GROUNDNUT STEW

A Peace Corps Memoir of Nigeria

Garnished With Tangents and Sprinkled With Digressions

BarbaraLee Toneatti Purcell
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BLTP
GROUNDNUT STEW

A Peace Corps Memoir of Nigeria

Garnished With Tangents and Sprinkled With Digressions

By

BarbaraLee Toneatti Purcell
Peace Corps Volunteer
1962 - 1964
Photo Sources
Professional Photographers: pp 1-4, 15, 17, 174-177, 190, 217 (bottom)
Irene Spanner Toneatti: pp 16, 36, 269
Florence Stowe Mercer: pp 32, 35, 126, 127, 153 (Kano), 189 (top r)

Internet photo sources are identified as such. Most of the other photos were taken by the author in Peace Corps training during the summer of 1962, and in Nigeria from 1962 to 1964.
Dedicated to

Joe

Michael and Jennifer
Elizabeth and Kwinn
Sean and Courtney

Ryan

Gabriel

Giacomo

to our future grandchildren

and to

Florence and Kathy

Thank you to Joe Purcell for all the delicious meals he cooked for me while I labored at the computer with this project, to Sean Purcell and Michael Purcell for their computer expertise, and to Kwinn Doran and Elizabeth Purcell Doran for their unflagging enthusiasm for the whole experience.
Do not seek revenge or bear a grudge against one of your people, but love your neighbor as yourself.  The Bible, Leviticus 19:18

Requite evil with good and he who is your enemy will become your dearest friend.  The Koran, Sura 41:34

* * *

The darkest thing about Africa has always been our ignorance of it.  

Democracy is not something you put away for ten years, and then in the 11th year you wake up and start practicing again. We have to begin to learn to rule ourselves again. 
~ Chinua Acebe, author of Things Fall Apart, Nigeria 1958

Ask not what your country can do for you; ask what you can do for your country.  
~ John Fitzgerald Kennedy, Inaugural address 1961

Education is the great engine of personal development. It is through education that the daughter of a peasant can become a doctor, that the son of a mineworker can become the head of the mine, that a child of farmworkers can become the president of a great nation.  
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There we are, Nigeria IV, all of us together on the campus of UCLA, the University of California at Los Angeles. It was the summer of 1962. Most of us had just graduated from college. Some of the young men avoided fighting in the Vietnam War by serving in the Peace Corps. One woman was a retiree. Another volunteer thought he was going home to West Africa, to the land where his ancestors had been forced into slavery. In Nigeria, he discovered that he was an American after all, for better or worse.

A year after we returned to the United States from our two-year tour of duty, black Americans rioted in Los Angeles. The large-scale Watts Riots lasted for six days. 34 people were killed, 1,100 people were injured, 4,000 people were arrested, and an estimated $100 million in damage was caused. A gubernatorial commission investigated the riots, identifying the causes as high unemployment, poor schools, and other inferior living conditions. The government made little effort to address the problems or repair damages. The riots were also a response to Proposition 14, a constitutional amendment sponsored by the California Real Estate Association that had in effect repealed the Rumford Fair Housing Act. (www.nationmaster.com/encyclopedia/Watts-riots)
Recent Graduates

Tennessee  Maryland  Missouri  Iowa  Minnesota  Georgia
Ohio  Massachusetts  Florida  Kansas  Virginia  Indiana  Oklahoma
South Carolina  New Jersey  Alabama  Pennsylvania  Oregon

Teachers

Massachusetts  Florida  Kansas  Virginia  Indiana  Oklahoma
South Carolina  New Jersey  Alabama  Pennsylvania  Oregon
Tennessee  Maryland  Missouri  Iowa  Minnesota  Georgia  North

Retirees

Massachusetts  Florida  Kansas  Virginia  Indiana
Summer 1962

Michigan South Dakota California Colorado Louisiana New Hampshire Wisconsin New York Texas Illinois Ohio Massachusetts Florida Kansas Virginia Indiana Oklahoma South Carolina New Jersey Alabama Pennsylvania Oregon

Nigeria IV

New Jersey Alabama Pennsylvania Oregon Tennessee Maryland Missouri Iowa Minnesota Georgia North Dakota
In one way or another, we were all heeding the call of President John F. Kennedy in his 1961 inaugural address to “... ask not what your country can do for you; ask what you can do for your country.” How could we ever know that this man who had founded the Peace Corps, and who had inspired us to teach in countries where we were needed all over the world, would be assassinated at home while we taught our students in those foreign classrooms?

My own personal, idealistic, and perhaps naïve, conviction then was that peace will come to this world only when individuals from different cultures come to know and appreciate each other. I was 22 years old. I would get to know the people in Nigeria. They would get to know me. Simple stuff. Now, from the perspective of 9-11, I’m not so sure that millions of people knowing and appreciating each other matters one whit in the face of a few determined terrorists. The word terrorist never entered into our conversations as we trained at UCLA in the summer of 1962.

My parents were beside themselves. They thought their daughter was going off into a snake pit in heart of Darkest Africa. My mother wished I were at least married so I would have some protection. My father held back his tears. Even today, my brother wonders what good it did for me to leave home for two years. As the years passed, I came to understand their reactions. In March 1989 when our daughter Elizabeth was 16, she came home from school one day, and announced that she was going to go off to Alaska to help clean up after the Exxon Valdez oil spill that had devastated Prince William Sound. She was not going under the auspices of the US government, but with a group of loosely organized high school students and their teacher who was vague on details like housing, air (?) fare, meals, and the like. She decided not to go. It was a close call that gave me a deeper insight into my own family’s feelings in 1962.

Here is Mary Agnes Thompson, my UCLA roommate with other PCV’s in training. Today in 2006, Peace Corps training takes place in the country where the volunteers will be working. In those days we heard a lot about the dreaded “culture shock” which we were not going to experience because we had enjoyed a kind of gradual immersion into Nigerian culture. We learned the basics of Hausa, the tonal language that is the lingua franca of West Africa. If you can speak Hausa, you can get along just about anywhere in West Africa. Mota ba kyau, came in handy when I crashed a borrowed VW Beetle
into a tree one very dark night on a sandy bush road north of Funtua. I heard footsteps approaching, and there, miraculously, out in the middle of nowhere was a Nigerian policeman, apparently walking his beat in the starlight. He did not understand English, but he understood my Hausa: Mota ba kyau. Motorcar no good. The car had skidded into a tree and turned over on its side because I was trying to avoid hitting a very small animal that had suddenly appeared in the headlights. In my haste to climb out of the car, I had left my pocketbook inside. People who had heard the impact, but had found nothing in the car but my pocketbook, later told me that they thought I must have been wandering around out of my mind in the bush because what woman in her right mind would leave her pocketbook behind? I had thought the car might explode at any second, so escaping penniless was a no-brainer. I couldn’t see the road, or even my hand in front of my face for that matter, but I could hear my custom-made Nigerian leather sandals crunching along. (No Reeboks on the market yet.)

I tried not to think about the green mambas we’d learned about in PC training. My snakebite kit was in my medical supply box at home in Funtua. Fortunately, the green mambas lived in the south. I was in the north. What about lions and tigers and bears? Lions were all in East Africa. I was in West Africa. There are no tigers at all in Africa, and certainly no bears, except perhaps for the mysterious African Nandi bear, which I just discovered is “a nocturnal animal and is said to attack humans only on dark moonless nights.” Good thing I had no knowledge of any such creature then!

My mother always told me that if I ever ran into trouble, I should find the nearest policeman... and there he was out in the bush, just when I needed him. When we got back to the VW, it was being rocked from side to side by some helpful fellows, and finally righted. Why was I given this extraordinary opportunity to hone my Hausa skills? Because I was an inexperienced driver, and I was a Catholic. The Peace Corps had paid for my driving lessons, but I had failed the test the first time because I hadn’t downshifted when I slowed down to make a right turn. The driving instructor had never delved into things like what to do if the car skidded on a sandy road with a tree in my way. He never gave me any clues about driving on the left side of the road which, thanks to British colonialism, was the situation in Nigeria then, and no one, not even my mother, had warned me about Canadian men (ironically named Sandy — just like that treacherous road), who seemed to think they were entitled to certain favors just because they had lent their cars to naïve American girls in need of transportation to church the next morning. And I thought it was so nice of him to lend me his car!
If he’d been smart, he would have offered to pick me up and drive me to church himself the next morning. Then his right front fender wouldn’t have needed repair, and I wouldn’t have spent the first few months of my PC subsistence allowance paying for the repairs.

There were only two of us in the Nigeria IV group who didn’t know how to drive: Henry and me. Both of us were New Yorkers who had always had buses and subways to take us wherever we wanted to go. So... the US taxpayers had to pay for our driving lessons. A few days after I failed the first test, and was sitting in the car waiting for the results of the second test, I heard my instructor telling the motor vehicle guy that it would be OK to pass me because I was leaving the country. No wonder I hit a tree and turned a car over the first chance I got! And Henry? Well, that’s another story. He was stationed with several other volunteers in Maiduguri, way up in the northeastern part of Nigeria, south of the Sahara. Florence and I were transferred to the Provincial Girls’ School in Maidugari after we had been teaching in Funtua for about five months. After a few demonstrations of his driving prowess, Henry wasn’t allowed to drive the communal Peace Corps Jeep Station Wagon anymore. His idea of a turn was apparently similar to what mine had been when I failed the first driving test: 1) Never slow down. 2) When you reach the middle of the intersection where you want to turn, suddenly whip the wheel 90 degrees to the right or left. 3) Don’t panic when the car turns over. I guess Henry and I had a lot in common. He, however, has made it big in the academic world. He has several erudite books to his credit.

In PC training, we learned about the inner workings of the VW motor, and how to change a tire. About 43 years later, when I finally needed to call on that tire-changing skill, I wasn’t sure where to place the jack. If you don’t use it, you lose it. We also learned about delivering babies. (After the baby is born, and the placenta has been pushed out, tie off the umbilical cord in two places, and cut it between the two ties. Fortunately for everyone, I never got the opportunity to hone my midwifery skills.)
There were only two people who were eliminated from the group at the end of training. The first one was a young man who stood up in the middle of a film about childbirth, and fell to the floor in a gran mal seizure. He had neglected to note his condition on his application. The second rejectee was an older man, probably in his mid-thirties. He was a religious fanatic, who had dated me, a nice Catholic girl, briefly during training. Of course, he was a Catholic religious fanatic. He had been engaged to a Protestant girl, and decided to break off the engagement when a car spun out in front of him on the icy New York State Thruway. He was sure this was a sign from God that he should not be marrying a Protestant girl. So much for true love. Between the hair he combed over his bald spot that floated along after him when he was swimming, and the revelation that his teeth were false, our relationship ended quickly. He was a nice guy, and to his credit, he found himself a job teaching in a Catholic school in Nigeria, without any assistance from the Peace Corps.

Then there was the infamous Peace Corps postcard that was written by a volunteer in Nigeria I, the first group to go to Nigeria. My Nigeria IV group heard all about it in detail, and we were warned not to be writing anything on the back of a postcard that we didn’t want published all over the known universe.
Marjorie Michelmore was a twenty-three-year-old magna cum laude graduate of Smith College when she became one of the first people to apply to the new Peace Corps. She was an attractive, funny, and smart woman who was selected to go to Nigeria. After seven weeks of training at Harvard, her group flew to Nigeria. There she was to complete the second phase of teacher training at University College at Ibadan, fifty miles north of the capital of Lagos. By all accounts, she was an outstanding Trainee.

Then on the evening of October 13, 1961, she wrote a postcard to a boyfriend in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Here is what she had to say:

Dear Bobbo: Don’t be furious at getting a postcard. I promise a letter next time. I wanted you to see the incredible and fascinating city we were in. With all the training we had, we really were not prepared for the squalor and absolutely primitive living conditions rampant both in the city and in the bush. We had no idea what “underdeveloped” meant. It really is a revelation and after we got over the initial horrified shock, a very rewarding experience. Everyone except us lives in the streets, cooks in the streets, sells in the streets, and even goes to the bathroom in the streets. Please write. Marge.

P.S. We are excessively cut off from the rest of the world.

The postcard never was mailed. It is said that it was found on the grounds of University College at Ibadan near Marjorie’s dormitory, Queen Elizabeth Hall. The finder was a Nigerian student at the college. Copies of the postcard were made and distributed. Volunteers were immediately denounced as “agents of imperialism” and “members of America’s international spy ring.” The protest made front-page news in Nigeria and it sparked a minor international incident. As the Nigerian Ambassador to the United States put it, “No one likes to be called primitive.”

Smack in the middle of this “international incident” was Murray Frank, the thirty-four-year-old Western Regional Director of the Peace Corps in Nigeria, who had arrived in-country only weeks before the Trainees and was busy developing sites for the Volunteers when the infamous postcard was found.

In the Fall, 1999 issue of the Friends of Nigeria Newsletter, Frank recalls the incident and those early tense days in Ibadan, Nigeria. It is reprinted here [in the FON Newsletter] by permission of Murray Frank and the FON Newsletter.
Murray Frank Remembers

The Postcard Affair began October 14, 1961. That was the day Peace Corps Nigeria almost came to an end . . . before it started. And I was in the middle of it all.

Nigeria I had arrived in Ibadan early in October. Volunteers were settling into dormitories at the University of Ibadan (then a part of the University of London and called University College of Ibadan) where they would continue the training started at Harvard.

I was the Western Region Peace Corps Representative. My family and I arrived in September, ahead of any other Regional Representatives and their families. Brent Ashabranner, who left AID to become Nigeria’s first Peace Corps Director, helped us get settled. We had a house in Bodija, a middle-class development between the center of Ibadan and the University. Residents included professionals and senior government officials — not quite the Peace Corps mold — but quite a comfortable area for a family with children aged two and four.

I had nothing to do with Volunteer training. My job was to arrange Volunteer assignments. I would visit a potential location, meet the principal and staff, establish that there was a position for the Volunteer to fill, and check out living conditions. I had not gotten very far by Friday, October 13. But, I was getting to know Volunteers as work assignments were developing.

Volunteers went to class and studied Monday through Saturday mornings. Friday night, October 13, PCV Marjorie Michelmore wrote some letters and picture postcards to folks back home. She mailed them on the way to class Saturday morning. One of the postcards described her first impressions.

When Volunteers arrived at dormitory dining halls for lunch Saturday, October 14, there was a copy, word for word, of that postcard at each place. Marjorie’s comments described how the average Nigerian lived. While not inaccurate, her comments were not flattering, and to a Nigerian student — especially one concerned about Western imperialism — the comments seemed downright insulting.

A couple of Volunteers hitched a ride from the university to bring me the news. Protests were beginning on campus, Volunteers were being ostracized. This was clearly not a training issue. Now, I was in charge, God help me!

I arranged for all of the Volunteers to come to my house while I went to the USIS library to phone Lagos. I didn’t have a phone. I told Ashabranner what I knew. He cabled Peace Corps Washington.
By coincidence, the second-in-command at the American Embassy, the Deputy Chief of Mission, was on his way back to Lagos after a trip up North when the story broke. I met him at a local rest house with Marjorie and we agreed that she should go with him to Lagos. There was an AP stringer at the rest house. He could see that something was up.

I went home to meet with Nigeria I Volunteers. I was totally unprepared for this. Initially the group felt anger — at Marjorie for getting us into this, at the Nigerians for making such a big deal out of one person’s comments on a postcard and holding us all responsible. Should we issue a statement disassociating ourselves? If so, to whom? How? We got by that quickly and went on to examine how representative these students and their feelings were of the country, and especially of the people with whom we would be working.

The infamous Peace Corps postcard

Intense nationalism

We knew that Nigeria was newly independent but, in retrospect, I don’t know if we fully absorbed how deeply this influenced the students’ behavior. It had not been very long since independence had been won. The visages of the colonial period were still all around, including and especially white people who symbolized a colonial past. A Nigerian self-image based on new freedom was developing. Nigerians, at least by this group of young intellectuals, demanded respect.

I understood it better after I attended the inauguration ceremonies when the University College of Ibadan became the independent University of Ibadan. Nnamdi Azikiwe (Zeke), the father of independence, was the main attraction. When it was his turn to speak, the excitement — the electricity — in the crowd was palpable. A zzzZZZEKE cheer went wherever he did. They cheered and cried for him and for the event that reaffirmed independence. Zeke insisted that the University of Ibadan was “our” university, free of London’s influence and now part of Nigeria’s development. It was thrilling — the closest I ever came to such intense nationalism.

But on October 14, 1961, most of us had just confronted this intense nationalism for the first time. All of us had experienced student protests in the States. But this was quite different. It was not really about a postcard. We knew there were those who opposed foreigners “invading” their country and those who would use this incident for their own purposes. Some feared that we would not really be able to help Nigerians if that was how we wrote home about them.

We asked many questions. Do we have a choice, or have our chances of success been reduced significantly? Why try to stay where so many don’t want us? Shouldn’t we go somewhere else where we are invited and start fresh? Can we continue to live and train at the University where there is such hostility toward us?

And then the counter arguments came. We know Nigeria needs teachers. We can teach. We are not imperialists, nor CIA agents, nor ugly Americans. We know who we are. We can make a difference.

We were agitated but the discussion was mostly calm, always serious. It was hard work that afternoon. Consensus was a long time in coming. I saw my role as the discussion leader. These were the folks who would be on the firing line. They had to decide for themselves.
We were all young. The oldest in that room was 34. We were newly transplanted to a very different culture, confronted with a situation for which none of us had any real preparation. But the Volunteers had spirit and maturity.

We continued to try to answer many questions. What are we doing here? Should we leave, or stay and prove that we have something to give? After many hours we made a decision. We wanted to stay.

Marjorie’s postcard appeared in all Nigerian newspapers the next day. The story was in the American press, too. There were no directives nor advice from Peace Corps Washington or our Embassy. Only one message came. It was from the State Department asking “Were there really over 256 words on one-half the side of the postcard?” *

In coming days and weeks, Volunteers continued to take some meals and sleep in the dormitories, but they were always isolated. One of the Volunteers, Aubry Brown, had training and experience in non-violent resistance. He told the Nigerian students in his dorm that he would not eat if he couldn’t eat with them.

Aubry Brown makes his stand

After a while, the Nigerians saw Aubry meant it. When they brought a dinner tray to his room he refused it. Soon the Nigerians invited him to join them at meals. Other Volunteers and students did the same. A dialogue began between students and the Volunteers — more valuable than if the incident had not taken place.

The Nigerian-American Society, an organization of Nigerians trained in America, also came to our defense in meetings, through letters to the editor, and with friendship. I remember particularly H.A.. Oluwasanmi, who taught agronomy at the University of Ibadan and later was Chancellor of the University of Ife. His support and advice on how to understand the situation was invaluable.

Richard Taiwo, an engineer in one of the Western Region ministries was a likeable, garrulous supporter, praising the Peace Corps everywhere. He and others organized a party for us at one of the very visible clubs in Ibadan. There was plenty of Star beer and lessons in Highlife.

Another outspoken and effective supporter was Tai Solarin, principal of the Mayflower School which he founded and named for our Mayflower. Had it not been for the support and advice from the Nigerian-American group, it would have been far more difficult to weather the storm. We might not have made it.

The Volunteers’ behavior after the tumult of the Postcard Affair was special. PCVs remained calm and were not retaliatory with Nigerians who taunted them. These young men and women balanced individuality and group allegiance, knowing that the issues were not personal. They

* Today in 2006, I wonder how the US State Department arrived at a count of 256 words. My own count from the postcard printed here is approximately 120 words. Perhaps the State Department was suggesting that the postcard incident had been invented by someone who wanted to discredit the Peace Corps? Evidently, the postcard had a photo of Lagos on the front, so the back would have had half its space for the message, and half for the stamp and address. We were told in Nigeria IV training that the Nigerians were most offended by our American euphemism, go to the bathroom. To the Nigerians, go to the bathroom meant remove your clothes and take a bath right out there in the streets in full view of everyone.
remained reasonably self-confident and able to listen and learn. I assume that there will be PCV’s going into Nigeria again soon. I hope they will be as good as Nigeria I volunteers were. They couldn’t be better.

_Murray Frank_

**Aftermath**

According to Gerard T. Rice in his *The Bold Experiment: JFK’s Peace Corps*, the “dropped postcard” proved to be somewhat fortunate for the Peace Corps. “The relatively innocuous nature of the Michelmore mistake was a blessing in disguise. In later years, there were much more sensational incidents — rapes, murder trials, political entanglement — but the media paid little attention. To the press and the public, the Peace Corps’ first set-back was its greatest: a dropped postcard.”

**Kennedy Didn’t Forget**

President Kennedy wrote a note to Marjorie Michelmore that he had hand delivered to her when she arrived in London from Nigeria. “We are strongly behind you,” he wrote, “and hope you will continue to serve in the Peace Corps.” Later Kennedy would wryly remark to departing Volunteers he met on the White House lawn, “Keep in touch . . . but not by postcard!”

**And What Of Marjorie?**

Marjorie Michelmore did stay with the Peace Corps for a short while, working at the training center in Puerto Rico. In 1962 she left the agency and married a lawyer from Boston.

One day I walked into the post office in Funtua. Two smiling Nigerian men approached me and welcomed me to Nigeria.

“What do you think of our country,” they asked.

“I love it,” said I.

“Good,” said one man, “then you won’t be sending any bad postcards back home.”
Murray Frank was right. More Peace Corps groups did follow his Nigeria I volunteers... and here we are almost a year after the postcard incident: the fourth group of Peace Corps Volunteers training in California to go to Nigeria. We ranged in age from 21-year-olds fresh out of college, to Dorothy De Borchgrave who was 64.

Kathy Zastrow and Bob Wrin are on top of a mountain in California when we went to the Mt. Palomar telescope. (Kathy married a Nigerian and became Kathy Zastrow Onyemelukwe! (If you have the courage to Google “Onyemelukwe,” you will find websites that refer to her, and to her daughter.)

One day a group of us went to Tijuana, Mexico. Now there was some culture shock! In those days, Tijuana was much smaller than it is now. On the US side, the land was dry, rocky, and barren. No one was trying to live there, let alone farm it. On the Mexican side of the border, we saw people trying to eke out a living in corrugated tin shacks on the hillsides, trying to grow whatever they could coax out of that inhospitable soil. The streets were full of little souvenir shops for the American tourists. Today in 2005, Tijuana is much more developed, but there are little children selling trinkets and entertaining the tourists waiting to go through customs and return to the US. Perhaps the Peace Corps should have set its sights closer to home?
Gioia and Charley Shebar were the quintessential Peace Corps Volunteers of the sixties. When they returned to the US from Nigeria, they adopted an African-American baby boy whom they named Lenn. I remember various reactions to this adoption including one person who made fun of the Shebar’s Christmas card. Gioia and Charley and the baby were very happy.

It was the sixties. We were all playing guitars and singing about Peace…

I brought a guitar with me to Nigeria! The plan was to learn how to play it, so I would sit outside our house in Maiduguri with my chord book, humming and strumming. My audience was invariably a group of lizards. They stared up at me, doing their little pushups - up and down, up and down – and flashing their beautiful throat decorations at me. (Maybe they were lounge lizards?) Nature hadn’t enabled them to stand up and applaud, but they were a very appreciative

WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE?
words and music by Pete Seeger
performed by Pete Seeger and Tao Rodriguez-Seeger

Where have all the flowers gone?
Long time passing
Where have all the flowers gone?
Long time ago
Where have all the flowers gone?
Girls have picked them every one
When will they ever learn?
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the young girls gone?
Long time passing
Where have all the young girls gone?
Long time ago
Where have all the young girls gone?
Taken husbands every one
When will they ever learn?
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the young men gone?
Long time passing
Where have all the young men gone?
Gone for soldiers every one
When will they ever learn?
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the soldiers gone?
Long time passing
Where have all the soldiers gone?
Long time ago
Where have all the soldiers gone?
Gone to graveyards every one
When will they ever learn?
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the graveyards gone?
Long time passing
Where have all the graveyards gone?
Long time ago
Where have all the graveyards gone?
Covered with flowers every one
When will we ever learn?
When will we ever learn?

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It was the end of the summer of 1962. Marilyn Monroe had died in early August, the Beatles were on the rise, Nikita Khrushchev was secretly installing ballistic missiles in Cuba, and Florence and I, and the rest of Nigeria IV, were at the airport, ready to go. On September 10, 1962, the chartered DC-6 was not ready to go. It taxied down the runway with all of Nigeria IV in it, and then turned around and returned to the gate. Our parents watching us take off were upset to the point of prayer. Mary Agnes’ mother got down on her knees and prayed. There was something wrong with the air-conditioning system in the plane. Where we were going, flying without a/c could only be viewed as a last bit of preparation for the heat of Nigeria. Once, as a little experiment in Maiduguri, we put our thermometer out on the gravel in front of our house. It rose to 123 degrees Fahrenheit – and broke! You’d think we would have died teaching in that heat, but it was a very dry heat because Maiduguri is relatively close to the Sahara. Teaching in the US provided me with many more near-death experiences than I ever encountered in the three schools where I taught in Nigeria.

We were in the air for a total of 22 hours, including a stop in the Azores, two thirds of the way between New York and Lagos, the capital of Nigeria. If you yearn for humidity, the Azores is the place for you. It was like walking into a wet towel. Lagos, nestled into the nape of Africa’s neck, was the same. After eight weeks of intensive training, we were ready for anything.
Dear Mother and Daddy

The first stop on the way: Azores. We’re allowed just in the terminal where they sell really pretty jewelry, but I’ll wait til Lagos, I think—The flight here was very nice—especially after the 2 hour take-off procedure.

Love,
BarbaraLee

Except for a report that I wrote for official purposes, this postcard is the only document written in my own handwriting that has survived all our moves and our busy lives over the years. The Nigeria IV Peace Corps group evidently flew to Lagos on September 10, 1962. I know this only because my mother was an avid labeler. She would type up the label on lick-em stick-em paper, cut it out, and paste it onto the picture. How times and technology have changed!
Above are the Parliamentary Flats seen from our hotel in Lagos. We must have visited the Lagos Art Museum because to the left are two photos of works on exhibit in that museum. Luckily for you, I didn’t take as many photos in those days as I do now. I have a total of 300 slides taken over a period of two years with my simple Kodak film camera. I mailed my Ektachrome slide film home to my mother for processing. I must have brought a supply with me, or else she must have sent me fresh film periodically because there was no place to buy it or get it processed in Funtua or in Maiduguri.
From Lagos we flew to Kaduna, and then somehow Florence and I got ourselves to Funtua near Zaria. I know we didn’t drive ourselves there in our jeep, but we did eventually have an open jeep – like the kind you see soldiers driving in the movies. Death on wheels. No seat belts, no roof, no roll bar. Just four wheels and a specially designed suspension enabling us to appreciate every little ridge and valley in the corrugated dirt roads.

Our Nigeria Airways flight from Lagos lands in Kaduna in September 1962.
When we arrived at the Boys’ School in Funtua, we discovered that our new pre-fab house wasn’t finished yet, so we would have to live for a short while with our British principal, Eric Clymo in his solid brick house, complete with veranda and tin roof.

Now, Eric’s wife Sheila was on holiday in England, and was returning to Nigeria shortly. In the natural course of events, Florence and I washed out our lacy undergarments and hung them up to dry in Eric’s bathroom, the only bathroom in the house. The day we moved into our pre-fab house, we forgot to remove our lacy undergarments from the bathroom. When Eric discovered our folly, he gathered up the scandalous items, and rushed them over to our new digs, telling us with blushing embarrassment that he was afraid of what Sheila might think if she discovered them.

The bottom photo is of Florence with two other people. Today, neither one of us knows who the other two people are, or where we were. The Nigerian on her right is carrying what looks like a 35mm camera. I have a feeling that the American - or perhaps European - has something to do with the Peace Corps administration in Nigeria, but I have no idea what. Perhaps they drove us to Funtua? There may be some white buildings in the background. Note that Florence is probably wearing culottes – a garment that looks like a skirt, but is formed into pants by a seam in the middle. Women were still wearing dresses and skirts. We were on the verge of wearing pants too, but the ubiquitous denim jeans had not yet appeared on the fashion scene.
Here we are, finally, teaching our Form I classes, ninth graders, at the Boys’ Provincial Secondary School in Funtua. We did not teach English as a Second Language. Our students came to us with nine years of English under their belts. Many of them were multi-lingual: English, Hausa, Arabic, and in many cases, the language of their own tribe. The boys would busily write down every word that dropped from my lips. They also had an unquestioning respect for their teachers, and for education. I can still see them gathered on the veranda outside the classrooms, literally leaping out of my projected path, declaring, “Madame is coming!”
We lived in Northern Nigeria where most of the people were Muslim. A few of the boys were the sons of Christians from the southern Ibo tribe who had come north to be shopkeepers. It was unusual for women to be working outside of their homes. Many of the boys’ fathers had several wives, and those wives stayed home and cared for the children. When I entered a classroom, the boys would immediately leap to their feet and chant in unison, “Good morning Madame.” There was no “time-out room,” no detention room after school. I had no discipline problems, not because I was a great and inspiring teacher, but because that’s the way the students had been trained to behave in the classroom. There was also no universal education. It was a privilege for a boy to go to school, and a sacrifice for his family to send him because when he was in school, they were without the additional income he could generate for his family.

Florence taught social studies and math at Funtua. She remembers having only one copy of a math book with no answers in it, and thinking how crazy that was. There were no math books at all for the students. I taught English literature, and had enough books for my students. For the first week, I
knew their names only when they were sitting in their assigned seats in my classroom. Our students wore white uniforms in the classroom. When they wore their regular clothes outside the classroom, they all looked alike to me. To my white anglo-saxon surprise, I discovered that our Nigerian colleagues had the same problem telling Florence and me apart. I had short curly brown hair. Florence had long darker straight hair which she usually wore pulled back in a French twist. She wore contacts; I wore those funny slanted glasses that twenty years later were sported only by Maxine Crabby of Hallmark Cards.

The following is an excerpt from a report written toward the end of my tour of duty:

My first students were sixty Form I boys in Funtua. On the first day, when I walked into the classroom, I was stunned. The boys stood up and said in unison, “Good morning, Madame.” After that, if they had questions to ask or answers to give in class, I was called, “Ma,” for short. They very rarely had questions to ask. I’m certain that the reason for this was not due to a lack of understanding or interest, but that they accepted anything I said. They never thought to question the teacher. If I had stayed there long enough, perhaps I would have been able to pry open their minds a bit. There’s also the possibility that I would have become lodged in a self-satisfied rut for two years.
It was not unusual for me to look up from my work in the classroom and see the nomadic Fulani tribesmen and their cattle wandering through the school compound, munching on the tall grasses. The cattle were never fenced in anywhere, and ranged freely throughout West Africa.

2003: The Fulani cattle don't seem to be impressed by Abuja, the new capital of Nigeria that is apparently on their migration route.
The math teacher in Funtua was Malam Bello. Actually, he was the “maths” teacher, according to the British English that everyone spoke. Here he is, the proud young father with his two wives and his daughter. The wife holding the baby is wearing a sarong made of fabric with political figures on it including Alhaji Sir Ahmadu Bello, the Sardauna of Sokoto. Note that his image is on the front of her skirt and is right side up.

(See Page 22 for more information about political fabrics in West Africa) You can't see it in the photo, but the rija worn by Malam Bello contains beautiful white embroidery on white cotton fabric. Somewhere in Funtua, there were rows and rows of men working outside on their treadle sewing machines, churning out beautiful rigas and other garments. Florence had a few cotton dresses made by one of those men who were very similar to the man at the treadle sewing machine in Chad in 2005 in the upper right. We also had lovely leather sandals made by the local sandalmaker. Florence gave him one of her American sandals to copy, and for a very reasonable price, we both had custom-made.

Polygamy in Islam: 2001


“Unless a man is confident that he can be scrupulously fair to all his wives, he must remain monogamous. Muslim law has built on this: a man must spend absolutely the same amount of time with each of his wives; besides treating each wife equally financially and legally, a man must not have the slightest preference for one but must esteem and love them all equally. It has been widely agreed in the Islamic world that mere human beings cannot fulfill this Quranic requirement: it is impossible to show such impartiality and as a result Muhammad's qualification, which he need not have made, means no Muslim should really have more than one wife. In countries where polygamy has been forbidden, the authorities have justified this innovation not on secular but on religious grounds.” -- p. 191 [www.twf.org/Library/Polygamy.html](http://www.twf.org/Library/Polygamy.html)

However, in 1962 in Funtua and in the rest of Muslim Nigeria, men were permitted to have four wives and as many concubines as they could financially support.
With regard to polygamy, Muhammad did not introduce this practice, as has so often been wrongly alleged. The Scriptures and the other sacred books bear abundant proof of the fact that it was recognized as lawful and, indeed, widely practised by patriarchal prophets, Zoroastrians, Hindus and Jews. In Arabia and all the surrounding countries a system of temporary marriages, marriages of convenience, and unrestricted concubinage was also prevalent: this, together with polygamy, had most disastrous effects on the entire moral and social structure, which Muhammad remedied.

Muhammad married Khadija at the age of 25, and he took no other wife during the twenty-six years of their married life. He married Aisha . . . at the age of 54, three years after the death of Khadija. After this marriage, he took other wives, about whom non-Muslim writers have directed much unjust criticism against him. The facts are all these ladies were old maids or widows left destitute and without protection during the repeated wars of persecution, and as head of the State at Medina the only proper way, according to the Arab code, in which Muhammad could extend both protection and maintenance to them was by marriage. The only young person was Maria the Copt, who was presented to him as a captive of war, and whom he immediately liberated, but she refused to leave his kind protection and he therefore married her.

'Ye may marry of the women who seem good to you two or three or four, but if ye fear that ye cannot observe equity between them, then espouse but a single wife' (iv.3) . . . the growing majority of Muslims interpret the above verse as a clear direction towards monogamy . . .

Most of my Nigerian students were Muslims. They were well-behaved respectful young people. There were Christian missionaries in Funtua and in Maiduguri with Catholic churches in both locations serving mostly people of the southern Ibo tribe living in the north. There were never any hostilities between the Muslims and the Christians for the two years that we lived in Nigeria. Everything changed with the terrible massacres of the Biafran war from 1967-70, three years after the Nigeria IV Peace Corps Volunteers had returned to the US. My students were followers of the founder of Islam, the prophet Muhammad. Today there is a lot of controversy in the world about Islam, especially after September 11, 2001 when 19 Muslim hijackers flew two American passenger planes into the World Trade Center in New York City, one into the Pentagon in Washington, DC, and one into the ground in a field in Pennsylvania. Despite the assassination of President Kennedy in Dallas Texas in 1963, we could not in our wildest dreams have imagined the future that we are living in today in 2006.
The social uses of textiles are an important aspect of understanding their role in West African culture. As noted by Cordwell in her appendix to Nielsen (1979:495) "The batiks remained the favorite cloth for wrapped skirts. This particular use of the latter made it possible for the cloths with a political or commemorative motif to be used by the Africans to make quiet but effective commentary on the existing establishment. This was done by positioning the printed portrait of British or French rulers or their own political leaders in such a way that one could 'innocently' and irreverently sit upon them. Some days such a print could be worn upside down 'accidentally'."

http://web.uflib.ufl.edu/cm/africana/textiles.htm

The Presidents of Cameroun and Nigeria Meet in the City of Ibadan, January 1981
Dress fabric, factory-printed in Cameroun
T01x.0043 Gift of Vicki Henry

The portraits show Ahmadou Ahidjo (president of Cameroun 1960-1982) and Shehu Shagari (president of Nigeria 1979-1983). This yardage was printed in Douala, the capital city of Cameroun, by CICAM (La Cotonnière industrielle camerounaise), the largest textile factory in the country. CICAM has been in business for 40 years, and annually produces more than 7,000 tons of cotton thread, 32 million meters of unbleached cotton cloth, and 35 million meters of printed yardage like this.

When this cloth was produced, over 20 years ago, most African cloth was made for regional markets. Now globalization threatens local production, and the Cameroun textile industry is in trouble. The markets are flooded with cheap imported textiles, some of which blatantly counterfeit designs copyrighted by CICAM. According to the company's former Director General, "Contraband is flourishing. Thanks to the Internet, it is possible to take digital photos of our designs and send them to a foreign factory where they're copied and in less than a month the counterfeit cloth is for sale here in Cameroun." http://www.textilemuseum.ca/ex_imagefact1a.html

One of Malam Bello’s wives is wearing a skirt bearing the image of Alhaji Sir Ahmadu Bello, the Sardauna of Sokoto. The wearing of political figures on shirts and skirts is not a fashion statement that ever caught on in the US, but it was very popular in Nigeria in the sixties. I sure wish I had brought some of that fabric back to the US with me. I used a treadle sewing machine when I was living in Maiduguri. I had to work the treadle back and forth with my feet to make the needle move up and down, and I used that treadle machine to make the skirt in my outfit (Page 16) from fabric my mother sent to me. Now I find myself wondering why I didn’t support the local economy and buy the fabric in Nigeria.
When I thought about joining the Peace Corps, I saw myself rappelling off high cliffs getting into shape for the tough times ahead. I also imagined living in a mud hut. The discovery that we would have to hire servants was something of a shock. We were middle-class American girls. We had never had servants. The catch was that the British before us had trained Nigerian men to be “smallboys” and cooks. A smallboy could be seven feet tall and 95 years old. If he performed household chores like sweeping, (no vacuums) laundry (by hand), and ironing (with a charcoal iron), he was a smallboy. I know the British invented the language, but give me a break! On top of that, we had come from a culture where referring to a black person as “boy” was demeaning.

When we arrived in Funtua, and then in Maiduguri, hopeful cooks and smallboys began appearing on our doorstep almost immediately after our arrival. If no one hired them, they would have no source of income. That would be bad for the Nigerian economy. So, we swallowed our American pride for the sake of our adopted two-year-old country. It took us about three seconds to get used to concentrating on writing our lesson plans and teaching our classes.

We hired Mammun as our cook, and Musa as our smallboy. They came armed with leather pouches hanging around their necks containing glowing references from previous employers. Much to my relief, Florence took over the task of directing the cook. She loved to cook, and had brought The Joy of Cooking with her to Nigeria. Mammun, who could have been in his seventies, did a good job, but he would get things mixed up once in a while. He understood English, but he couldn’t read, so he had to rely on his memory of Florence’s oral directions. One day she asked him to make vanilla custard with chocolate sauce. What he served us was chocolate sauce with a little vanilla custard on top. But how could we object to too much chocolate?

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by Robert Roberts ([www.findarticles.com/p/articles/mi_m0348/is_4_39/ai_53474581#continue](www.findarticles.com/p/articles/mi_m0348/is_4_39/ai_53474581#continue))

One of the first works written by an African-American and published by a commercial press, this book became the standard text on household management. Roberts, a servant to a prominent New England family, offered keen insight into the social milieu, hierarchy, and maintenance of the antebellum manor. A classic survey of work, home life, and race relations in early America. Roberts himself was an interesting figure in antebellum America. Born in Charleston, South Carolina, around 1780, he had firsthand experience with slavery, although his own status is unclear. By 1805, he was living in the North, starting a family and building his connections with the free black community and the abolitionist movement which would take shape within it. For most of the next 20 years, he lived in the middle of Boston's lively free black community, active in its churches, its social organizations, and its political struggles, while he pursued the trade of man-servant in the employ of some of Boston's most proper white families. In the mid-1820s, he went to work for Christopher Gore, former Massachusetts governor and senator. While working for Gore he completed The House Servant’s Directory, publishing it less than two weeks after
This man is the Alhaji who was in charge of the furniture in our houses. Evidently there was a government run furniture storage place somewhere in town. When government employees like teachers moved into a house, he supplied the furniture. Now there's a fringe benefit that's not available to teachers in the US. Notice the hood (bonnet) of the jeep. That's our jeep! I love the Alhaji’s beautiful turquoise riga. He may look to you like he’s dressed for cold weather, but those layers of cotton insulate him from the heat. Alhaji or Al-Hajj is simply a term of respect used to address a Muslim who has completed one of the Five Pillars of Islam by going on the Hajj, or religious pilgrimage to Mecca.

Here is another man covered in robes, but he is not an Alhaji. He is an American Dominican missionary priest, Father Richard Farmer. He worked in the mission in Funtua with Father Dan Carter, another Dominican priest. The last thing we expected to encounter in this part of the world were two Catholic priests! And when they came to welcome us to Funtua, they were actually wearing shorts! They were ahead of their time. They served the Catholic Ibos who had come up from the south, and they also went about their business of persuading the local pagan chiefs to convert to Christianity. If the chief converted, then all the people in the village would convert. Converting the chief was no easy task because it meant persuading him to give up his many wives, and cling to just one wife. (There was no attempt to convert the Muslim population to Christianity.)

