI is located might want to encourage their students to join at the special student rate of five shillings.

“How do I know what is happening at the MBARI?” Join! You will be put on a mailing list.

MBARI needs PCV’s to form an appreciative and paying audience that can help develop in the schools an appreciation of indigenous African art.

Well that’s that. Now back to preparing classes, pestering Murray Frank and drinking beer.

—by Edward Malloy
BOOKS Cont.

Returned from a term of vaguely-mentioned service overseas, Arman Wojcik, the most likely candidate for protagonist in Fiedeck’s novel, stumbles into the career of child actor. Against finer instincts, he accepts the leading role in a Hollywood ultracolossal, “The Boyhood of Oedipus Rex”. In the second canto of the novel, as he resigns from the film production, he superates self-pity to his agent:

Can man expect to save wealth when oppressed by fame? I am a festering boil ever aware of the approaching lance. I am a shrivelled, seedless orange. Seedless. Infertile. Without the promise of fruitful regeneration which comforts the ignited phoenix.

Fortunately, someone had left the camera running, and this particular off-the-cuff monologue is used as the closing scene in the film production.

Having married his wife off to a casual acquaintance he begins his Wander Durch Fremden Land. Privation and solitude cool and harden the molten iron of his resolve. At this point the humaness of the novel emerges.

In a poignant and somewhat fitful renascence of spirit he returns to the world of art as an entrepreneur. He originates the “Paint Nifty Masterpieces in Oil by the Number” technique (“Fill each section with its proper hue / soon your picture come into view”), and thus circumvents postal regulations against pornography. But the painting is tainting, and success in mail-order publishing soon cloys.

Seeking to experience a more universal human existence, he enrobes himself in the fabric of American retailing. With Johnny Appleseedian self-abnegation, he becomes a candy bar salesman.

In spite of obvious infelicities in Cantos I and II, the book hews with spatula strokes a bas-relief of a man, beleaguered by art and sensitivity, relating to the more vital reality of his environment.

Al Bielefeld

COSMOPOLIS Cont.

Finally we asked her if she had talked to any Africans. She admitted having talked to only two at any length—drivers in Kenya. We said that this was a shame. We offered to introduce her at dinner to two Yoruba ladies from Lagos, whom we knew to be the most charming and interesting people on board. Just to let us know. Coffee finished, she rose and said she would.

* * *

Not long ago we were down at the Railway Station seeing Ed Gruberg off to the far north and a project teaching summer school. He noticed us looking concernedly at a large canvas bag he was having processed for shipment with him. “It’s some unfinished parts for my boat.” Ed is building a 15 foot catamaran (twin-hull) boat in a garage nights and weekends. And we said, “we thought you were going to crack the Hausa trading cartel in Maiduguri.” But we had to admit, that among our friends, Gruberg is the man of action.

* * *

Recently a meeting was held, in Ibadan, of the editors and the regional editors. They came from as far away as Bauchi, Achina and Mokola Hill. The main discussions were held in the august surroundings of the Ife-joju Club, Ibadan. As usual the delegates were instructed to keep up the good work. This met with instant approval. On the more serious side, it was suggested that they begin to send material. Some doubts were raised as to the efficacy of this plan. It was agreed that the LAMP ought to be representative of Nigerian PCVs. As a possible approach to the problem of the Lamp’s parochial nature it was thought that we should ask for contributions from our readers. This was seen as an “open sesame”. Contributions have been flagging, until the once monthly newsletter has become a “quality quarterly”. The general meeting was adjourned into various buzz-groups to make recommendations on the form the “call to arms” should take. One suggestion was that it should be made in “Ladder Special English”, so that it would reach our entire readership.

* * *

After the recent re-assignment of Dr. Dick Smith to Washington and the up-rooting of the Conrad family to Lagos, we have felt medically “at sea” so to speak. We then heard that there were going to be regional doctors soon, but this only aggravated our feelings: we like to be found medically sound, but we don’t like to be “kept” that way. We awaited our new doctor with some skepticism. His first official act upon arriving was to urge us to continue, for the duration of the flood-caused water shortage, our massive doses of gin and tonic and Star. We now feel that this man can be taken seriously.

* * *

Many things about the recent Tiger-Fullmer engagement in Ibadan amazed us. One of them being our simple reluctance to attend. We waited the result in the homey Blue Velvet Bar in Lagos. Many staunch fight fans were there. But we did follow the pre-fight proceedings with care. It is our thought that Fullmer deported himself with a grace and understanding of his position difficult to expect from his press pictures and the pressures of fighting so far away from Utah. Some say he had State Dept. coaching. We doubt this. We think he is a good man. We guess it wouldn’t have hurt us to make it out to his training center to cheer him on. Few Americans did.

Fullmer’s defeat though, wasn’t without its small but significant moral victory for Peacecorpsdom: Ibadan’s hotels were so full that a Project Merdury Man from Kano stopped into our rest house to take a shower.

* * *

We have found that with careful shopping and roughly 5% a month we can eat and live like Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth the Second. A few items are still escaping us: tissues, pencils and apparently the Duke doesn’t read Esquire and as yet she hasn’t found a Purveyor of Peanut Butter. But we are managing. A real set-back occurred when her Common Market negotiations broke down: we were hoping against hope for an alignment with Holland. This reminds us that Significance is an ever-changing river.
Lapel Pin - the stars and stripes on the flag will be clusters of jewels, the number of which the Volunteer receives will be according to the number of deprivations he has suffered.

Kennedy buttons for the blazer. PCVs in training will receive ordinary buttons.

Tie clasp - illustrating the type of work which the Volunteer was concerned with. Inscribed on the back will be the name and number of the project.

Peace Corps insignia on the pocket.

Stripes on the sleeves for the number of years of service. Silver stripes for the Leaders - gold for the Representatives.