Once a month, Father Farmer said Mass in a nearby village where he was teaching the chief about Catholicism. One Sunday, I was invited to go to Mass in that village but I couldn’t go directly with him because that would jeopardize his missionary work there. The chief would assume that any woman who traveled with Father Farmer must be his wife or his concubine. The chief knew about the vow of celibacy. How could he be expected to follow the rules of the church if he believed that Father Farmer himself was breaking them?
So I went to that village with a Polish man named Tony Kryzwon who was in Funtua to teach the people about broody hens. And there he is at this end of the table, celebrating our American Thanksgiving with three Yanks and four Brits at Father Farmer’s house in Funtua. I have two memories of the village where Father Farmer was trying to convert the chief. The first was the big cauldron in the middle of the village. A big iron cauldron with a fire under it, and a man stirring it with a big stick. Uh-oh. Could it be that my parents were right? “Menene wannun?” I asked the man in my simple Hausa. What is it? “Bira,” said he with a grin. Of course… he was brewing beer. So ever the humorist, I had to suggest to him that maybe it was Star Beer, the national brew of Nigeria. He appreciated my joke with a big laugh, and my Polish friend Tony and I walked into my second memory: the simplest church I have ever entered: the grass structure over the altar area, and I sat off to the side, watching Father Farmer at a plain wooden table performing the ancient ritual of the Catholic Mass for the chief and the people of the village. The Peace Corps was certainly full of surprises.

Update 2005
From Father Farmer

The village North of Funtua was Malumfashi. The inhabitants of the area were called Maguzawa meaning, I was told, “those who ran from religion.” They didn't become Muslims. The chief was Tanko Maidugu. Peter Otillio must have baptized him as I didn't. He went with Peter to Rome for the canonization of St. Martin de Porres a Dominican lay brother. I have heard figures for the Catholics in the area today. It runs into 10,000’s. One of the young men there has been ordained a priest and is back serving his people.
**Star's Oversized Bottle**

One of the most visible structures in selected Nigerian cities is the oversized 'Star' bottle. The Nigerian Breweries Plc (NB Plc) launched a campaign in 2001 to change the shape of the bottle containing its premier brew - Star beer - by displaying in strategic urban locations a bottle of Star so large that it can be seen from miles away. This marketing ploy has attracted extensive attention all over the country but it has not all been positive. In one city, negative reactions to the display led to a dismantling of the bottle. However, from a sales point of view, the new bottle strategy seems to have been effective. According to the company, the bottle was well received by drinkers and sales went up when it was introduced. According to the marketing director of the company, 'The introduction of the new bottle brought a sudden revival in consumer interest for Star and at the moment Star is Nigeria's favourite beer. . . .Star is now the beer of pleasure, fun, leisure and shared drinking.' [http://www.ias.org.uk/publications/theglobe/02issue2/globe0202_p6.html](http://www.ias.org.uk/publications/theglobe/02issue2/globe0202_p6.html)

Millet beer has been brewed in Africa for millennia. It is one of the staples of religious and social life. No prayer to the ancestors can begin without an offering of millet beer, no funeral can be held without copious amounts of millet beer. Very few visitors to Africa have ever watched beer being brewed, or know that it is safe to drink in rural villages. [http://www.customflix.com/206776](http://www.customflix.com/206776)

If you would like more information about African beer, for $25 you can purchase a DVD called *Brewing Millet Beer in Africa* available from [www.customflix.com](http://www.customflix.com), or from Amazon. Go to the customflix website for a streaming video excerpt from the film. Maybe the brewer on that Sunday morning in Malumfashi was using millet to make his beer. He probably would have been happy to give me a sip if I had thought to ask for it. No blue laws in effect there.

*Star Beer - The Field Society checking out its delivery order, before conducting more in-depth, hands-on research into this icon of Nigeria's cultural heritage. [www.nigerianfield.org/lagos_files/photos.htm](http://www.nigerianfield.org/lagos_files/photos.htm)*
Back in Funtua, the church was a more solid structure. I don’t remember the outside of it, but the inside was completely filled with Ibo people from the south, and they knew how to sing their hearts out. It was a full and passionate sound that I shall never forget. At the Offertory, instead of ushers with long-handled baskets collecting money row by row from the congregation, the people filed up to the altar with their offerings of yams and fruits and grains and other produce which was then distributed to the poor. Father Farmer delivered his sermon in English, one sentence at a time. After each sentence, the translator would say the sentence in the Ibo language.

Father Richard Farmer has since returned to the US, and is now in Washington, DC where he is a chaplain at Reagan and Dulles Airports. I sent him some of Florence’s and my photos, and asked him to tell me what he could remember about them. Here is his response:

October 30, 2005

Dear BarbaraLee,

Many thanks for the pictures. Brings back a lot of memories.

My recollections:

That is the Funtua house. [where the priests lived] That is a pile of sand in the foreground. We must have been making blocks for the church at the time. Who is the other priest in the picture? [at the baptism on Page 34] Can’t be Peter Otillio. He was always heavy. Other priest must be Carter. When he came home finally, he took up flying small planes. Unfortunately, he had a crash and died. Lucky Dip was one of the games at the annual “Harvest” Celebration. I don’t remember exactly how it was done. The annual “Harvest” was a fund raiser. [See page 37.]
The church was St. Theresa’s, the St. Theresa of Avila. More bad news. During one of the Muslim riots (years after I left), the church and house were burned to the ground. They have been rebuilt since then.

I had a lot of monkeys as pets while in Nigeria. Had two at one time in Funtua. Don’t remember any names. In Lagos before coming home, I had an African Grey Parrot. It was a good talker. I think some of the expatriates in the pictures worked for the cotton ginnery. At one time a couple named Cotton worked there. That was an easy name to remember. I remember the Cottons because the wife claimed to be able to see ghosts. I had dinner at their house one time — It was after Sister Bernadette was killed in Funtua in a motor accident. She gave a perfect description of Sister Bernadette even though she had never seen her in the flesh. I just remember that she said, “She is standing right beside you.” I couldn’t see anything. Creepy.

It must have been shortly after you left that I was hired to teach Philosophy and Religious Studies and to be Catholic Chaplain at University of Ife. I spent 12 years there. Went from there to Yaba Lagos to be pastor of St. Dominic’s for 10 years. My remembrance of the Lebanese young man was that he pronounced his name Kareem. Also he went into business. Bought a trailer truck. The day after I blessed it his driver crashed it. Damage but not destruction. 

Fr. Richard Farmer, O.P.

UPDATE 2005
Fr. Richard Farmer, O.P
Dominican Father Richard Farmer was ordained a priest on June 10, 1955.
Father Farmer is from Omaha, Neb., where he graduated from Creighton Preparatory School and went to Iowa State University where he studied electrical engineering. He left school during World War II when he served in the Army Signal Corps in New Guinea and the Philippines. He returned to Iowa State after the war and earned a bachelor’s degree in electrical engineering. He worked in New Jersey after graduation where he became interested in the Dominican Order. He studied at Providence College for a year and then at Winona, Minn., River Forest, Ill., Oakland, Calif., and Dubuque, Iowa. He received master’s degrees in philosophy and theology. He was ordained while in California by Bishop Hugh Donahue, Auxiliary Bishop of San Francisco, in St. Mary Cathedral in San Francisco. His first assignment was to Nigeria where he served for 33 years. For 12 of those years he taught philosophy at the State University of Oyo State, the University of Ife. He later served as pastor and prior of St. Dominics, Yaba, Lagos State.
When he returned to the U.S., he served as procurator of the Dominican Priory in River Forest, Ill., for eight years. At that time he also served as assistant Catholic chaplain at O’Hare International Airport.
Father Farmer came to the Washington area three years ago and continues his airport chaplaincy, serving as chaplain at both Reagan National Airport and Dulles Airport. He is currently in residence at St. Dominic’s Priory in Washington. 
www.catholicherald.com/articles/05articles/priests0512.htm
In 1962, the people outside of Funtua were fixing a collapsed dam – calabash by calabash. (Maybe it was the foundation for a future dam! See 2005 Update.)

Now, don’t get excited. This is not what you might be thinking! I was the proxy godmother of the baby girl in my arms. The real godparents were back home in Ceylon. The proxy godfather is Karam, a young Catholic Lebanese businessman whose family owned the local cinema. Somewhere in the world, our names are on the baptismal certificate of that baby, who is 43 years old now. The two priests are Father Carter, and Father Farmer. I’m sure that it was at the celebration afterwards where I discovered that Lebanese food is delicious! Nigeria was turning out to be quite the multicultural place: Lots of Nigerians, several Americans, at least one Polish person, a Canadian guy, lots of English folk, and now a Lebanese community. During my two year stay, I would also meet people from South Africa, Italy, Scotland, and India.

UPDATE 2005

The Zobe, Ajiwa and Jibia dams and the just completed Gwaigwaye dam (in Funtua) will supply water for both consumption and irrigation purposes. So far, up to twenty-four urban, and many other semi urban and rural locations, are supplied with pipe borne water such that over 50 per cent of the state's population enjoy this facility. In addition, there are over 1000 boreholes. There are also twenty seven windmills which have either been reactivated or rehabilitated in various rural locations in the state.

www.onlinenigeria.com/links/LinksReadPrint.asp?blurb=291
The photos on the top and bottom were taken by Florence who gave them to me in 2005 when we re-discovered each other. The photo on the top left and its enlargement on the top right seem to contain three cars. The two in the background are obscured by the Willys Jeep that was our transportation in Funtua. The vehicle that I managed to turn over onto its side was a VW Bug, so apparently we did not receive the Jeep immediately upon our arrival in Funtua. For your edification, I have included another photo of a Jeep from the Internet that is just about what ours looked like except that our canvas was more complete, and we had no tow rope wrapped around the front bumper. It’s from 1941, and I suspect that ours was also WWII vintage when shock absorbers

must have been a twinkle in some engineer’s eye because it certainly helped us to develop an intimate relationship with every ridge and gully on those corrugated roads.

And here is Karam below again, posing for Florence next to his car. That’s our Jeep in the background. The steering wheels were on the right because we drove on the left side of the road, British style. My driving experience in the US was a little secret between my California driving instructor and the Peace Corps, so driving on the left side of the road was just fine with me. When I returned to the US in 1964, it was occasionally a stretch for me to get used to driving on the right. I can still see the color draining from my brother’s face as I made a left turn and headed for the left side of a two-way street.
Our Lebanese friend Karam was married in January 1963, after Florence and I were transferred farther north to Maiduguri. Besides owning the local cinema, he was also Father Farmer’s barber!

The cinema in Funtua was an outdoor affair, and so you could hear the movie in progress for miles around. Many of the films were made in India. The actresses singing in these films all seemed to have the same voice: a sort of high pitched nasal whine. To my Western ears, they all seemed to be singing the same song. But that’s culture shock for you. The editing in those films did not speak highly of the film makers. One night, we watched a swashbuckling black and white film in which the hero is leaping around in a sword fight on the deck of a pirate ship. In one shot, he is wearing sort of male dancer ballet slippers. That’s understandable because after all, sword fighting certainly does contain dance elements. Next, we see his opponent furiously brandishing his sword, and in the very next shot, our hero is bopping back and forth in a pair of old sneakers, laces flying. It was great! It was not supposed to be a comedy.

Then there was the old Tom Mix 15-part serial cowboy movie, Miracle Rider, made in Hollywood in 1935. It was the only serial movie ever made by Tom Mix, and had been a great way to attract the kiddies, Saturday after Saturday, into the movie theaters in the 1940’s. In Nigeria in 1962, however, someone had strung together all the individual serial parts without paying any attention to the fact that at the end of every film in the series, there was always some sort of cliffhanger situation in which the audience was left to ponder the fate of the hero – or heroine. At the beginning of the next film in the series, the cliffhanger scene was always repeated so the audience would remember the dire peril in which they had last seen their hero. Splicing all the installments together with no regard for the repeats, resulted in incredible double death-defying cinematic footage… and in tears of laughter rolling down our cheeks as we watched old Tom Mix racing on his horse, trying to catch the runaway stagecoach as it
tumbled toward the cliff, leaping from his horse onto the side of the stagecoach so he could save the terrified occupants from certain death, climbing up toward the empty driver’s seat, reaching for the reins as the galloping horses plunged over the cliff… and then… What was this? Miraculously, there was Tom, suddenly right back on his own horse again at the top of the hill chasing after the careening stage once again, but this time he climbs onto the stagecoach, grabs the reins and pulls the horses over just before they go over the cliff. And so goes the rest of the film with those little second-chance time warps popping up every twenty minutes or so.

The people are enjoying the Thanksgiving Harvest Fair in Funtua which was held on the grounds of St. Theresa’s Catholic church. Lucky Dip was a fundraiser for the church. Here to the right are lots of kids at the fair who loved getting their picture taken, and who rushed me for a dash afterwards!

In the 1920s - 1940s, Tom Mix was the first Western movie stuntman-actor in movie history. Seems everyone in America knew who Tom Mix was by the late 20s. He made over 400 films and a 15 episode serial in the mid 30s. Now, all but a handful has been destroyed by the elements and poor storage--an old story in Hollywood. Most were silent films. What was unique about this actor? He wasn't just an actor with flashy moves and stuntmen doubles to make him look good. No Sireee, Bob! He did "all" of his mouth-dropping, hair-raising stunts. He was the real McCoy -- quite the accomplished rodeo star who could ride, do trick riding, roping, take on the bad guys, and woo the ladies. www.scifi2k.com/misc_html/articles/mix_tom.html
Eddie Ugboma, Nigerian Filmmaker
By SOLA BALOGUN

Friday, September 23, 2005

In the league of Nigeria’s top filmmakers, Chief Eddie Ugboma is a force to reckon with. As a trained filmmaker, director and actor, Ugboma remains a veteran in his chosen field, having blazed the trail by shooting 13 celluloid films and five video works to date.

Ugboma also served creditably as chairman of the Nigerian Film Corporation (NFC) where he consolidated his knowledge and expertise both in the business of film making and in the execution of policies affecting the film industry.

Ugboma, who hails from Niger Delta, started shooting celluloid films as far back as 1976, and he still remains active and relevant in the scheme of things. In March this year, he launched his Black Gold; a film centred on the Niger Delta crisis, after which he started work on Desert Warriors; a new film which focuses on the migration of the Filanis to Nigeria from Niger Republic. Other notable works by Ugboma include: Dealth of a Black President, Rise and fall of Oyenusi, Toriaide and Omiran.

Latest film

My latest film is entitled: Desert Warrior but it is not yet released. The one I released in March this year is called Black Gold which is all about the crisis in Niger Delta. The message is simply to reveal the fact that the Niger Delta people are the ones fighting themselves—if they are really serious, why should they be killing their kinsmen, while the real enemies are outside.

I usually advise them that if they have anything against government, they should go to the government house or presidential villa to lodge their complaints. Desert Warrior explains how the Fulanis entered Nigeria. They came in through Niger, en-route Katsina-Daura. So, it’s based on a true story-I shot that film mainly to educate Nigerians on the antecedents of the Fulanis-the caliphate—all of who are Fulanis. I stumbled on the book that inspired me to produce the film in a library in Kano.

of a month and are in profit after two to three weeks of video release. Videos sell to the public through this network of video merchants for $3 each. One dollar goes to the producer, $1 to the distributor and $1 covers marketing costs. Most videos easily sell more than 20,000 units, and very quickly at that. The most successful videos sell over 200,000 units.


NIGERIAN FILMS

A filmmaking phenomenon has been quietly emerging in Africa over the last 10 years: the Nigerian feature industry.

One could compare today’s Nigerian directors and producers to the American no-budget movement; like its North American cousins, the Nigerians are proving necessity to be the mother of invention. But unlike the American no-budgeteers, Nigerian filmmakers have found a way to circumvent the usual industry distribution channels, regularly making both new movies and a living. Relying on neither government funding nor television coin, the Nigerian film industry has forged a viable digital video revolution—a business model that all of Africa and indeed many other parts of the world could emulate.

Significantly for a country of over 130 million people—with over 16 million in its capital city of Lagos alone—the Hollywood machine is virtually absent. There are no cinemas in Nigeria, its old movie houses having been converted into a variety of Christian churches. If Hollywood films are available in any manner, they are sold on the street during “go-slows” (mega-traffic jams) on pirated DVDs. On almost every avenue in Lagos, instead, one sees a proliferation of video kiosks—small booths with outlandish posters, all selling the latest Nigerian film releases. Every week at least 20 new local videos are released, and each Monday in Idumota, the video distribution district of Lagos, video agents queue and hustle for the newest tapes and posters, and within minutes they are doing brisk business.

While films in the Yoruba language are the most prevalent, Hausa- and Ibo/English-language films are hot on their heels. These locally produced films cost $10,000 to $15,000 each, are generally produced within the space
This is Sheila Clymo, the wife of our principal with Florence and me in our prefab house in Funtua. Sheila was a delight, and I seem to remember that she and Eric had two daughters in school in England, so perhaps we were her surrogate daughters. It must have been a lonesome life for her because she didn’t teach in the school, but I was young then, and too involved in my own life to give much thought to wondering how the principal’s wife filled her time. I remember that she had a pet duika, a sweet little miniature deer, and they also had a cat.

Shortly after we arrived, the cat gave birth to five kittens, and I told Eric that I would like to have one of them. A black one. When the kittens were old enough, Eric brought me one little black kitten – just what I ordered. Then I thought it might be nice to have two kittens, so I asked him for another. I am sad to tell you that Eric had drowned the other kittens. It wasn’t something he wanted to do, but Nigerian people didn’t keep dogs and cats as pets, and there were no veterinary facilities where you could have pets neutered. And so, Simon Lawali Saminu Funtua came into our lives. That was the name we gave to the kitten. Simon, because it enabled Florence to show off her southern accent. Lawali and Saminu were the names of two of our students, and Funtua was the town where we were stationed. Many Nigerians took the names of their hometowns as their last names, and some, male and female, included the names of their fathers as part of their names. So I would have been BarbaraLee Lino Toneatti Flushing. I don’t even want to think about the phonebook listings, but I don’t remember seeing any public phones, let alone phone books there in 1962.

The rock formations and the surrounding countryside outside of Funtua could have served as settings for the old American westerns. I guess they weren’t old yet in 1962. And there I am, hamming it up, trying to look like I’m hanging off the edge of a cliff. Too many Tom Mix movies.
The Peace Corps took good care of us. Here is Dr. Lyle Conrad in our little prefab house, checking our blood samples. He traveled with his microscope so he could do the lab work himself right on the spot. We all were issued medical kits which contained goodies like aralen which we took once a day to prevent malaria. There was medication to counteract dysentery, and salt tablets for dehydration caused by excessive perspiration. We were also taught never to drink the water unless we had boiled it and filtered it first. We never ate anything that needed to be washed in tap water such as lettuce or raw veggies. No lettuce or raw veggies for two years. No ice made from tap water. No wading in streams or lakes or ponds because of the microscopic schistosomiasis organisms in the water. They enter through the soles of your bare feet, and reproduce inside of you. It occurs in freshwater when intermediate snail hosts release infective forms of the parasite. People are infected by contact with water where infected snails live. Ain’t Nature grand!

There was an agricultural fair in Daudawa, northwest of Funtua where a man was dancing with a hand plow. There was also a band playing at the fair, and I must offer my apologies for this poor photo of them. Is that the 1962 Nigerian flag flying in the background? I think not. It looks like a version of the English flag. Here is the Nigerian flag, designed by Taiwo Akinkunmi in 1958.

The Nigerian flag is divided vertically into three equal parts: The outer green parts represent agriculture. The middle white part represents unity and peace.

The Nigerian Coat of Arms: The black shield represents the good earth of Nigeria. The silver wavy bands are the rivers Niger and Benue. The white horses (the two supporters) are dignity. The eagle is strength. The wreath is in the colors of the Nigerian flag. The ground on which the bearings stand is Coctus Spectabilis, a common wild flower found throughout Nigeria.
This is a village scene near Funtua. The children you see were not enrolled in school. Bicycles were often used for transportation, especially in the cities, but many people simply walked wherever they needed to go. Young girls often carried their even younger siblings on their backs, just as their mothers had done before them.

**UPDATE: EDUCATION 2005**

According to OnlineNigeria, education is thriving in Katsina State where Funtua is located. **Education:** Katsina State has a total enrollment of over 430,000 pupils in 1,792 primary schools with a staff strength of 11,716 teachers, in the area of post primary education, the state possesses various categories of secondary schools numbering 107 with a total enrolment figure of 74,722 students and a staff strength of 2,071 teachers. The Ministry of Education administers the institutions through seven zonal offices (stationed in Katsina, Daura, DutsimMa, Malurnfashi, Kankia, Funtua and Mani towns) and the Board for Technical Education.

There are two federal unity secondary schools namely the Federal Government College, Daura and Federal Government Girls' College, Bakori. The institutions of higher learning include the Federal College of Education and the Katsina Polytechnic, both located in Katsina town.

The state College of Education (Technical) at DutsimMa; the College of Administration at Funtua town; the School of Nursing and MidWifery at Katsina; and the School of Health Technology each at Kankia and Daura towns, and the Health Auxiliary Training School, Funtua.

In addition, the state has a school each for the blind and the deaf. In addition to the above, there are numerous educational institutions which are community based or privately/commercially run. They range from nursery, primary, postprimary and tertiary institutions.

There are also many categories of Islam based institutions. The most notable include the Riyadul Quran (nursery/primary school) and the Othman Danfodiyo Institute which is a certificate and diploma awarding institution affiliated to the Usmanu Danfodiyo University, Sokoto. [www.onlinenigeria.com/links/](http://www.onlinenigeria.com/links/)
One day, Sheila, Florence and I drove to Katsina, a northern town surrounded by an ancient mud wall. That’s the ancient wall behind the person with the wild hairdo. Now that’s an afro! Actually he has a big pile of some sort of produce on his head that he’s carrying to the market to sell, or perhaps bringing back to his village from the market.
I had a penchant for photographing the old and the new, side by side. Thus we have the ancient 900 year old city wall with the power lines strung up behind it. Electricity was a relatively new thing in Nigeria. We would have periodic brownouts for a few seconds in Maiduguri as the folks at the power station dealt with some problem. In Funtua, we had no electricity. I remember one of us Novices of the Lamp being mightily surprised when flames flared up about two feet into the air because some of the kerosene had overflowed the sides. Why hadn’t there been a PC training course in kerosene lamp operation?

**KATSINA 2005**

(kā’tsē’ nē, kā’tsē’nē) , city (1991 est. pop. 182,000), N Nigeria, near the Niger frontier. The city, surrounded by a wall 13 mi (21 km) long, is the trade center for an agricultural region where guinea corn and millet are grown for home consumption, and peanuts, cotton, and hides are produced commercially. The city has a steel-rolling and vegetable oil mills. Leather handicrafts are made in Katsina. In the 17th and 18th cent. it was the largest of the seven Hausa city-states and the cultural and commercial center of Hausaland. In 1807, Katsina was conquered by the Fulani and lost to Kano its preeminent position among Hausa cities. The city is the site of Katsina Training College and Gobaru Tower mosque.

Where would you like to go from Katsina?
There are Florence and Sheila, climbing up the ancient Muslim prayer tower in Katsina. The imam, the Muslim cleric who called the people to prayer, would chant out the prayers from the top of the tower. The pipes that extend out beyond the edges of the tower helped to preserve it by draining off the water during the rainy season. According to the Nigerian Embassy in The Netherlands (www.nigerianembassy.nl/tourism.htm), this is the Gobirau Minaret:

This imposing minaret, or tower which originally is said to be some 120 meters tall and which was built of mud and palm timbers, is all that remains of the mosque constructed in Habe times, before the holy wars of Sheik Unman Dan Fodio. Parts of the 15.25-meter [50 ft] tower are thought to be about 250 years old.

Another website claims that the Gobirau Minaret dates back to the 15th Century (www.wworton.com/college/history/ralph/resource/chron3.htm) and yet another places it in the 11th Century (www.playahata.com/pages/bhfigures/bhfigures22.html). Therefore, all I can tell you is that it is very old.

The Emir’s Palace in Zaria in 1962, made of whitewashed mud, also had drainage pipes to protect it from the torrential West African rainy season downpours. Often, it rained so hard on the tin roof of our house in Maidugari that I could not hear my own voice, could not hear even the sound of my typewriter as I pounded out my letters home; it was like living inside a great drum.

Fortunately for the Emir, his palace did not sport a tin roof, and I suspect that somewhere between 1962 and 2005, he decided to make a few improvements. It has been transformed into an astonishing work of art!
Zaria was close to Funtua. Mail from the US to us in Funtua had to be addressed to “Funtua Near Zaria.” I traveled to Zaria, and also to Onitsha, and to Sokoto. In Zaria, I found the dyer and the weaver. The dye being used in this photo was indigo, and the weaver is making a blanket that was like the ones the Hausa traders brought to our doorsteps on the next page. If you are interested in handwoven Nigerian fabrics, go to: http://www.adire.clara.net/asooketx2.htm. If you want to purchase any online, prepare to dig deep into your pockets!

In the north Hausa men wove a diverse range of cloths including gauzy indigo turban fabrics in strips less than 1/2 inch wide, thick cotton "luru" blankets in 8 inch bands, and cotton wrapper cloths with strip widths over 15 inches.

Tourist tip: Zaria, the ancient walled city to the north still hosts a medieval look and has a fine mosque and Emir’s Palace. http://www.ecowas.info/ngaatt.htm
Indigo in West Africa was obtained from local plant sources, either *indigofera* or *lonchocarpus cyanescans*. Transforming the raw material into a successful dye vat was a complex process requiring great expertise and liable to unexplained failure. Inevitably it was usually surrounded with ritual prescriptions and prohibitions. The primary ingredients were dried balls of crushed leaves from indigo bearing plants, ash, and the dried residue from old vats. Cloth had to be dipped repeatedly in the fermented dye, exposed briefly to the air, then re-immersed. The number of dippings, and the strength and freshness of the dye determined the intensity of the resulting colour. After the dyed cloth had dried it was customary to beat the fabric repeatedly with wooden beaters, which both pressed the fabric and imparted a shiny glaze. In some areas additional indigo paste was beaten into the cloth at this stage, subsequently rubbing off on the skin of the wearer in a much desired effect.

You want some salt? Why not buy a lifetime supply from the salt seller! If you were a Nigerian, you paid one price. If you were European or American, you paid a higher price. Call it discrimination. Call it sliding scale. That’s the way it was. When our cook went to the market to buy the food he needed to cook for us, he paid more money than if he had been buying it for himself... and, on top of that, it was expected that he would keep some of the money we gave him for himself. That’s the way it was.
In my travels around Nigeria, I took a train south to see the country. Little boys at a station along the way were delighted to have their pictures taken. It was the children on the streets in the cities who introduced me to the “dash” concept in Nigeria. “Dash me…. Dash me,” they would call, running behind a group of us obvious Americans or Europeans. “Dash me.” They meant, “Give me some money.” The dash was entrenched in Nigeria at all levels of business then, and just recently President Obasanjo announced that there would be no more bribery – or dash – in the Nigerian government. This is hard to believe after all these years, but hey, you never know!
The following excerpt is from an article that appeared in the Washington Post on May 1, 2005:

**In Nigeria, Where Money Talks, Reform Is the Word**
By Craig Timberg

ABUJA, Nigeria -- Police call it "a kola nut." Journalists call it "the brown envelope." And politicians call it "a welfare package." Whatever the name, the almighty bribe long has lubricated Nigerian society as it has few others on Earth.

Corruption is so rampant that when the nation's education minister, Fabian Osuji, was caught giving $400,000 to Nigerian lawmakers for favorable votes, he formally protested that such behavior was "common knowledge and practice at all levels of government." Besides, Osuji added, he had struck a good deal; the lawmakers had asked for twice as much. He was fired from the government.

Now, after decades of open and freewheeling graft, President Olusegun Obasanjo has declared war on corruption. And Osuji is far from alone in suddenly having to account for his actions.

A succession of senior government figures -- including the top police official, the housing minister and the Senate president -- also have been pushed from their jobs in recent months and threatened with jail for offenses that once would have earned them little more than a wink.

The police official, Tafa Balogun, even appeared in court wearing handcuffs. And in separate action, a court in Abuja, the capital, has ruled that the son of late dictator Sani Abacha must stand trial for his alleged role in the looting of more than $1 billion in public funds during his father's reign from 1993 to 1998.

Obasanjo and his allies portray the anti-corruption campaign as nothing less than a battle to redeem the tainted soul of a nation, the largest in Africa with about 137 million people. Even the Catholic Mass here includes a prayer against corruption.

I stopped in Onitsha to visit my zealous Catholic friend who had gotten himself a job teaching in a Catholic school there. He showed me a mural in his house that was the work of a former tenant who was considered to be demented.

1962: The hut of a Hausa fisherman who was camped on an island in the middle of the River Niger.
Then I was off to Sokoto in the far northwestern part of Nigeria. The man in the upper left is on his way to the market, carrying the ever-present bundle of grass on his head. The entrepreneurial spirit certainly thrived in Nigeria, and still does. The young man on the right is in Kano today.

Nigerians were expert recyclers. The man in the lower right photo is selling sandals made from old rubber tires! You could buy all kinds of recycled jars and tin cans that had held store-bought food. If you went to a pharmacist, you had to bring your own jar to contain the medication. None of those pesky childproof tops on throwaway plastic bottles in those days. Sometimes unscrupulous pharmacists would water down the liquid antibiotics, thus making more money, and getting people sicker than they were in the first place.
Discouraging News from Funtua

I heard about the case of Amina Lawal of Nigeria when it became international news that she had been condemned to death by stoning because she had had a baby out of wedlock. I wrote a letter to President Obasanjo of Nigeria, asking him to intervene in this case. Apparently, thousands of other horrified individuals did the same because there was an international outcry. I found newspaper stories in French, Italian, Spanish, English, for starters. Until I began to search the Internet to see if there was any news about Funtua, I had no idea that this whole terrible story had originated in that little town where Florence and I had lived and taught school for five months. What a shock! It was as if I had discovered that an evil force had taken over my hometown! How could this be happening in a place where I had lived?

“Let him who is without sin cast the first stone.”

According to the Gospel of John, the Pharisees, in an attempt to discredit Jesus, brought a woman charged with adultery before him. Then they reminded Jesus that adultery was punishable by stoning under Mosaic law and challenged him to judge the woman so that they might then accuse him of disobeying the law. Jesus thought for a moment and then replied, “He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone at her.” The people crowded around him were so touched by their own consciences that they departed. When Jesus found himself alone with the woman, he asked her who were her accusers. She replied, “No man, lord.” Jesus then said, “Neither do I condemn thee: go and sin no more.”

Nigeria’s stoning appeal fails
Amina Lawal’s lawyers are still hopeful

March 2002
An Islamic appeal court has upheld a sentence of death by stoning for adultery against a Nigerian woman. Amina Lawal, 30, was found guilty by a court in Katsina state in March 2002 after bearing a child outside marriage.

This judgement will be carried out as soon as your baby is weaned. Judge Aliyu Abdullahi The BBC's Dan Isaacs, reporting from the court in Funtua, northern Nigeria, says that the court’s ruling can only serve to heighten tensions between Christians and Muslims in Nigeria. The introduction of Islamic holy law - or Sharia - in northern Nigeria’s mostly Muslim states in the past two years has sparked violence in which hundreds of people have been killed. Our correspondent says Monday's ruling has come as a surprise and human rights groups have promised to take the case to a higher court. They have 30 days to lodge an appeal. This case could now end up in the supreme court in Abuja, where central government has declared such harsh Sharia judgement unconstitutional.

A cry of “Allahu Akbar” (God is great) rang out in the courtroom when judge Aliyu Abdullahi The BBC’s Dan Isaacs, reporting from the court in Funtua, northern Nigeria, says that the court's ruling can only serve to heighten tensions between Christians and Muslims in Nigeria. The introduction of Islamic holy law - or Sharia - in northern Nigeria’s mostly Muslim states in the past two years has sparked violence in which hundreds of people have been killed. Our correspondent says Monday's ruling has come as a surprise and human rights groups have promised to take the case to a higher court. They have 30 days to lodge an appeal. This case could now end up in the supreme court in Abuja, where central government has declared such harsh Sharia judgement unconstitutional.

A cry of ”Allahu Akbar” (God is great) rang out in the courtroom when judge Aliyu Abdullahi ordered that Amina be executed once she has weaned her eight-month-old daughter Wasila, reports the French news agency, AFP. She was led away in tears. Women’s rights groups say Sharia is harsh for women. "I'm not happy at all. We thought they were going to discharge her," said Clara Obazele, a spokeswoman for Aisha Ismail, the federal government’s minister for women’s affairs.

"We’re going to appeal the judgement."

No one has yet been stoned to death for adultery in Nigeria. A woman convicted under very similar circumstances last year won her appeal a few months ago. Several thieves have however had their hands amputated. Supporters of Sharia say they will not be deflected from upholding laws they
Woman sentenced to stoning freed

From Jeff Koinange
CNN
KATSINA, Nigeria (CNN) -- An appeals court has freed a Nigerian mother sentenced to death by stoning for adultery.

The Shariah Court of Appeal ruled on Thursday that Amina Lawal's conviction was invalid because she was already pregnant when harsh Islamic Shariah law was implemented in her home province.

After the hearing, she told CNN, "I am happy. God is great and he has made this possible. All I want is to go home, get married and live a normal life."

The 31-year-old, who was in court with her baby, Wassila, has been appealing the death sentence for two years.

"It is the view of this court that the judgment of the Upper Shariah Court, Funtua, was very wrong and the appeal of Amina Lawal is hereby discharged and acquitted," judge Ibrahim Maiangwa said.

Shariah law, based on the teachings in the Quran, Islam's holy book, is practiced in 12 of Nigeria's 36 states.

Lawal's case had become the focus of human rights groups around the world who were outraged at the sentence that Lawal should be buried up to her neck and then have stones thrown at her head until she was dead.

Lawal's lawyer, Hauwa Ibrahim, said: "This a great victory for justice. The law of justice has prevailed over the law of man. Amina is free to go, to do what she wants."

But not all the spectators who attended the hearing were pleased by the result. One man who had come to hear to court's ruling said: "I would have preferred Amina to be stoned to death. She deserves it."

Had the court not overturned the verdict, Lawal would still have had two appeals left, one to a Nigerian federal court and a final appeal to Nigeria's Supreme Court. Neither of those courts is governed by Shariah law. Nigerian President Olusegun Obasanjo had said if Lawal's case reached the Supreme Court, he would make sure it was overturned.

Lawal was convicted and sentenced in March 2002 after giving birth to a baby girl more than nine months after divorcing. Under the strict Shariah law, pregnancy outside marriage constitutes sufficient evidence for a woman to be convicted of adultery. A court stayed her execution for two years to allow her to care for her baby.

"This is all I have to live for right now," Lawal said before the hearing. "My child means everything to me."

Lawal lives with her father, his two wives and their numerous children in the tiny village of Kurami, deep in Nigeria's Islamic north. The village is so small that it does not appear on a map.

She insists she did nothing wrong and that the man who fathered her child made a promise to marry her. He did not, leaving her pregnant and with no support.

The man said he was not the father, and three male witnesses testified he did not have a sexual relationship with Lawal. The witnesses constituted adequate corroboration of his story under Shariah law, and he was freed.

Lawal is the second woman to be sentenced to death after bearing a child out of marriage since 2000, when more than a dozen states in the predominantly Islamic northern Nigeria adopted strict Islamic Shariah law.

In March 2002, an appeals court reversed a similar sentence on Safiya Hussaini Tungan-Tudu after worldwide pleas for clemency and a warning from Obasanjo that Nigeria faced international isolation over the case.

The adoption of Shariah, which includes amputation as a possible punishment for convicted thieves, has stoked violence between Muslims and Christians in Africa's most populous state. More than 3,000 people have been killed.
HAUWA COMMUNITY COLLEGE, FUNTUA, NIGERIA was established on 17 April 1998. The college underwent a series of developments that lead to it finally being renamed Hauwa Community College from its original name of NASRAK Secondary School. Its permanent site is situated along Sokoto bypass, behind Federal Prison Services, Funtua. The college has in place an educational programme aimed at fulfilling the secondary education objectives as required by the West African Examination Council (WAEC) and NECO. Its motto is KNOWLEDGE IS POWER. This is in keeping with its objectives to instill in its students the most desirable and acceptable norms and values of society and adequate knowledge in arts, science and technology that can meet the challenges of modern day and the quest for academic excellence.

The educational programmes within the college provide the bedrock and foundation for entrenching, transmitting and perpetuating desirable norms and self-development and equipping the students with the skills of the new information and communication technology, to face the challenges of globalisation and life-long learning. We provide a multicultural and multi-faith atmosphere, maintaining sensitivity to the needs of each child. We believe that all students have different abilities, skills and interests, which, if developed and nurtured, will enable them to become mature, self-sufficient, and productive members of their community. In addition to the educational programmes provided by the college, clubs and societies are organised and promoted as part of the students’ development. Among these are Exam success club international, Press club, Literacy and Debating club, Cultural and drama club and so on.

CONTACT DETAILS: HAUWA COMMUNITY COLLEGE, Katsina Road, P O Box 9, FUNTUA Katsina State, NIGERIA www.padeap.net/pages/projects/hauwa.htm

Our second centre, which opened officially in February 2003, is based in Funtua, Northern Nigeria. We are the only computer centre in the whole of Katsina State and neighbouring Zamfara state that is offering access to ICT free of charge. The others are fully commercial.
Good-bye Funtua... Hello Maiduguri!

At the end of our first semester in Funtua, Florence and I were transferred to the Provincial Girls’ Secondary School in Maiduguri, a larger town that was a 500 mile drive to the northeast. We had a Peace Corps jeep in Funtua, but we were driven to Maiduguri from Kaduna in Helen Marsden’s Volkswagen. She was an English woman going to Maiduguri to be the acting principal of the girls’ school until the principal returned from England.

Of course, we took Simon Lawali Saminu Funtua with us to Maiduguri, and here he is, still almost a kitten.

Nigerians had no need for washing machines, electric clothes dryers, washlines, or Clorox bleach either for that matter. They washed their clothes by hand, laid them out on the grass to dry, and let the sun do its bleaching thing.
The road from Jos to Bauchi did not look very inviting, except for one thing: It was paved... and that was always cause for celebration! In 1963, many of the roads we traveled in Nigeria were corrugated dirt roads that could shrivel your spine and rattle the teeth right out of your head! They weren’t born corrugated; they got that way with the passage of time and four-wheeled vehicles. It would seem that the road from Bauchi to Maiduguri has become a dangerous place since Florence, Helen, and I travelled it forty-three years ago. According to Scott Bidsrup on his webpage, So You're Planning A Trip To Africa www.bidstrup.com/advice.htm, revised in May 2000:

Never travel at night. Armed robbery is always a problem everywhere in Nigeria, but is much worse at night, particularly between Bauchi and Maiduguri, and between Onitsha and Owerri. It is becoming a serious problem along the Ilorin-Lagos freeway. Daytime travel isn't very safe, but it is much safer than nighttime travel.

Here we are on the day we arrived in Maiduguri. Today we would have been wearing jeans and t-shirts, but then we were all dressed up. I’m wearing an outfit I made myself in the US before I left for Nigeria. And I’m sporting my 60’s bouffant hairdo, and my slanty-eyed 60’s spectacles. Florence is carrying her timeless Nigerian leather pocketbook, and the dress she is wearing may be one of those that she asked the Nigerian dressmaker to make in Funtua. Helen Marsden is next to Florence.
From Funtua to Maiduguri with Florence Stowe and Helen Marsden in a Volkswagen in January 1963

We must have traveled south from Funtua to Jos, and then north to Maiduguri because those roads were in the best condition. Jos is famous for its higher altitude (4250 feet) and more comfortable climate. Here are some recent comments and photos.

April 24, 2005: by Kevin, VSO Volunteer
Jos (short for “Jesus Our Saviour”) is the capital of Plateau State and has quite a pleasant climate due to its altitude (1295m), noticeably cooler than Abuja. Karen has a huge house but a very unreliable electricity supply, although we were quite lucky while we were there. After some shopping at the market, ice cream and a lovely pizza at a local Lebanese-owned restaurant we went back to the house for board games by candlelight. www.caboose.org.uk/archives/2005/04/

January 5, 2006 by Maurice Archibong
Compared with many cities in the temperate climes, Jos doesn't lag far behind. In fact, the Plateau State capital beats most of such towns on at least one score: In Jos, it's autumn every season of the year. Not here, the harsh torrid heat of the tropics or the bone-numbing cold of winter; in Jos the weather is favourable all year round. We had been warned, and the Plateau State capital did not disappoint with regard to its chilly ambient temperature. Standing at over 1,200 meters above sea level, Jos was as cold as could be in the month of December. Such is Jos weather between November and January that each guest is usually given a bucket of hot water every morning in virtually all the budget lodges, where bathrooms have no heater. http://sunnewsonline.com/webpages/features/travels/2006/jan/01/travels-05-01-2006-001.htm
The National Museum in Jos is one of the best in Nigeria, especially for archaeology and pottery, where many fine examples of Nok heads and artifacts, circa 500BC – 200AD, are displayed. The pottery hall has an exceptional collection of finely crafted pottery from all over the country. On the same grounds, the Museum of Architecture contains life-size replicas of Nigerian architecture, from the walls of Kano to the Mosque at Zaria to a Tiv village.

Other attractions in the area include the wildlife park, nestled amid 8sq. km of unspoiled savanna bush, where the rare pygmy hippopotamus is successfully being bred in "hippo pool".

www.winne.com/nigeria/bf03.html

View of downtown Jos, a leading northern city

Zuma Rock, Jos

Riyom Rock, Jos

Assop Falls, Jos

Market With Many Colours Jos

18-DEC-2003

18-DEC-2003

20-DEC-2003

Village near Bauchi

18-DEC-2003

Market With Many Colours Jos

18-DEC-2003

Assop Falls, Jos

18-DEC-2003

18-DEC-2003
From September 7 to 13, 2001, Jos, the capital of Plateau State in central Nigeria, became the scene of mass killing and destruction for the first time in its recent history. Hundreds of people were killed and tens of thousands displaced in less than one week. Violence suddenly erupted between Christians and Muslims in a city where diverse communities had coexisted peacefully for years and which had prided itself on avoiding the inter-communal violence that had plagued neighboring states. Three months later, the inhabitants of Jos are still counting their dead and assessing the massive damage done to their homes and property. While the total number of victims is not yet confirmed, initial figures compiled by local human rights groups, religious communities and other organizations indicate that more than 1,000 people were killed in just six days.

Human Rights Watch researchers visited Jos less than one month after the violence. The town was still reeling from the devastation. The violence had shocked people deeply. One man told Human Rights Watch: “People never dreamed this could happen in Jos.” Another said: “If this can happen in Jos, nowhere is safe anymore.” At a superficial level, a semblance of normality had returned to parts of the city and commercial and other daily activities were gradually resuming. However, some villages on the outskirts of Jos had been almost completely destroyed; they lay abandoned and empty. In the center of town too, extensive damage to mosques, churches, schools, shops, homes, and vehicles was clearly visible.

The violence in Jos coincided with the September 11 attacks on New York and Washington in the United States. International coverage of the situation in Jos was inevitably overshadowed by these events. What little coverage there was prior to September 11 had tended to portray the violence in Jos as a religious conflict, with Christians and Muslims attacking each other because of their faith. In reality, the conflict was more political and economic than religious. It stemmed from a longstanding battle for control of political power and economic rivalry between different ethnic groups and between those labeled “indigenous” or “non-indigenous” inhabitants of the area. As grievances built up over time, appeal to religious sentiments was used by both sides to manipulate popular emotions and eventually to inflame the situation to a level where it could no longer be controlled. Christians and Muslims, “indigenes” and “non-indigenes,” became both perpetrators and victims.

Human Rights Watch researchers interviewed Muslim and Christian survivors and eye-witnesses of the violence—many of whom were still displaced and living in camps after their homes were destroyed—as well as a range of other individuals and organizations in Jos, including human rights activists, members of other non-governmental organizations, religious leaders, journalists, students, and academics. Many were still waiting for news of their family members, friends or colleagues, having lost trace of them during the violence, not knowing whether they had been killed or whether they were among the thousands of displaced people who had fled the area and not yet returned.

Opinions about who was primarily to blame for the outbreak of violence varied and were sometimes highly polarized. However, all those interviewed by Human Rights Watch agreed on one conclusion: that the violence could have been foreseen but that government authorities failed to take action to prevent it. The state government adopted a passive attitude and appeared not to take seriously the numerous, explicit threats issued by both “indigenous” and “non-indigenous” groups in Jos in the weeks leading up to the crisis. All those interviewed also deplored the lack of police presence and intervention during the crisis and the failure of the police to ensure protection and security for the population. Eventually—but only after many lives had been lost—it was the military, not the police, who intervened to restore law and order. Human Rights Watch made repeated attempts to meet state government authorities and senior police officers in Jos to seek their accounts of events; however, they were not available to meet us. In November 2001, as this report is being prepared, two commissions of inquiry, one appointed by the federal government and the other by the Plateau state government, have recently begun their investigations into what occurred.

This report does not attempt to document in an exhaustive way the events that took place in Jos between September 7 and 13. Rather it provides an overview of the crisis and identifies some of its principal causes. It is based primarily on research carried out by Human Rights Watch in Jos in early October 2001 and on telephone interviews with sources in Jos at the time of the violence, from early September onwards.

www.reliefweb.int/rw/rwb.nsf/AllDocsByUNID/351c7f400c0c0a0af085256b270055fba1
This is Nigeria

MAIDUGURI

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7/1961

Maiduguri is the name by which the town of Yerwa, in Bornu Province, is commonly called in political and commercial circles. It lies on a low ridge, about 1,000 feet above sea level, on the left bank of the seasonal River Alo and 70 miles south-west of Lake Chad, dominating the vital trade route between the former French Territory and the River Nile.

Its history dates back to the early days of the Bornu empire. By A.D. 800 this empire which was centred 400 miles north of Lake Chad was overrun by a nomad people known as the Sef, who set up a court for their king at Njimi. Later in 1389 the Sef kings, driven by rebel forces, emigrated westward of Lake Chad and founded another capital at Birni Ngazargamu. This famous city remained for three centuries the capital of Bornu until it was sacked by Fulani attackers during the jihad.

Following this, in 1814 Shehu Lamino founded a new capital, and there is a legend that he said he would build this town where he reached the last Sura of his Koran. This city was Kukawa, with its splendid royal compounds and a magnificent Dandal or public avenue (over 200 feet wide) which has become a feature of most Bornu towns.

In 1902 the Kanem dynasty was restored under the protection of the British and Kukawa, which had been lost to a Kanuri army, was resettled. But it was by now apparent that Kukawa had lost its former glory and had become commercially inaccessible. A new site was therefore sought for the capital. The place chosen lay between a big market village and the British military fort at Maitoni. It was christened Yerwa.

The name Maiduguri was originally that of an old village in Bornu, which was chosen as the permanent quarters of British Civil Administration under Lord Lugard in 1908, a year after the adjacent town of Yerwa had been founded as the capital of the traditional court of the Shehu of Bornu; somehow, the name developed to embrace both settlements. By 1925, the population exceeded 15,000 and today it is a town of more than 600,000, mainly Kanuri.

Maiduguri is a thriving commercial town and its rapid development over the last decade is likely to continue, as construction of the Nigerian Railway Corporation's 400-mile extension from Kuru, near Jos, is now well under way. The new line will run through Bauchi and Gombe to Maiduguri and is designed to open up a great production area to the outside world.

A visitor to this town, with its obvious vitality cannot fail to observe the stately sweep of the Dandal, the Shehu's dignified palace and the Shuwa Arabs riding their oxen, in traditional manner, to the Monday market.

From February to June, it is very hot, as day temperatures often range from 94° F to 104° F. Maiduguri has an annual rainfall of 24.9 inches, the wet season being from June to October.
FURTHER INFORMATION

The authorities listed below will supply further information on request:

**Air Services**
- Nigeria Airways, Air Booking Centre, 'City Gate', Maiduguri.

**Customs and Excise**
- Customs Officer, Customs and Excise Department, Maiduguri.

**Electricity**
- Engineer and Manager, Electricity Corporation of Nigeria, Maiduguri.

**General**
- The Resident, Bornu Province, Maiduguri.

**Immigration**
- Assistant Immigration Officer, The Nigeria Police, Maiduguri.

**Maps**

**Telecommunications**
- Telecommunications Controller, Federal Ministry of Communications, Kaduna; or Telecommunications Controller, Federal Ministry of Communications, Lagos.

**Trade and Industry**
- Permanent Secretary, Ministry of Trade and Industry, Northern Region, Kaduna;
- Principal Commercial Officer, Federal Ministry of Commerce and Industry, Kano;
- Permanent Secretary, Federal Ministry of Commerce and Industry, Lagos;
- Agent-General for the Northern Region of Nigeria, Nigeria House, 9 Northumberland Avenue, London, W.C.2;

*Photographs in this folder were supplied by the Information Division, Ministry of Information, Kaduna, Northern Nigeria.*

Printed in England by Tonbridge Printers Ltd., Tonbridge, Kent
The entrance to the Palace of the Shehu of Bornu
WHERE TO STAY

Hotels are limited and the intending visitor is advised to make early reservation and obtain written confirmation of the booking. There are two establishments particulars of which are:

**Government Catering Rest House**
- Accommodation: 12 double and 4 single chalets.
- Telephone: Maiduguri 44.
- Telegrams: Restotel, Maiduguri.

**Racecourse Hotel**
- Accommodation: 20 double and 60 single rooms.
- Telephone: Maiduguri 116.
- Telegrams: Mbonu, Maiduguri.

Charges at both centres: 30s. per person per day for full board and lodging.

BANKS

The following established banks are authorised to carry out foreign exchange transactions. Except where otherwise stated, the hours for normal business are from 8 a.m. to 1 p.m. Mondays to Fridays and from 8 a.m. to 11 a.m. on Saturdays.

**African Continental Bank Limited**
- 4 Sudan Avenue.
- Nigeria Head Office: 74 King George Avenue, Yaba.
- Correspondents in London and New York.
- Business hours:
  - Mondays to Fridays 8 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. 2.30 p.m. to 4.30 p.m.
  - Saturdays 8 a.m. to 12.30 p.m.

**Bank of West Africa Limited**
- Trading Layout, Plot No. 30, Tywit Street.
- Nigeria Head Office: Marina, Lagos.
- Correspondents throughout the world.

**Barclays Bank D.C.O.**
- Plot 10A, Trading Layout.
- Nigeria Head Office: 40 Marina, Lagos.
- London Head Office: 54 Lombard Street, E.C.3.
- Branches or affiliates throughout the world.
WATER

The Regional Ministry of Works is responsible for water supply in Maiduguri. The present capacity is 400,000 gallons per day.

The rates are:—

**Domestic:** Free at present but a flat rate of 15s. per month is charged in the Government residential area.

**Business:** Free at present.

ELECTRICITY

The Electricity Corporation of Nigeria is the sole authority in Maiduguri for the generation and supply of electricity. The present capacity of generating plant is 700 kWs but this is being increased to 950 kWs. Medium voltage supplies are in all cases 400/230 volts, 50 cycles per second, with high voltage distribution at 6,600 volts.

Consumer services are normally 230 volts single phase but 400 volts three-phase services are installed for power and commercial consumers.

**Tariff:**

**Business:** A monthly demand charge, based on a maximum demand by the consumer, of 3s. per 100 VA up to 10 kVA. Above 10 kVA, this is applied on a standing scale which reduces to a minimum charge of 13s. 4d. per kVA for loads in excess of 1,000 kVA in addition to a running unit charge of 5d. per unit.

**Domestic:** The unit charge is 5d. per unit. In addition, there is a monthly fixed charge (minimum 5s.) based on the area of the premises. The average fixed charge on an executive type house is 25s. to 35s. per month.

The wide road leading to the Palace

AMENITIES

The shops are mainly branches of the large expatriate trading firms established in Nigeria. Most normal requirements and a fair range of good quality imported goods may be obtained. The stores are generally open on week-days between 8 a.m. and 12 noon or 12.30 p.m., and, except on Saturdays, from 2 to 4.30 p.m.

There are social and sports clubs which cater for a variety of tastes, including tennis, polo and swimming. There is a racecourse where meetings are held from time to time, and a open air cinema. There are no taxis but car hire service can be provided by some transporters. The United Africa Company of Nigeria Limited maintains a servicing station. Maiduguri is well served with petrol filling stations, a number of which provide an all-night service.

Churches of the main denominations are to be found. There is no newspaper published in Maiduguri but copies of the Nigerian and British national newspapers are obtainable. Medical services are provided by the Government hospital.

TRADE

Maiduguri derives its commercial importance mainly from its location at the centre of a groundnut producing area. Groundnuts, the chief export crop of the town, are carried by road to the railhead at Jos. Hides and skins, particularly reptile skins, are the chief secondary exports.

A number of well-known companies are already established, and there is a flourishing trade in consumer goods between the town and the Republic of Chad. The commercial importance of Maiduguri will be greatly enhanced when it becomes the terminus of the Bornu railway extension. Already a new industrial and commercial development area has been laid out near the site of the railway terminus, and applications for plots in the area can now be considered by the appropriate Regional authorities.
class except for a sandy stretch between Bama and Gwoza. It joins the road which runs southwards to Yola and the Southern Cameroons. The third road runs south of Lake Chad to Fort Lamy in Chad.

Distances from Maiduguri to the principal towns are:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Miles</th>
<th>Miles</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Kano</td>
<td>373</td>
<td>Jos</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yola</td>
<td>270</td>
<td>Ibadan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lagos</td>
<td>1,044</td>
<td>Enugu</td>
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<tr>
<td>Kaduna</td>
<td>543</td>
<td>Port Harcourt</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**RAIL**

The railway extension to Maiduguri is expected to be completed by 1963.

**POSTAL SERVICES**

**External.** There are no direct overseas postal services from Maiduguri, but first-class mail is sent twice weekly by air to Jos, Zaria, Lagos and Kano to connect with the international airlines; and surface mail is despatched once a week by road to Jos.

**Internal.** Mail is charged at surface rates but may be carried by air within Nigeria at the discretion of the postal authorities. Postal and Money Orders are valid in the United Kingdom and other British Commonwealth countries. British Postal Orders may be cashed in Nigeria.

The Post Office is situated along the trunk road leading to Jos.

**ROAD**

Maiduguri is served by three main roads. One trunk road runs to Kano, joined at Kari by the Bauchi—Jos road. The roads to Kano and Jos are completely tarred and in good condition. Another road runs through Bama to the Cameroun boundary at Dar-EI-Jamal which, though a dry season road, is first-

**TELECOMMUNICATIONS**

Maiduguri has a manual telephone exchange which provides a local service throughout the day. Trunk connections to several towns in Nigeria are provided from 7 a.m. to 5 p.m. Inland and overseas telegrams are accepted at the Post Office between the hours of 8 a.m. and 5 p.m.
When we arrived in Maiduguri, the Hausa traders were right behind us! By the end of my stay, I had bought many handcrafted items including leather poufs, handcarved wooden masks, little “Kano silver” bowls, small brass animals, lovely glass bead necklaces from Bida, a talking drum, musical gourd instruments, statues carved from ebony, and some wonderful ivory pieces including the most beautiful night light on the planet. (See Page 49)

We didn’t know that elephants were being slaughtered for their ivory and left for dead. The ivory trade was still legal. We didn’t know that the ebony tree would become an endangered species, and that forty years later possible extinction would be estimated at 20-30 years in Tanzania. In 2001 there were an estimated 3 million ebony trees left in Tanzania, 600,000 of which were suitable for harvesting, and a 20-30,000 tree per year extraction rate. In Kenya only a few pockets of mpingo [African ebony] remained, so that many wood carving centers have become dependent on supplies from Tanzania. (www.american.edu/TED/ebony.htm) Ebony heartwood is one of the most intensely black woods known, which, combined with its very high density, fine texture, and ability to polish very smoothly, has made it very valuable as an ornamental wood. It has a long history of use, with carved pieces found in Ancient Egyptian tombs. As a result of unsustainable harvesting, ebony is now an endangered species. Modern uses are largely restricted to small sizes, particularly in musical instrument making, including piano keys, and violin and guitar finger boards, pegs and chinrests. Traditionally, the black pieces in chess were made from ebony, with holly wood (of similar texture, but white) being used for the white pieces. (http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ebony) At least my lovely brown and green Bida bead necklaces were crafted from melted beer bottle glass. Now that’s recycling at its best! Bida beads are now selling on the internet at $1 per bead. (www.beadcollector.net/tradingpost/index.php? a=2&b=199)
Bargaining With the Hausa Traders

If you are a survivor of the American car-buying ritual where the salesman keeps jumping up and running out of the little room, allegedly to discuss your latest pathetic offer with his invisible boss, then you would be a happy Hausa trader customer. In the case of the car purchase, we are usually annoyed by all those time-consuming shenanigans. But the Hausa trader will not respect you if you pay the first ridiculous price he asks. Probably neither will the car dealer. They’ll both be happy to take your money, and then they’ll enjoy a good laugh at your expense behind your back.

Let’s pretend a Hausa trader comes to your door, and lays out his wares on your driveway before you can stop him. You fall in love with a beautiful carving, and you both know that it’s worth about $50. Here’s how the bargaining might go:

You: How much is that carving?
Trader: Oh, that’s a beautiful carving, all made by hand. How much do you offer me for it?
You: I’ll give you 25 cents.
Trader: Oh, no, it is worth a lot more than that — at least $800 dollars.
You: $800? Well, I’ll give you $5
Trader: OK, for you I’ll cut the price to $500
You: $20
Trader: $250
You: No, I really don’t like it that much. (You turn to go back into your house.)
Trader: Wait! My best price is $100.
You: No, I really don’t want it.
Good-bye. (You open the door and start to go into the house.)
Trader: How about $50?
You: Done!

Keep in mind that the Hausa trader will never sell at a loss. You are not cheating him; you are participating in an ancient ritual that is all part of the game. Keep the Hausa trader in mind the next time you want to buy a car. You’ll be amazed at how quickly the price will drop if you get up and walk out of the room.
My 12” tall ivory carving. When I bought it, it was wired to be a night light with a long thin bulb rattling around inside, but after many years, I removed the wiring and displayed it as the work of art that it is.

My Kanuri girl, wearing the traditional Kanuri clothing.

Inkpots like this one were often used by men who sat by the side of the road, copying scripture from the Koran.

Young boy, carved from ebony.
In 1968, this Nigerian mask almost set our brand new house on fire in Miller Place on Long Island. We foolishly hung it on the brick wall above the fireplace, its long raffia beard just waiting for some flames to come too close. Then I put a big folded refrigerator carton into the fireplace and set it on fire in order to get rid of it. To my horror, as it burned, the box began to open up. It knocked the firescreen off the hearth onto the rug and the flames leapt up into the raffia which caught fire instantly, threatening the adjacent curtains. Joe pulled down the burning mask and beat out the flames with a blanket. All was saved, but the mask was relegated to a bottom drawer for many years after that. Three children and three houses later, after Joe and I had retired from teaching and moved to Florida, I replaced the raffia; the mask was given a place of honor again on our livingroom wall. The inverted V at the top began to deteriorate, so I brought it to a local woodcarver. For $50 he replaced the V so that the repair is invisible unless you know where to look. I didn’t bargain with that woodcarver any more than I would have bargained with the surgeon who did my appendectomy in Enugu in 1963. But that’s another story. This mask was my inspiration for a short story that begins on the next page. I participated in the Long Island Writing Project for teachers in the early eighties when we lived in Medford and where, incidentally, we had two neighbors, Pat and Marty, who were the excellent parents of eight children. Turn the page...
THE BETTER PART OF THE BARGAIN
by BarbaraLee Purcell

I sat there amid the unopened cardboard cartons in our empty livingroom and stared down at the lovely old African mask in my lap. I knew I had to get rid of it as soon as possible.

I could still see the wizened face of Mahmud, the Hausa trader who had come to my house on the school compound peddling his wares so long ago. He always carried them in large, carefully wrapped bundles slung across the back of his burro, and he always unwrapped them and set them out very precisely on the cement floor of the veranda.

"This good mask, Madame."

I took the gleaming black mask he held out to me. Its beard of brilliant orange and yellow raffia streamed to the ground. I moved my hands over the smooth black contours of the face and fingered the full lips that urged themselves beyond the gently rounded cheeks. It stirred me in a vaguely sensuous way and I thought I could see just the slightest trace of a smile.

"Mahmud, this mask ba kyau! There's a scratch on the side. It's not worth more than one pound."

"One pound? No, no Madame." Toothy grin. "This mask very special. I say ten pounds." That was about thirty dollars in those days.

"Good price, Madame. I give you good price."
My first offer was ridiculously low, and we both knew it. His first price was preposterously high and we both knew that too. It was the ancient bargaining ritual that he expected me to engage in. I had heard rumors that the Hausa traders in Kano laughed at the Americans there because they always paid the first price and never bargained.

I shook my head and gave it back to him, pretending to be interested in something else.

"Madame, this mask is magic...bring you many babies." He smiled.

Was this a new kind of sales pitch? Never before had he claimed that anything was magic. He knew me better than that. Had he forgotten that I was an educated woman and beyond these primitive superstitions?

I laughed. "I hope it brings me a good husband first, Mahmud! I don’t need any babies right now...and I don’t think I’ll ever need many babies."

"You are in need of a husband, Madame?" It was a very practical question. After all, in his culture, some of the women were already grandmothers at the age of twenty four. If he wasn’t a matchmaker himself, he probably could have gotten a commission from someone who was.

I laughed again. "Mahmud, I am not in need of a husband right now, but I’ll give you two pounds for the mask, and that’s my final offer!" It was understood that there were usually several final offers.
"Eight pounds is a good price, Madame."
"Two pounds, Mahmud."
"Six. Six pounds, Madame."
"Two pounds ten."

He pretended to be insulted. "Madame, this mask make beautiful magic for you. You give five pounds last price, Madame."

"Three pounds and no more!" I exclaimed with feigned exasperation.

"Five pounds, Madame." He feigned patience.

"No. Three pounds." I had fully expected to go as high as four.

"OK, Madame. I like you. I give you for three pounds."

I accepted the mask from him then, a little uneasily because he had stopped bargaining so suddenly. Perhaps the scratch was deeper than it looked. I was still amused that he had told me it was magic. Did he really believe in that fertility superstition, or was he just practicing a new approach? He would probably go back to his village and have a good laugh with his cronies about how he had put one over on me again. I didn’t care. The mask was mine... and I was sure I had gotten the better part of the bargain.

After I came back to the States and married Jim, it was a wonderful conversation piece hanging above our brick fireplace until one winter evening when the straw beard got badly singed. I had put it into my sewing drawer then, promising myself to repair it as soon as I had time.
With two young sons and the first set of twins on the way, I never did find the time, and probably would have forgotten about it entirely had it not fallen out of the drawer during our move into this house.

I looked down at the mask again. Had the smile always been so generous? Perhaps it was my imagination...but I thought I remembered it as just a hint of a smile. Now it was such an infectious grin that I found myself smiling, too -- as if there were some private joke that we shared together. It was then that all doubt vanished, and I knew I had to get rid of it. I knew that our attempts at birth control would never succeed and I finally understood why even Jim's vasectomy had failed.

A yard sale. That was the only solution. I couldn't hack the mask up for kindling, and I didn't want it to gather dust in some eclectic antique shop. There had to be someone who would put it to good use. At a yard sale, I would be able to choose its new owners myself.

My loving husband was in the kitchen, sipping coffee and munching his favorite busy-morning breakfast of peanut butter on toast.

He stopped munching and looked at me in amazement when I suggested that we have a yard sale.
"Marge, we've got enough to do around here without setting up a yard sale, for godsake! Give me a break!" Jim's brow wrinkled with irritation.

A gentle panic began to rise within me. There was no way I wanted to tell him my real reason for the sudden yard sale. I decided to hit below the belt, so to speak.

"Give you a break! What about me? I've got four kids and now two more babies bouncing around in their cribs!" I tried to calm myself. It was too early in the morning for violence.

He spoke with controlled patience. "Marge, what do the kids have to do with a yard sale?"

"Nothing...really." I backed off a bit. I couldn't bring myself to tell him the truth because he would interpret my derangement as an early warning sign of yet another pregnancy. Jim never asked me if I was crazy; he just asked if I'd skipped a period.

"Jim," I began in my most soothing tone, "why should you have to waste your time and strength storing all this stuff we don't need in the basement when you could be using that same space for the workshop you keep talking about?"

Jim downed the peanut butter toast with a big gulp of coffee. I had finally hit home.
The four older children had a great time setting up the yard sale especially since I promised that they could share in fifty percent of the proceeds. Sean and Elizabeth were the cashiers, Jeremy posted the Yard Sale signs on neighborhood telephone poles, and Mike had strict instructions to guard the mask.

When Mike's back was turned, Sean picked up the mask and peered through the eye holes at Elizabeth. He stuck his tongue through the mouth slit. "Trick or treat...Smell my feet....Give me something good to eat!"

Elizabeth laughed at Sean’s singsong, grabbed the mask from him, and danced off across the lawn, chanting, "Voodoo, voodoo, peek-a-boo! Voodoo, voodoo, peek-a-boo!" moving the mask on and off her face. Sean grabbed it back from her.

"I found it, it’s mine! Ma, tell her to give it back to me!"

"Would you kids cut it out and pretend you’re human just for today!" I yelled as our first customers wandered up the driveway.

Around noon, I found myself explaining the facts of life to an elderly couple who had come over to introduce themselves.

"A fertility mask... You know...Primitive people believe it will help them to have lots of babies."
"Well," Sarah laughed, "I guess it would be safe with us. I was never able to have children, and Abe didn’t want to adopt." Her voice trailed off. There was no way I would sell them the mask. I’d probably end up helping them with the baby -- or babies.

"It is a beautiful carving, isn’t it, Abe?" She looked at her husband.

"Yes, Sarah, but we have enough knick-knacks all over the house. Where would we put it?"

"I guess you’re right. Still, it would be beautiful with the raffia cut shorter or replaced like Marge here suggested. How much are you asking for it, dear?"

In my eagerness to escape the power of the mask, I hadn’t even thought about price, but Sarah and Abe were certainly not good candidates.

"Three hundred dollars," I blurted out. At that point, our budding friendship withered into dust.

The second admirer of the mask was Father McGuire who had stopped by to see how the move was going. He had a surprisingly open mind about planned parenthood, but I think he felt somewhat smug when our little breakdowns occurred. "The Lord will find a way," was one of his favorite comments.

He remembered the mask from the old house and knew the story of its purchase.
"Don't tell me you're selling this handy gadget," he remarked.

I smiled. "Yes, Father. The Lord will have to find a different way."

"Well now...I certainly wouldn't want it hangin' in the rectory. No tellin' what might happen." He laughed, and mercifully did not ask the price.

At last, I saw the young woman and her bespectacled husband coming up the driveway. She was very pregnant...and was immediately attracted to the mask. I knew she would buy it.

"Marty, wouldn't this be perfect on that brick wall in the kitchen?" she asked her husband.

"Pat, we came to look for baby things," he answered. We're going to need lots of them, remember? It is interesting, though." He looked at me.

"Did it have any special function?" he asked. He was probably an anthropologist...or maybe an archeologist.

"It's supposed to be a fertility mask," I said, "but I guess you two don't have to worry about that!"

"No," he laughed. "We're really doing all right in that department!"

"We sure are," said Pat. "The doctor says it's at least twins...so there'll be one for each of us." She smiled at him.

"At least twins?" I repeated. How could I allow them to buy the mask? It was a simple case of self defense. It
was either them...or me.

"You mean, it might be more than two?" I asked.

"The doctor says it might be three!

"Three!" I gasped. "How will you cope?" For once, I managed not to reveal that I was an expert in the art of juggling two at once. The mere thought of three or four left me speaking in tongues!

"Well," offered the young woman confidentially, "as soon as we’re sure they’re healthy, I’m going to have my tubes tied." I could tell that there was no doubt in her mind that that would do the trick.

"Yes," I said, "That sounds like a good plan....Just be sure the doctor knows his knots!"

Everyone laughed.

"And if it doesn’t work, we can always blame it on the mask!" Marty added, obviously pleased with his own little joke. It was good that he had a sense of humor.

"You’re absolutely right," I said.

"How much do you want for it?" Pat asked.

This time, I was ready.

"Two dollars," I said firmly, but not too firmly. I would have gladly paid them to take it, but I had to adhere to the ancient yard sale ritual, so instead, I threw in two boxes of fourth hand baby clothes. The mask was theirs...and they were sure they had gotten the better part of the bargain.
The ivory is beautiful, but not as beautiful or as wonderful as an elephant.

Two small ivory figurines

The Virgin Mary, ivory carving who met with an accident and was poorly repaired years ago. The back view shows the barely visible grain of the ivory.

Ebony carving of old man with a walking stick. He greets everyone who comes through our front door.

Madonna and child ivory carving.
15 December 2003... There is more illegal ivory than elephants in three key ivory trading countries in West Africa, according to a new report launched today by TRAFFIC, the wildlife trade monitoring network and WWF, the conservation organization.

TRAFFIC investigators visited nine cities in Nigeria, Ivory Coast and Senegal and found more than 4000 kg [8818 pounds] of ivory on public display -- a volume that represents the ivory of more than 760 elephants. According to recent IUCN data there may not be any more than 543 elephants in these countries.

"These studies show just a snapshot of the problem," said Tom Milliken, director of TRAFFIC East/Southern Africa and co-author of the report. "When we factor in all of the uncontrolled manufacturing, buying and selling over a year, these numbers climb to frightening dimensions."

The TRAFFIC report More Ivory than Elephants: Domestic Ivory Markets in Three West African Countries highlights that these unregulated markets are the principal forces driving elephant poaching. Much of the ivory found on sale came from the war torn Democratic Republic of Congo, Cameroon, Central African Republic and Gabon. These countries make up Africa’s most troubled region for elephant conservation. The principal buyers of this ivory are ex-patriates, tourists and business people from Europe (France and Italy), the Far East (China and Korea), the USA, and even diplomatic staff in some instances.

The report also found that inadequate legislation and poor law enforcement in Nigeria, Ivory Coast and Senegal are threatening the survival of elephants in these countries and Central Africa. All three governments are in breach of ivory market control requirements under international regulations governing the trade in endangered wildlife species (CITES). Furthermore, the wildlife authorities responsible for implementing CITES are systematically barred from the ports of entry and exit.

"Not only is there a lack of political will to implement CITES, allowing traders to act with immunity from prosecution, corruption is preventing effective controls on the ivory trade," said Dr Susan Lieberman, head of WWF Species programme. "It is time that Nigeria, Ivory Coast and Senegal took concrete steps to effectively implement CITES in their countries."

The report says the situation in Nigeria is the most alarming, with higher volumes of ivory identified than in a previous undercover survey carried out in 1999. This country is already facing possible sanctions under CITES because of concerns about its ivory trade. If Nigeria fails to comply with CITES requirements to regulate internal trade in ivory by March 2004, it could find that all legal trade in CITES listed wildlife species to and from the country is suspended.

TRAFFIC and WWF hope that the findings of the surveys will prompt governments to take urgent and positive action to bring the domestic ivory trade under control in these countries.


Tracking the illegal ivory trade

Genetic test of ivory source could help thwart elephant poachers

Despite the international ban on selling African elephant ivory, poaching is still widespread. Law enforcers may soon have a new tool for cracking down on elephant poachers: a genetic analysis of ivory can help show which part of Africa it came from.

"[This method] enables determination of where stronger antipoaching efforts are needed and provides the basis for monitoring the extent of the trade," say Kenine Comstock and Elaine Ostrander of the Fred Hutchinson Cancer Research Center in Seattle, Washington, and Samuel Wasser of the University of Washington in Seattle in the December issue of Conservation Biology.

African elephants dropped from 1.3 million to 600,000 during the 1980s, and international trade in their ivory was banned in 1989 by CITES (the Convention on International Trade in Endangered Species). But poaching still continues and last year the Singapore government seized 6.5 tons of ivory, the largest seizure in the history of the ivory trade. "The flow of illegal ivory appears to have markedly increased in the past year," says Wasser. One of the problems is that poachers can be hard to spot, especially in the forests of Central Africa.

To help track the source of illegal ivory, Comstock and her colleagues extended a genetic test they had developed that can distinguish blood and tissue samples of elephants from different parts of Africa. The test can distinguish forest elephants from savanna elephants, and can even distinguish elephants from different part of the savanna (such as north-central savanna and eastern-southern savanna). Depending on where the elephants came from, the test is 80- 95% accurate.

The researchers adapted their genetic test to ivory, using African elephant tusks that were at least 10-20 years old. Even though tusks are teeth, they still contain some DNA and the researchers found that a small amount of ivory (120 mg, or a cubic centimeter) was enough for the test.

Being able to track the origin of illicit African elephant ivory could help law enforcers pinpoint where poaching is the heaviest, which in turn could both increase ivory seizure rates and deter poachers. In addition, several southern African countries want to relax the ivory ban because they have stores of ivory and lots of elephants. If CITES agrees, being able to track the source of ivory could show if relaxing the ban in southern Africa leads to an increase in elephant poaching in other parts of the continent. - Society for Conservation Biology.

www.scienceinafrica.co.za/2004/january/ivory.htm
Thailand's legal ivory trade a smokescreen for smuggled African tusks

BANGKOK (AFP) Oct 01, 2004
In the heart of Bangkok's bustling Chinatown, shops filled with tourist trinkets and antiques hide an illegal multi-million dollar ivory trade that environmentalists warn is destroying global elephant populations.

Inside a cluttered tourist gift shop, an AFP reporter posing as a buyer asked to see banned African ivory and after a heated debate between the shop's two owners was shown smuggled tusks apparently hacked from the head of a slaughtered elephant.

In a quiet back room filled with tall stone Buddhas and small ivory trophies, three thick lengths of part-hollow, roughly sawn ivory were laid out along with a large ornately carved tusk with an asking price of 6,000 US dollars. The shop owners made no effort to mask the difficulty of trying to export it. "You cannot take this through the airport, police will catch you," the middle-aged woman said.

"Hollow tusks indicate they (poachers) killed the elephant and ripped the whole tusk off. In Thailand they mostly just cut the tips off (a live elephant) so they do not hit the nerve which is responsible for the hollow space," said Tim Redford, of environmental group WildAid. "They have only become dependent on African tusks because Asian wild elephant stocks have already been so badly affected by poaching," he said.

Wildlife enforcers in Thailand -- home to the world's largest ivory market -- are hampered by a loophole in the law that allows buying and selling of tusks from domesticated local elephants. Environmentalists say smugglers take advantage of the law by mixing illegal African and Asian tusks with the legitimate ivory. The two types are virtually indistinguishable.

The only time officials could easily identify African tusks was when found uncarved as they are usually much larger than the Asian variety. None of it, legal or illegal, can be exported.

"As much as 99 percent of the ivory here now is poached African ivory," said Redford.

In Asia, only Myanmar allows some domestic trade in ivory but it is more regulated than in Thailand, according to international wildlife trading monitor TRAFFIC.

Conservationists want to close the loophole. They may be helped by new research published this month which suggested DNA testing of tusks could help identify the country, or even forest, where the elephant was from. They warned the trade threatened the African elephant as well as their even rarer Asian cousins -- which number as few as 34,000 -- despite a 15-year ban on the trade of their tusks.

The ivory trade ban was imposed in 1989 by the Convention on International Trade in Endangered Species (CITES) after poachers wiped out more than half of all African elephants in the 1980s, leaving a population of about 600,000. A single one-off sale was allowed in 1997 for three southern African nations. The World Wildlife Fund (WWF) said most ivory carved in Thailand
finds its way to China and Japan, Europe and the United States in the luggage of the 10 million holidaymakers who visit the kingdom every year.

"Thailand has been a key ivory carving centre for centuries and the craftsmen are skilled at carving everything from Chinese gods to Japanese name seals, which appeal to tourists," says WWF Thailand director Robert Mather.

Mather says the WWF and Thai Government have almost eradicated ivory from the windows of major tourist hotels, but souvenir shop backrooms like in Chinatown show how easy it is to trade in illegal ivory.

When the AFP reporter suggested pieces he had been shown were too small, the woman said: "That's no problem, I can take you to many more shops near here".

Thailand has made efforts to halt the illegal trade and in 2002 customs agents raided the northern Thai town of Phayuha Kiri virtually shutting down one of the world's oldest and best known ivory carving centres. Earlier this month, Thai customs police intercepted a shipment of smuggled ivory at Bangkok airport valued at an estimated 97,000 dollars. It had come via Singapore in crates marked 'carbon ceramics,' a heat-resistant material used to make ovens.

Wildlife experts say the latest seizure highlighted the need for tougher laws and consumer education ahead of this week's CITES meeting in Bangkok bringing together 166 countries.

Namibia wants to change the rules to allow it to export 2,000 kilograms (4,409 pounds) a year of raw ivory from elephants which have died naturally. But environmentalists say this will only open another loophole for smugglers to exploit.

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Kenya - Poachers are killing between 6,000 and 12,000 elephants a year to supply illegal ivory markets in Sudan - to meet growing Chinese demand, an expert said on Monday. Most of the elephants are killed in southern Sudan, Congo and the Central African Republic, with some ivory also coming from Kenya and Chad, said Esmond Martin. Martin is one of the world's foremost experts on the illegal ivory trade who recently conducted a study in Sudan on behalf of British-based Care for the Wild International. Martin introduced his findings at a news conference in Nairobi that also was addressed by Nigel Hunter, director of the Monitoring the Illegal Killing of Elephants unit of the UN organisation that regulates trade in wildlife. Hunter said he was not directly involved in Martin's study, but could endorse Martin's work.

Martin said he found 11,000 ivory products on display in 50 shops in Sudan's capital, Khartoum, and in nearby Omdurman. He also visited 150 ivory craftsmen making new products, much of it jewellery. Martin extrapolated the number of elephants being killed every year - 600 to 12,000 - from the amount of ivory seen in Khartoum and Omduram. It was difficult to determine what percentage that represented of the elephants in central Africa, where researchers have been unable to work for more than a decade, but Martin said he believed the killings were at an unsustainable rate for the central Africa elephant population.

Laws are being ignored.

Martin said the amount of ivory on the markets appeared to be increasing, as was the number of elephants dying. Despite international and Sudanese laws forbidding trade in ivory outside of internationally supervised sales, traders and craftsmen openly displayed and discussed the industry with Martin and his team during their research last month. "Practically every trader we talked to said the Sudanese national army was doing the killing in southern Sudan," Martin said. "Almost everybody we talked to said the army was the main group of people involved in the transport (of ivory from central Africa)."

The average price per kilo of quality ivory has risen from about US$45 in 1997 to US$105 now, Martin said. The average price paid in central Africa, where the elephants were killed, is US$20 a kilo, he added. "Over 75% of all of the ivory bought in Khartoum and Omdurman on the retail side is bought by Chinese people," Martin said. "They are not buying small quantities, they are buying huge quantities to take back home." There are between 3,000 and 5,000 Chinese who live and work in Sudan, mainly in the oil, mining and construction industry.

More than 50% of Africa's elephants were killed by poachers between 1979 and 1989, when an international ban on the ivory trade was introduced. That poaching was driven by economic prosperity in Japan, but the current increase in demand is a result of China's growing economy, said Hunter.

Shops throughout Khartoum advertise ivory and display items in store windows, though the Sudanese government pledged last year to crack down on the trade by March 31.

Sudanese and Chinese officials were not immediately available for comment.

www.sanwild.org/NOTICEBOARD/news2005/ILLEGALIVORYTRADETAKINGOFF.html
Small animals made from animal skin.

Oil painting

Wood mask

Inside of decorated bowl made from a calabash.

Outside of bowl.
Calabash or basket covers were fairly common offerings of the Hausa traders. It is made of palm leaf formed into an oversewn coil, Natural red and black color.

Cola Nut trees are the property of the presiding elder or chief in each village area and traditional law deems it illegal to harm a Cola Nut tree in any way. Cola Nuts are an appropriate gift when visiting an elder or chief and are a traditional stimulant which are commonly chewed, particularly when drinking Palm Wine. They are intensely bitter and are the original source of caffeine and flavoring for the drink Coca Cola.

-Bob Walker  [www.paphrag.com/PeaceCorps/AfricaFramepages/Food.]

Cola nut dance belt detail. Tie the cola nut dance belt around your waist, shake your hips, and you’ve got rhythm!
Cola Nut

**Latin name:** *Cola acuminata*

**Other names:** Bissy Nut, Gurru Nut, Kola Tree

### A Remedy For Fatigue

In addition to its role as a remedy for mental and physical fatigue, Cola Nut is chewed to suppress hunger, thirst, morning sickness, and migraine, and is ground into compresses for wounds and inflammation.

### What It Is; Why It Works

The source of Cola Nut's energizing effect is none other than common caffeine, which also tends to stimulate the digestive system, speed up the heart, and flush excess fluid from the body. The nut also contains a minute, medicinally useless amount of the asthma drug theophylline. A native of tropical Africa, the Cola tree is an evergreen that grows to a height of 50 to 65 feet. In its homeland, its nuts are used as a condiment and an aid to digestion.

### Avoid If...

Because Cola Nut stimulates production of digestive acids, avoid its use if you have a stomach or duodenal ulcer. Also, avoid giving large quantities of Cola drinks to children.

### Special Cautions

Side effects are similar to those from coffee: difficulty falling asleep, excitability, restlessness, and stomach complaints.

### Possible Drug Interactions

No interactions have been reported.

### Special Information If You Are Pregnant or Breastfeeding

No harmful effects are known.

### How To Prepare

Cola Nut is available as a dry extract, a fluid extract, an alcohol solution (tincture), and a wine.

### Typical Dosage

The customary daily doses are:

*Cola Nut:* 2 to 6 grams  
*Cola extract:* 250 to 750 milligrams  
*Cola liquid extract:* 2.5 to 7.5 grams (about one-half to 1 1/2 teaspoonfuls)  
*Cola tincture:* 10 to 30 grams (about 2 to 6 teaspoonfuls)  
*Cola wine:* 60 to 180 grams (about 1/4 to 3/4 of a cup)

Because the strength of commercial preparations may vary, follow the manufacturer's instructions whenever available. Store Cola Nut in sealed containers protected from light.

### Overdosage

An overdose of Cola tea or drinks large enough to be dangerous is highly unlikely. [www.pdrhealth.com/drug_info/nmdrugprofiles/herbaldrugs/100810.shtm](http://www.pdrhealth.com/drug_info/nmdrugprofiles/herbaldrugs/100810.shtm)
Kola nuts are important in many African societies, particularly in Western Africa. Besides the fact that Kola nuts contain caffeine and act as a stimulant and anti-depressant, they are also thought to reduce fatigue and hunger, aid digestion, and work as an aphrodisiac. In some parts of Africa, kola nuts are given as gifts to visitors entering a home, usually with some formal ceremony. Offering the kola nut is a gesture of friendship and hospitality. The kola nut ceremony is similar to the traditional American Indian peace pipe or breaking bread in a religious context. Elsewhere, before a marriage, a bag of kola nuts are often given by a groom to the parents of the bride. Kola nuts are used in rituals performed by religious healers. Besides the ceremonial uses, many Africans consume kola nuts regularly, even daily, for the medicinal effects described above. Kola nuts are a common sight in African markets in cities and villages. They are often sold by street vendors at bus and train depots. On a train or bus, a traveler with a kola nut will often offer a piece to the others nearby, whether he knows them or not.

Kola nuts are consumed by breaking them open and into pieces, then chewing the kola nut pieces as one chews gum. Most people find the taste very bitter, especially at first. Sometimes a knife is needed to cut the nut into pieces. The stimulative effect is similar to a strong cup of coffee.

www.congocookbook.com/c0177.html

Above are two chok’ali or spoons made from gourds. The k sound is glottalized like a click in the back of your throat. To the left is a bowl, inside and outside, made from a calabash gourd.
Cowrie shells were the most popular currency within Africa. Pictures of cowrie shells adorned cave walls. The Egyptians considered them to be magical agents and also used them as currency in foreign exchange transactions. Archaeologists have excavated millions of them in the tombs of the Pharaohs.

In the thirteenth century, cowrie shells were brought to Africa from the Maldives in the Indian Ocean by Arab traders. They first came to Egypt, then across the Sahara to the western Sudan region. Later, they were brought in by Dutch and English traders through the Guinea Coast ports of West Africa.

The Europeans were astonished that the Africans preferred cowrie shells to gold coin and in places where gold was the international unit of foreign exchange, cowrie shells were used to purchase small necessities.

Cowries were used in many other ways. One use was as special-purpose currency: bridewealth, payments for fines, divination ("the money of Ifa"), funerals, initiation into secret societies. Another was as decoration: on clothing, drums, divining chains, headdresses, ritual masks and furniture, and in games and in computation. This small shell embodies every component of animism, its mystic quality, valued for their durability, symbolizing fertility, used as burial offering, fortune telling, talisman in rite of passage.

The most popular currency within Africa. Pictures of cowrie shells drawn by the Paleolithic African appear on cave walls. The ancient Egyptians considered the cowries shells a magic agent, a talisman of fertility and in some cases used them as currency in foreign exchange. Archaeologists have excavated millions of them in the tombs of the pharaohs.

Numbers

The Akin of Ghana associates the Queen mother with three and the king with four. They consider the odd numbers 3, 5, and 7 to be favorable in divination. When a person is in trouble he is likely to seek advice from the diviner. The diviner’s equipment includes four cowries shell in which he rolls out the shells and examines their positions. If four land with the open down, the prediction is most favorable.
Barter
In some societies barter was the basis for trade, while in others the currency became standardized in the form of beads, bracelets, iron, metals items, etc. the materials used as currency usually connected with Nyama. The cowry shell was mostly accepted for barter or currency.

How were cowries shell handled?
Cowries were counted out in groups of five, while along the coast they were pierced and threaded, generally in strings of forty. In areas where cowries were not strung, their use depended upon a rapid method of grouping them in successively higher units. In Nigeria trade was carried on by both men and women.

Counting Cowries
Some systems of reckoning were expanded. Because of the demands of cowrie counting often a special system of numeration was used just for cowrie shell arithmetic. In quick counting, the Ewe removed twenty times three cowries and added ten which give (20X3) +10=70 cowries. The Igbo people had a unique system of cowrie equivalents with a special nomenclature. First the shells were counted out by six and then ten groups of six were combined to form piles of sixty cowries.

Government records
The fabulous gold wealth of the Asante kingdom belonged to the monarch and his subordinates were required to report their transaction. The Asantehenes and his treasurers kept accurate accounts balancing and every twenty days with the aid of cowrie shells to tally their sums.

Game Of Chance
Market day recreation game, from two to a dozen might participate in the version. The players squat in a circle, each with a stack of cowries in front of him to serve as his bank. The challenger tosses his handful so that the shells spread as they fall. Winning or losing depended upon the combination of cowries falling with the opening up or down.

For the Yoruba of Nigeria, the cowrie shells surrounding the face of the dancer symbolize the affluence and power of the lineage that the masquerade honors and it also signifies prosperity. The most important thing on the Yoruba crowns of the 18th century was to cover it with cowrie shells. Also among the Yoruba, particular ceremonial occasions required cowrie shell payments such as funerals and initiation into securest societies along with certain fines as adornment. Cowrie shells are everywhere on clothing, drums, divider chains, headdresses, ritual masks and furniture.

The Cameroon
Cowries were used as a sign of wealth and prestige, especially on royal thrones, adornment, crowns, beadwork and musical instruments.

The Democratic Republic of the Congo
Cowrie shells are featured in beadwork, because of the white color which is an indicator of wealth; cowries are used extensively on clothing and luxury objects, only the king is allowed to wear cowries in bulk.

Taboos
There were some African cultures that the counting of African and domestic animals and valuable possessions would lead to their destruction. To circumvent the taboo, counting was done indirectly. For example, in the kingdom of Benin a message would be sent by the chief announcing that the Nyama threatened disaster to the crops and livestock, unless the people did as he asked. Every man and woman was to bring to the place a cowrie shell for each animal he or she owned. First he or she must touch the animal with the cowrie shell, to transfer the danger to the shell and then deposit the shells in separate piles for sheep, goats and cattle.

The Dogon of Mali
Central to the Dogon cosmology is the number eight. In the beginning were the four sets of twins representing the eight ancestors, the eight elders as the original of mankind and the eight men, the eight seeds and the eight joints. In the outline of the African’s Nyama, made at every birth by the Nummo’s Nyama, eight cowries shell are put in place of each hand and foot.

Depreciation of the cowry shell currency
Europeans were able to manipulate the value of the cowries by bringing large quantities of the shells into Africa at small cost to themselves. Beginning in the sixteenth century as cowries depreciated in value, it became too expensive to transport them from one market to the next. Prices might still be quoted in terms of cowries, but the actual transactions for high-valued items were carried out in gold dust, kola nuts, salt, iron, copper, brass, livestock, etc.

Cowries in the Twentieth Century
By no means did cowries shells disappear after the British government introduced coinage. Cowries were an integral part of daily life in many regions of Africa for use as a tool of Nyama and special purpose currency. In the 1920’s the Igbo people kept them in circulation, particularly in the inland areas. In the Yoruba and Nupa territory they reappeared during the severe depression of the 1930’s. In 1942 payment in some parts of Nigeria were expressly in cowries, rather than in coinage. Although the use of cowries as ordinary currency has been discouraged or outlawed these small shells have a function as special-propose money as bride wealth and for various ceremonial payments.

Today the cowry shell is used in perhaps the same ways as our ancestors have used them. They can be found in contemporary jewelry, clothing, hairstyles, contemporary art, etc.

www.mbad.org/cowrie.htm
Cowrie Snails in Their Natural Habitats

Cowrie snail, about 20 times actual size.

**Cowrie Snail** *Cypraea comptoni*

Beautiful, yet shy and elusive in habit, cowrie snails can be found on reefs in the park, *in the State of Victoria in Australia* feeding on sponges living on the underside of rocks. The snail can draw its skin-like mantle over its distinctive shell, the colour of the mantle assisting with camouflage. This *above* is one of the smaller cowries of the 77 found in Australian waters, being only 25 millimetres in length. It lays its eggs in a depression in the rocks, and then protects them until they hatch by 'sitting' on them.

[Chestnut cowry, mantle exposed to completely cover](www.oceanlight.com/lightbox.php?sp=cypraea_spadicea)
The N50 note was introduced in 1991. Ornamental patterns, geometric motifs adapted from Nigerian traditional art forms are intricately combined and colors have been chosen to ensure beauty, distinctiveness and clear identification.

The main feature in the front is the hand engraved portraits of four Nigerians, three men and a woman, superimposed on the map of Nigeria.

The main feature in the back is a hand engraved vignette that depicts farming in its two aspects of cultivating and harvesting. The right top corner value is on two cowrie shells. Cowrie shells were once a medium of exchange in the country.

www.cenbank.org/currencymgt/N50.

Exchange Rates  Dollar / Naira 2006

$ 1.00 USD = 132 Nigerian Naira (NGN)
$ 100 USD = 12,850 NGN

1  NGN = .007 USD
50  NGN = .389 USD
100 NGN = .778 USD

http://finance.yahoo.com/currency/convert?amt=100&from=USD&to=NGN&submit=Convert
These calabashes were in great abundance in Nigeria because people used them to carry or store grain, yams, mangoes, cola nuts, or whatever foodstuffs they wanted to bring to the marketplace to sell. I bought mine purely for decorative purposes, and they have been living a life of luxury for forty-three years, doing nothing but hanging on the wall, or resting in a bookcase. The decorations in my calabashes were burned into the gourds by the artisan after the insides were removed. They have calmly survived all the moves I have made on my own and with my family during these years. You would think that because they are made from living gourds that they would have turned to dust after all this time. However, they seem to me to be just as they were the day I bought them. Wish I could say the same for myself! They will eventually biodegrade, but I suspect that it will take a few more generations.
The calabash tree grows wild in Mexico, Central and South America. It has simple leaves and its gourd-like fruits are up to ten inches in diameter. Their flowers develop from buds that literally grow out of the main trunk and limbs. Calabash trees are commonly pollinated by small bats. According to Daniel Janzen (1983), the pollen is in the dorsal (upper) side of the flower and is placed on the head and shoulders of the bat. After pollination the spectacular calabash fruits begin to develop along the trunk and limbs. A crop of 100 or more of these large, green, gourd-like spheres may adorn the tree for up to seven months, before turning yellow-green and eventually falling to the ground. On the lovely Caribbean island of Dominica, Carib Indians carve elaborate designs into the woody gourds during this "softer" green stage. Because the gourds are so large and hard-shelled, no native New World herbivores can crack them open, and the rotting gourds litter the ground beneath old calabash trees. It is well documented that horses can break open the hard shell with their mouth and eat the sweet pulpy mass inside, dispersing the seeds in their dung. In Africa, large woody pods of other species are quickly devoured by large herbivores. (Excerpted from: http://waynesword.palomar.edu/plmay99.htm)
I lent my drum to this student who played it with such conviction that he had to replace one of the drumheads. After I had it in the US for several years, it needed another new drumhead, probably from not being played very often. The unusual sound that comes from the drum is made by squeezing on the leather cords immediately after striking the drumhead. This tightens the heads and varies the pitch, producing a boing sound like a timpanist tuning up. If I wanted to buy another one today, I could order it online. Apparently, it would be shipped to the US from Ghana in West Africa. (Normal shipping is a mere $5.95 if you can wait 2.5 to 5 weeks, or Priority Premium shipping is $20.95.)

Although my drum is a talking drum, it is used for ceremonies and festivals, not for long distance messaging. If you care to delve more deeply into the talking drum world, read on...

Description: Bomukasa Limited presents this handcrafted dondo drum, its hourglass figure veiled in cords of fishermen's thread, strung tautly to tune the opposing goatskin drumheads. Various tribes in Ghana employ the dondo, and this particular example is representative of the Hausa people. It has an influential sound when accompanying other instruments because the hollow body of tweneboa wood resonates powerfully. A striking acquisition for any rhythmic collection. Includes a curved beater stick.

Price: $97.95
Shipping: $5.95 or $20.95
Shipping Weight: 3.5 pounds
Dimensions: 9.1” Diam. x 18.1” H
www.novica.com/itemdetail/index.cfm?pid=42522&AID=7089892
Developed and used by cultures living in forested areas, drums served as an early form of long distance communication, and were used during ceremonial and religious functions. In Africa, New Guinea and the tropical America, natives used drum telegraphy to communicate with each other from far away for centuries. When European expeditions came into the jungles to explore the primeval forest, they were surprised to find that the message of their coming and their intention was carried through the woods a step in advance of their arrival.

Among the most famous talking drums are the drums of West Africa, where they were invented. From regions known today as Nigeria and Ghana they spread across West Africa and to America and the Caribbean during the slave trade. There they were banned because they were being used by the slaves to communicate over long distances in a code unknown to their enslavers.

Talking drums are part of a family of hourglass-shaped pressure drums. The drum heads at either end of the drum's wooden body are made from hide, fish-skin or other membranes which are wrapped around a wooden hoop. Leather cords or thongs run the length of the drum's body and are wrapped around both hoops; when these cords are squeezed under the drummer's arm, the drum heads tighten, changing the instrument's pitch. While this type of instrument can be modulated quite closely, its range is limited to a gathering or marketplace, and it is primarily used in ceremonial settings. Ceremonial functions could include dance, rituals, storytelling and communication of points of order. Some of the variations of the talking drum among West African tribes:

**Tama** (Wolof of Senegal); **Gan gan, Dun Dun** (Yoruba of Nigeria); **Dondo** (Ashanti of central Ghana); **Lunna** (Dagomba of northern Ghana); **Kalangu** (Hausa of northern Nigeria and Niger)

In the 20th Century the talking drums have become a part of popular music in West Africa, especially in the music genres of Jùjú (Nigeria) and Mbalax (Senegal).

Message drums, or more properly slit gongs, with hollow chambers and long narrow openings that resonate when struck, are larger all wood instruments hollowed out from a single log. Variations in the thickness of the walls would vary the tones when struck by heavy wooden drum sticks. While some were simple utilitarian pieces they could also be highly elaborate works of sculpture while still retaining their function. Often there are small stands under each end of the drum to keep it off of the ground and let it vibrate more freely.

These drums were made out of hollowed logs. The bigger the log, the louder sound would be made and thus the farther it could be heard. A long slit would be cut in one side of the tree trunk. Next, the log would be hollowed out through the slit, leaving lips (wooden ledges) on each side of the opening. A drum could be tuned to produce a lower note and a higher note. For that it would need to be hollowed out more under one lip than under the other. The drum's lips are hit with sticks, beating out rhythms of high and low notes. Many message drums are kept in a shed so that they don't get rained on.

Under ideal conditions, the sound can be understood at 8 km (5 miles), but interesting messages usually get relayed on by the next village.
Drum language

The traditional drumming found in Africa is actually of three different types. Firstly, a rhythm can represent an idea (or signal). Secondly it can repeat the profile of a spoken utterance or thirdly it can simply be subject to musical laws.

Drum communication methods are not languages in their own right; they are based on actual natural languages. The sounds produced are conventionalized or idiomatic signals based on speech patterns. The messages are normally very stereotyped and context-dependent. They lack the ability to form new combinations and expressions.

In central and east Africa, drum patterns represent the stresses, syllable lengths and tone of the particular African language. In tone languages, where syllables are associated with a certain tone, some words are only distinguished only by their suprasegmental profile. Therefore, syllable drum languages can often communicate a message using the tonal phonemes alone.

In certain languages, the pitch of each syllable is uniquely determined in relation to each adjacent syllable. In these cases, messages can be transmitted as rapid beats at the same speed as speech as the rhythm and melody both match the equivalent spoken utterance.

Misinterpretations can occur due to the highly ambiguous nature of the communication. This is reduced by context effects and the use of stock phrases. For example, in Jabo, most stems are monosyllabic. By using a proverb or honorary title to create expanded versions of an animal, person's name or object, the corresponding single beat can be replaced with a rhythmic and melodic motif representing the subject. In practice not all listeners understand all of the stock phrases; the drum language is understood only to the level of their immediate concern. Some peoples such as the Melanesians extend this idea further by freely inventing signs to make up their drum signals. This is in sharp contrast to the Efik tribe of Nigeria who use notes which exactly correspond to the tones of their morphemes. Different still is the Ewe language found in Togo, where only full sentences and their combinations are translated into the drum language. No smaller units are used; a sound picture represents a whole thought. This is similar to the Tangu tribe of New Guinea, where signals represent phrases, the mnemonics of which are parts of song melodies, quasi-poetic rhythms or purely personal rhythms.

When a drum is used in speech mode, it is culturally defined and depends on the linguistic/cultural boundaries. Therefore, communication suffers from translation problems as in vocal communication. There is no international drum language. [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Jungle_drums](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Jungle_drums)

Drums have often symbolized the power of a traditional political leader, and skilled drummers ("onigangan" in Yoruba) have held considerable status in these west African communities.

One of the unique features of the instruments is their ability to closely imitate the rhythms and intonations of spoken language. In the hands of skilled performers, they can reproduce the sounds of proverbs or praise songs through a specialized "drum language" - their dialogue can be easily understood by a knowledgeable Yoruba audience. Whether accompanying dances or sending messages, the sound of these instruments can carry many miles. Specific talking drum patterns and rhythms are also closely linked with *ogun*, or spiritual beings associated with the traditional Yoruba belief system originally celebrated in Nigeria and parts of Ghana. This religion (and its instrumentation and rhythmic patterns) spread to South and Central America, regions of the Caribbean and the United States during the era of the slave trade. Because of the perceived potential of talking drums to "speak" in a tongue unknown to slave traders and thus to incite rebellion, these and other drums were once banned from use by African Americans in the United States.

In Ghana, West Africa, Akan communities also highly regard a drummer who play the "atumpan", or Akan form of the talking drum. As J.H. Kwabena Nketia explains;

"he is considered the greatest of all drummers because of the breadth of his knowledge, the skill which his work demands and the role he plays as a leading musician in all ensembles in which the atumpan drums are used."

Atumpan are similar structurally to the dun dun and gan gan, but Akan musicians use the tension drum heads primarily to create a descending or falling pitch on drum strokes rather to produce a wide tonal language.

In the 20th Century, talking drums have become an important part of popular music in West Africa, especially in "juju", a genre which finds its roots in traditional Yoruba music, indigenous guitar bands and the British brassband heritage in Nigeria. Popular juju artists include King Sunny Ade, I.K. Dairo and Ebenezer Obey.

[www.si.umich.edu/chico/instrument/pages/tlkdrum_gnrl.html](http://www.si.umich.edu/chico/instrument/pages/tlkdrum_gnrl.html)
And then there is the *Harmattan*, a dry and dusty wind blowing south-west and west off the Sahara into the Gulf of Guinea between November and March. On its passage over the Sahara it picks up fine dust particles (between 0.5 and 10 micrometres). When the Harmattan blows hard, it can push dust and sand all the way to South America. In some countries in West Africa, the heavy amount of dust in the air can severely limit visibility and block the sun for several days, comparable to a heavy fog. The effect caused by the dust and sand stirred by these winds is known as the Harmattan Haze, and costs airlines millions in cancelled and diverted flights each year. In Niger, north of Nigeria, people say that men and animals become increasingly irritable when this wind has been blowing for n. However, the cool wind brings relief from the oppressive heat, which is why the Harmattan has earned the nickname "The Doctor."

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Harmattan

In the words of JR Bullington, 2004 Peace Corps director in Niger, the country bordering Nigeria on the north:

The persistent wind that carries all-enveloping clouds of dust from the Sahara across most of West Africa (and often well out into the Atlantic Ocean) is known as the harmattan. This year, [2004] at least in Niger, it began in early February and continued, with varying intensity, through the end of March, which is longer than we’ve experienced in past years. On some days, the harmattan dust is like a light summer haze, and on others it’s like a heavy fog, cutting visibility down to a couple of hundred yards or less. There’s no escaping it, even inside air-conditioned houses, where it leaves a daily coat of dust on everything. It irritates throats and sinuses and is held responsible (rightly or wrongly) for all sorts of illnesses from colds to meningitis. Sometimes you can even taste it. It occasionally causes airport closures and road accidents. On the positive side, the dust clouds block much of the sunlight and thus prolong the relatively moderate temperatures of Niger’s brief winter, when afternoon readings only get into the low 90s. Now, in early April, the skies are clearing; the temperatures are rising (soon to reach 110 or even 120 in mid-afternoon), and the mangos are ripening to provide a bountiful hot season treat. (www.unc.edu/depts/diplomat/archives_roll/2004_04-06/bullington_0404/bullington_0404.html)
Except for my lizard audiences and the cobra, the bat, and the chicken whom you will read about later, I had little contact with wildlife in Nigeria. Once there were elephants just barely visible for a few seconds, moving behind bushes along the road as we drove past. They disappeared into the bush so quickly that I wondered if we had imagined them. No one had imagined them a few years before when elephants had stampeded through Maiduguri, destroying everything and everyone in their path. At night, bush babies perched in the trees, their big round eyes glowing in our headlights as we drove past. Those enormous eyes belied their small size, and perhaps served to protect them from predators. One fine day I encountered a yellow scorpion in the middle of our painted red concrete livingroom floor in Maiduguri. It was about 3 inches long, tail curled up, ready to strike. It and its brethren were one of the reasons we always turned our shoes upside down and shook them out every morning before putting our feet into them. One of our students in the girls’ school, Kaku Sergeant Major Akuya, had survived a scorpion sting a few years before our arrival. It had paralyzed her to the point where it was very difficult to fit her rigid body into the vehicle where she eventually took her to the hospital where she received anti-venom. Today I probably would have tried to rescue that scorpion with my Bug Rescue Kit: One plastic container for inverting over the bug, one thin piece of cardboard for sliding under the cup and under the critter inside, and one pound of mental fortitude for ignoring those desperate little ticking sounds while running to the nearest exit and releasing the critter back into its own habitat. But I had not yet invented that kit, nor had I reached the necessary depth of compassion to even think of creating such a thing. Instant death sentence. I raised up my sandaled foot, and brought it down with all my might. Forty-three years later, I have discovered that there is such a thing as a non-venomous scorpion, and my yellow one was probably innocent.

*With its large round eyes and big ears, the bush baby is one of the most peculiar looking animals of the African bush. Capable of leaping great distances, it often appears to fly among the treetops.*


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Highly venomous

Non-venomous


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Caged leopard in Nigeria.
We did have a few incidents with the local critters. One afternoon, I heard Florence scream. I rushed into the dining room, and there was Inuwa, standing at the door to the kitchen, smiling his wonderful smile, holding up a dead 4 foot long snake. “Madame,” says he, “I killed the cobra.”

One evening, just about the time that bats are flying out of their caves listening for their dinner, Florence and I were eating our dinner. Suddenly, something flew into the dining room. It’s a bird! It’s not a bird. Eeek! It’s a bat! It’s going to get snarled in Florence’s long hair, or maybe my short hair, if we don’t get it out of here. Mayhem and madness! Enter Inuwa wielding my tennis racquet. What? Bats have sonar. Right? They are designed so they will never collide with anything. Wrong. Inuwa had a great tennis arm and... Whoosh! Down went the hapless bat, victim of Inuwa’s wicked forehand. The bat with its tiny little humanoid face was dead. Many years later, I understood the ecological consequences of our actions: the lives of the thousands of malaria-carrying anopheles mosquitoes that the bat would have consumed during its lifetime had been spared with that one swing of my tennis racquet. And the cobra’s death would increase the disease-carrying rat population.

And now for the rooster. Even today, I believe there were no ecological disasters arising from the premature death of that rooster. Once again, Inuwa was directly involved in its demise. He had bought it at the market as a future dinner for us. No refrigeration necessary. It just lived in the yard until... dinnertime. Early one morning, I was awakened by “Cock-a-doodle-doooooo!” followed by “Inuwa! Kill that rooster!” And then: Silence. Florence, in charge of cooks and noisy roosters, had issued her order from her bedroom command post. That evening we enjoyed Groundnut Stew, a delicious chicken dish made with peanuts.

One of the great things about Inuwa was that he could read. Florence would write out a recipe for him, and he would follow it accurately. We had many delicious meals of groundnut stew aka chicken with peanuts.
3 tablespoons cooking oil
2 lbs boneless skinless chicken, cut in cubes
2 tablespoons flour
1/2 teaspoon ground nutmeg
1 tablespoon chili powder
2 onions, chopped fine
2 cloves garlic, minced
1 (6 ounce) can tomato paste
1/2 cup water
1 dash hot pepper sauce (optional)
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup boiling water
1/2 cup peanut butter
1 cup chopped unsalted roasted peanuts
4 cups assorted chopped vegetables, such as zucchini, mushrooms and peppers

In a large heavy pot, heat oil.
Roll chicken in flour and brown in oil with nutmeg and chili powder.
When chicken is browned, add onions and garlic, tomato paste, water, hot sauce (if using) and salt.
Stir well.
Mix the boiling water with the peanut butter and add to pot.
Simmer covered over low heat until tender, about 45-60 minutes.
About halfway through cooking, add peanuts and chopped vegetables.
If stew is too watery, mix 2-3 tbsp of corn starch with cold water to make a thickening paste and add to stew.
Serve over a bed of rice.
10 Servings

(Adapted from www.recipezaar.com/89013: Because Inuwa included peanuts in the groundnut stews he made for us, I added 1 cup of peanuts to this recipe, and reduced the peanut butter from 1 cup to 1/2 cup.)

Recent Reviews

Katja Virtanen | my other reviews | e-mail me
I loved this recipe!!! I had eaten something very similar in an african restaurant and wanted to try to make it myself. One of my "guinea pigs" was from Nigeria and he very much approved of it! Do thanks for sharing. — Jul 13, 2004
www.recipezaar.com/89013

When the African-American festival of Kwanzaa was first envisioned, it coincided with Hannukah, Christmas, and the Winter Solstice, which all honor light coming out of darkness.

This colorful, spicy stew is a sure-fire way to bring a little warmth and light to your family’s table. It includes peanuts, called groundnuts in Africa, as well as winter squash and black-eyed peas, which are often eaten around the New Year for good luck. Served with rice as a natural accompaniment, African Groundnut Stew is a delicious and meaningful way to celebrate the rich heritage of African people.

1 tablespoon olive oil  
1 medium-size yellow onion, diced  
2 garlic cloves, minced  
1 or 2 hot or minced chiles, to your taste, seeded and chopped  
1 ½ teaspoons peeled and grated fresh ginger  
½ tablespoon light brown sugar  
¾ teaspoon ground cinnamon  
¼ teaspoon ground cumin  
1 ½ pounds winter squash, such as butternut or Buttercup, seeded, peeled, and cut into bite-size cubes (about 3 ½ cups)  
1 ½ cups water  
¼ cup creamy natural peanut butter  
Salt and freshly-ground black pepper  
1 ½ cups cooled black-eyed peas or one 15-ounce can (see Note), drained and rinsed  
½ cup chopped unsalted roasted peanuts

1. Heat the oil in a large saucepan over medium heat. Add the onion, cover, and cook, stirring a few times, until softened, about 5 minutes. Stir in the garlic, chiles, ginger, brown sugar, cinnamon, and cumin and cook for 1 minute. Add the squash and stir to coat with the spices. Add 1 ¼ cup of the water and salt and pepper to taste. Bring to a boil, then reduce the heat to low.

2. Put the peanut butter in a small bowl and slowly add the remaining ¼ cup water, stirring until smooth.

3 Stir the peanut butter mixture into the stew, cover, and simmer until the vegetables are tender, about 30 minutes. Allow 10 minutes before the end of the cooking time, add the black-eyed peas and peanuts and simmer until heated through. Before serving, taste to adjust the seasonings.

Serves 6

Note: Many people feel frozen black-eyed peas are preferable to canned because they have a fresher flavor. I’ve used both with good results, and usually it is availability that determines which one I use (dried is another option, if you have the time).
In Peace Corps training, we were warned not to eat Nigerian ice cream because the milk may not have been properly pasteurized, if at all. What Nigerian ice cream? Maybe there was some in far away Lagos, the first capital of Nigeria, but I never saw any ice cream for sale anywhere. So, one day, we decided to do it ourselves! Virginia Miller, wife of USAID staff member Ray, lent us her hand-crank ice-cream maker. We started out simply with plain vanilla ice cream. We couldn’t use the local milk or cream, so we substituted delicious sweet, thick, canned, imported condensed milk. If the recipe called for 3 eggs, we added 6 because Nigerian eggs were half the size of American eggs. I have no idea where we got the vanilla we needed; perhaps we brought it with us from the US. I don’t remember doing any cooking of a custard, but I know raw eggs were included, and uncooked, that could have meant *salmonella* poisoning. Once again, ignorance was bliss because we apparently didn’t worry about such things in those days.

Inuwa watched as we poured the creamy vanilla mixture into the center cannister, covered it, and packed ice and salt into the empty space between the cannister and the wooden sides of the freezer. After we had turned the crank around and around for a while, our do-it-yourself muscles got tired out, and so we asked Inuwa to help us. He turned and turned and turned that crank until finally, it became difficult even for him to turn it... a good sign because that meant it was freezing up and ready to eat! We opened the center cannister, and there was lovely thickened vanilla ice cream inside. We had been deprived of ice cream for a year! To us, it was manna from Heaven, but Inuwa smiled at our strange frozen “sweet,” and politely refused to take even a little taste.

Our second ice cream adventure happened a few weeks later when we decided to make pistachio ice cream. Once again, I have no idea where we obtained those red-shelled pistachio nuts, but I have discovered that they could have contained carcinogenic *aflotoxins* produced by the mould *aspergillus flavus*. Luckily we didn’t know about that either. This time, we mixed up our creamy concoction, added the pistachio nuts, some green food coloring, and poured the whole verdant mixture into the cannister. This time, however, Inuwa did not witness this part of the procedure, so when we called him to come help us, he had not seen us pour the pistachio mixture into the freezer. Turning, turning, turning... and then, Voila! More yummy ice cream! Why was Inuwa laughing? “Madame, it’s green!” Needless to say, he definitely wanted no part of tasting it.

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**Pistachio Ice Cream 2006**

2 1/2 cups Milk 1 1/4 cup Pistachios, shelled, blanched
3 Eggs 1 tablespoon Pure vanilla extract
1 cup Sugar 1 tablespoon Pure almond extract
1 cup Whipping cream, whipped

Combine the nuts, milk, eggs, and sugar in blender until it is a green smooth liquid. Pour into a saucepan. Cook over low heat until the custard thickens, about 25 minutes or so. Do not boil. Cool. When cool, add vanilla and almond extracts. Stir. Fold in whipped cream. Freeze in ice cream maker according to the manufacturer’s directions. Serves 6.

www.cdkitchen.com/recipes/recs/37/Pistachio_Ice_Cream3396.shtml
Recipe ID: 32242
The enormous appetites of the locusts are keeping West Africa too clean. According to the BBC News website:

In 2004, the locusts swarming across West Africa reached parts of northern Nigeria, devastating fields of crops. "The destruction done by the locusts is enormous, as a lot of farmland has been eaten up," said Zamfara state spokesman Ibrahim Birnin-Magaji.

The swarms reached Nigeria as the UN made an urgent appeal for $100m to help contain them. The Food and Agricultural Organisation (FAO) has also said that the situation could worsen, with new swarms forming.

The locusts were also wreaking havoc in neighbouring Sokoto state. "For the past six days locusts have been ravaging farmland in the Isa, Sabon Birni, Goronyo and Wurno local government [areas]. A lot of farms have been destroyed," said state spokesman Mustapha Shehu.

He said that the state had leased aircraft to spray pesticides, but this would not be effective unless neighbouring states co-operated, reports AFP news agency.

http://news.bbc.co.uk/2/hi/africa/3580092.stm
Nigeria’s Resources

Groundnuts 1962

Groundnuts aka peanuts were a major export in the 1960’s. To the left, the groundnut pyramids are covered with tarps. On the right, you can imagine the men scampering up the pyramid, carrying the heavy sacks, trying to be the one to earn extra money by putting the last bag in place on the top. The guy in the foreground is Cecil, a British Indian friend.

Coal 2005

Nigerian coal resources have been estimated at 2.5 billion tons. The Nigerian coal mining industry is slowly being privatized as part of increasing production back to levels of 900,000 tons per annum, last achieved in 1959. The government has signed its first production sharing agreement with Nordic Industries, a consortium of Danish, British and local firms to develop its coal industry. www.cia.gov/cia/publications/factbook/geos/ni.html

Oil 2005

Nigeria also has tremendous oil reserves, estimated at 36 billion barrels in 2005.

When I snapped this photo in 1963, I thought I was recording the old and the new modes of transporting goods existing side by side. But today, this image of a Shell Oil truck in Nigeria has become a reminder of the deadly conflict between the foreign oil companies and the Nigerian people who live in the Niger Delta.
Nigerian Oil Update 2000

The Niger Delta in Nigeria has been the attention of environmentalists, human rights activists and fair trade advocates around the world. The trial and hanging of environmentalist Ken Saro-Wiwa and eight other members of the Ogoni ethnic minority made world-wide attention. So too did the non-violent protests of the Ogoni people. The activities of large oil corporations such as Mobil, Chevron, Shell, Elf, Agip etc have raised many concerns and criticisms. Oil, which could potentially have allowed Nigeria to be one of the wealthiest countries in Africa has instead led it to become one of the poorest. A series of repressive and corrupt governments in Nigeria have been supported and maintained by western governments and oil corporations, keen on benefitting from the fossil fuels that can be exploited. As people and transnational oil corporations have been fighting over this “dark nectar” in the delta region, immense poverty and environmental destruction have resulted.

The Ogoni, Ijaw and other people in the Niger Delta, those who have been worse affected for decades have been trying to stand up for themselves, their environment and their basic human and economic rights. The Nigerian government and the oil companies have responded by harshly cracking down on protestors. Shell, for example, has even been criticized for trying to divide communities by paying off some members to disrupt non-violent protests.

According to Human Rights Watch, “multinational oil companies are complicit in abuses committed by the Nigerian military and police.”

An investigation and report by Essential Action and Global Exchange found that:

Oil corporations in the Niger Delta seriously threaten the livelihood of neighboring local communities. Due to the many forms of oil-generated environmental pollution evident throughout the region, farming and fishing have become impossible or extremely difficult in oil-affected areas, and even drinking water has become scarce. Malnourishment and disease appear common.

The presence of multinational oil companies has had additional adverse effects on the local economy and society, including loss of property, price inflation, prostitution, and irresponsible fathering by expatriate oil workers.

Organized protest and activism by affected communities regularly meet with military repression, sometimes ending in the loss of life. In some cases military forces have been summoned and assisted by oil companies.

Reporting on the situation is extremely difficult, due to the existence of physical and legal constraints to free passage and free circulation of information. Similar constraints discourage grassroots activism.

While the story told to consumers of Nigerian crude in the United States and the European Union -- via ad campaigns and other public relations efforts -- is that oil companies are a positive force in Nigeria, providing much needed economic development resources, the reality that confronted our delegation was quite the opposite. Our delegates observed almost every large multinational oil company operating in the Niger Delta employing inadequate environmental standards, public health standards, human rights standards, and relations with affected communities. These corporations' acts of charity and development are slaps in the face of those they claim to be helping. Far from being a positive force, these oil companies act as a destabilizing force, pitting one community against another, and acting as a catalyst -- together with the military with whom they work closely -- to some of the violence racking the region today.

- [http://www.globalissues.org/Geopolitics/Africa/Nigeria.asp](http://www.globalissues.org/Geopolitics/Africa/Nigeria.asp)
Permit me to come clean now about the floor plan of our house in Maiduguri on the Provincial Girls Secondary School compound. There was overhead lighting and at least one electric outlet in every room. It contained two bedrooms, a large living room, separate dining room, kitchen, cook’s kitchen, one bathroom with indoor plumbing, and one small water heater over the bathtub. If there was any deprivation in all of this, it was that there was no shower. In Peace Corps training we had been advised that a quick shower would use up less water than a bath. However, my bathing system used less water than either a shower or a bath. I would crouch in the bathtub and fill up a small basin with nice hot water from our little water heater. I would soap up a washcloth, and do my thing, occasionally rinsing out the soapy washcloth in the basin. Then I would lift up the basin and pour the warm water over me like a little waterfall. For a final rinse, I would refill the basin with fresh hot water, and pour that over me. Aahhhhh, almost all the luxuries of home! In no way did our living quarters in Funtua or in Maiduguri ever resemble the Peace Corps mud huts of my dreams.

Here is Paul, our “small boy.” Like Inuwa, he also came from Biu, which must be a place where beautiful smiles are born. Now that I told you that whole story about Nigerians putting their wet clothes on the grass to dry, there are some clothes in the background hanging on a wash line, making a liar out of me. Just think of the grass as an alternate washline if you ever find yourself in a tight spot with wet wash on your hands. Those were probably our clothes because it was Paul’s job was to wash and iron them. He used an iron like the one I am told my Hungarian grandmother used. It was made of cast iron, and was heated up by being placed on top of our woodburning stove. I also seem to remember bringing a folding electric travel iron with me to Nigeria, but I have no memory of ever using it. Obviously, my do-it-myself American angst over having servants was quite shortlived.
As you can see, Simon has made himself at home in our house in Maiduguri. He also eventually made peace with Rover, the first dog in my life. Rover’s owner was Bill Maharg, a Scotsman who taught carpentry and woodworking at the Boys’ Provincial Secondary School in Maiduguri. He and his wife Maureen and two young sons Simon and Paul lived on the compound of the boys’ school where Bill and I taught. I offered to take care of Rover while Bill and his family went home on holiday without him. British law required animals to be put into quarantine for 6 months before they could enter Great Britain, so Rover had to stay behind.

My major concern was to avoid bruising the delicate ego of Simon the Cat. Bill assured me that Rover had been properly trained to ignore all cats. A few whacks on the rump with a rolled up newspaper had done the trick. Sure enough, when Rover arrived, Simon the cat zoomed up the nearest tree, and sat way up there meowing piteously.

Inuwa was vastly amused. Rover was silent and calm. That dog was an excellent candidate for cloning, but we knew nothing of such things then, or I might have been tempted to save a lock of his fur. (And a large sum of money.) After he recovered from his initial trauma, Simon gradually got used to Rover’s presence. One day, I caught the two buddies sitting together at our front door. And there is Simon again, relaxed tail hanging inside while the rest of him checks out the local lizard scene. Once or twice Kathy (who joined us at the end of our first year) and I were awakened by the sounds of Simon, crunching on a lizard under the bed which he apparently perceived as an appropriate den. I have no memory of what we fed Simon, or Rover for that matter, on a daily basis. You can be certain that neither canned nor dry catfood was available in the marketplace.

Nigerians did not feed cats. Cats fed Nigerians. They didn’t keep dogs as pets, either. Besides Rover, the only dogs we saw were the poor emaciated wild bush dogs with their ears all chewed up from fighting, probably over food. After I returned to the US, Kathy took care of Simon Lawali Saminu Funtua, but he disappeared one day, never to be seen again. Had the me of now been there then, I would have brought him back to the US with me. I doubt that the Peace Corps would have paid for his transport, but perhaps I could have gotten a loan from my parents that I could have paid back out of the $2500 that the Peace Corps allotted to each returning PCV. Instead, I spent that money on a Master of Arts in Teaching degree at Teachers College, Columbia University, and Italian lessons at Berlitz.

Though we were in a dry area, the girls’ school compound had lots of trees on it. On the next page are some camels standing under the trees at the Agricultural Fair in March 1963. The one in the foreground is smiling because she has won a red ribbon which is attached to her bridle.

I taught for one semester at the Provincial Girls’ Secondary School in Maiduguri. On the next page, bottom left, is the entrance to the school. The classrooms were similar to those in Funtua, with windows on two sides, and doors that opened onto a veranda. I taught English, biology, and needlework to Forms I and II, the equivalent of American ninth and tenth graders. Florence taught maths, social studies, and singing.
Rover and the Ostrich

I don't suppose you know it but Rover had a Corgie for a mother and a bush dog as a sire. How that union came about defies description. The Corgie's owner ran the girls' secondary school in Sokoto. When school finished, during the hot season, she spent most of her evenings in a cool bath either reading a book resting on her book rest, or doing her homework. Her steward, at regular intervals, brought her gin and tonics. When she passed our school she would lift her dog up to see her son. She was as mad as a hatter but I suppose you had to be when you were out there as long as she was. Rover was fine with cats because for a brief period we had a cat too. We went on leave and left money with our steward to feed both the animals. When we returned there was no sign of the cat. The brother of our steward had come up from Biu to visit him, saw the cat, killed and skinned it then ate it. It, apparently, makes good eating. The Hausa for cat is little rabbit. I read a marvellous book on the Lewis and Clarke expedition. It was called "Undaunted Courage." When they were with the Clatsops and the Mandans they both maintained that the best meat of all was dog. It was regarded as a delicacy.

I was returning from lunch one day, going back to the school. My mind was miles away when I looked up to behold, about 3 feet from me a giant of an ostrich. I remained calm, remember I am a Britton. Flight would have been useless as the ostrich is the fastest thing on two feet. I retreated slowly and it did not follow. It too must have realised that I was a Britton—I hope. My problem was that Simon "Wahala Pee"* roamed the compound always with Rover close behind. The ostrich had to be moved. The solution was simple. All I had to do was get the bird away. You will remember that our house was a Moslem type. It was surrounded by walls. The back door was made of metal opening outwards. I sent Rover out of that door and the dog, barking furiously, made for the ostrich which was about 30 yards away. The ostrich looked at the dog then made a beeline for him. Rover came to an immediate halt. The smell of burning paw pervaded the air. The hunter became the hunted. Rover was not in any immediate danger. The bird might have been the fastest thing on two feet but only on the straight. Rover could turn on a sixpence so he was able to avoid the ostrich. His only problem was that Rover was rapidly tiring. When he was near to the back door, I called him and he ran like the wind for it. His tail was down; his ears were flat, and there was a look of fear in his eyes. The ostrich was gaining by the yard on him as he flew (no pun) through the door and I slammed it closed. The ostrich hit the door with such force I thought it was it was about to take it off its hinges BOOOOONNNGGG. You know some nights I waken in a sweat and I am sure that I can still hear that ostrich. Rover never chased anything after that. *[The Maharg’s steward Bukar’s affectionate nickname for 3 year old Simon meant Trouble Pee.]

Email from Bill Maharg January 2007
If only you could have heard them singing: Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter, Look away the rolling river... What a wonderful sound that was. I do remember teaching them “needlework” which is what Americans call “sewing.” I had a simple sleeveless blouse pattern which I may have asked my mother to send to me, and I proceeded to enlarge it and reduce it by hand. No copy machines even in the US in those days! Every girl cut out her blouse with the pattern and sewed it together, possibly by machine, but probably by hand. I remember having a treadle sewing machine in the house, so maybe there were some in the school for the girls. I showed them how to pin the pattern pieces to the fabric, and warned them not to put the pins into their mouths. Florence made patchwork mats and aprons with the girls. I still have one of those cotton aprons in my kitchen here in 2006, and every single tiny stitch in that patchwork apron was made by hand.

My English classes were the standard fare of literature, composition, speaking, grammar, vocabulary, spelling. My biology class curriculum was based chapter for chapter on the New York State Regents Review Book. From a piece that I wrote in 1964:

My second group of students were Senior Primary and Secondary School girls in Maiduguri. In Funtua I had taught only English but at the girls’ school in Maiduguri I taught English, biology, needlework, and singing. The sudden variety seemed to revitalize me. For the first time since I’d been in the country I really felt as though I was giving all of myself to my work. In the States I could never teach a science, but here where the girls didn’t even know what a microscope was, I was able to expose them to some new concepts. There was one in particular I think I will never forget — nor will they, I hope.

I asked my secondary school girls to bring me a bottle of water from Lake Alau. People consider this muddy green water to be holy because one of their heroes, Mai Idris Iloma,* is reportedly buried beneath the lake. I told them that if they boiled and filtered the water it would still be holy and wouldn’t make them sick. When they brought me the water, I put a drop under the microscope and had the secondary girls look into it one at a time. The resulting squeals followed by imaginary pains in the stomach were most gratifying to this amateur biologist.

In the sixties, the mortality rate for Nigerian children under the age of 5 was 40%. Many of them died from preventable waterborne diseases. We were taught to boil and filter our drinking water. We had a ceramic water filter in our house in Maiduguri, and must have used a similar device in Funtua. We were told never to walk barefoot or barelegged into any body of water because of the presence of shistosomaisis from snails in the water. We also ate no raw veggies or lettuce for two years because they may have been washed in contaminated water. We never ordered any drinks anywhere containing ice. Star Beer or Fanta Orange Soda had to be served in bottles. The only ice cream we enjoyed was whatever we made for ourselves, but that’s another story. No dairy products either because of questionable, if any, pasteurization.

*Doulton Ceramic Water Filter similar to ours in Maiduguri

* Islam had gained ground in the 11th and 12th century during the Seifawa dynasty. The empire was also a powerful one with a military might of over 40,000 men. The popular rulers of the period were Mai Ali Ghaji and Idris Aloma who actually began the process of Islamization. ([http://www.nitpa.org/aboutnigeria.shtml](http://www.nitpa.org/aboutnigeria.shtml))
Whenever I have shown this photo of Simon resting on the windowsill of my Maiduguri bedroom, my American students have always asked about the screening. What is it for, they wondered. At first, I would claim that it kept those big African mosquitoes from getting into the house. When their eyes were sufficiently round, I would tell them the terrible truth: It was called *teefman* screening because it was designed to keep out the thieves. Our house had no conventional insect screening, and no screen doors either. Thus errant bats and scorpions sometimes found themselves in hostile territory. Unfortunately, the *teefman* screening did not keep out the thieves either. As safe as I felt in Maiduguri, it is the only place I have lived where a thief entered my house. And he walked right past my bed to do it. It was a very hot night, too hot to sleep in the house, so I was sleeping in my bed under my mosquito netting outside on the veranda near the front door. I heard him walk past me, and open the front door which was unlocked because Florence was due to return home shortly. In fact, I thought he was Florence, and turned over and went back to sleep. Noise coming from her room awakened me, and then more clattering as he dropped some of his loot on the veranda in his haste to escape while I was yelling, “Maigadi! Maigadi!” Watchman! Watchman! Of course, the *maigadi* was sound asleep, but that was part of his charm. Then, about thirty feet from the veranda, there stood the thief in the moonlight. More “Maidgadi! Maigadi!” brought the watchman running, and the thief disappeared into the bush. The *teefman* had stolen Florence’s typewriter, radio, and some of her jewelry. The next day the police came to our house, and told us that they knew where the stolen goods were. They were in the Village of the Thieves which was up the road a piece. The Village of the Thieves? How brilliant was that! No filing charges, no looking through mugshots, and only one place to look! What efficiency! And so Florence got most of her things back except for some of the jewelry which was never found. Not even in the Village of the Thieves. At least the *teefman* screening had prevented the thief from escaping through a window.

The mosquito netting we slept under on the veranda and inside the house as well was part of our malaria prevention program. Of course, the idea wasn’t invented by the Peace Corps. As we knew from every movie about Africa that we’d ever seen, everyone in the British Empire always slept under mosquito netting, and we were no exception. We also took our aralen (*chloroquine*) pills every day for two years. If a nasty female *anopheles* mosquito infected us with protozoan parasites of the genus *Plasmodium*, the aralen would destroy them. Today, those parasites have become resistant to *chloroquine*, so stronger drugs must be used.

### Malaria

Approximately 300 million people worldwide are affected by malaria and between 1 and 1.5 million people die from it every year. Previously extremely widespread, the malaria is now mainly confined to Africa, Asia and Latin America. The problems of controlling malaria in these countries are aggravated by inadequate health structures and poor socioeconomic conditions. The situation has become even more complex over the last few years with the increase in resistance to the drugs normally used to combat the parasite that causes the disease.
Malaria

Malaria is caused by protozoan parasites of the genus *Plasmodium*. Four species of *Plasmodium* can produce the disease in its various forms: *Plasmodium falciparum*, *Plasmodium vivax*, *Plasmodium ovale*, *Plasmodium malaria*. *P. falciparum* is the most widespread and dangerous of the four: untreated it can lead to fatal cerebral malaria.

Malaria parasites are transmitted from one person to another by the female anopheline mosquito. The males do not transmit the disease as they feed only on plant juices. There are about 380 species of anopheline mosquito, but only 60 or so are able to transmit the parasite. Like all other mosquitoes, the anophelines breed in water, each species having its preferred breeding grounds, feeding patterns and resting place. Their sensitivity to insecticides is also highly variable. Plasmodium develops in the gut of the mosquito and is passed on in the saliva of an infected insect each time it takes a new blood meal. The parasites are then carried by the blood in the victim's liver where they invade the cells and multiply:

After 9-16 days they return to the blood and penetrate the red cells, where they multiply again, progressively breaking down the red cells. This induces bouts of fever and anaemia in the infected individual. In cerebral malaria, the infected red cells obstruct the blood vessels in the brain. Other vital organs can also be damaged often leading to the death of the patient.

Malaria is diagnosed by the clinical symptoms and microscopic examination of the blood. It can normally be cured by antimalarial drugs. The symptoms, fever, shivering, pain in the joints and headache, quickly disappear once the parasite is killed. In certain regions, however, the parasites have developed resistance to certain antimalarial drugs, particularly chloroquine. Patients in these areas require treatment with other more expensive drugs. Cases of severe disease including cerebral malaria require hospital care.

In endemic regions, where transmission is high, people are continuously infected so that they gradually develop immunity to the disease. Until they have acquired such immunity, children remain highly vulnerable. Pregnant women are also highly susceptible since the natural defence mechanisms are reduced during pregnancy.

Malaria has been known since time immemorial, but it was centuries before the true causes were understood. Previously, it was thought that "miasma" (bad air or gas from swamps - "mal air iá") caused the disease. Surprisingly in view of this, some ancient treatments were remarkably effective. An infusion of qinghao (*Artemesia annua*) has been used for at least the last 2000 years in China, its active ingredient (artemisinin) having only recently been scientifically identified. The antifebrile properties of the bitter bark of (*Cinchona ledgeriana*) were known in Peru before the 15th century. Quinine, the active ingredient of this potion was first isolated in 1820 by the pharmacists. Although people were unaware of the origin of malaria and the mode of transmission, protective measures against the mosquito have been used for many hundreds of years. The inhabitants of swampy regions in Egypt were recorded as sleeping in tower-like structures out of the reach of mosquitoes, whereas others slept under nets as early as 450 B.C.

Systematic control of malaria started after the discovery malaria parasite by Laveran in 1889 (for which he received the Nobel Prize for medicine in 1907), and the demonstration by Ross in 1897 that the mosquito was the vector of malaria. These discoveries quickly led to control strategies and with the invention of DDT during the World War II, the notion of global eradication of the disease. Effective and inexpensive drugs of the chloroquine group were also synthesized around this time. The hope of global eradication of malaria was finally abandoned in 1969 when it was recognised that...
Malaria

this was unlikely ever to be achieved. Ongoing control programs remain essential in endemic areas. Malaria is currently endemic in 91 countries with small pockets of transmission occurring in a further eight countries. *Plasmodium falciparum* is the predominant parasite. More than **120 million clinical cases** and **over 1 million deaths** occur in the world each year.

Eighty per cent of the cases occur in tropical Africa, where malaria accounts for 10% to 30% of all hospital admissions and is responsible for 15% to 25% of all deaths of children under the age of five. Around 800,000 children under the age of five die from malaria every year, making this disease one of the major causes of infant and juvenile mortality. Pregnant women are also at risk since the disease is responsible for a substantial number of miscarriages and low birth weight babies.

Malaria thus has social consequences and is a heavy burden on economic development. It is estimated that a single bout of malaria costs a sum equivalent to over 10 working days in Africa. The cost of treatment is between $US0.08 and $US5.30 according to the type of drugs prescribed as determined by local drug resistance. In 1987, the total "cost" of malaria - health care, treatment, lost production, etc. was estimated to be $US800 million for tropical Africa and this figure is currently estimated to be more than $US1,800 million.

The distribution of malaria varies greatly from country to country and within the countries themselves. In 1990, 75% of all recorded cases outside of Africa were concentrated in nine countries: India, Brazil, Afghanistan, Sri Lanka, Thailand, Indonesia, Vietnam, Cambodia, and China

The significance of malaria as a health problem is increasing in many parts of the world. Epidemics are even occurring around traditionally endemic zones in areas where transmission had been eliminated. These outbreaks are generally associated with deteriorating social and economic conditions, and main victims are underprivileged rural populations. Demographic, economic and political pressures compel entire populations (seasonal workers, nomadic tribes and farmers migrating to newly-developed urban areas or new agricultural and economic developments) to leave malaria free areas and move into endemic zones. People are non-immune are at high risk of severe disease. Unfortunately, these population movements and the intensive urbanization are not always accompanied by adequate development of sanitation and health care. In many areas conflict, economic crises and administrative disorganization can result in the disruption of health services. The absence of adequate health services frequently results in a recourse to self-administration of drugs often with incomplete treatment. This is a major factor in the increase in **resistance** of the parasites to previously effective drugs.

In all situations, control programmes should be based on four objectives:

- Provision of early diagnosis and prompt treatment to all people at risk
- Selective application of sustainable preventive measures, including vector control adapted to the local situations
- An immediate, vigorous and wide-scale response to epidemics
- The development of reliable information on infection risk, living conditions of concerned populations, and vectors

Malaria is complex but it is a curable and preventable disease. Lives can be saved if the disease is detected early and adequately treated. It is known what action is necessary to prevent the disease and to avoid or contain epidemics and other critical situations. The technology to prevent, monitor, diagnose and treat malaria exists. It needs to be adapted to local conditions and to be applied through local and national malaria control programmes.

[http://www-micro.msb.le.ac.uk/224/Malaria.html](http://www-micro.msb.le.ac.uk/224/Malaria.html)
Here is our beloved Betty Shurmer, the principal of the Provincial Girls’ Secondary School in Maiduguri. She was a delightful Englishwoman, facets of the girls’ education.

She was proud of their dining hall with its colorful curtains, tablecloths, silverware, and matching metal enameled dishes. She also set up savings accounts in a bank in town for her cook and small boy, and for their children. She saw to it that a certain percentage of their weekly pay was deposited into those accounts, and that they understood the meaning of compound interest.

The student paintings on the walls were an incredible juxtaposition of English nursery rhymes in Nigerian settings. I don’t know which rhymes the ones in the photo above are illustrating, but everyone will recognize the one to the right. Humpty Dumpty sits on his wall, wearing his embroidered Nigerian hat and *riga*, a long cotton caftan often worn by Nigerian men. Meanwhile, the king’s horses and men are parading down the road in the background. Miss Shurmer passed away many years ago, but I would love to know what happened to those wonderful paintings. There is a university in Maiduguri today, but the internet makes no mention of a girls’ school there.

The photo to the left is our staff room with its collection of maps, desks, basic sink, electric light, and fan. I think that must be my cluttered desk. Some things never change. I remember a student coming into the staff room one day, and getting down on her knees to me before she said whatever she had to tell me. My immediate reaction was to have her stand up when she spoke to me. My young American soul would have none of that obsequious bowing and scraping.

*Right: Miss Shurmer returns from holiday in England. The whole school went to meet her at the airport in Maiduguri.*
After I returned to the US, and began teaching American high school students, I realized that I may have discouraged a jolly good custom!

This is my biology class of Form I secondary girls, wearing the yellow uniforms and head scarves of their grade level. The charming skeleton hanging up in the back of the room is my handiwork, enlarged directly from the New York State Biology Regents Review Book. The girls are apparently taking an exam, undoubtedly gleaned from the annals of the NY State Regents questions. Looking back, I am amazed that I was not supplied with a biology curriculum. There was no biology book, and no one objected to whatever I chose to teach. I can’t remember the details, but there was no hullabaloo over evolution either. I did my best to teach what I had been taught in my high school biology class but without a real textbook, and with only one microscope in the whole school. Looking back, I know there were things I could have done that didn’t even occur to me then — like writing to an American biology book publisher, and asking them to donate a class set of textbooks to the school.

These two smiling students are Kaku Sergeant Major Akuya and Mairo Ali Biu. Kaku on the left is the girl who had been bitten by a scorpion a few years before I arrived in Maiduguri, and had been temporarily paralyzed to the point where it was very difficult to get her into the car to take her to the hospital. She had a great sense of humor. One late afternoon in April, she and Mairo came to our house to tell me that Mairo had swallowed some pins while she was sewing! She had put them into her mouth even though she knew I had warned them against doing that, and all of a sudden they slipped down her throat. Mairo seemed none the worse for this scary situation, but I fell for it hook, line, and sinker! “How many times did I tell you not to put pins into your mouth?” When they saw I was properly upset, they shouted, “April Fools!” It was April 1st. The last part of Kaku Sergeant Major Akuya’s name comes from her father who was either in the military, or was a police officer. If my parents had named me in that fashion, I would be BarbaraLee Mr. Lino Toneatti! Mairo Ali Biu was also named after her father, and her town of Biu. She was a lovely, sweet girl who had that beautiful Biu smile!
The girl on the right in the photo above is Ya Chillaga Abba Jato. I don’t remember the names of the other two girls. On the face of the girl in the center, you can see the facial scarring that was practiced in some tribes, but was supposedly illegal by 1963. Here’s another take on the practice:

"Tribal Scars" was written by Sembene Ousmane, from Senegal. [Amazon: $39.72] It was first published in French in 1962. It was translated to English by Len Ortzen in 1974. "Tribal Scars" is a short story in which Ousmane presents a theory of how tribal scarring first began. It begins with a group of men sitting around a table drinking tea and discussing current affairs. When the subject of tribal scarring comes up, the table erupts into a melee of confusion with everyone wanting to add his opinion of how the practice first started. The story that is eventually accepted by all is that African tribes began scarring themselves so they would not be taken as slaves, and ever since then, tribal scarring has been a symbol of freedom. [www.wmich.edu/dialogues/texts/tribalscars.html]

Sometimes students would proudly display their educational tools for the camera. Education was not a universal right in Nigeria. Often young people had to stay home and make money to help support their parents and siblings. And education was not free. The three schools I taught in were boarding schools, and tuition was paid on a sliding scale, depending on what the family could afford.

In both bottom photos, Laraba Duniya is carrying my hand-tooled leather Nigerian handbag. Her first name, Laraba, means Wednesday, because she was born on a Wednesday. She was a school prefect, and a sweetie-pie. I can assure you that the custom of carrying the teachers things was not my idea. It was something that the girls felt honored to do.

Naming conventions and relationships in Nigeria were quite different from our American and European conventions. If a Nigerian referred to someone as a “brother” or a “sister,” we always asked, “Same mother - same father brother, or is he just someone from your hometown?”
There’s Kaku again, the second girl from the right. The camera caught her in an uncharacteristic pout. And guess who that is standing out in the crowd? It’s “Madame” Toneatti.

The girls are wearing their own personal everyday dresses. Some of them are wearing headscarves, and some are not. As far as I know, there was never any discussion about this. The custom was never brought to our attention during Peace Corps training, and I never saw even one woman covered from head to toe in a burka while I was there. Most of the girls were Muslim, and so headscarves were part of their various uniforms, but the Christian girls didn’t seem to have any objection to wearing them too. That said, one evening I was made aware of conflict between the Muslim and the Christian girls. One of the watchmen (the maigadi — “my guard”) who guarded the girls’ dormitories sent for me because two girls were fighting. As it turned out, the two girls were having a heated, emotional argument about whether Mary was the mother of God or not, and whether Jesus was God or not. It was amazing to me that they were actually involved in a passionate argument about their religious beliefs. They were both crying as each one explained to me what their own personal beliefs were about Jesus. The Christian girl was desperately sure that Jesus was God, and the Muslim girl was equally certain that there was no God but Allah. So, in a brilliant stroke of international diplomacy, I asked the Christian girl if Jesus would want her to be fighting about these things. “No, Madame,” she blubbered. I asked the Muslim girl if Mohammed would want her to be fighting, and got the same penitent answer. Little did I suspect for an instant what terrible forces would be unleashed in the world several decades later with fanatical Muslims killing themselves and Christians and Jews in the name of Allah.

Here is the only photo where it looks like the girls were not happy to have their pictures taken. These are the primary school girls, and they are wearing their special occasion uniforms. In the background, you can see the dark green special uniforms of the older secondary school girls. We might have been going on the field trip to the Agricultural School which you will see later.
Here are the girls in their everyday clothes again. This photo may have been taken just before a school vacation. The lovely girl in the center is Ya Chillaga Abba Jato. I was probably taking this through one of the open classroom windows. Notice the open casement window behind the girl on the right.

The smiling girl, almost in the center of the next photo is the same primary school girl who was covering the bottom half of her face on the previous page. Not only is she smiling openly, but she is holding up one hand in what I interpret as the sign of peace. I can also recognize tall Laraba Duniya in the back row to the right of the left brick post, and Kaku Sergeant Major Akuya to the immediate left of the other brick post.

Here is Laraba again, the tallest girl in the photo, and Ya Chillaga Abba Jato to the left. Ya Chillaga is hugging a Nigerian doll. I must apologize for not remembering the names of all the girls, but their faces are very familiar to me. In the center is their housemother who lived with them in the dormitories. Once again, the girls are helping us by carrying the beautiful Nigerian, or perhaps Morrocan, leather bags that Florence and I bought from the Hausa traders. The sad thing is that much time has passed, and much time has passed since I was a teacher of these young women. I was 23, and they were about 14.
Today, if they are still alive after the terrible Biafran Civil War and various riots that have rocked Nigeria in the past 43 years, they would be in their mid-fifties. Life expectancy in Nigeria has been gradually increasing. A baby born in 1955 had a life expectancy of 35.5 years. For a baby born in 2005, it was 49.7 years. Do the math. Here are our secondary girls, all dressed up in their special green uniforms and red leather shoes, walking two by two on their way to the Agricultural School. At the school, we stood out in a field and watched a demonstration of modern plowing methods in Nigeria. Ever looking for a good angle, I managed to position myself right in front of the oxen while the instructor guided the plow toward me through the dry soil. Agricultural methods in Nigeria haven’t changed much since 1963 when I stood in front of those oxen on the left. On the right is a 1963 thinly planted Nigerian cornfield.
The year in this scene is *circa* 2000. Some things never change. The photo was taken by someone connected with the University of Northern Iowa. (www.uni.edu/gai/agriculture_pictures/Plowing_1.jpg)

What I found encouraging was the farmer’s dense cornfield in the background. It looks much more productive than the 1963 field on the preceding page. However, I wondered why I could find no evidence of modern tractor technology in Nigeria. No John Deere, International Harvester, Caterpillar, or the like. Some answers can be found in the abstract of the following study conducted in Oyo State, Nigeria.

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**Prospects of animal traction in southern Nigeria, an empirical study**

By Adebiyi Daramola*

(* Department of Agricultural Economics and Business Management. University of New England, Armidale NSW 2351, Australia.)

Abstract

The objective of this paper is twofold. First, it reports on the degree of adoption in Oyo state of Nigeria of modern technology, with particular emphasis on mechanical and labour-saving innovations. It proceeds to make a strong case for animal traction as a viable alternative to tractor technology.

It was observed from farm survey and analysis that tractors and related innovations were not being adopted for various reasons. Some of the reasons include: smallness of farm, untimeliness of tractor services, uneven topography, lack of spare parts, etc. As a result, farmers in Oyo state depend on manual labour for almost all their farm operations.

Preliminary investigations reveal that the absence of appropriate technology is one of the impediments to agricultural production transformation. Against this background, this paper recommends the introduction of animal traction to farmers in the rain forest zone of Nigeria, where hitherto, the practice has been relatively alien.

To read the whole study, go to: www.fao.org/Wairdocs/ILRI/x5483B/x5483b1u.htm
When we arrived at the lake, this man was washing his clothes in the water. The large decorated calabash to his right may have been for carrying some of his clothes on his head on his way to the lake. When he finishes washing his clothes, he will most likely spread them out on the grass to dry.
This lake did not exist during the dry season when there was nothing here but sandy soil. When the rains came between November and April, the lake returned, complete with fish and beautiful water lilies. So where did the fish come from? This amateur biologist’s theory is that during the rainy season, the fish would lay their eggs in the sand at the bottom of the lake. The eggs would wisely form a hard covering around themselves and go into suspended animation. Then when the rains returned and the lake formed again, voila! Fish for dinner! It’s enough to make anyone believe in magic.

As soon as we arrived at the lake, the girls raced far into the shallow water, and began harvesting the water lilies. Almost all the water lilies. They had obviously done this in the past, and maybe their joyous pruning helped the plants to rejuvenate during the following rainy season. One girl even caught a fish with her bare hands, and strung it on a waterlily stem! I hope they learned as much from me as I did from them.
Boatman adjusts his watch before ferrying us around Lake Alo in his dugout canoe by pushing into the bottom of the shallow lake with his bamboo pole.

Nino was a civil engineer from Italy. He was the head of the Italian company contracted to bring the Nigerian railroad from Jos to Maiduguri. One afternoon during the rainy season, we enjoyed Lake Alo in the boatmen’s dugout canoes.

Kathy and me outside our house in Maiduguri. Those are outbuildings on the school compound in the background.

Malama Goma, teacher at the girls’ school. She is wearing a silvery traditional Kanuri style dress.
We had a day of relay races at school. Girls ran holding a grapefruit with their foreheads. They had a wheelbarrow race guided by the Florence’s competent coaching. They also had a three-legged race in the blurry photo below. You can just barely see their legs tied together for this event. Meanwhile, other students watched from the sidelines, and so did my shadow!
Florence is getting some expert assistance in the art of wearing a sari.

Florence and some of the girls pose in their native Nigerian dress.

I managed to get into the act too, even though I was wearing traditional western dress.

In the recent photo above, the Yoruba women from southern Nigeria today are wearing clothing similar to the clothing worn by women in the north in 1963, and as you can see from the photo on the left, it can be quite elegant for both women and men. It is possible that with the reintroduction of the draconic Muslim Law of Sharia in the northern states of Nigeria today that many women are entirely covered by burkas, but I have found no evidence to support that.
Florence Stowe with her Class 6 students. There are no official photos of me with the girls because I was already teaching at the boys’ school when the large group photos were taken at the girls’ school.

Amina Defa, Class 7 student, 1963
Halfway through our two-year tour of duty, all the PCV’s in the north had to travel to Kaduna for a medical checkup. Thus the photos of PCV Willie Sollers and me at the Kaduna sports stadium. Today there is a stadium in Kaduna called the Ahmadu Bello Stadium. Its capacity is 30,000 people. It was named for Alhaji Sir Ahmadu Bello, the Sardauna of Sokoto who was in power when I was there. He was featured on the fabric of the skirt worn by one of the math teacher’s wives in the school where we taught in Funtua.

He was born on 12th June, 1909 in Rabbah, Sokoto State. His father Ibrahim, the Chief of Rabbah was a grandson of Usman Dan Fodio, the founder of the Sokoto Caliphate. Sir Ahmadu Bello trained and worked as a teacher, and later became the district head of Rabbah and Secretary of the Sokoto Native Authority. In 1949, Sir Ahmadu Bello co-founded the Northern People's Congress, and was successively regional Minister of Works, of Local Government, and of Community Development. In 1954, he became the first Premier of Northern Nigeria, a position he held until 1966. His greatest legacy was the modernization and unification of the diverse people of Northern Nigeria. He was killed in the January, 1966 military coup. (http://www.cenbank.org/currencymgt/biodata/alhaji_sir_ahmadu_bello.htm) I wonder how he would feel about the political situation in Northern Nigeria today.
In 2000, after Nigeria's military dictatorship was defeated, a resurgent Islamic movement re-implemented Sharia criminal law in the country's predominantly Muslim north. Sharia's cruel penal code -- calling for punishments such as amputations, floggings, stonings and executions -- had been outlawed since 1960.

Background on Islam and Nigeria

Islam came to northern Nigeria over 700 years ago. Sharia penal codes were enforced until 1960, when punishments such as amputations and floggings were outlawed.

Then, two years ago, following the defeat of Nigeria's military dictatorship, a resurgent Islamic movement backed the re-implementation of Sharia criminal law across 12 states in the predominantly Muslim north. Sharia criminal law is practiced in only a handful of Muslim countries, including Iran, Pakistan and Saudi Arabia. Muslim leaders who arrived in the city of Kano to announce the implementation of the new penal code were met by a crowd of tens of thousands of supporters.

According to local attorney Muzzammil Sani Hanga, corruption and crime had reached such high levels that the implementation of a Sharia penal code -- with its harsh punishments -- was an urgent necessity. "Armed robbery was always increasing in this country, the disparity between the rich and poor is always there," he says. "I believe the clamor for the implementation of Sharia is like an open show of defiance against the government, which is perceived by the Muslims as the sole agent of corruption in this country."

The Islamization of Northern Nigeria has increased tensions between the Muslim majority and Christian minority communities that were already divided along tribal lines. Christians are not subject to Sharia law, but there have been deadly riots where Christian restaurants and bars serving alcohol have been destroyed. And in October 2001, the city of Kano witnessed religious clashes that were triggered when Muslims protesting U.S. air strikes in Afghanistan went rampaging into a Christian neighborhood. No one knows exactly how many were killed in these clashes: estimates place the death toll at around 200.

Although no reliable statistics have been compiled, Dr. Datti Ahmad, the president of the Supreme Council that oversees the implementation of Sharia law, claims that Sharia is working because the crime rate has plummeted.

Attorney Hanga says he believes Westerners find Sharia law troubling because of the values Westerners place on individual freedoms. "The overall emphasis in Islamic law is on communal harmony," he explains, "the freedom of a community to live, without one rough element destroying life for them, just because he wants to live happily."

Hanga also says that he believes the West is using the events of Sept. 11 to set up a contrast between "the free, civilized, forward-looking Western worlds and the backward, uncivilized, Islamic world." He declares, "I believe that the West always wanted to show that this notion of barbarism with Islamic law is actually true."

However, Hanga believes that such a reaction will only strengthen the faith and resolve of Nigerian Muslims. "People have to be allowed to believe what they want to believe."

Thousands of people have been killed in fighting between Christians and Muslims following the introduction of Sharia punishments in northern Nigerian states over the past three years.

Sharia courts impose strict Islamic laws, including amputations and death by stoning for transgressions like theft and adultery. First introduced in Zamfara state, it is now practised, to a greater or lesser degree, across the north, and has exacerbated differences between the predominately Christian south and the Islamic north.

President Olusegun Obasanjo, who took power in May 1999 after 16 years of military rule, has so far failed to defuse religious tensions, and the economic problems that increase popular discontent.

**Move to Sharia**

Under Sharia law, Kano has banned prostitution, gambling and the consumption of alcohol. In Zamfara, single-sex schools and taxis have been introduced.

Since Zamfara brought in Sharia in January 2000, several people have had their hands amputated for theft, and a woman found guilty of fornication was given 100 lashes - despite her protests that she had been raped.

A young woman, Amina Lawal, has been sentenced to death by stoning after she was found guilty of having extra-marital sex. Following protests from around the world, the federal government has promised that no-one will be stoned to death but the sentence still hangs over her head.

President Obasanjo has been criticised by both sides of the Sharia debate for trying to steer a middle course.

Christians say he should take firm action to end Sharia punishments, while his criticism of the Islamic courts has alienated many Muslims.
Constitutional threat

Volunteer vigilante groups have been roaming the streets, keeping an eye open for any transgressions of Sharia regulations.

Local politicians and religious leaders say that crime has dropped sharply in the Sharia states.

They say that floggings are symbolic, not barbaric, and that a fear of punishment promotes lawfulness.

Even some of those who have had their hands amputated accept it as being the will of Allah.

But human rights' groups have complained that these religious laws are archaic and unjust, and create an atmosphere of intimidation against Christians - even though they are not subject to the Sharia.

The pressure group, the Community Development and Welfare Agenda, has said Sharia court decisions were a "fundamental assault on the sovereignty and legality of the Nigerian state", because they undermine the national, secular legal system.

Economic differences

Although most people in northern Nigeria are Muslim, large numbers of Christian traders travel to the region's cities such as Kano and Kaduna, which have both witnessed religious clashes. The violence may have been caused as much by economic envy as religious disputes. Thousands of young men in Kano have no jobs and no education, and frustrations over economic hardship leave them prey to political opportunists who want to foment violence.

The pattern has been repeated in several Nigerian cities over the past three years. In November 2002, more than 200 people were killed in religious unrest in Kaduna, sparked by a row over the Miss World beauty contest.

In the same city, more than 2,000 were killed in riots in February 2000.

In the central city of Jos, at least 500 were reported have died in clashes between Muslim and Christians in September 2001.

With the political temperature rising ahead of April's elections, Sharia is bound to be used by Mr Obasanjo's rivals, especially from the north. And some fear this could mean more religious violence.
Nigeria is made up of three main tribes and many smaller ones. Yorubas in the south-west, Igbos in the south-east and the Hausas in the North. When you learn about Nigeria’s history it always involves conflict between these tribes. The British used the tribes to their benefit during colonial rule. Nigeria has a seemingly endless history of attempted democracy and military coups. It’s been said that many of the countries of the world who have ongoing conflict and are under developed are the result of tribal rivalries. For example Rwanda and Sudan, Nigeria is no exception. The trouble with Nigeria is also contributed by its immense oil wealth that has led to endless corruption. If you are interested in learning more about the history of Nigeria there is a good book to pick up called This House Has Fallen by Karl Maier.

I’ve had the occasion to witness these tribal tensions first hand. I have a friend here in Ilorin who is Yoruba, she has loved a Hausa man for a long time. She calls him her friend or her man and the other staff referred to him as her husband, but they can never marry. They are in their early thirties now when more Nigerians would be married with children. I’ve asked her, why does it matter if you love each other, then just marry? She’s told me her aunt did this and it brought nothing but misery and in the end the marriage didn’t last. I guess the families will always treat the member of the other tribe as a lesser person and never accept them as family. Family is very strong and very important here in Nigeria.

I would have thought that the Muslim/Christian mix would have been more of a problem here, but it seems they are very accepting of each other and live in peace together. The exception to the rule is where the tribes clash. It’s incredible how, especially the Muslims, accept their Christian “brothers & sisters” I think some Christians could learn a lesson or two from them. 

http://nigeria.tammiebrooks.com/April2006.html
The following is an excerpted account of a 2005 trip around Africa, including Nigeria. It is the relatively good news of life in Nigeria today. Although this European couple, Mark and Blanca (“Africa Total”) and several European friends, did not travel as far north as Kaduna or Maidugari, at least they got to Abuja, the new capital of Nigeria, located in the center of the country. For their full account, and more photos, go to www.africatotal.com/index.php

Africa Total: who are we?

Africa Total comprises Mark, the photographer, writer, driver, mechanic and cook; Blanca, the tour organiser, navigator and in charge of logistics; and Grommet, the ex-army Landrover 101 with a radio body. Grommet will be our mobile home for the next 12 months, as we travel from Spain through Morocco and North Africa to Cape Town via the west coast, returning via the east coast, the Middle East and Europe.

Nigeria  http://www.africatotal.com/arc-10.php
7th February 2005 to 22nd February 2005

The crossing into Nigeria at Nikki was quick, smooth and efficient and not quite what we had been expecting. It was the first time our Yellow Fever card had been checked and Grommet was searched for illegal fruit and veg with the official making a small note that we were carrying a tin of mushrooms.

The officials assured us that Nigeria was a very safe, peaceful country that welcomed tourists but don’t stop for anybody! Two border crossings in one day, no matter how efficient, still take time, so here we were bush camping on our first night in Nigeria.

We were all a little tense, having read all the tales of bandits, robbers, etc. and if you read the official web site of the Foreign Office, you wouldn’t visit Nigeria, let alone travel.

The small band of wood cutters who emerged on our arrival, bid us all welcome with a small bow then went on their way, leaving us in peace to get organised and cook. The piste from Nikki to New Bussa, was now number one in the hard piste list. Each small village we passed we were greeted by a hale of frenzied greetings and not a bandit in sight.

Passing the Kainji Dam we quickly found a place for the night and some more bush camping and more pleasant, polite, welcoming locals. We are finding this rather hard to come to terms with, as this was not what we had expected at all.

Moving on, there are now more and more frequent police and military checkpoints, we have had no problems, everybody is again friendly and welcoming and quite surprised to see, a/ white people and b/ tourists, assuming us to be some form of Government Agency or even worse missionaries! Requesting gifts of calendars and Bibles.

It is quite reassuring that should anything untoward happen along the way, there is always someone with a big semiautomatic weapon along the route to lend a hand.

*     *     *

We had been told that the Sheraton Hotel in Abuja welcomes overlanders and allows them to camp for free. When we arrived we were directed to the lower car park while the girls went to see the Assistant Manager and enquire if this was in fact the case, it was! Fantastic! We could camp and use all the facilities for free. ‘From the bush to 5 star, Geraldine would be proud’. Wow! This was some luxury, lounging by the pools, drinking cold beer, surrounded by air hostesses and foreign diplomats.

Abuja is a thoroughly modern city and reminded me of Canary Wharf, in London except with a huge mosque in the centre. The problem was with the luxury of a swimming pool, we were too lazy to explore the town. In the
evening, we spoilt ourselves and had dinner in the excellent buffet restaurant and were all full to exploding point. I took advantage of the rest and gave Grommet a thorough check over, an oil change and grease up. The hotel’s mechanics were surprised that we, white men, could actually do these things and that our vehicles contained all that we require.

We all agreed that we must move on before we got too accustomed to this luxury life. In Abuja we found a cash point at the Hilton hotel and then loaded up with cheap Nigerian petrol at 0.25Euros per litre, strangely, here in Nigeria, diesel is more expensive than petrol and often hard to find. We left Abuja and headed for the Plato Region and Jos.

The road from Abuja is fantastic, a two lane dual carriageway, the only problem is, they forgot to tell the Nigerians that they must drive on the right and it is not uncommon to see cars and trucks heading towards you.

Here in Nigeria, the driving is crazy, overloaded cars and trucks drive far too fast for the condition of the road. In a matter of seconds a beautiful asphalt road can became a rough potholed piste. The road side is littered with the wrecks of those that didn’t quite make it, cars, tankers, trucks and bush taxis, their rusting skeletons, a chilling memorial.

We had hoped to make it all the way to The Yankari Game Reserve after Jos, but due to our now relaxed nature, opted for another night in the bush at a place called Vom. The guide book describes the area as perfect for camping amongst the rocky hills, obviously, nobody has been there since all the villages had sprang up. The piste finally ended with a bicycle track so that’s where we stopped to camp. The air here is a lot cooler with a fresh breeze that had the Germans running for their fleeces. Still no bandits or robbers. The highway had a very heavy police and military presence following the Deputy Prime Minister’s visit to Jos. Being stopped every few kms or so and being asked the same questions, can became a little tedious, still we kept our cool and it was interesting to see the assorted range of weapons on display. I think, the road blocks are primarily to control the ethnic tension between Muslims and Christians which still exists in this area, rather than to hassle us tourists.

We reached the Yankari Game Reserve at the same time that the Harmatan wind, the game warden at the entrance was not the most welcoming we had come across and proceeded to hassle us about cameras, money, etc. But due to the Harmatan were not prepared to pay the exorbitant rate for a ‘professional camera’ or video camera and settled on a rate for a 35mm compact camera. The route from the gate to the lodge was hard and demanding and we arrived in need of a cold beer and shower. Because the generator is only run at night, we had to settle for warm Fanta and no shower. The lodge and its outbuildings had seen better days and were in a very rundown, dilapidated state, the toilets and shower facilities had no water until the morning.

*     *     *

Here at Yankari, there is also a hot spring where we spent 3 luxurious hours in its crystal clear waters that are at a constant 30 deg C, we were all looking like prunes. While floating about, the river was visited by a troupe of baboons that they had come to eat and drink. It was incredible to be floating about with wild baboons, just a meter or so away on the bank. The reserve was a huge disappointment, compounded by the weather that meant it would have been impossible to see all but the largest of the animals, the state of the place and the unfriendly attitude of the staff along with the exorbitant costs, we all decided it was time to leave. This was a shame as anything to do with wildlife especially here in West Africa should be given huge support, but in a park where poaching exists and a staff that doesn’t care, what chance is there? So following our hot bath, we decide to move on, a small convoy of three vehicles back out into the bush.

In Nigeria, a former British colony, driving had traditionally been on the left with British imported RHD cars. In the seventies, as the new nation desperately veered away from its colonial past (if there's one thing Nigerians hate more than their corrupt Generals, it's the Brits -- and they blame the one on the other all too often!!), Nigeria shifted to driving on the right.

www.brianlucas.ca/roadside/
We had barely parked when our first visitors arrived, they were some of the sons of the local Chief, who were students studying at the University in Jos. They were at home because they were on strike over pay for their tutors. We had a great time discussing current and foreign affairs along with the usual African misconceptions about Europe and the United States. The following morning they returned with their father, the Chief who wanted to be photographed with the white men. We were quick to explain that we didn’t have a Polaroid camera and that we were on a long journey and that it would be a long time before we could post some prints. No problem, they had already sent for the local photographer who would be here shortly. We couldn’t believe it, when the guy arrived with the camera, flash and some film. We gave him a couple of rolls of print film and he set to work. With the formal photos with the Chief over, it was now a frenzy as everybody wanted photos with us and in particular with the girls, it was a relief for us all that only a few of the Chief’s twenty sons could make it, otherwise we could have been there all day.

*     *     *

The River Benue was low due to the dry season and the first half could be crossed by a small causeway of reeds and sand for a small fee. We then arrived at the ferry. I would hardly describe it as a ferry, more a collection of rusty pontoons tied to a pair of pirogues with small outboards. We agreed on a price and I drove Grommet on board. Once on board, the agreed price began to escalate, firstly because we were white tourist, obviously with plenty of money and then because Grommet was ‘so big and heavy’. The price reached a point that it would be cheaper to buy the petrol and make the 300km detour. I was about to drive off the ferry when fortunately for us the Minister for Agriculture and Ecology, who happened to be travelling on the ferry at the same time, stepped in to negotiate on our behalf. We paid what we felt was the right price and unknown to us at the time, the Minister paid the difference.

The ferry set off upriver to the landing stage, fortunately for us the river was very calm, otherwise we would probably have had an impromptu swim. Blanca and I were now faced with a dilemma, we were on one side of the river and the rest of the group where still on the other side preparing for the fantasy ferry price. Luckily, our friend, the Minister, stepped in once again to negotiate on our behalf to ensure that we could all cross for a reasonable price and continue our journey together. We were touched deeply by this, again something we had never expected in this “dangerous land of bandits and thieves.”

*     *     *

Every body we have met in Nigeria have been very polite and courteous, watching our every move as this group of aliens from another world with their mobile houses, cook, clean and go about their daily business. Cooking always causes a stir in particular when the men cook, as here it is solely women’s work. The villagers were all sad that we were leaving and were keen to study us more.

*     *     *

Nigeria had been a huge and pleasant surprise, we had encountered no bandits, robbers or thieves; on the contrary the people, local villagers the police and military had greeted us with a real sincere heart felt welcome which we will find hard to forget and has been one of the nicest countries we have visited so far.

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*On the River Benue ferry at Ibi*  
*With some of the chief’s sons*  
*Driving on the left or the right*
Nigerian roads are an adventure unto themselves...

One does not simply "go for a drive" in Nigeria. Much like the physician who "practices" medicine, the driver on Nigerian road attempts to get from one spot to another in relative safety and possibly comfort with the full knowledge that their skills are limited and the outcome is rarely in their control.

Nigerian roads, when they are in good repair, are rather innocuous apparitions that, at a casual glance, are no different than their Western counterparts. There are two lanes of blacktop with packed dirt shoulders and ditches for drainage on either side. Except in the middle of town, where the shoulders and drainage are replaced by -- well, nothing.

Of course, one might notice a distinct lack of lane markings, signage, and traffic control apparatuses -- like signal lights and stop signs. One will have no trouble noting the light poles with their innards dangling menacingly over the passing traffic, the bushes and trees which overgrown the edges of the road, and the rusting heaps of gutted, burnt automobiles which dot the highways and city streets.

When Nigerian roads are in bad repair, they are tooth-rattling and tire-eating. Wary drivers have learned to read the skid marks on the road ahead of them so as to identify the car-swallowing potholes and swerve (true Nigerians would never slow down…). There are parts of some roads that have been in disrepair for so long that drivers have worn entirely new roads around them. If one notices a large gash in their lane in front of them and sees oncoming traffic in the other lane, one quickly flashes one’s headlights to indicate, "There’s a pothole the size of Delaware in my lane so I’m coming over to yours!" Usually things work out...

Nigerian roads gain their greatest notoriety when you populate them with Nigerians.

Nigerians are by disposition a self-absorbed and over-confident people. As is the habit of self-absorbed and over-confident people all around the world, they take to the public byways with complete satisfaction that they alone possess the right-of-way and pay little mind to the needs and travails of others.

So the man who needs to carry sugar cane into town has no hesitation to load the three meter lengths of cane sideways across his motorcycle and take up half of the road as he slowly puts along his merry way. Nor does the farmer hesitate to use the road’s shoulder -- and maybe a bit of the road itself -- to lay out his gleanings to dry them in the sun. If one passes friends on the road, then, by all means, one
should stop right in the middle of the road and beckon one’s friends to come to one's car for a casual conversation in the midst of busy traffic. And if one's vehicle breaks down, there's no need to move it to the side of the road. God meant, no doubt, for that car to be on that precise spot at that particular time.

As pedestrians, Nigerians are highly status conscious and unhurried. They vigorously defer to elders and higher-ranking individuals, sometimes bowing to touch the ground and keeping their eyes cast down throughout their conversations. They are gracious to newcomer and display a remarkable hospitality to friends, family, and visitors. Inherently polychronic, Nigerians can wait for hours for a meeting, show up to parties five hours late, wait in queues for fuel for days, and defer tasks for weeks until electricity or water is restored.

As drivers, however, Nigerians are uniformly rushed and are positively ruthless to whomever they chance to meet on the road. They are of the New York or LA lean-out-the-window-waving arms-while-shouting-invectives-and-making-disparaging-remarks-about-one’s-lineage ilk. However fast one’s car is capable of traveling is precisely how fast it should travel. So BMWs and Mercedes and late-model Peugeots careen around traffic and blow down open roads at full throttle while rattle-trap 40-year-old trucks and dilapidated Datsuns sputter weakly along the shoulder.

In this sense, one finds Nigerian roads remarkably egalitarian. The road is a public good and it is equally used by all. So there’s room for the woman with the stack of sticks on her head and the man on the bike with the 10-foot bundle of sorghum and the motor scooter carrying three riders holding two goats and the motorcycle with the fender of a automobile draped across the back and the boys on two mopeds balancing a 8-foot pane of glass between them and the 1960 VW bug with a body that’s more plaster than steel and the pokey Toyota taxi with eight passengers and the ancient Mitsubishi bus with the detachable doors and the slow-moving cargo truck with twenty passengers sitting atop 500 bags of rice and the speeding convoys of government Peugeots carting military chiefs from one meeting to another and the trembling, wide-eyed foreigners strapped in their seatbelts and gripping the steering wheel while navigating ever-so-cautiously down the road.

So the driving style of Nigerians, at first glance seems bizarre and reckless. But it is all a part of a larger system that actually provides the greatest good for the most people. Drivers of slower moving vehicles move out of the way of those driving faster vehicles. Vehicles veer away from pedestrians. Timid drivers acquiesce to aggressive drivers. Drivers of the ponderously slow cargo trucks signal to following vehicles when it’s safe to pass. In tight situations, like when one vehicle passes a slower vehicle and there’s oncoming traffic, all the actors in the scenario jockey around, flashing headlights and honking horns, until the two-lane road somehow becomes a three-lane road and everyone passes safely but within inches from conflagration.
In a country where few receive formal driving training and passing the licensing exam requires more cash than know-how, everyone vociferously pitches in to teach each other how to drive. In fact, driving in Nigeria is an auditory experience. It’s a good things the weather’s so warm, because one does well to drive with the window rolled down – a driver can learn much about his or her situation by listening to the voices, horns, and shattering glass.

It is not an exaggeration to assert that one uses their horn more often than their brake when driving in Nigeria. It is considered friendly and thoughtful to give a honk when barreling at 120kph through a small town where children are playing on the road. Or to blast a few bars at a taxi just beginning to turn onto the road in front of you without checking first for oncoming traffic. Or to tootle the children who are frenetically playing tag on the concrete lane divider in the busy market section of town. Of course one always honks when passing another vehicle, especially since the other vehicle’s turn signals likely don’t work and its rear view mirrors fell off long ago.

Newly arrived drivers are often perplexed about when to use the horn, but soon discover that they should pay more attention to when NOT to honk. (The answers being: when approaching a police checkpoint or when your spouse is checking the engine oil.)

Speaking of police: Nigerian roads are decorated with three major varieties of police. There’s the orange-shirted traffic cop who stands at busy intersections and directs traffic with cheerful energy and flourish, stopping all the smaller vehicles when large trucks approach so the truck driver can proceed unimpeded through the intersection and drop a 10-niara note out the window in thanks. (All the waiting cars must remain still while the officer chases the banknote across the intersection in the wake of the truck.) These guys are relatively harmless and depend upon the kindness of passersby to supplement their meager salaries. (Which explains their cheerful and energetic demeanor.) My mornings have been brightened every day by a clutch of officers who hang out at a busy intersection on my way to work and deliver makeshift salutes and hearty, "Mornin’, Master!!" as I pass by.

Then there’s the Men-in-Blue. Real police officers in real police uniforms carrying some very real assault rifles. These guys command respect – usually in ten and twenty niara increments. They rarely stop "baturis" (Hausa for "of Europe") and well-off looking Nigerians in private vehicles, but they seem to target local taxi and money bus drivers. Ostensibly they are looking for drug runners and tax evaders, but they set up at the same lucrative corners every day, totally ignoring other well-traveled routes, so one must conclude that they're either looking for really stupid drug runners and tax evaders or they have other motives.
Finally there’s the Federales: guys in camouflage with even more impressive firepower. They stake out major highways between towns and stop all cars and trucks in search of a whole litany of bad-ass criminals. Highway robbery is a big problem in Nigeria, with many deaths in recent times from gangs of robbers who dress up as – you might guess – police and stop cars to relieve all the occupants of their possessions. (Frequently they take the car, too.) So one approaches a police checkpoint with a strange mixture of relief and dread. Seeing an actual federal vehicle with federal license plates and burly guys with well-fitted uniforms and howitzers across their chests is, oddly, cause for elation. (The robbers usually can’t employ all the trappings of their law enforcement counter parts.)

On the other hand, the Federal Police are not at all shy about asking for a "present." (It’s a tough job, y’know, and it gets awfully hot out here, and, gee whiz, a cigarette or kola nut would sure taste good…) Often they will take advantage of the most recent holiday to extend their best greetings in the hope that their quarry will be overcome with generosity. There’s nothing like hearing a powerfully rendered "Merry Christmas" from six very large and restless looking dudes with huge semi-automatic rifles on a quiet road that is miles from any village. It brings out the best in everyone…

The police run checkpoints largely because they don’t have cars. (If one sees flashing lights in their rearview mirror, it’s because a convoy of Peugeots with a very important "government functionary" is about to pass by.) One may occasionally see an old Peugeot station wagon with eight beefy Federales and 600 pounds of artillery roaming the road, but even if they ditched the artillery, they wouldn’t be able to reach reasonable cruising speeds, so those with well-functioning cars just blast right past them.

But for all their charm, the Federales do a fairly good job of making the roads safer for travelers and commerce. Local lore in Jos relates how last year the Federales caught a local man with several human heads in his trunk. Such things are used for juju (black magic) and generally frowned upon by most federal agencies. So the police simply took the man out of the car and shot him. The same fate befalls captured highway robbers. It’s gruesome and brutal, but one can’t find many Nigerians who sympathize with the alleged criminals.

The best thing Nigerian roads have going for them is the PTF. The PTF, Petroleum Trust Fund, is a semigovernmental board that was set up to handle a portion of the proceeds from Nigeria’s oil exports. The Fund itself is a monument to the inability of the federal government to keep from frittering away the money. In a rare moment of lucidity (of which all the details I have yet to hear) it was decided that the PTF, under the leadership of a much-trusted retired general, would manage the disbursal of the oil profits that remained after the Federal government snagged the lion's share. The PTF has garnered significant respect amongst Nigerians by tending to serious infrastructural problems first and by delivering top quality results. (In almost awed tones, Nigerian friends recount how a contractor was not paid until he fixed some problems with a road he’d just built…) So when traveling Nigeria, one is wise to seek out PTF roads. Many of them are on par with similar two lane roads in the U.S. Some even go so far as to have painted lines down the middle and mile markers!

Nigeria is a gloriously beautiful country, from its steamy seaside jungles in the south to the rocky, whitewashed deserts of the north. Its roads, like those in many developing countries, are at times very dangerous. But they do open up a world of options for all Nigerians, and Nigerian drivers, for all their faults, make the most of what vehicles and opportunities they have at their disposal. Armed with good defensive driving skills, a great deal of flexibility, and a good sense of humor, one can manage quite well on Nigerian roads … during the day.

Only the woefully suicidal drive at night.

www.widernet.org/OurJosWeb/CM/OntheRoad/Ontheroad.htm
The 1962 Nigerian Driving Licence was a little 16 page booklet, about 3.5” x 4.5” bound together with two long stitches of what feels like silk thread. It was designed like a passport with annual renewals to be officially stamped and pasted onto consecutive pages. The top right page is dated November 12, 1962. I was 22 years old. The Road Traffic Regulations were apparently written in 1948 when Nigeria was part of the British Empire (where the sun never set.) It places me at the Prov. Sec. School in Funtua. A year later on October 18, 1963, the page on the bottom left reveals that I was at the P.G.S. (Provincial Girls’ School) Maiduguri. So what’s that page with all the hash marks? At the top it says ENDORSEMENTS. Now doesn’t that sound lovely? According to the 2003 UK Endorsement Guide [link], in addition to paying a fine/fixed penalty the drivers licence will be endorsed with a penalty ranging from 3-11 points or a period of disqualification will be imposed, depending on the seriousness of the offence. Any driver who incurs 12 or more penalty points within a 3-year period is liable to be disqualified under the “totting-up” system. Information on a driver's entitlement and endorsements are sent to courts and police on request. Not so lovely anymore. So what are the hash marks for? I evidently needed something to write on to keep track of the points scored by student teams in a game of some sort. And you thought I was in big trouble!
I found the following 1945 American soldier’s glimpse into life on a World War II airbase in Maiduguri on a family’s website, www.mortinsen.com, a few months ago, but now the account seems to have been removed from the website. The writer’s racial remarks are a reflection of the accepted attitudes of many Americans in the forties, but they are no longer acceptable by today’s standards, and the account may have been removed for that reason. Much of Sgt Melander’s description of the area sounds familiar to me. There were no jet planes then, but today Maiduguri airport’s runway is long enough to accommodate passenger jets. (The notorious Liberian warlord, Charles Taylor, was captured outside of Maiduguri in March of 2006, and was returned to Monrovia via the Maiduguri airport to face war crimes charges.

A SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN NIGERIA: 1945

The Air Transport Command Airways stretch around the globe - another of the branches of the service that the sun never sets on. Men that operate these bases might have been the guy who lived next door but regardless of who he is or where he comes from, whenever time permits he tries to find something of interest for a little entertainment. This is an experience of the following four men; T/Sgt Leo L. Horton of Sioux Falls, S. Dakota – S/Sgt Harry Mitchell of Jackson, Miss.,- Sgt. A Howard Melander of Wayside, Kansas – and Cpl Marcel Mura of Garfield, New Jersey. The date – April 15, 1945.

The men in our barracks are the proud possessor of “the best Houseboy in Nigeria”, Wilfred Newaiqwe, better known as “Willie”. A brief sketch of his life history shows that he was born of the Ibo tribe, was raised like any other African child, and has been educated in English and Religion by a Catholic Mission. For a short time he served in the Afrikans Army which under the British Government controls all police activities in Nigeria. But Willie was a smart boy – he didn’t like the Army and through a bit of gold bricking and pretended sickness, was discharged. His humor and actions would be hard for many comedians to imitate and his antics around the barracks keep the boys in constant periodical uproars. If it wasn’t for Willie, our morale would really be in the ditch at times!

In 1941 Willie was married by Ibo tribal ceremony to a church-named bride, Christina. The bride was bought from a family in Owerri, 900 miles south of Maiduguri, which is the custom and their intentions of marriage were recorded in the District Marriage book. Before this marriage would be recognized by the Catholic faith it was necessary for them to be married by the Church. That wedding was performed April 8 1945 by the Catholic Chaplain of this air base and the following Sunday was announced as being the day of the Wedding Feast. Everyone of Willie’s friends were invited and we four boys represented his White Masters.

Maidugari lies sprawled in the sun two miles northeast of our camp. In early afternoon when the sun is really pouring down, we start out following trails of the natives leading past the English Country Club to a road that took us to the Maiduguri River. This river during the dry months resembles a small portion of the Sahara with its abundance of loose sand. In passing the home of the District Veterinary, Cpl Mura suggests we select walking sticks from a stack of wood. There is another advantage to this – when some of the pestering Beri Beri boys start crowding around for cigarettes or candy, all you have to do is wave the stick a few times yelling “Babu” (No) or “Tafi” (Go away).

After leaving the river bank we begin the trudging perspiring job of climbing a slight grade on the road which brings us to the gates of the city. Upon reaching the top of this grade we find the road lined with large spreading shade trees and hundreds of semi-clad natives, mostly Beri Beris. This
section of Nigeria is a blending point of the Ibo and Beri Beri tribes. The Ibo nation extends to
the south while the Beri Beris, known as a “bush” tribe, extends northward. To the east is the
Hausa tribe whose language is universal throughout Nigeria. The Ibos are a higher class, more
civilized tribe with a fair percentage of education through the efforts of the Christian
missionaries. Beri Beris are easily distinguished by their clothes; most of them are semi-clad if
they have anything on at all!

To our right is a barren tree with five monstrous vultures perched on the topmost
branches. Under this tree are the dye vats of some Beri Beris. The dye is the very dark Indigo
Blue with a harsh acrid odor made from various plants and roots. Maiduguri is the originating
point of the Indigo Blue color and dye. The vats are constructed underground and are used for
dyeing every piece of clothing the Beri Beri wears. Blue is the only color he shows any
favoritism to.

Further on down this lane we walk, kicking up loose dust that is nearly ankle deep. To the
left we notice the native market and on our right is a herd of donkeys and goats. The size of
these donkeys as an average is around 2½ feet high but they are strong enough to carry twice
their weight. Sometimes the load is so large on one of these animals the only visible part is the
donkey’s head and ears; his driver may be carrying 50 pounds of something on his head and in
his hands some green switches to keep the sleepy animal ambling along.

In passing the herd of goats a most amusing incident was before our eyes. A young boy had
just purchased a half grown kid and was taking him home probably for slaughter. But this
wasn’t according to the animals’ wishes! The boy had a rope fastened around the kid’s neck
and was dragging the stubborn, stiff legged animal through the gate. For awhile the animal
nearly had the boys “goat” as we would speak of it, but the situation finally turned for the better
and the boy resumed control of the “goat”.

Our triumphant entry into the city of 80,000 wasn’t as a person would expect. Instead of
being greeted by paved streets, sidewalks, and street lights, we find that it is just a continuance
of the same dusty road lined with mud houses as far as you can see. To our right is the only
brick building in the town. It is a shop owned by wealthy Arabs who sell clothes, large supplies
of white cotton cloth which is the base for any items of the Ibo clothing, and a few trinkets that
appeal to the native’s eye.

Willie’s only directions was turn left at the first street and follow it on past the barber
shop. Quite a method of direction when all those mud huts have the same slimy appearance
and no house numbers whatsoever! Standing at the entrance to this street which was no more
than 60 feet across, our eyes follow a continuous wall of mud lining both sides of the street with
numerous doors opening into small courts cluttered with the dwellings of the natives. A short
distance farther is a large gathering of people under a canopy of woven weed mats enjoying the
music of a native orchestra giving out with the most weird rhythms to which some of the
natives were dancing. This dance is called the “Mabo”. The haunting rhythm is based on one
drum called “Goomba” and its player is generally the leader of the ensemble. Don’t you think
we are using the word “ensemble” a bit recklessly?

Leaving the native musicians and dancers behind we begin our search for the Mansion of
Mud constituting the abode of Willie and his wife and family. Oh, yes, they have a “pickin” –
a boy of about 16 months! The street appears to run together farther down as the passageway
narrows and curves. Cpl Mura who is an old timer in this region, spies two flashily dressed
boys headed in our direction. This was the solution – they were headed for the festivities and offered to show us the way. The flashiest of the two boys was attired in black and white striped cotton trousers, white broad cloth shirt and blue tie. The coat was most outstanding! It was black wool with satin lapels gleaming with a high sheen. The passing of the barber shop which was part of the directions was no more than an ordinary chair on a box surrounded by a group of young pickins on their haunches awaiting their turn for a head shaving.

Suddenly the two boys turned into a doorway that opened into a patio perhaps 25 feet square. The entire place was crowded with Ibo guests seated on boxes and home made chairs before low tables constructed from scrap lumber and discarded boxes. Except for the walkways in front of the dwellings, the entire patio was shaded by woven grass mats supported by crude sticks that may have been carried in for firewood at one time. The homes are tenement style also constructed of mud – clay mixed with cement. Even the roof is constructed of mud. Willie and his friends who live around him, built these tenements taking them six months to complete the task.

Willie was out so a member of the Reception Committee took over and seated us at a table covered with a beautiful crocheted spread made from cotton grown in and around Maiduguri. A boy was appointed to serve us and take care of our needs as white men are considered as highly honored guests. Our only refreshment during the short stay was two quarts of Leopoldville Congo beer served warm. It was the duty of the boy to see that our glasses didn’t go dry and our supply of fresh roasted native peanuts was sufficient.

Soon afterwards our boy Willie enters dressed fit for the kill. He wore a black coat and trousers made of English Wool purchased from a local Merchant. The pants were neatly pressed with a crease sharp enough to cut a persons finger. The outfit was completed with a white cotton shirt and red and blue striped tie with a pair of sun glasses. Yes, sir, that was our boy Willie whom we had always seen bare foot with white shirt and short pants! He comes forward to greet us saying “Alah Bumbra” meaning “big Master”. The hand clasp with which we were greeted was executed by our host placing his right hand over his heart then extending it for the grip. This Ibo custom signifies gladness from the heart of your host.

Clothes of the Ibo guest were quite varied in color. The women were the most flashily attired with long dresses of mixed colors of red, gold or yellow, and some blue. The boys generally wore a suit, maybe white shirt and English shorts. Everyone of the men had hats commonly worn by high school boys in the States. One boy particularly caught our eye. He wore a pair of blue and white pajamas—the kind every man in America wishes he could purchase for replacement of the worn-out pair he now slumbers in. But don’t feel slighted, Gentlemen. Just think, your loss is helping to clothe Ibos for Wedding Feasts! Lend-Lease?

Soon the bride was to make her appearance and the part would get underway. In the meantime we were entertaining the Newaique’s Pinkin, Festus. The little ebony creature is clad in a short dress only and like all young kids, into everything. He tried to walk under our table but bumped his head and immediately started wailing in a loud voice. Mura soon quieted the sobs by bouncing him on his knee and allowing him to listen to the ticking of his watch. This created another problem – getting the watch back without an argument. Finally, father Willie comes to the rescue!

At last the bride makes her entrance and sits beside her husband at a table in the northwest corner of the shaded patio. Her attire was a beautiful white wedding dress crocheted from
imported India silk that took two weeks of steady work to complete. The garb consists of a dress and vest. The vest is what we would refer to as the bridal train being worn over the head and touching the ground in the back. The shoes were white English leather and her white hose was made of English Wool. The wedding ring was made of silver from an American coin by her ingenious husband. Except for the mulatto face everything visible was of a gleaming Rinso White.

Soon after the bride was seated the six piece native orchestra strikes up and the festivities are underway. Some of the instruments are jugs on which they blow or strike with the hand creating the bass. The drummer, playing the Goomba, sets the rhythm and two other boys with instruments having the appearance of cow bells, create the haunting eerie melody by striking them with small sticks. The first song, “God Bless Her”, sung in native tongue with beautiful harmony, is the custom of such an occasion. It is a long arrangement of Christian blessings followed by a Catholic prayer in Ibo while all the guests are standing.

As soon as the song and prayer is finished, the orchestra picks up a new tempo and the party is on. People begin singing, laughing, and one of the ladies starts a shuffling shimmy dance. Horton and Mura busied themselves in taking a few pictures and the guests become quite elated as they enjoy being photographed. By this time the refreshments are being served. First comes the drink called “Cola” made from seeds of the local Cola tree seasoned with pepper. The “chop” immediately following is Pitor. Pitor is made with bread, small portions of beer, and raw coffee, fried. It is served with fried beef liver. To us, none of the drink and food appeared appetizing so we were content with our Congo beer.

The time passes quickly when a person is seeing so many interesting sights and what seemed a short time was actually 2½ hours of our afternoon of sightseeing. We all shook hands with Willie and expressed our wishes for their happiness by dropping a few shillings in the gift plate. All the guests leave a gift of money and the gifts from the 400 guest attending from 2 PM until 10 PM totaled L 12-2-9d ($49.21). The part cost 8 pounds so economical Willie profits $16.0. The Ibos reach a glowing state of inebriation from the drink and chop but do not indulge to the point of complete pixilation as such practice is very much taboo.

Leaving the city we were followed by a group of native kids begging for a tip called a “dash”, cigarettes or candy. One boy comes up to Mitchell asking for a dash and to have his picture taken, all in one breath. This was too much but finally Mitchell comes through with this! “You dash me and I’ll take your picture”. The boy was dumbfounded at this quirk. Farther down the road we were approached by an Afrikan trooper mounted on a beautiful bay pony. Horton clicks the shutter and the trooper and horse are recorded on film. The trooper beaming like a delighted child says, “You take my picture!” then proudly posts on down the road.

Passing one of the English residences close to camp, Mura notices a couple young natives being given a bath. The Mother had Baba, the boy, under a faucet giving him a fierce scrubbing with the chap yelping to high heaven. The little girl, Amina, stark naked, comes running down to the road and is rewarded by a couple orange flavored Lifesavers and a stick of gum.

Back at camp again with perspiration streaming from our faces, we have to rush to get washed and put on a shirt and tie. At 1615 hours, all men not on duty are to attend a ceremony in memoriam of our late President, Franklin Delano Roosevelt. The commanding officer reads a memorial message from the Secy of War and the Chaplain completed the ceremony by a short speech and prayer; the grief in the hearts of the men present is something impossible to express in words!

Following this we return to the barracks to hit the sack for a little rest with a slight trade of hunger deep in the pit of our stomachs for the club steaks and ice cream to be served at dinner. Did I hear someone say “You never had it so good”? ‘Tis the end of a perfect day and one that four fellows will always remember. --Sgt A Howard Melander
It’s PCV Willy Sollers again with a mystery man. The MM seems to be wearing a wedding ring, so he may have been the male half of a PCV husband-wife team that arrived with the Nigeria V group. Now he obviously did not want his picture taken! Willy however, had no objection, and is happily smiling and displaying his flesh colored band-aid. Willy was in charge of the station wagon jeep that we all shared in Maiduguri. It was in that jeep that we discovered that Henry’s California driving lessons had not succeeded much better than mine. Maybe his teacher also told the examiner that he would soon be out of the country, and would be no threat to any Americans except for his fellow Peace Corps volunteers. The reason Willy was in charge of jeep maintenance was that he discovered that Florence and I had no clue about changing the oil every 3000 miles, and even less of a clue about doing it. Cars were for driving. Why not just leave the oil alone? Obviously, the Peace Corps needed to address this gap in PC training. Good thing the vintage Funtua Jeep wasn’t in our incompetent hands for very long!

Willy, our Nigeria IV guys, and the new Nigeria V arrivals were assigned to the Provincial Boys’ School in Maiduguri. One day, he told me in his cheerfully ironic fashion that come the Revolution, he would save me because I was worth saving! He meant the Civil Rights Revolution in the US. And come it did. In August 1965, after we had returned to the US, black Americans rioted for six days in the Watts section of Los Angeles. In 1968, Martin Luther King was assassinated in Memphis in 1968. I was living and teaching on Long Island in New York during those days, so I didn’t need to be rescued, but it was a comfort to know Willy was out there, just in case.

This photo to the left was one of those shots taken to prove to the folks back home that I was surviving quite well in sunny Africa on the tennis courts of the club in Maiduguri. Yes. A club. It was a social club undoubtedly set up by the British during colonial days, and probably the same one referred to by Sgt. Melander in his 1945 account of life on the Maiduguri airbase. When I was there,
The club had a bar, a sitting area, and a dance floor where we danced away to songs like *Let's Twist Again* and *I Want To Hold Your Hand*. Chubby Checker and the Beatles reigned supreme. The DJ was a record player and a pile of 45’s. There was no TV, and no radio in the club. We hadn’t yet learned the more Africa-appropriate Watusi and Monkey. We had only the dances and the pop music that we had brought with us, and that was it. But, we had a gift from Nigeria: the Highlife! It was a simple step-step right, step-step left dance that captivated all of us.

**BBC Update: Highlife 2004**

*Are we still living the highlife?*

By the 1950s elite dance orchestras lead to a rapid expansion of bands. Names such as the great ET Mensah of Ghana rose up.

Now the BBC is staging a special concert in Nigeria bringing some of the big names of the 1950s and 1960s onto one stage: *Living the Highlife*.

It seems that Highlife is as popular as ever. What do you think?

**Two responses:**

*It would be lovely to see highlife music regain the kind of popularity that it had back in the 60s and 70s. It is very good music that is truly African in its spirit and is well-played and composed unlike some of the music produced today in Africa that tries (poorly) to imitate hip-hop, pop and RnB music as they are done in the UK and the US. We should be 1st class originals and not 2nd rate imitators.*

**Ayoola Somolu, Boston, USA**

*Highlife music is an integral part of African heritage. we as Africans should preserve it as much as possible.*

**Osagie Usoh, Houston, Texas. U.S.A**

http://news.bbc.co.uk/1/hi/world/africa/3686512.stm

*To listen to samples of highlife music, go to:*

www.retroafric.com/html/catalogue/01Xcd-1.html

http://music.calabashmusic.com/world/Highlife
Sixth Annual Highlife Concert
By Megan Quinn, Online Editor

Most of the seats in Macky Auditorium were empty during the Highlife Concert on Saturday night, April 22. That’s because the performance has a tendency to get participants dancing in the aisles.

Known for its high energy, enthusiastic dance and eclectic music, the annual Highlife Concert is now in its sixth year and showing no sign of losing its touch.

The auditorium was packed with people of all ages. African highlife music is a form of popular music from Ghana and Nigeria. It incorporates traditional drums and percussion with instruments like trombones, saxophones, keyboards, and bass. An occasional guitar or keytar even made an appearance.

Thirty CU students make up the ensemble, which is directed by Kwasi Ampene, a professor of musicology. It is the only student Highlife ensemble in the United States.

The ensemble collaborated with numerous guest performers, including CU’s Umoja Voices Gospel Choir, singer Kwame Seth, flugelhorn player Mac Tontoh and dancer and drum player Adjei Abankwa. CU jazz professors Brad Goode and John Gunther also performed.

The interplay between each guest and the ensemble added to the energy and joy the performers spread over the crowd. The performers not only played their hearts out on every song, but they danced and joked with the other performers, adding to the party-like atmosphere of the night.

Many of the performers also had solos, where they could showcase their instruments and voices. With such a mix of diverse instruments, the solos allowed the audience to pick out the individual sounds that made up the high-energy music. Many musicians also performed in lively African dances that were sprinkled between songs.

Tontoh encouraged the crowd to dance and sing along by jumping up and down between solos. At the end of the night, the entire hall was singing the words, “Everybody do what you’re doing. A smile will bring a sunshine day.”

It was all smiles in Macky as the mix of singers, musicians and dancers performed their finale, spinning and singing in their colorful costumes before taking a bow to a roaring crowd.

The intense energy was a little much for some audience members, who said they wished they had been warned before attending. By the end, however, most joked about being flushed and sweaty as they waited in line for the drinking fountain.

The ensemble will be back next year for another round of celebrating and music making. For information on joining the ensemble or participating in a summer program in Ghana, call Kwasi Ampene at (303) 492-6439.

http://www.colorado.edu/music/events/highlife.html
I do remember being leader of the Guides, and teaching the girls such useful things as log cabin fires and hospital sheet folding. One badge was fun and useful though, cooking. You and I had several dinners cooked by the girls. They were unbelievably hot. There was the rice/sugar dessert, rolled into balls. The first bite was delicious, then the fire hit--there were hot peppers in the middle!

The girls to the left seem to be cooking, or at least learning how to start a fire in a small wood stove. There is wood visible in the little stove on the right, and the girl on the left is holding a piece of wood in her hands. The girl in the center may be adjusting the grate to get a good air supply.
The Emir’s Royal Guard in the brilliant red uniform is hand delivering a message. He and the Girls School guard are standing in front of the walled living quarters of the girls school in Maiduguri.

2005: Royal Guard fashions have become even more flamboyant with the addition of oversized red and grey checks. In the photo of the Emir under the umbrella on horseback above, you can see the guards on all sides of the Emir doing their jobs. In the BBC article reprinted below, they are called courtiers.

**BBC Update: Emir of Kano**

December 2001

The first in a series of reports from northern Nigeria by the BBC's West Africa correspondent, Mark Doyle, assessing the impact of the 11 September attacks

Inside the ancient palace of the Emir of Kano, courtiers mill about in gorgeous coloured robes. One of Africa's timeless Islamic ceremonies is taking place - the Emir of Kano is holding court.
In the courtyard, camp followers sound long traditional trumpets, while others play smaller instruments made from cow horns.

We began our Nigerian journey in Kano because it is the centre of one of the great Islamic emirates of the north of the Federation. It has also been a centre for clashes between Christian and Muslims.

We wanted to see if the "War Against Terrorism" or "Jihad against America" (take your pick) had heightened those tensions.

The Emir's court was our introduction to the north.

**Silent and dignified**

The Emir himself, silent and dignified, made his progress to the throne. Once seated, he carefully surveyed the courtroom before him.

At the far end of the large but simple room, a group of petitioners lay prostrate, with their hands flat on the red carpet in front of them. These men didn't look directly at the Emir but talked through lawyers who would, in turn, interpret the Emir's subtle signals.

Everyone in the room is male.

Throughout the proceedings the Emir doesn't appear to say a word. But his decisions in the courtroom, conveyed by a nod or a sign, are passed on through the royal scribes who sit cross legged in front of him. His word will become law.

One petitioner has a land and cattle dispute - the Emir would investigate.

A young boy appears who is said to have killed someone - he would be taken to the police.

A third man has paid for electricity but it has not been supplied - the Emir's men promised to see government officials about it.

**Vast power**

The power of the Emir should not be exaggerated. In the end the secular Federal government, with its vast oil revenues, pays much of the Emir's budget.

But nevertheless the conservative Islamic power structures of northern Nigeria remain a force to be reckoned with, as they have from time immemorial.

It was into this timeless scene that 11 September exploded.

Outside the palace, in the dusty and polluted streets of Kano city, some taxi cab drivers were proudly displaying photographs of Osama Bin Laden on their windscreens.
One young man had a smaller picture of the al-Qaeda leader pasted on his motorcycle:

"I like Osama," the man explained, "because he tells the truth. No Muslim is happy with the bombing of Afghanistan".

About a month after the attacks on New York and Washington, riots broke out in Kano following an anti-US march.

The Senior Palace Counsellor, Alhaji Abbas Sanusi, agreed to speak for the Emir about 11 September and its effect on Nigeria.

'Outsiders' blamed

The October riots in Kano were, he said, a result of "misunderstandings" due to "outsiders" who created disharmony. The Senior Counsellor pointed out that non-Muslims had lived in Kano since before the Europeans arrived in 1903, and there had been peace between the various groups.

I understood the word "outsider" to be a sort of political code-word for anyone who challenged the pre-eminence of the Emir and his conservative, traditional structures - be they Christians or radical Muslims.

As for the dispute between Osama Bin Laden and the west, Alhaji Sanusi said: "We do not think this is a dispute between Islam and Christianity. We are following it very closely. Islam does not condone terrorism".

But he balanced this last statement, a reference to the 11 September attacks.

"We know the American position, but we also know that the Afghans say they are not terrorists... The Americans will be wrong if their struggle turns into a struggle against Islam," he said.

These carefully chosen words reflect the Emir's desire to tread a middle path between the heated anti-Americanism of the Islamic street, and the Nigerian Government's more measured tone which has to reflect the Federation's pluralism.

However, when I asked Alhaji Sanussi if the Emir agreed with Osama Bin Laden's statements that he was mounting a Jihad against America, the response was clear.

"We totally disagree with what Osama Bin Laden is saying about mounting a Jihad. It is not a Jihad. There are due processes to follow and anyone who takes a life without those processes being followed cannot be said to be mounting a Jihad."
Stoking violence

Throughout the riots of mid October, and since, there has been the usual dispute about "who started it" - the Christians or the Muslims - but there was no doubt that Afghanistan was a factor in stoking the violence.

At a row of mainly Muslim-owned, but now burnt-down shops, in central Kano's Galadima Road, a trader told me: "The Ibos did this". The Ibo ethnic group, originating in south-eastern Nigeria, is mainly Christian.

At a small church on the other side of town, now also a burnt-out wreck, a Christian elder said: "Muslim Youths attacked here and tried to kill the Pastor. They said they were reacting against the American bombing of Muslim Afghanistan".

At least 100 people were killed in the Kano clashes.

What happened in Kano was in fact more complex than at first appeared. If most Ibos in the north are Christians, then most Moslems are Hausa Fulani. Their disputes often have as much to do with, for example, land ownership or economic questions as they do with religion.

One Muslim trader in Galadima Road also pointed out: "It wasn't just the Christians who were to blame. When the trouble broke out, unemployed youths of all groups took advantage of the situation to loot and pillage".

Another major factor in the potent mix of religion, ethnicity and politics in northern Nigeria is the dispute over the introduction of Sharia, or the strict application of Koranic law which allows punishments such as amputation and stoning for certain crimes.

Afghanistan is a relatively recent topic of controversy and Nigerians have been killing each other over Sharia since long before 11 September.

Dr Ahmat Datti, President of the Supreme Council for Sharia in Nigeria, argues that Sharia is not being introduced but "re-introduced".

He says that when the British colonialists ceded independence, they did so on the condition that certain aspects of Sharia would not be applied.

Muslims were now simply correcting that wrong, he said.

Christians violently disagree with the introduction of Sharia, even if Islamic leaders have sought to re-assure them that it will only apply to Moslems.

http://news.bbc.co.uk/1/hi/world/africa/1722164.stm
These are two housepainters inside and outside our house in Maiduguri. I don’t remember them painting the inside walls, but maybe their assignment was to paint any metal that would rust in the rainy season. The faculty houses and the school were brick buildings, so they never needed exterior painting. The painters’ own homes were undoubtedly built of mud with thatched roofs, like the huts in the villages outside Maiduguri. More well-to-do folk lived in mud houses similar to those in this ‘60’s photo of Kano. It is called adobe in our American southwest, and judging from these selections from www.amazon.com, it is apparently experiencing a resurgence in popularity as a building material.
And We’re off To Chad!

At the end of the spring school term in 1963, it was time for vacation, so we headed north to Chad with two Italian friends, Sandro and Beppe, who were civil engineers, contracted to bring the Nigerian Railway system to Maiduguri. Our goal was to reach Fort Lamy, a French African city whose name was changed to N'Djamena in 1973. The dirt road from Maiduguri to Fort Lamy contained pockets of mud left over from the rainy season. This slowed us down because we had to get out of the big yellow Land Rover and push it, or we had to stop to help push cars ahead of us out of the mud. Now this was more like it! We were in the Peace Corps, weren’t we?

In 1963 no one traveled these roads during the rainy season because they didn’t exist. And they don’t exist during the rains today either. The tragedy is that are Sudanese refugees who have fled into Chad from Darfur, living in camps in eastern Chad. During the rainy season the main road from N'Djamena is closed to most traffic, leaving air transport as the only practical means of moving humanitarian staff and vital medical supplies. (www.wfp.org/english/?ModuleID=137&Key=1262)

World Food Programme

The United Nations’ World Food Programme (WFP) is the world's largest humanitarian agency; each year, WFP provides food aid to an average of 90 million people, including 56 million hungry children, in more than 80 countries. WFP Global School Feeding Campaign - For just 19 US cents a day, you can help WFP give children in poor countries a healthy meal at school - a gift of hope for a brighter future. Visit our website: www.wfp.org
N'Djamena was founded as Fort-Lamy by the French commander Émile Gentil on May 29, 1900, and named after an army officer who had been killed in the Battle of Kousséri a few days earlier. Its name was changed to N'Djamena (taken from the Arab name of a nearby village, Niāmīnā, meaning "place of rest") by the President François Tombalbaye on April 6, 1973, as part of his authenticité program of Africanization.

The city was partly destroyed during the Chadian Civil War, in 1979 and again in 1980. Many southern, Chadian inhabitants fled at the time, but the population has since regrown strongly. The city had only 9,976 inhabitants in 1937, but a decade later, in 1947, the population had almost doubled at 18,435. After independence in 1968 the population reached 126,483. In 1993 it surpassed half a million with 529,555.

On April 13, 2006, a rebel United Front for Democratic Change attack on the city was defeated. [1]

The battle at N'Djamena on April 13, 2006 was a battle between the forces of the revolutionary United Front for Democratic Change (FUCD) and the military of Chad when rebel forces launched an assault on the capital of Chad in the pre-dawn hours, attempting to overthrow the government of President Idriss Déby from their bases an estimated thousand miles east. The rebels attempted to seize the National Assembly building, but the assault was easily repulsed by the much more heavily armed Chadian government forces. At least 350 people, including rebels, government forces and civilians, were killed in the fighting. 271 rebels were captured and paraded through the Place d'Independence the next day.

President Déby blamed the attack on the government of neighboring Sudan, claiming that many of the rebels were either Sudanese backed by their government or residents of Chad conscripted by the Sudanese. The battle occurred just months after the Chadian-Sudanese conflict had ended with the signing of the Tripoli Agreement. Déby broke off relations with the government of Sudan as a result, expelling its diplomats and threatened to stop sheltering thousands of Sudanese refugees from the Darfur region.[1]

The Central African Republic closed off its border with Sudan on 14 April saying that the rebels had crossed into its territory on their way to N'Djamena.[2]

The actions of the rebel forces were condemned by the United Nations Security Council. Secretary General Kofi Annan was quoted as saying he was "greatly troubled by the worsening security situation in Chad".[3]

**Chadian reaction**

Chad President Idriss Déby threatened to expel 200,000 Sudanese refugees sheltering in the east of the country after repeating accusations that Sudan supports rebels who launched a new offensive to oust him. Déby backed away from this threat on April 17, 2006. [4]

Déby repeatedly has accused Sudan of hiring mercenaries to overthrow his government. Sudan has denied the accusation, and in turn has accused Chad of supporting fighters in its volatile Darfur region, where Arab militias and African rebels have fought for nearly three years.

Déby claims that the rebel attack was designed to encourage a constitutional vacuum leading to civil war, by disrupting the forthcoming May 3 presidential election, an election in which President Déby, who has been Chad's leader for sixteen years, is running for a third term. [5]

www.wfp.org/english/?ModuleID=137&Key=1262  [See webpage for footnoted sources.]

The election will be the first in the History of Chad in which no major opposition candidate will participate because most political parties in Chad are boycotting the elections in response to incumbent President Déby's decision to run for a third term. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/
The route to Ft. Lamy brought us to the River Chari where we boarded a ferry to reach the city. Here is Beppe, one of our Italian engineer friends, on the ferry with a man who is possibly a Fulani, judging from his knobbed straw hat. (I had one of those hats for years, but it finally gave up the ghost and had to be discarded.) Until I brighten up the photo, I can’t tell if the Fulani man is smiling, or just tolerating Beppe, and me and my camera. Is he at least grinning and bearing it?

Sandro, Beppe, and I are standing on the edge of the ferry, crossing the River Chari. The ferry was nothing more than a large raft.

In Fort Lamy, I was delighted with the shop windows. The shops in Funtua and Maiduguri were open air affairs with goods spread out in front of the shop, and the shopkeeper sitting in a sheltered area behind the goods. Ft. Lamy’s shops were more substantial and several shops featured, believe it or not, women’s shoes imported from France... colorful leather ladies’ shoes with stiletto heels yet. I didn’t see any women in Nigeria or Chad wearing stiletto heels, but there they were in the Fort Lamy shop windows. Those French shops probably no longer exist in N’Djamena and have been replaced with the more traditional West African shops. The photo to the right of Boutique Sans Frontiere was taken by Nathan King in N’Djamena when he went to Sudan and Chad with Kofi Annan in May 2005.
We’re out of the mud, over the river, and here is Florence on the sidewalk in Ft. Lamy, reading the French newspaper, Le Figaro. Wouldn’t it be great if we could read those headlines now, even in French? (Alas, when I enlarge the photo, all I get is enlarged blurs.)

We had no access to newspapers or TV in Maiduguri, though Florence did have a radio. I had a subscription to Time Magazine, but by the time I received it, the news was already three weeks old.

Sidewalks! Stiletto heels! French food! This was beginning to feel like the big city! I consumed my first (and last) escargot in Ft. Lamy. We were warned never to go swimming or wading because of the snails, but no one ever told us not to eat them! Besides, they were cooked in their shells in butter. Uh-oh. Maybe the butter was made from unpasteurized cream. How ever did I survive? Dumb luck.

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**ESCARGOT IN WINE**

1 (4 oz.) can escargot, drained  
1/4 c. red wine  
1 clove garlic, crushed  
1/4 tsp. coarsely ground black pepper  
1/2 c. butter  
2 tbsp. fresh parsley, chopped  
1 tsp. tarragon  
2 tbsp. chives

Marinate escargot in wine and seasonings - at least 2-3 hours. Place escargot in shells. Spoon in wine mixture. Marinate. Press 1 teaspoon butter (softened) over opening of shell. (This seals in the escargot.) Place in baking pan. Bake in 425 degree oven for 10-15 minutes until bubbly.
Catholic Church in Need of Personnel, Says Cardinal Arinze

Jan 27, 2006

The Catholic Church in Chad, which just celebrated its first National Eucharistic Congress, is in great need of workers, says Cardinal Francis Arinze. Catholic Information Service for Africa (Nairobi, January 20, 2006) The Nigerian-born prefect of the Congregation for Divine Worship and the Sacraments offered that assessment following his recent visit to the country to preside over the congress as the pope's envoy. He spoke with Vatican Radio.

The Church in Chad "is in great need," said Cardinal Arinze, 73. "It does not have, for example, enough priests or men and women religious. It needs and receives missionaries." The country's eight dioceses, one an apostolic prefecture, are headed by seven prelates: three from Chad, two Italian, one a Spaniard and a Canadian. Added to these is a French priest, the prefect of Mongo.

But it is a joyful church. The communities live the Eucharist "together, sharing life, the joys of life and of being an ensemble as church," said Arinze. He said he found a serene people, even in their poverty. "I was very impressed by their sense of peace, their desire to share, their personal discipline," he said. "I did not see a police presence; they are a very disciplined people."

The church was established 75 years ago. Its first priest was ordained 35 years ago. The population of Chad is 9.8 million. About 51 per cent are Muslim, 35 per cent Christian and seven per cent traditionalist.

www.cardinalrating.com/cardinal_7__article_2887.htm
1963: Hotel Chari in background. Thatched hut in foreground

2004: One of the most striking buildings in the city centre is the Grande Mosquee. From far you can see the high minarets, so this mosque is an important landmark to find your way in town. - Sachara (Photographer)
http://members.virtualtourist.com/m/5b526/d7e/4/

2004: Chad Hotel de ville de N'djamena

2004: Hotel libyen de N’djamenasitué au quartier Diguel

BEAC in Ndjamena 2004
Banque des États de l’Afrique Centrale
1603 Fort Lamy: It’s pretty obvious to me now, but apparently not then in my oblivious youth, that this mother was just tolerating my camera. I was attracted to the scene not only by the mother and child but by the presence of the modern gas stove in the background, and the Thermos bottles in the foreground. My only consolation is that I took only one photo. The luxurious digital days of *take twenty shots, save the best and delete the rest* would not arrive for another 35 years.

This man is guarding what I think was the Governor’s House in Fort Lamy. Chad’s 1968 Independence from France was still five years away, so there was no President of Chad yet, and no presidential palace either.

On the way back to Maiduguri from Fort Lamy, we found some baobab trees that did not object to being photographed with us, and neither did this young boy on his bicycle.
I traveled south to see more of Nigeria, ran 101 degree fever and went to the doctor, maybe the Peace Corps doctor in Enugu. He poked and prodded, and discovered a sore spot that I didn’t even know existed in the right side of my abdomen. Diagnosis: appendicitis. If I were in Enugu, and this had happened to me today, I would be hollering, “Put me on the next plane to NY!” However, ignorance is truly bliss, so I was perfectly happy to have my appendix removed then and there. Off to the hospital in Enugu. Jacques Wilmore, the head of the Peace Corps in Eastern Nigeria, came to visit me in my private room before the surgery with the comforting news that “the local” was really good. The local? Oh, you mean the local surgeon, Dr. Okeke? No, he meant the local anaesthesia. The local anaesthesia? You mean like a little shot of Novocain in my side? No, a spinal tap. What did I know from a spinal tap? Whatever, it was fine with me. And yes, the local Nigerian surgeon, Dr. Okeke was very good. (How could he not be with a name like OKay-kay?) He was a graduate of Boston University’s medical school, so he was no slouch. The phrase medical malpractice was not in our vocabularies in those days. And that was for the best, or you can be sure, I would have been a nervous wreck. A little sodium pentathal injection, and I was a relaxed, happy camper. The spinal tap paralyzed me from the waist down, and I was wide awake for the whole procedure. Dr. Nlogha Okeke was an artist, and I have the scar to prove it, perpendicular to the caesarean scar made by Dr. Seymour Molinoff, my American obstetrician four years, thousands of miles, and another lifetime later.

After the surgery I was hooked up to an IV which you can see in the photo above. In the wee hours of the morning, I was suddenly awakened by a nursing sister exclaiming, “Wonderful!” I was lying in a pool of blood. My blood. Definitely not a good sign. I had managed to pull the IV out of my hand in my sleep, and so I was bleeding all over the bed linens. And what was so wonderful about that? Time for a lesson in Nigerian English: “Wonderful” meant “Terrible” or “Awful.” If Nigerians heard a gruesome story, they would say, “Wonderful!” It had a negative connotation that was the exact opposite of the meaning in American or British English. Do I owe my life to that nursing sister? Maybe, maybe not, but someone was definitely watching over me.
Now here’s the big surprise! The very same Boston University educated Dr. Okeke who operated on me in 1963 is alive and well and living in Enugu. He must have been in his thirties when I met him, so now he would be in his seventies. He received a Humanitarian Award in 2005.

Doctor with a Mission

By Patrick Kennedy

Shortly after completing his residency in Boston, Nlogha E. Okeke returned to his native Nigeria to build a modern hospital open to everyone. When it was destroyed by war, he built it again.

In Nigeria the majority of the population live on less than a dollar a day. Few can pay medical bills. Many villagers try home remedies, putting off hospital visits until the late stages of sickness. And the ratio of patients to doctors in the country is 20,000 to one.

For decades, Okeke (MED’55) has worked to raise the standard of medical care in his country and to provide treatment for as many as possible. He is the founder, medical director, and surgeon-in-chief of the Eastern Nigeria Medical Center (ENMC), the country’s first teaching hospital. Located in the state of Enugu, ENMC treats everyone, from malnourished children to U.S. consulate staff.

With his wife, Ifeoma, a trained nurse with an M.B.A. from Suffolk University, over the decades Okeke has sought contributions from governments, corporations, and foundations and recruited American doctors and nurses. They built the center in the 1960s in large part, Okeke says, “due to the magnanimity of Americans and foundations,” who provided funding, volunteers, and equipment.

By the mid-1960s the hospital was treating 300 patients daily and was considered the best-equipped and best-managed facility in the state. When civil war rent the country in 1967, Enugu was evacuated and the Okekes fled to the United States. In 1970, soldiers looted the hospital’s equipment, burned all the records, and vandalized even the toilet seat covers.

In 1976, Okeke closed his surgical practice in New Bedford, Massachusetts, and he and his wife returned to their devastated homeland to rebuild the hospital from scratch. By the mid-1980s, the center was seeing up to 20,000 patients a year. Today, the Okekes continue to raise much-needed funds for more improvements.

Their major goal now is to open a diagnostic center at ENMC. “We want to raise funds in order to build it, because in Africa you have limited facilities for diagnostics,” says Okeke, who is also the president of the National Association of Chambers of Commerce in Nigeria.

“Dr. Okeke has dedicated his life to serving the people of his region,” says Barry Manuel (CAS’54, MED’58), associate dean of continuing education at the School of Medicine. “For more than forty years he has provided medical care and economic assistance to his people and continues his mission unabated. He has been an inspiration to all of us who know him.”

The School of Medicine honored Okeke with its Humanitarian Award during Reunion weekend. “It’s encouraging,” he says. “For the sacrifice one has made over the years, in the end to be recognized for that. There’s nothing really like that.” www.bu.edu/alumni/bostonia/2005/fall/profiles/okeke/index.html
"This is a good opportunity to serve my people," wrote Nlogha "Dennis" Okeke '51 in a brief note to Bates.
The note, penned in 1976, told of his decision to close his surgical practice in New Bedford, Mass., and return to his homeland: post-civil war Nigeria. There, Okeke hoped to rebuild the Eastern Nigerian Medical Center, which he had founded in 1962.
"You can't forget your own people and your country when it needs help," he says today.
The hospital, within the secessionist state of Biafra, was gutted during the 1967-70 civil war. At the war's end, Okeke and his family (wife Ifeoma Eunice and their five children) fled the chaos for the United States. When they returned to Nigeria six years later, "we had to start all over again," he says.

Today, Okeke is still the center’s medical director and chief surgeon and also helps with various efforts to improve medical and economic life in Nigeria, a country where 70 percent of the population lives on less than a dollar a day and where an estimated four million citizens have HIV/AIDS.
In May, Boston University Medical School, where Okeke earned his M.D. in 1955, awards him its Humanitarian Award.
Training at B.U. a half-century ago, Okeke tried to use the simplest equipment and techniques possible. A few years later, a girl came to Okeke's hospital with burns on half of her body. She needed skin grafts, and though the hospital had no skin graft machine Okeke was able to complete the procedure. "I had taught myself how to use a simple scalpel to perform grafts," he says. "I knew that’s all I would have in Nigeria."

This Faces at Bates profile was posted May 2005  http://www.bates.edu/x65665.xml

My Nigerian surgeon completed his undergraduate work at Bates College in Maine. Maine. Think about that. From Enugu to Lewiston, Maine in the late forties, early fifties. That must have been culture shock... and weather shock, too! It’s probably much more difficult to go from the heat and humidity of southern Nigeria to the bone chilling damp cold and snow of Maine than it was for us to leave winter behind for two years. At least he had the good sense to stay far away from our American south where the weather would have been more like home, but the Jim Crow segregation laws would have been a nightmare. Luckily, he founded the Eastern Region Medical Centre in 1963, just in time for my appendicitis attack!
Eastern Nigeria Medical Centre from Its Founding in 1963 until the Civil War in 1967

The Eastern Nigeria Medical Centre (ENMC) was built and opened to the public in 1963 during a period of relative calm only three years after Nigeria was granted self-governance as a member of the British Commonwealth. Funds for the construction and early management of the hospital were made available in large part by prominent Americans who befriended the hospital’s Medical Director and Surgeon-in-chief, Dr. Nlogha E. Okeke, when he was resident in the United States to pursue his undergraduate education and to receive his medical training. Among them were The Rt. Rev. Norman B. Nash, D.D., Episcopal Bishop of Massachusetts, John J. Byrne, M.D., Chief of Surgery, Boston University, and members of the Ella Layman Cabot Trust of Boston. Bishop Nash, Dr. Byrne and Dr. Okeke were instrumental in the development of the Nigeria-American Hospital Foundation (N-AHF) that was incorporated in Massachusetts in 1960 to provide for the construction of a non-profit hospital in Enugu. Upon his return to Nigeria, Dr. Okeke and his wife Ifeoma, a nurse whom he had meet in Boston, set about to build a 98 bed hospital on 12 acres of leased land and a loan secured by a local bank. Support for the program was given by many high-ranking officials of the Eastern Region of Nigeria, in particular its premier Dr. M.I. Okpara who presided over the commissioning of the hospital in 1963. In addition to the support from the Cabots and Lodges of Boston and from the N-AHF, the ENMC attracted interest from the West German government, the Canadian government, and the foreign office of Her Majesty's Government in Britain—all of which donated various kinds of medical equipment to start the hospital. In the U.S. seven additional foundations donated equipment, while the Nigerian Tobacco Company provided anesthesia equipment.

On May 11, 1965, the Minister of Lagos Affairs for the Federal Republic of Nigeria signed the articles of incorporation for the Eastern Nigeria Medical Centre and appointed seven trustees: two were physicians, three were businessmen, one was an educator, and one was a nurse. The aims and objectives of the institution were “To provide for all manner of people a charitable non-profit voluntary Hospital to be established and managed at Enugu . . .” From the outset the hospital was a not-for-profit, charitable institution that it remains. In addition it served the Eastern Region as a teaching hospital that attracted many American and European doctors to teach the intern physicians and to donate their services to heal the poor. Peace Corps volunteers from the U.S. were treated there by two U.S. doctors who received their training in tropical medicine at the hospital. The hospital’s reputation grew, and many Nigerian physicians joined the staff, most with specialty training in the U.S. or England. At its height the hospital was staffed equally with expatriate doctors and Nigerians, was approved by the Nigerian Medical and Dental Council to train interns, and had a favorable ratio of charity and paying patients that allowed the hospital to be self-sustaining.

All this changed in 1967 with the coming of what the Nigerians refer to as the civil war or, as Westerners have called it, the Biafran war. Major General Yakubu ‘Jack’ Gowon’s federal army ended the secession in 1970, but not until the Eastern Region was decimated. American television showed scenes of mass starvation among the ‘Biafrans.’ Many Nigerians fled the carnage, including Dr. Okeke and his family who returned to the U.S. where he practiced surgery in Massachusetts. At the end of the civil war the military government forcibly occupied the hospital and left it in a deteriorated condition. Gowon was overthrown in 1975 by Gen. Murtala Mohammed who was himself assassinated in 1976 and succeeded by Gen. Olusegun Obasanjo. Gen. Obasanjo promised to return the country to civilian rule and personally saw to it that the hospital in Enugu was returned to Okeke and the Board of Trustees.

Rehabilitation and Operation of ENMC after the Civil War

With little in the way of compensation from the Nigerian government, Dr. Okeke sought to rehabilitate the hospital. All of the equipment and supplies had been stolen or destroyed. The cost of rehabilitation was more than the original cost to construct the facility. Yet with the help of N-AHF in Boston and the (Episcopal)
Bishop’s Fund for World Relief in New York, individual Nigerians replaced enough of the equipment to allow the hospital to reopen. Meanwhile Gen. Obasanjo restored civilian government to Nigeria as he had promised, so that by 1979 there was renewed hope that Nigeria had seen the end of civil discord. Oil prices were high, and revenues were on the increase. Unfortunately civilian rule lasted only until 1983 when an unstable coalition government dominated by the North could not control corruption and answer the charge that the election of 1983 had been fraudulent. On the last day of 1983 the military again seized power, as it was clear that there was no confidence in the civilian regime. The leader of the coup d’état was Major General Muhammadu Buhari whose political leanings favored the North. His military government sought to control corruption with executions and long prison sentences and to promote the work ethic. Gen. Buhari was not up to the task of negotiating Nigeria’s foreign debt, and in 1985 the economy slid into a deep recession with massive unemployment. At the ENMC Dr. Okeke found that most patients were unable to pay for their medical care, forcing all the expatriate members of the medical staff to leave Nigeria. In August, 1985, Buhari was deposed by Major General Ibrahim Babangida, who like his predecessor promised sweeping changes in government. He restored the constitution with himself inexplicably at its head and promised the return to civilian rule. Babangida faced dissension in the military but weathered a failed coup. He was less successful with organized labor which was experiencing a resurgence in political strength or with university students whose campus demonstrations against the government were struck down with the deaths of a number of the students. Babangida also failed to halt Nigeria’s entry into the Organization of the Islamic Conference, an international coalition of Muslim states. The opposition was led by the Christian Association of Nigeria which had been formed in 1976 and which proved to be an embarrassment to the Babangida regime. Gen. Babangida proved no more adept at controlling Nigeria’s foreign debt than his predecessor. By 1986, 44% of export earnings were being used to service the foreign debt. A National Economic Emergency was declared, and a number of austerity measures, including a 30% surcharge on imports, were adopted. Hoping to avoid an IMF loan, the attempt to reschedule its foreign debt failed. The World Bank stepped into the breach with a $4.2 billion loan over three years. The eligible debt was finally rescheduled in 1988 but not without penalty to working Nigerians who suffered from an unemployment rate of almost 12% and from heavy devaluations of the naira in 1986, 1988 and 1989. In 1994 the naira was worth five cents. Today the naira is worth less than one cent.

Current Status of ENMC - A Mirror of the Nigerian Economy

The impact of fifteen years of economic decline has been a severe hardship for the people of Nigeria and has been devastating for the ENMC. The price of medicines and other medical supplies that must be imported have been inflated by government import policies. With the unemployment rate hovering around 30% and most educated Nigerians underemployed, few are able to pay for their medical care. The favorable mix of charity and paying patients previously enjoyed by the hospital has become unbalanced, leaving the staff to forego capital improvements and upgrading of medical equipment in order to sustain its daily operations. True to its mission of being a charitable hospital, ENMC turns no one away, despite finding itself in a country struggling with an AIDS epidemic superimposed on a heavy burden of tropical illnesses such as malaria. Nevertheless there is much optimism. On May 29, 1999, the nation’s military head, General Abdusalami Abubakar, turned over power to an elected leader, none other than retired General Olusegun Obasanjo, who in 1979 was the military leader who restored civilian government to Nigeria, the Second Federal Republic. You will recall that it was also Obasanjo who, while military head of Nigeria, returned ENMC to the control of Dr. Okeke and the Board of Trustees.

Although I was no longer living in Nigeria during the 1967-70 Biafran Civil War, part of my heart was still there. It was very upsetting to hear of the civil war and of the starvation of the Ibo (Igbo) people. The Ibos were the shopkeepers, they were the parishioners in the Christian churches, and some of them were my students. In Nigeria in 1962 during the Cuban Missile Crisis, and in 1963 when President Kennedy was assassinated, I feared for the future of my own 187 year old nation. In 1967, I feared for the future of seven year old Nigeria, and so I include here three accounts of that war. The text of the third account was excerpted from a longer article written by Chike E. Okafor, an Igbo who is apparently now a real estate agent in Chicago.
Biafra, Republic of, secessionist state of West Africa, in existence from May 30, 1967, to Jan. 15, 1970. At the outset Biafra comprised, roughly, the East-Central, South-Eastern, and Rivers states of the Federation of Nigeria, where the Igbo people predominated. The country, which took its name from the Bight of Biafra (an arm of the Atlantic Ocean), was established by Igbos who felt they could not develop—or even survive—within Nigeria. In Sept., 1966, numerous Igbos had been killed in N Nigeria, where they had migrated in order to engage in commerce. The secessionist state was led by Lt. Col. Chukuemeka Odumegwu Ojukwu and included some non-Igbos. Biafra's original capital was Enugu; Aba, Umuahia, and Owerri served successively as provisional capitals after Enugu was captured (Oct., 1967) by Nigerian forces. Seeking to maintain national unity, Nigeria imposed economic sanctions on Biafra from the start of the secession, and fighting between Nigeria and Biafra broke out in July, 1967. After initial Biafran advances, Nigeria attacked Biafra by air, land, and sea and gradually reduced the territory under its control. The breakaway state had insufficient resources at the start of the war—it was a net importer of food and had little industry—and depended heavily on its control of petroleum fields for funds to make purchases abroad. It lost the oil fields in the war, and more than one million of its civilian population are thought to have died as a result of severe malnutrition. At the time of its surrender on Jan. 15, 1970, Biafra was greatly reduced in size, its inhabitants were starving, and its leader, Ojukwu, had fled the country. During its existence Biafra was recognized by only five nations, although other countries gave moral or material support.

On May 30, 1967, Ojukwu declared the secession of the three Eastern states under the name of the Republic of Biafra, which the federal government interpreted as an act of rebellion. Fighting broke out in early July and within weeks had escalated into a full-scale war. In August Biafran troops crossed the Niger, seized Benin City, and were well on their way to Lagos before they were checked at Ore. Federal troops entered Enugu and penetrated the Igbo heartland. The next two years were marked by stark resistance in the shrinking Biafran enclave and by heavy casualties among civilians as well as in both armies, all set within what threatened to be a military stalemate. Peacemaking attempts by the Organization of African Unity remained ineffective, while Biafra began earning recognition from African states and securing aid from international organizations for what was by then a starving population.

The final Biafran collapse began on December 24, 1969, when federal troops launched a massive effort at a time when Biafra was short on ammunition, its people lacked food, and its leaders controlled only 2 provinces out of the original 12 provinces that had formed the republic in 1967. Ojukwu fled to Côte d'Ivoire on January 11, 1970, and a Biafran deputation formally surrendered in Lagos four days later.

General Gowon was able, through his own personal magnetism, to reconcile the two sides so that the former Biafran regions were integrated into the nation once again and were not blamed for the war; his regime was also able to break the power of the regions by dividing the country into 12 states. After the war, the oil boom that followed also allowed the federal government to finance development programs and consolidate its power. In 1974 he postponed until 1976 the target date for a return to civilian rule, but he was overthrown in July 1975 and fled to Great Britain. The new head of state, Brigadier Murtala Ramat Mohammed, initiated many changes during his brief time in office: he began the process of moving the federal capital to Abuja, addressed the issue of government inefficiency, and, most importantly, initiated the process for a return to civilian rule. He was assassinated in February 1976 during an unsuccessful coup attempt, and his top aide, Lieutenant General Olusegun Obasanjo, became head of the government.—Anthony Hamilton Millard Kirk-Greene, Toyin O. Falola

http://wwwa.britannica.com/eb/article-55321
First and foremost, it is time to state categorically that Biafra did not lose the 1967 to 1970 Nigerian civil wars to the heavily equipped, bloated and inept Nigerian army. By 1970, the Nigerian armed forces have ballooned to 250,000, yet they could not have the job done. Biafra lost the war to three super powers – the United States of America, United Kingdom and USSR. Having let this conclusion out of the closet, we can now proceed to state the facts as they occurred. The position of this writer is based on the mountain of information available on the information super highway, books and other literature, that are trickling out slowly to the public.

The purpose of this essay is multi-fold, but before we proceed, it is incumbent upon the Igbos to understand that there is no need for continuous weeping, gnashing of teeth or mourn the death of Biafra. They should not cry because Biafra was not defeated by the Nigerian troops as was previously stated, rather, they were defeated by an amalgamated superiority of the three world super powers. These powers that be ignored their ideological differences because of the promise to control the Nigerian mineral resources – which amount to second partition of Nigeria in the 20th century. The first partition of Nigeria occurred in the early 20th century following the amalgamation of north and south and the eventual loss of some parts of Nigeria to Cameroon.

The starting point was the Second World War. Almost all the Nigerian recruits entered the war in order to save Europe from Adolf Hitler and his Nazi menace in Europe. Those who went to the war were stationed in India, mainly in Bombay.

For the sake of fairness to those that participated in the WW II, we can conclude that the collective participation of the world at large guaranteed the successful defeat of Hitler’s heinous crime and expansionism. Nigeria happens to be a minute part of the whole equation, and that was the closest that the army has smelled victory.

The other area that Nigerian soldiers saw action was during the three-year civil war at home. This war lasted from 1967 to 1970. There are litters of stories written on the Nigerian civil war, primarily on the federal government triumph over the Igbo led Biafra. The conclusion that the Nigerian weak army defeated the ill-equipped Biafran people’s soldier is not true. It is a make believe that the Nigerian army won, the Gowon regime at the time was quick to declare the infamous "no victor, no vanquish." This proclamation was supposed to seal the deal and version of the war based on the Nigerian government perception.

In fact, the world super powers – the United States of America, the defunct USSR and United Kingdom, in alliance with the Arab countries especially, Egypt collaborated and fought the war for Nigeria. Some of these expatriate participants were afraid that people of eastern Nigeria, with superior intellect, commerce resource and abundant mineral resources would pose a major problem to their domination of the African raw material based economy.

The Arabs especially were driven to help the Hausa/ Fulani hegemony on two principles: they felt that the war was an extension of Christian v. Moslem century old dichotomy. Under this scenario, it was an affront, according to the Holy Koran for none believer, in this case the Christians to engage in a war...
against the Moslems. Looking back on the Nigerian civil war, the issue was framed as Christian v. Moslem on the streets of London and other major European cities. Second, the Arab world came to the rescue of the inept Nigerian army because the Israelites lent minimal support to the Biafrans. For the Arabs, it was an extension of the Arab-Israel war in which the Arabs lost badly, both collateral wise and land. The Egyptian pilots dominated the Nigerian Airforce operation during the civil war. These pilots committed atrocities during their bombing run that targeted the innocent civilians who lived in the civilian enclaves away from the battlefields.

Instead of fighting their war, the Nigerian government led by Yakubu Gowon used blackmail to whip the rival super powers to their corner. In order words, the Nigerian government sold their birth right by partitioning the Nigerian mineral resources among the participants. The iron and steel industrial development at Ajaokuta went to USSR. It is no surprise that the iron and steel industry had not taken off since its construction contract was signed over thirty years ago. The big oil companies secured long contracts for the exploitation, exploration and degradation of the oil producing communities.

Still on the failed wars, Nigeria participated in border skirmishes with Cameroon and Chad. In several of this land incursions, Nigerian citizens were harassed, killed, maimed and lands seized by the intruders. Nigerian army was so weak that they lacked the bile to fight back. Warrant Officer, Brian Wilson who was a member of the United States of American army contingent that were sent to Nigerian to train the 195th Motorized Infantry Battalion, attested to the weakness and inept training of the Nigerian army. He contended that the "Nigerians were the worst – trained army he had ever seen." (San Francisco Chronicle, January 26, 2001) Wilson’s conclusion was based on his participation in other training programs in the South and Central America and service in the peacekeeping force in Bosnia.

It is because of the Nigerian ineptness and undisciplined armed forces that compelled the former USA president, Bill Clinton to authorize sending the USA soldiers to train Nigerian soldiers to attain 21 first century military standard. Furthermore, another reason for Clinton’s action was that the Nigerian army provides the bulk of the West African peacekeeping force at troubled areas in the region, notably Liberia and Sierra Leon. The Nigerian army activities and behavior at the peacekeeping theater has been reprehensible. They have been documented and implicated in many executions, looting and other brutal acts by international human rights organizations.

As soon as the war ended, the Igbos went about their business of rebuilding their lives and salvaging whatever that was left of their properties. The Igbos did not take to the forest in order to fight endless guerrilla warfare. They did not engage in acts of sabotage that would undermine the integrity, security or otherwise of Nigeria. The Igbos was a triple victim of Nigerian genocide. Perhaps, the Nigerian elite was afraid that the Igbos would rise up again and avenge the traitorous inhibitions on them and their kindred by those who dominated the top hierarchy of government. So far, the Igbos have chosen to do things that they do the best, educate Nigerians on the need for patriotism, and interethnic relationship through travel, residing in other ethnic indigenous communities and speaking their languages. The Igbos, one would agree speak other Nigerian ethnic languages more than the combination of 300 plus other ethnic groups spoke Igbo language.

Each time my TV set shows a documentary of the Nazi atrocities in Europe, the killings, forced slave labor and rape of women, horrors that occurred at the beginning of last century, my heart bleeds. My heart bleeds for justice and that was exactly what is happening in Europe where the Jews have a sustained effort in fishing out those that are party to European genocide. The entire world have lent their support to the Jewish effort, so why not do the same to the Nigerian genocide against the Igbos in which millions perished as a result of the actions, directly or indirectly, by the Nigerian government. Coincidentally, this genocide occurred in the twentieth century, approximately forty years apart. In the
Nigerian genocide, the Igbo women were blatantly and brutally raped some taken into slavery by the Nigerian army where they became their sex slaves. The Igbo children died of kwashiokor, an outcome of the inhumane blockade of the eastern Nigerian territory that prevented food from reaching the civilians. The three super powers that helped the Nigerian government knew it, but chose to ignore it or buckled under the threat of Yakubu Gowon. The Igbos lost their entire livelihood when the war broke out, and at the end of the war, they could not recoup their properties. The most severe effect of the post Nigerian civil war was the denial of full citizenship to the Igbo; even forty years later after the war ended in 1970. Abandoned properties is still a hot potato and successive Nigerian national governments have shied away from it. How can one consider his property abandoned in his own country? That can only happen in Nigeria.

Nigerian government should set up a civil war tribunal to look into the atrocities perpetuated against the Igbo and other southerners during the civil war, and continues this day. If the government balks, which is likely given the Obasanjo’s temperament and aversion towards the Igbo, perhaps, the Igbo should take their case to the International war tribunal and name the recalcitrant that perpetuated the Igbo genocide, which incidentally includes General Obasanjo (rtd.). The country would not heal its wounds until all the aggrieved in Nigeria has been successfully put to rest. Any attempt to deal with the Nigerian problem cosmetically should be unacceptable.

Nigeria has so much to learn from the Igbo. Nigeria needs the Igbo more than the Igbo needs Nigeria. Like the Ikemba of Nnewi rightfully argued, "we (Igbo) built armored cars and tanks. We modified aircraft from trainer to fighters, from passenger aircraft to bombers. In three years of freedom we had broken the technological barriers." (Ojukwu’s lecture on February 22, 1994). The Igbo phobia that grips Nigerian leadership has costed the nation the contribution of the Igbo as full citizens of Nigeria. Last year, upon the wanton killing of the Igbo in the far northern Nigeria following the introduction of sharia law, five Igbo governors held a meeting and afterwards, issued a statement or a stand. They condemned the atrocities against the citizens of their states who sojourned in the far north and they hoped that the nation would act swiftly, and that did not happen.

The Igbo need to fly the Biafran flags with impunity. They need to take the Biafran issue a little further. Those who would not mind should name their kids Biafra. It would be interesting to know what the federal government would do. Would they ban the child from full citizenship of Nigeria or would they annihilate the child, as they have attempted to destroy Ralph Uwazurike for standing up for what he believes in – his unwavering commitment in the preservation of his Biafran heritage. Finally, as this article hits the press, one feels a heavy burden lifted from one’s shoulders. Time has come when the leaders of Nigeria should live up to the oaths that they took when they were sworn into office. They were supposed to abide by the elements of the Nigerian constitution which among other stipulations stated that nobody should suffer from discrimination, Nigerians should live wherever they wish; there should be equal treatments of all ethnic groups, and since the national cake falls within the domain of the central government, there should be equitable allocation of money to all regardless of ethnicity.

I am proud of my Igbo heritage, likewise the Yorubas should take pride in being descendants from Oduduwa, the northern Nigerian Moslems cherished Usman Dan Fodio’s religious renaissance and the Fulanis should adore their Arabic heritage. To show my pride and adoration for being part of the defunct Biafra, I still carry Biafra currency despite the fact that the war artificially ended thirty-two years ago. Biafra would rise up again, but in what form, is pregnant for there is a little bit of Biafra in every Igboman. http://www.nigerdeltacongress.com/barticles/biafran_war_and_nigerian_governm.htm

And where does one go to recuperate from surgery in Nigeria? I was lucky to be able to stay with Jacques Wilmore, the Peace Corps Eastern Regional Director and his family for about two weeks in Enugu near the medical center. It was while I was there that Peace Corps Washington evidently called my parents. My mother almost went into shock at his first words. “This is Peace Corps Washington. Your daughter is fine.” She immediately called me on the telephone, not an easy feat, and told me that if I needed her that she would be on the next plane. I assured her that I was fine, and well cared for. To this day, I’m not sure whether she was relieved or disappointed. She reminded me again that if I ever wanted to come home - for any reason - that the money was there, waiting to be used to buy a plane ticket.
It’s an old story: idealistic, college grads join Peace Corps and their lives are changed forever. They end up in Foreign Service, or with international NGOs, or, like most FON members, committed to vital Third World issues. But that process is not limited to those fresh from college.

In 1961 when I joined Peace Corps staff, I was in my mid-thirties and married with three children. I was posted as Eastern Regional Director under Brent Ashabranner and later, Sam Proctor. When I arrived in Enugu, the 20 or so Volunteers who preceded me made it clear that they needed me like a hole in the head. I assured them that I was preparing for the coming legions and, if they kept their noses clean, I would seldom bother them.

And, indeed, legions did follow. My routine became standard: verify postings, check out jobs and living arrangements for the new group, rush to Lagos to meet the Volunteers, brief them, accompany them by bus to the East, and help them settle in. Then repeat the process for the next group. During my two years, PCVs in the East went from 20 to over 100.

We made great improvements in the trip from Lagos east. We arranged for music and entertainment at overnight stops. On each trip, the challenge was to get the bus on the Niger River ferry to Onitsha. There was always a long line of lorries waiting to cross, and if we got in the queue it could take days.

The memory of one trip to the East still causes me to chuckle; it involved a stopover somewhere in the West. The band was playing. Volunteers and local Nigerians were dancing while I sat in a corner sipping a beer. A tall, gawky, local youth—not a very good dancer under the best of circumstances—asked a male Volunteer for a dance. The PCV was clearly shocked (males dancing with males, in those days, was unacceptable). But, being a good PCV, determined to adjust to the local culture, he consented. What a sight as the two moved across the dance floor.

My enjoyable madness ended after two years when Bill Saltonstall became Country Director and asked me to come to Lagos as his Deputy. During the next year, I was transformed into a faceless bureaucrat, a paper-pusher, as I helped churn out endless reports, budgets, and forecasts demanded by PC/Washington.

Before Peace Corps my life had been the civil rights movement—Urban League, NAACP, American Friends Service Committee—in the days when our activities never made the local newspapers. I found myself sitting in Lagos when Martin Luther King called for the march on Washington and gave his “I Have A Dream” speech. I told Saltonstall I had to return to my earlier calling.

I was hired by the Civil Rights Commission as Southern Area Coordinator, working out of Memphis and after Dr. King’s assassination, as North East Regional Director in New York.

Thirteen years later, I was sitting at my desk at the Federal Building in New York, watching a boat slowly making its way up the East River. The civil rights struggle was not over, but it had changed drastically from my earlier experiences. The enemy now was something called institutional racism and sexism.

I was restless. I wanted a change, a new challenge. My mind drifted back to the days in Eastern Nigeria. I picked up the phone and called the Peace Corps and told them I was available. In January 1979, I arrived in Dar es Salaam as Country Director—sans Volunteers, office, or residence—assigned to reestablish the Peace Corps after an absence of ten years.

Four years later, it was off to Zimbabwe for Save the Children, later to Malawi, and still later back to Tanzania to start a retirement business. Somehow 20 years slipped by in Eastern and Southern Africa—but it all began in Nigeria.
Part of my recuperation in Enugu included a trip southwest to Awka with Jacques and his family. This was the only place I went where bargaining was not part of the game. The carvers of Awka had formed a craftsmen’s guild because they realized that it was self-defeating to keep undercutting each other’s prices. They set their prices together, and if you wanted to bargain, you were out of luck. I bought the beautiful hand carved teak trays on the right.

I have displayed these two trays wherever I have lived for the past 43 years. They look and feel the same as they did when I bought them in Awka so many years ago. There has never been any insect or mildew damage, not even in Florida. I think they are well on their way to outlasting me!
Teak
*Tectona grandis*

*Teak*, common name for a tall, deciduous timber tree, of the verbena family. The tree, which attains a height of about 30 m (about 100 ft), is native to India and the Malay Archipelago and is cultivated in the Philippine Islands and Java. The bluish to white flowers are arranged in terminal panicles, or clusters. The fruit is a drupe.
Because of its durability and strength, teakwood is used throughout the world as lumber in shipbuilding and the construction of furniture; outdoor teak furniture or garden products has been known to resist the attacks of insects and the corrosive effects of weather for hundreds of years. Substitutes for teak, which have been under extensive cultivation because of the increasing demand, are loosely termed teaks. African teak, or African oak, is a hardwood tree of the spurge family.

**Scientific classification:** The teak tree belongs to the family Verbenaceae. It is classified as *Tectona grandis*. The African teak, or African oak, is classified as *Oldfieldia africana*.

http://www.mastergardenproducts.com/teak.htm
From my report written in 1964, probably to satisfy some Peace Corps requirement:

My experience in Nigeria has been so varied that I don’t quite know where to begin. Unlike most of my fellow Peace Corps Volunteers, I’ve taught in a different school during each of the three terms I’ve been here. This has had advantages as well as disadvantages for me and for my students. The more a teacher sees of the world and its students, the broader his experience will be and the more flexible he will become. However, there is a limit. Each term I felt that I was just beginning to know my students as individuals when I was transferred.

[Funtua Boys’ School and Maiduguri Girls’ School experiences recounted at this point in the report have been included in previous chapters.]

In June at the end of the term, I went south to see some more of the country, but ended up with an appendectomy to add to my experiences. I spent the end of the summer in Kaduna taking the English teaching course arranged by the Peace Corps. It consisted mostly of the English teachers getting together and discussing their teaching problems. The main idea I left the course with was that my girls needed more practice in expressing themselves orally. I had hesitated to have class debates before this simply because I’d never had much experience with them myself. As my enthusiasm for returning to the girls was increasing, I was told that I’d been transferred to the boys’ secondary school in Maiduguri because they needed an English teacher there.

After readjusting a few mental gears, I began to teach at the boys’ school here in Maiduguri. The first few weeks were a bit rough because the boys there had no automatic respect for a teacher and especially not for a woman teacher since according to Islamic tradition, women should be kept in purdah. I think that gradually I have gained some of their respect and I’m glad I was transferred to the boys’ school.
If you look carefully, you will discover that in addition to Miss Toneatti, there are a few students who are actually smiling!
The student on the left may be pointing toward Heaven, reminding us of Allah; the student in the center is displaying his General Mathematics book, reminding us that he is a serious student.
The following piece was written after my return to the US, possibly in 1965 when I had completed my Master’s degree, and would have been applying for a teaching job.

I have the feeling that when the word, Africa, is mentioned, too many Americans envision great tangled jungles complete with cannibals, several 20 ft. gorillas, and of course, a set of swinging vines.

During my two year tour in northern Nigeria, there were times when I would have given a lot to have had a jungle or two up the road. Instead, the area was dry and somewhat dusty for most of the year. Part of it was under cultivation, but much was covered with low brush and thorn bushes.

However, 500 miles to the south, tropical Africa did begin.

The point I am making is that it is not possible to generalize about Africa, about Nigeria, or about anyone or anything one has come to know fairly well.

As I traveled from northern to southern Nigeria, I couldn’t help becoming aware of the extremes in climate, in scenery, and in the people. The northern Nigerians are slow-moving and easy going. The southerners tend to be quicker and more aggressive. There is a certain amount of antagonism between a northern and a southern Nigerian, yet they seem to have been able to set their differences aside in order to keep the country together.

As I taught my northern Nigerian Moslem high school students there, I became aware of the extremes in their attitude to me. The first boys’ school where I taught was on one end of the continuum. Many of the boys had an unquestioning respect for education for schools, and for their teachers.

When I entered the room the first time, I was totally flabbergasted when the students stood up, and said in unison, “Good morning, Madame.” In this school, the students accepted everything I said, and my biggest problem was to get them to say what they thought, to get them to raise their hands and question me if they didn’t understand. There’s no point in teaching something if the teacher doesn’t know whether he’s reaching his students or not.

Part of the problem was that they couldn’t speak English as well as they could understand it. In order to remedy this, I had them give talks to the class from time to time. Like American students, they were not terribly fond of this, but I also had them act out several short skits and plays, and discovered that I had many natural hams, once they overcame their fear of making a mistake in English.
In the second Moslem boys’ school I taught in, I became aware of the other end of the continuum. These boys were extremely proud of the fact that they were in high school. They were also proud of themselves because they were boys and not girls. Like the first group they were Moslems who believed that a woman’s place was either in her father’s home if she was unmarried, or in her husband’s home if she was married. But unlike the first group, they were from a bigger city, and were in some ways more sophisticated than the first group. They were not immediately ready to accept a woman as a teacher.

I remember one day the boys were debating. The question was: Should a man marry an educated woman or an uneducated one? In the midst of it, one boy stood up and said, “When a girl leaves her village to go to school, she gets into trouble. Educated women are prostitutes!!!” Up to this point, I had been silent, but here I had to put in my two cents. “Oh really?” I said. He looked at me in horror, realizing the implication of what he had said. “Oh, no, not you Madame,” he hastily assured me. At that point I wasn’t sure what to make of the whole thing, but I managed to convince myself that perhaps my students had developed a certain amount of respect for me as a teacher. The only remaining alternatives were that they felt I was uneducated, or that they didn’t think of me as a woman. Neither of these was a appealing as the first.

These boys were not completely convinced that they should be learning English. When they asked about this one day, I remember taking a whole class period trying to impress them with the fact that if Nigeria was to be one country, then it needed to have one language. There are hundreds of languages in Nigeria, and there were about four different language groups in that particular class. Of course, each boy immediately suggested that his language should be the language of Nigeria.

Something that always bothered me while I was in Nigeria was the attitude that some of the Europeans had concerning the Nigerian people. On several occasions, different people said to me: “These people will never amount to anything. You can’t teach them anything.” And I remember countering with the argument that I was not expecting any great revolutionary changes as a result of my teaching. I was hoping only that I would leave my students speaking and writing better English. I was not trying to help create a Little America. For some reason, the people who argued against me expected a brand new country to function as smoothly as one that is hundreds of years old. (Of course, that’s not saying very much considering last night’s episode.) [Could this be a reference to the August 11–17, 1965 African-American riots in the Watts section of Los Angeles?]

I think it is very possible that the problem of educating those outside my Nigerian classroom was more difficult than the job I had to do in the classroom.
Kano 2006

Dantata Mosque

Gadon Kaya Gate

www.africatravelling.net/nigeria/kano/kano_gallery.htm

www.motherlandnigeria.com/pictures.html#Places

Dantata Mosque
Kano 1963

Kano Central Mosque 1963

Kano Post Office 1963. I suspect that the Arabic writing on this cement artwork says something like: We Deliver Your Mail By Land, By Sea, and By Air.
When we had debates/discussions in the classroom at the boys’ school in Maiduguri, the students would choose the topics, such as: “Should a man have one wife or four wives?” Not all Muslim young men agreed on the answer to this question. There was, in fact, heated discussion. One boy stated that a man should have only one wife at a time because having two wives under one roof would only bring him trouble because the women would always be quarreling. Another felt that a man should have only as many wives as he could support. A third stood up and passionately decreed that men should have as many wives and concubines as possible so that there would be many more Muslims in the world.

One day, one of my students, Kamfut Sanda, invited me to his home in Maiduguri. It was a simple adobe house but it had electricity which was made apparent by the bare light bulb hanging down in the middle of the room. In the course of our conversation, his father asked me how old I was. When I told him that I was 23, he voiced his concern: “Are you in need of a husband?” By his standards, I guess I was well on my way to being an old maid. I often wonder what would have happened next if I had said yes! Did he have someone in mind for me? He didn’t just ask me if I planned to get married and have a family some day. He used those exact words, “in need of.” I don’t know how many wives he already had. He must have had at least one. After all, there was Kamfut. Kamfut the Matchmaker? Maybe my visit wasn’t a mere intercultural exchange... people meeting people... Maybe Kamfut thought I would be a fine addition to his father’s, or maybe an uncle’s household? Maybe I flatter myself?

Enter Peace Corps Volunteer Kathy Nelson into our household. Our PCV ranks in Maiduguri had suddenly doubled. A married couple and two or three young men were also assigned to teach at the boys’ school. Kathy was a farm girl from Kansas. Florence was from Virginia, and I was from Long Island, New York. Three women under one roof, and no quarreling! Back in the US after our tour of PC duty ended, Kathy went into cancer research, Florence...
became a medical librarian, and I continued as an English teacher. Growing up on a farm in Kansas, Kathy knew how to drive a tractor, but she had never learned to ride a bicycle. The Peace Corps had paid for my driving lessons in California, but somehow, this little gap in Kathy’s knowledge had slipped by unnoticed. I guess they never thought to ask in training, “OK, raise your hand if you don’t know how to ride a bicycle.” So we took it upon ourselves to teach her because by that time, the Peace Corps had supplied us with a motor scooter for our transportation. I remember having to kick start it, but once it started up, off I went! I even was so bold as to remark in a Peace Corps report that riding the motor scooter was one of my favorite activities! When we thought Kathy had the bicycle under control, we put her on the scooter. She was fine until one day down she went with the scooter resting on her leg. The hot exhaust pipe left a burn that healed only with a regimen of penicillin.

Kathy’s culinary contributions to our household, and to the rest of my life came in the form of Apple Pie and Waldorf Astoria Cake, aka Red Velvet Cake. I had baked cookies and made cakes as a youngster with my mother, but, to Kathy’s amazement, I’d never made a pie in my life. Join the Peace Corps! See the world! Bake a pie! Judging from the turkey design on the paper tablecloth, we must be celebrating Thanksgiving in the photo on the right. A paper Thanksgiving tablecloth? Where did that come from? Someone’s mother may have sent it to us. Or maybe Kathy had brought it with her. Where did we get the Chianti, and the wine? Maybe Meredith and Willy brought it? So where did they get it? Judging from the knotted curtains, it must have been a hotter than usual day. Judging from our slanty spectacles, Kathy was a stylish kindred spirit! And Kathy’s chocolate cake was as delicious as it looks. Baking a layer cake in a wood stove was no mean feat because it was very difficult to get the heat evenly distributed, so Kathy always included a spare layer in her recipes.

Invariably, one of the cake layers would be risen, moist, and perfect on the left side, but the right side would be fallen and miserable. What to do? Remove the fallen side of Layer A and replace it with the good side of Layer B. If you think that was wasteful, you’re right... but it certainly was scrumptious! And there I am to the left, boiling water on the very same wood stove that Kathy used to produce her miraculous cakes and pies.
Apple Pie

Pastry

2/3 cup plus 2 tbsp shortening
2 cups all-purpose flour
1 tsp. salt
4 to 5 tbsp. ice water

Cut shortening into flour and salt until particles are the size of small peas. Sprinkle in water 1 tbsp at a time, tossing with fork until all flour is moistened and pastry almost cleans side of bowl. (1 to 2 tsp. water can be added if necessary.) Gather pastry into a ball; shape into flattened round on lightly floured cloth covered board. For 2-crust pie, divide pastry into halves and shape into 2 rounds. (If you have time, refrigerate it for several hours at this point to make it easier to roll out.) Roll pastry 2 inches larger than inverted pie plate with floured stockinet covered rolling pin. Fold pastry into quarters; unfold and ease into plate, pressing firmly against bottom and side.

Filling

9 inch

3/4 cup sugar
1/4 cup all-purpose unbleached flour
1/2 tsp ground nutmeg
1/2 tsp ground cinnamon
Dash of salt
6 cups thinly sliced pared Granny Smith apples
(about 6 apples)
2 tbsp margarine or butter
1/2 tsp vanilla
Lemon juice

Heat oven to 425 degrees F. Prepare pastry. Mix sugar, flour, nutmeg, cinnamon and salt. Stir in apples. Sprinkle in vanilla and lemon juice. Turn into pastry-lined pie plate. Dot with margarine or butter. Cover with top crust that has slits cut in it. Seal and flute. (Squeeze edges together and press down with tines of fork.) Cover edge with 3” strip of aluminum foil; remove foil during last 15 minutes of baking. Bake until crust is brown and juice begins to bubble through slits in crust, 40 to 50 minutes.
Kathy’s Waldorf Astoria Cake

1/2 cup shortening  
1 1/2 cups sugar  
2 eggs  
1 tsp vanilla  
2 oz. red food coloring or water  
2 tsp cocoa

Mix vinegar and soda in cup and let sit.  
Cream sugar, shortening and eggs.  
Make a paste of cocoa and a part of the food coloring or water.  
(Do not add to batter yet.)  
Add buttermilk, salt and flour alternately to the creamed mixture.  Add vanilla, the vinegar and soda mixture and mix well.  
Add the paste of cocoa and water or food coloring and the rest of the liquid.  
Mix well.  
Pour into 2 large layer pans.  
Bake for 30 minutes at 350 degrees.  
Split layers when cool and frost tops of layers and the split surfaces.

Frosting

Cook 1 cup sweet milk and 3 tbsp flour in a double boiler until thick, stirring constantly.  Cool completely.  Cream 1 cup sugar and 1 cup butter until fluffy.  Add 1 tbsp vanilla.  Mix 1 tbsp of the flour mixture into the sugar mixture and gradually the rest.  Beat constantly.  Beat at full speed for 2 minutes.  Spread between the layers but not the sides of the cake.

Notes:  This cake is not approved by the American Heart Association!  Also, do not panic when you produce red pee.  The food coloring is optional.

Although Kathy’s handwritten recipe from 1963 does not include cream cheese, I have made this cake with cream cheese frosting.  You might want to try this alternate chocolate cream cheese frosting:

Cream Cheese Chocolate Frosting

Makes about 3-1/2 cups  
1 stick (4 ounces) unsalted butter, softened  
8 ounces cream cheese, softened  
5 ounces unsweetened chocolate, melted and cooled  
1 tsp salt  
2 1/2 cups cake flour  
1 tsp soda  
1 tsp vinegar  
1 cup buttermilk

About 3-1/2 cups (1 pound) confectioners’ sugar, sifted  
1 to 2 tablespoons milk or heavy cream  
1-3/4 cups (6 ounces) pecans, finely chopped (divided use)

With an electric mixer on low speed, beat the butter and cream cheese until blended and smooth.  Add the chocolate and beat for a few seconds, or until combined.  
In three additions, add the sugar by sifting it over the bowl and mixing it in by hand, or with a rubber spatula or wooden spoon.  When all the sugar is in, beat the frosting with an electric mixer for about 1 minute, or until it is light and fluffy.  
Add the milk, just enough to make it smooth and spreadable.  Fold 1 cup of the pecans into the frosting.  
Frost the cake and sprinkle the remaining 3/4 cup pecans over the top.

(From "Chocolate Cake: 150 Recipes From Simple to Sublime" by Michele Urvater, Broadway Books.)  
http://gourmetclub.signonsandiego.com/askcaroline-waldorfecake.html
Left: Kathy is sitting at the vanity table in the bedroom that she and I shared. Right. A vanity table. In fact, Florence had one in her bedroom, too! The blame for this luxury can be laid at the feet of the British colonial administrators who were in charge until October 1, 1960 when Nigeria achieved her independence from Great Britain.

Right: Florence is filing her nails at her vanity table, maybe listening to whatever is on the radio. There probably wasn’t much on the radio in those days, but today there is a whole collection of Nigerian radio stations, both on the radio, and online. Go to www.duduradio.com, or www.radiopalmwine.com (Palmwine is a style of West African music as well as a fermented drink.)

Radio Palmwine

RadioPalmwine.com we just can't be quiet...too African and proud of it.
RadioPalmwine.com is a public community radio program, arts and cultural web site. It’s also an international musical archive for Nigerians and Africans in the Diaspora playing Afro-beat Fuji Gospel Highlife Juju and Makossa music.

Our Vision
- To educate and enlighten people about the African and Diaspora culture through the exposure of African music.
- To form some sort of cohesiveness within the African community and Diaspora worldwide.<
- To enrich the lives of Nigerians and Africans in the Diaspora

Our vision is to increase the establishment of Nigeria and African Diaspora music worldwide, and also to provide financial support for talented struggling artists and industry professionals representing such countries. We are developing strategies to help emerging musicians from Africa, cross over the barriers of the conventional music, arts and entertainment industry and take advantage of the emerging digital
Making Palmwine
From the Palm Oil Tree

By Phil Bartle
Seattle Community Network

When he buys the palm tree from the farmer who grew it, the first thing the tapper does is to cut it down by digging under the main root. The tapper then visits his string of palm trees every morning.

Every morning, before six o'clock dawn, a palm wine tapper goes out to his string of palm trees. He carries a sharp cutlass or machete, a big pot to collect the sap, and a bunch of dried palm branches, which he has lit on fire to use in the process.

The palm tree has been felled by digging around its roots, and while it lies on its side, the tapper comes to it every morning.

All the tappers I have asked say that a tree provides sap for wine for about six weeks. I am rather intrigued by the mention of six weeks, for that means *adaduanan*, the Forty Days of the traditional calendar, and I suspect that it is used rather like we use the word "month" to estimate a period of time, even if not so accurate.

Ghanian tappers look down upon those in Nigeria who tap the trees while still standing. The Ghanaians think the Nigerians are stingy and try to get more sap out of a tree, but they sacrifice the better taste that comes from cutting down the tree.

The first task at each tree is to collect the sap which has gathered inside the tree, and dripped into a small pot the previous day and overnight. He will return the small pot to its place under the tree, and leave with the larger pot after he collects the sap from all the trees on his string.

Here you can see the large hole on the top side of the fallen palm tree, where the tapper has parked his burning bunch of dried palm branches. The straw in his mouth is what he will use to heat up the burning bunch of branches, much like a blacksmith will blow air onto the charcoal to heat up his smithy fire.

The sap is an interesting chemical. No known treatment has yet been discovered to stop the fermentation process. Putting the sap into sealed bottles only produces explosions when the pressure builds up inside those bottles.

The sap is very sweet and contains little alcohol in the morning when it is first taken from the tree. It is popular in that form, for when we take some rock salt and perhaps some hot chilli peppers, one can drink a large calabash of the unfermented sap. It then continues to ferment throughout the day, bypasses the digestive system, and goes directly into the blood stream, providing a steady source of energy, and removes the necessity of eating during the day. Both men and women drink palm wine, but it is popular with men who have a heavy day of clearing rough bush for the farms.

www.scn.org/rdi/kw-abem.htm
**Palmwine Music**

**Vintage Palmwine** is a form of music known for its traditional two stringed guitar sound and takes its name from the fermented sap of the oil palm tree. This traditional style of music spread through Ghana, Sierra Leone and Nigeria in the early 1900s.

Through the years Palmwine has influenced many different kinds of West African music and can still be heard in the sounds of Soukous and Highlife.

When the electric guitar took over the West African music scene Palmwine slowly began to die. Artists were captured by the electrifying rhythms they could bang out on their new instruments. Palmwine music lost its defining acoustic sound and new forms of music were developed.

However, Palmwine lives on in some of the traditional villages of West Africa and in the hearts and minds of the elder generation. This is a form of music that is slowly being forgotten by the next generation of West Africans who have such a vast array of music impacting their lives that the simple two stringed sound of Vintage Palmwine can no longer be heard.

**Nigeria** Similar to Ghanaian Palmwine, Nigeria's variant of the music developed during the 1920s in the Yoruba speaking, Palmwine drinking joints of Lagos, where people met to socialise after a hard days work.

The distinct acoustic sound of Nigerian Palmwine music came from the plucking of a two stringed guitar or banjo and relied heavily on vocals that sung of ancient Yoruba proverbs and the emerging social issues in Nigeria.

One of the big Nigerian Palmwine stars to emerge from this era was 'Baba' Tunde King who went on to coin and pioneer a form of music called Juju. Many Nigerian Palmwine musicians soon followed in his footsteps and traded in their two stringed Palmwine guitars for electric ones.

www.bbc.co.uk/radio3/africaonyourstreet/palmwine_feature.shtml

Soon after Kathy arrived, we had another addition to our household: a puppy who was very interested in developing a relationship with Simon who had earned his Big Dog stripes, and was not about to be intimidated by this cute little pipsqueak.

Sadly, the little puppy died while he was still a puppy. For years I felt guilty about it because my civil engineer friend Nino had foolishly tossed the dog a tablet of aralen, our malaria prophylactic. The puppy gobbled it up and died soon afterwards. Now Kathy has told me that the puppy had symptoms of rabies. We all had to get rabies shots because we would have been foaming at the mouth by the time the test results on the dog came back from Jos.
Simon relaxes on my bed after an exhausting night of lizard crunching exercises.

Florence and Kathy march up the path of the Girls’ School, followed by their students. By this time, I was teaching at the Boys’ School.

I’m doing lesson plans? Reading a letter? Note visible, but easily accessible electric socket mid-wall.

I’m all dressed up and ready to go out, probably dancing at the club. Above center left, behind me on the wall is a Nigerian oil painting that has been hanging in my livingrooms ever since. That box next to me is called a record player. Next to the record player is a small lamp made from a gourd. You can see our black telephone peeking out from behind my skirt. The telephone wire is going up the wall behind me.

Three sweeties - lower elementary school girls pose outside their classrooms. They are about ten years old here in 1964. They are wearing their brick red school uniforms.
Standing: 3rd from left” PCV Meredith Griffin. Seated: 1st and 2nd from left: Married PCV couple Judy and Ross Bigelow, Bill Maharg, Scotland. Center: Headmaster, 3rd from right: Henry Etzkowitz, BL Toneatti on far right.

I must apologize for not remembering the names of everyone in this photo. With teachers from Nigeria, Pakistan, Scotland, England, and the United States, we were certainly a reflection of the British Empire at various times in history. I always thought it was interesting that the British faculty members are sitting with folded arms, while the Nigerians and the Americans have their hands together in their laps. The British headmaster is in the center of the seated row. He looks a lot younger to me today than he seemed to be then. Willie Sollers was also on the faculty, but he apparently didn’t make it to this photo shoot.
The photos of my students were all taken on the same day outside the classroom buildings at the end of the school year, probably in June of 1964. The photo of the Maharg family was taken much earlier in the school year. Bill taught woodworking in the boys’ school. In those days, Maureen was a “housewife.” Today she would be a “stay-at-home-mom.” Their daughter Jane was born after their return to Scotland. I stayed in touch with them through the years and in 1992 we visited them in Scotland, and were given the royal driving tour of Glasgow, Edinburgh and the Isle of Skye. A few years after that, they treated our eldest son and his wife to the same wonderful hospitality. Bill continued to teach school in Scotland, and he and his son Paul played mandolins in an Italian restaurant in Glasgow for many years.
18th Sept 64

My dear Mistress,

I am the happiest to hear you arrived home safely. My family were really very delightful on seeing the copies of their pictures. I am very happy with your actions Madam. I will be happy Madam if I can get about ten other copies of my picture alone. I want to give some to my fathers family. I also want to give some to my friends. Those you snapped were my mother’s family madam. I have plenty of business to do with the pictures. Pl. help me. Sorry to trouble you. I hope to hear from you at least monthly. I still consider you as if you are with us. I always check my Eng. Ex. Book with which you dealt with so as to remember you. Your leaving troubled me a lot. We have still no new teachers. The new principal arrived at our school today.

Madam I should like you to write my letter through my father.

P.T.O, Madam

Please Madam in future write to
Kamfut M. Sanda
C/O M. Sanda
Medical & Health Dept,
Maiduguri
N. Nigeri,
W. Africa

I am, Madam
Your obedient servant,
Kamfut Sanda

This letter is from the student who invited me to his home and introduced me to his family. Unfortunately, this is the only surviving photo I have of him or his family.
These boys posed like this on their own. They want everyone to know that they are studying hard.

The boys are in town, wearing their special blue uniforms.

Awards ceremony at school.

Ibrahim Kupti

Sanda, the Boys’ School messenger.
This letter is from Richard Yohanna Sara, the student who played the part of a girl in a skit, and donned his costume for some of the photos. I don’t know if I ever sent him the copies he requested; I fervently hope so. The apology he makes in the letter was totally unnecessary. My students there were angels. They were also boys, and I may have had occasion to be stern with them, but I was never angry with my students in Nigeria.

Dear Madam,

I have been thinking of writing to you much earlier but I am very sorry because I didn’t. I hope you reach your home safely and found your parents, brothers, and sisters safe too. As for our part we were in good mood since you left us.

We are so very unhappy to lose you, but we can’t help doing anything to stop you. You have been showing much kindness to us whether in class or outside the class and again you have been helping us with many things.

Please, madam, you spent a lot of days and weeks teaching us and to my belief we have done many bad things towards you, we had even made you angry for many times, but any how, since you left, we think we shall ever meet again which made us unhappy. Please forgive me. Try and forget it.

Thank you very much for your kindness of sending our pictures all.

We just got them by much surprise through Miss Bidas.

Please, madam, I am very happy when I got the two copies you have send to me, one and you and the other along. May you please kindly try and send to me the picture you took “Richard Yohanna Sara and Anna Bidas” one copy and that of “Richard Yohanna Sara and Mohamed Fika one copy.” I will be very glad when I get this two copies from you again.

Please just try and send them to me any how because they were the pictures I like best but I don’t get them. Don’t think I am not satisfied with what you send to me, I am of course satisfied, but please try and send them soon. I promise to be writing to you when ever I get from you. I better stop here because it seems as if I am running out of space.

Thank you

Hoping to read and receive from you soon: Richard Yohanna Sara
Richard Yohanna Sara,
Provincial Sec. School,
Maiduguri,
Bornu.
15th Oct. 1964

Dear Madam,

I have been thinking of writing to you much earlier but I am very sorry because I didn’t. I hope you reach your home safely and found your Parents, brothers and sisters safely too. And for our part we were in good mood since you left us.

We are of course very unhappy to lose you, but we cant help doing anything to stop you. You have been showing much kindness to us weather in class or outside the class and again you have been helping us with many things.

Please, madam, you spent a lot of days and weeks teaching us and to my belief we have done many bad things towards you, we had even made you angry for many times, but any how since you are no more with use and I don’t think we shall ever meet again so, if during your staying here with us I made wrong things to you which made you unhappy, please forgive me. Try and forget it.

Thank you very much for your kindness of sending our pictures to use. Of course we were very glad when we got them all.
P.T.O.

We just got them by much surprise through Miss Biglow.

Please Madam I am very happy when I got the two copies you have send to me. One I and you and the other along. [alone] May you please kindly try and send to me the picture you took. “Richard Yohanna Sara and Inusa Baba one copy and that of Richard Yohana Sara and Mohamed Fika one copy”. I will be very very glad when I get this two copies from you again. Please just try and send them to me anyhow, because they were the pictures I like best but I do not get them. Don’t think that I am not satisfied with what you send to me. I am of couse satisfied, but please try and send them to me. I promise to be writing to you when ever I get from you. I better stop here because it seams as it I am running out of space.

Thank you,

Hopping to read and recieve from you soon: Richard Y. Sara
Johanna Richard Sara is dressed up as a girl because he was playing the part of a girl in a skit during the awards ceremony the night before. This was a boys school, so if there was a girl’s part in a skit, one of the boys had to play the part. In Shakespeare’s day, acting was a man’s profession. Any woman who pranced about on the stage was considered to have very low moral standards; you certainly wouldn’t want your son to marry one of those hussies. Juliet and Ophelia were played by young boys in Elizabethan times. In the 60’s in Nigeria, it was not unusual to see two boys or two girls walking hand in hand in public. It did not mean that they had a sexual relationship; it merely meant that they were good friends. Remember in Murray Frank’s account of the infamous postcard when the Nigerian young man asked the reluctant Peace Corps Volunteer to dance? I’ll bet that PCV never imagined himself dancing with another guy when he decided to join the Peace Corps!

In the photo below, there is Yohanna Richard Sara again with his buddies. Notice the young man in the back row displaying my tennis racquet in the frame that prevented warping. Two boys in the front row are reaching across to each other; I don’t know why. They aren’t holding anything. What looks like something is actually just part of the design in Yohanna’s skirt. They arranged themselves in this formation with little or no direction from me. They were very willing subjects.
Dear Madam,

I am very pleased to have the chance of writing these few lines to you. I hope that you arrived home safely. We are all very happy when the pictures you sent to us is distributed. We all thank you for taking trouble of sending so many pictures to us. We have a new principal whose name is Mr. Murphy and he is teaching us English instead of you. Also we have one Peace Corp Volunteer, replacing three of you. Because of the shortage of teachers in the school, form three downwards are not taking physics. One of the teaching periods is reduced also. The name of the new woman Peace Corp is Miss Warnick. The School football XI were now, the north eastern zone champion. Mallam Muazu the Arabic teacher has gone to Cairo for further Studies.

Your obedient,
Baba

Baba Maina Gimba
The Provincial Secondary School
Maiduguri
20th October, 1964
The student on the left is holding up a paper representing his life as a student.

My favorite thing about this photo are the two smiling boys in the background who stopped to be included. There is also a third one hidden behind the boy on the right.
Notice that I am holding the only camera I owned. The question is: Who took the photo?

Rear left: Sule Daya. Front with a hand on his shoulder: Buba Gashua.
This student borrowed my talking drum for the evening’s festivities, and played it so hard that he had to have the head replaced!
Lawan Auno certainly enjoyed getting his picture taken. He is in about ten different photos. He must have been eagerly anticipating the arrival of his photos because he wrote me a letter even before he received them.

Dear madame,

After greetings I am very much grateful to have opportunity to write to you inorder to know about your condition of health. How did you arrive your country and your home-town?

This holidays were very enjoyable to me although I was faced by some difficulties. In my holidays I went to very remote villages how to write ride a horse. When we came back home my school I investigated that it was with him. So I informed to police who judge. After having done this then the judge called me and told to come after a week.

When I came back our case was settled. They would...
Dear Madame,

After greetings I am very much grateful to have opportunity to write to you in order to know about your condition of health. How did you arrive your country and your hometown?

This holidays were very enjoyable to me although I was faced by some difficulties. In my holidays I went to very remote villages to count people for tax with my father. Through this journey I learnt how to ride a horse. When we came back home, my school blanket wa stolen by one of my notorious friend. After few days I investigaed that it was with him. So, I informed to police who had taken him to judge and told all the statement to the judge. After having done this then the judge called me and told to come after a week.

When I came bacvk our case was settled. Then my blanket was given to me and he was sent to prison for three months. Then I came to school happily.

When we came back from our long vacation we met the new principal and one other new teacher whom we thoughtjt that they would be kind to us and carry out their duties well.

Special greetings from Lawan Gajiram, Ibrahim Kupti and Kaku Dasma.

Yours faithfully
Lawan Auno

How about our pictures? Are they quite good?

Qualified.
Provincial Secondary School
Maiduguri
18th October 64

Dear Miss Barbara,

I am very glad to have chance to write you this letter. I hope you are in a good condition of health as we are here.

I am very sorry not to write you in time but this is due to some minor reasons. I had been waiting so that I can gather some information to you about the school. The new principal’s name is Mr. John Murphi, teaches Geography and English, he is married with three children. Beside the principal and Mr. Obasa that man who came before we went to holidays, only one teacher arrived. She is an American her name is Miss Wannic, she told some students that she is from New York City. She teaches only English because we have many other subject whom we have no teachers to teach. He is not teaching my class. My class English Literature is taught by Mr. Marphi and English Language by Mr. Hipps, that teacher of Christianity. Some subject are not taught now because the teachers are too busy as for forms 3 downwards we are not taught Biology and Physics, and allover the school we now have six subject per day instead of seven as before. So now we have to study those subjects in our own time in order to pass our West African School Certificate.

My school XIst (football) had went to Yola and defeated them 1-0. They are now going to Bauchi to meet Kano there.

I wish to stop here, so till I see your reply. Please send my best wishes to your friends. Yours from Mannan Sarki and Shettima Saleh.

Yours Cincerely

Fiama D. Mshelia

P.S. The photographs you sent to for two boys is very nice they were very pleased about it.
Provincial Secondary School  
Maiduguri  
26th September 1964

Dear Teacher,

I am very glad to write you these few lines of my letter. I think you reached your home town safely. I should like to thank you because you have been very kind to us, and really you are our good teacher we ever have. Our new principal’s name was Mr. Murphy; he came from Funtua Secondary School, I think you will send us our picture when you have printed them. Your greeting to all 2A boys, and take my greeting to all your family. Please we are eager to see those picture, please as soon as you finish send it to us. I think you will send the picture through me or Principal, because it is very difficult to send every boy’s picture in his own envelope. I am sure this will cost you a lot.

Thank you very much.

Yours obediently Ahmadu Ba’aba  
IIA
Florence remembers sitting high up on a horse one day. I, of course, have no such memory... But the camera doesn’t imagine things, at least not in 1963. Willie and I, and maybe other people must have gone horseback riding. These photos were taken in Maiduguri. Between motorscooters, jeeps, LandRovers, and horses, we did not lack for transporation!
RAMADAN is the name of the ninth month of the Islamic calendar, which is a twelve-month lunar calendar. The lunar year is approximately 11 days shorter than the solar calendar. This means that Islamic holy days and holidays, which are calculated according to the lunar calendar, will rotate around the solar calendar. In the 2004-2005 academic year, Ramadan will begin around October 15.

The beginning of any month is marked by the first appearance of the crescent moon after the new moon (when the moon cannot be seen). Although the rise of the crescent moon can be determined scientifically, many Muslims still like to watch the horizon and sight the moon visually. Those who rely on a visual sighting of the moon may begin Ramadan a day after the others if the sky is cloudy. This is why Muslims cannot know ahead of time the exact date for their religious holidays.

Nevertheless, to recognize and accommodate Muslim students, school administrators should place projected dates for Islamic holidays on the general school calendar.

FASTING in the month of Ramadan is a ritual obligation for all Muslims. It is one of the “five pillars” of Islam in addition to belief in God and his prophets, ritual prayer, payment of charity tax and pilgrimage to Mecca. All Muslims must fast from the first light of dawn (about one and a half hours before sunrise) until sunset during each day of the month of Ramadan. Fasting means a total abstention from food, drink (including water) and sexual relations.

A TYPICAL DAY IN RAMADAN begins with the family waking before dawn to share a meal and pray the first prayer of the day. Once dawn arrives (signaled by the “call to prayer” from the minaret in Muslim countries) all eating and drinking stops. Some people will go back to sleep after the prayer, others will stay awake and recite the Quran, the holy book of Islam. During the day Muslims work or go to school as they do every day. Two of the five daily prayers Muslims are obliged to perform occur in the early and late afternoon. A student or worker may therefore try to find a quiet place to say these prayers, which take only a few minutes. This is true throughout the year, not just in Ramadan. At sunset, the family gathers to break the fast, traditionally with water and dates. Sometimes Muslim students find themselves in the middle of a class at the time they are to break the fast, and other Muslims may be still working, so they will nibble on a date or sip some water. It is important to break the fast on time every day to express appreciation to God for making it permissible to eat and drink once more. After the performance of the fourth prayer of the day, the family usually sits down to share a full meal. Once it is dark, it is time for the fifth prayer of the day. In Ramadan, many Muslims follow this prayer with extra congregational prayers in the mosque every night. Some people will stay up late into the night praying and reading the Quran.

MUSLIMS ARE NOT REQUIRED TO FAST IF THEY ARE ILL or physically weakened (including during menstruation for women) or traveling. They must make up the days missed fasting later in the year if it is possible. Fasting is a religious obligation for all Muslims who have reached puberty. Pre-pubescent children are not required to fast but they are encouraged to try to not eat or drink for part of the day. It is natural for Muslim children, like all children, to want to imitate adult behavior and try to fast the whole day if possible. Many children will fast during school but eat when they arrive home. It is important that school administrators respect the religious rights of these children and provide a place other than the cafeteria for them to stay during lunchtime.

RAMADAN IS A BLESSED TIME for Muslims. To those outside the community, it may appear to be a time of hardship and deprivation, but that is not the experience of Muslims. Fasting is aimed to
increase our awareness of the presence of God, to remind us to be grateful for His blessings and to create empathy for the poor and hungry. Ramadan is a time of generosity. Just as we deny ourselves, we should increase our giving to others, by inviting people to share our fast-breaking meals, and by donations to the poor. Just as we control our physical appetites, we also must control our negative emotions and actions. Angry words, gossip and criticism can all invalidate one’s fast. Ramadan therefore teaches patience, kindness and self-restraint.

EID AL-FITR is the name of the feast of the breaking of the fast at the end of Ramadan. No Muslim can celebrate Eid until he or she has paid some charity—at least enough to cover a day’s food for a needy person. Then on the morning after the last day of Ramadan, everyone joins together for a short congregational prayer, preferably in an outdoor location. The next few days are spent visiting friends and family, giving gifts and special treats to children and thanking God for His blessings.

EID AL-ADHA—the Feast of the Sacrifice celebrates the end of the Hajj (Pilgrimage) to Mecca, Saudi Arabia. All Muslims are required to make this pilgrimage once in a lifetime if physically and financially able. Muslims who do not make the pilgrimage in any given year celebrate the feast in their lands. Many families sacrifice a sheep or other animal on this holiday and divide the meat among the poor, family and neighbors. [http://macdonald.hartsem.edu/](http://macdonald.hartsem.edu/)

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**Ramadan and Eid Al-Fitr**

*By Holly Hartman*

Ramadan is the ninth month of the Islamic calendar. Islam uses a lunar calendar—that is, each month begins with the sighting of the new moon. Because the lunar calendar is about 11 days shorter than the solar calendar used elsewhere, Islamic holidays "move" each year. In 2006 Ramadan will begin on Sept. 24.

For more than a billion Muslims around the world—including some 8 million in North America—Ramadan is a "month of blessing" marked by prayer, fasting, and charity. This year Ramadan precedes Christmas and Hanukkah. But while in many places these holidays have become widely commercialized, Ramadan retains its focus on self-sacrifice and devotion to Allah (God).

Muslims believe that during the month of Ramadan, Allah revealed the first verses of the Qur'an, the holy book of Islam. Around 610 A.D., a caravan trader named Muhammad took to wandering the desert near Mecca (in today's Saudi Arabia) while thinking about his faith. One night a voice called to him from the night sky. It was the angel Gabriel, who told Muhammad he had been chosen to receive the word of Allah. In the days that followed, Muhammad found himself speaking the verses that would be transcribed as the Qur'an.

At many mosques during Ramadan, about one thirty-sixth of the Qur'an is recited each night in prayers known as *tarawih*. In this way, by the end of the month the complete scripture will have been recited.
On September 1, 2001 the U.S. Postal Service began sales of the first postage stamp honoring the country's Muslims. The design for the Eid stamp was unveiled last summer, long before the September attacks in New York and Washington that have been blamed on Muslim extremists. There are nearly 7 million Muslims living in the United States, and this stamp was issued to commemorate the two main Islamic holidays.

Eid is a generic Arabic term that means "holiday" or "festival." Islam recognizes two holidays, specifically known as Eid al-Fitr (Festival of Fast-Breaking) and Eid al-Adha (Festival of Sacrifice). The Arabic script on the stamp says Eid Mubarak, or "Blessed Festival." The greeting can apply to either of the two celebrations. The artwork for the 34-cent, domestic-rate stamp was done by renowned Muslim American calligrapher Mohamed Zakariya of Arlington, Virginia. The stamp is released as the world's 1.2 billion Muslims begin to make preparations for Ramadan, a month spent in fasting and devotion, which this year will fall between mid-November and mid-December. The first Islamic holiday (Eid al-Fitr) will come at the conclusion of Ramadan, on or around December 16, 2001. The next Islamic holiday (Eid al-Adha) will occur following the annual pilgrimage to Mecca, Saudi Arabia. This year, the pilgrimage is expected to fall in mid-February, and the Eid on or around February 23, 2002.

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http://islam.about.com/library/weekly/aa10121a.htm
Ramadan Eid Al-fitr Sallah in Maiduguri 1964

In 1963, the Islamic month of Ramadan began on the Gregorian calendar’s October 8, and ended on November 7, which was the first day of the Islamic month of Shawal (www.sizes.com/time/cal_islam.htm). Because Ramadan is the month of fasting from sunrise to sunset, we had to expect that our Muslim students would not be at their best during that time. The celebration at the end of Ramadan is called Eid Al-fitr. In Maiduguri in November 1964, it was celebrated with a spectacular Sallah Durbar, a great ceremonial gathering. My simple camera and I were often in the middle of it all, but no one seemed to mind.

And sometimes I wasn’t close up at all — as in this photo above of the Sallah parade. If you look carefully, you can see the people on the sidelines in the background dressed in white. Below, I got a lot closer, but unfortunately forget to set the camera on closeup.
These horsemen above have covered their horses in beautiful handcrafted quilted blankets. They themselves are covered in flowing colorful robes. Below is a 1998 painting of female riders in Zaria (near Funtua). Without exception, the riders in Maiduguri were always men.

Rarely seen female horse riders celebrating the legendary Queen Amina of Zaria at a Sallah festival in northern Nigeria. The overflowing Babanriga. Ornaments of Gold, brass and other precious metals decorated horses and the riders. Overflowing regalia and the great turban. Celebrants have come from far and near to celebrate the end of the fasting. www.artfro.com/Gallery1.htm
The Durbar's interesting history has linked together pre-colonial forms of martial display to the post-colonial celebration of important events in the emirates of northern Nigeria. The Dogorai are the Emirs' bodyguards with their special uniforms of scarlet and green, the Emir's special colors. [www.artfro.com/Gallery1.htm](http://www.artfro.com/Gallery1.htm)
Fulani Horseman Maiduguri 1964

Playing the role of a great Muslim king in a re-enactment. The Maiduguri mosque is in the background.  1964
Above: Now you have a clearer view of the trumpeter and the drummer announcing the arrival of the king

Below: And here he is again, wailing away. 1964
An *ululation* is a long, wavering, high-pitched sound resembling the howl of a dog, mostly as a wolf. It is an onomatopoeic word derived from Latin. Ululation is found in some singing techniques and ritual situations. In Arab countries ululation is commonly used by women to express celebration or grief, especially at weddings and funerals. It may also be used to encourage belly dancing. In the Middle East, *zagharēt* is a ululation performed to honor someone. In the Horn of Africa, ululation (or *ililata*) performed by worshippers is a feature of services in the Ethiopian Orthodox and Eritrean Orthodox Churches, and is also commonly used in secular celebrations such as parties or concerts. Ululation is incorporated into African musical styles such as Shona music, where it is a form of audience participation, along with clapping and call-and-response. Herodotus appears to mention ululation in North Africa (where it is still practiced), saying:

> I think for my part that the loud cries uttered in our sacred rites came also from thence; for the Libyan women are greatly given to such cries and utter them very sweetly. (IV. 42-43)

American experimental singer and composer Joan La Barbara uses ululation as well as other extended techniques such as circular singing and glottal clicks.


The role of this woman was to dance and ululate. Had I been able to see her face, it would have resembled that of the woman on the right. The technique is to emit a sustained high pitched sound while waggling the tongue back and forth.
Sallah Drummer outside the Palace of the Shehu of Bornu Maiduguri 1964
There are two horses and riders here, so close together, you can barely see the one in the back.

Horsemen on parade on Sallah Day. Maiduguri 1964.
Another horseback riding horn player with powerful cheek muscles! 1964

This man was part of a procession of torch bearers.
These boys were having a good time at the Sallah. They have all climbed onto a wooden cart.
Maiduguri mosque 1964. You can just barely see the Shehu’s Palace to the right in the background.

The Shehu’s Palace and the new mosque in Maiduguri.

How Maiduguri must have changed in 43 years! The Shehu’s Palace is far in the background, and looks like the same brick building that was there in 1964, but the building with the minarets in the foreground is the new mosque. And check out the paved road!
Kano: December 15, 2001

Happy Sallah! Ramadan ended yesterday. The sighting of the new moon concluded this year's month long Ramadan fast. Muslims celebrate Ramadan, the month in which God revealed the Qur'an, to purify themselves, renew faith, and show spiritual discipline. During Ramadan Muslims do not eat, drink, or have sex during the daylight hours. This morning we were caught in a traffic jam that turned into a prayer session as everyone turned to Mecca and began praying to mark Ramadan's end. We watched from the roof of our van. An eerie calm settled over the traffic scene as worshippers prayed and followed the commands of imams, or spiritual leaders, whose voices boomed over loudspeakers.

After prayers, traffic resumed and we drove to the Emir's palace. We parked in front of the central mosque and watched the Eid Al-fitr festival that celebrated Ramadan's end. The celebration began with the Durbar Sallah, a colorful horse parade. Surrounded by horses, colorful riders, a festive atmosphere, this celebration was the tour's highlight. We learned later that foreigners had been warned to stay away in case of trouble. If we had heard that news then the swords, spears, and guns carried by the riders would have been more menacing. We watched it all from our van roof and drew a lot of attention since we were the only tourists present. People mobbed our van. Horses and their riders milled around us. The bright flowing robes and turbans formed a sea of color.

After the horse parade, still high on the spirit of festivities, our guided invited us to his home for a special meal. We ate spicy stew and rice mash to be eaten with the hands along with fried donuts. Guides must be paid well in Kano; he had a nice home.

Then because no safety standards interfered, we rode taxi mopeds to the market and around the city, dodging hectic traffic. Our day ended at an ex-pat party. We met a Bulgarian couple that invited us back to their home for drinks and music. Indrek, a fellow traveler from Estonia, joined us. We went back to their home and listened to an extensive record collection that featured a lot of music from South America. We created a strange and unique scene: an Estonian, two Bulgarians, and two Americans danced to Argentine music in Nigeria. www.fullpassport.com/Trip2001/Diary/dec-15.html
Fifteen Killed in Nigerian Cartoon Riots
Sunday 19 February 2006, 0:53 Makka (Mecca) Time, 21:53 GMT

Nigerian rioters have killed at least 15 people after a protest against the publication of cartoons of the Prophet Muhammad descended into violence, a police spokesman says. Witnesses told reporters that protesters turned on the Christian minority in the northern city of Maiduguri on Saturday, burning shops and churches, after police dispersed a rally called to condemn European newspapers that printed the caricatures.

A police spokesman, Deputy Commissioner Haz Iwendi, told reporters that army troops and police reinforcements had been deployed to the city and that a curfew had been imposed to bring about a return to order. "We've arrested 115 people. Some 15 persons were killed by rioters, and 11 churches burnt," he said. The victims were the first to die in Nigeria as anger over the drawings of Islam's prophet mounts among its 60 million Muslims, roughly half the population.

Police action Mohammed Auwalu, a civil servant, told reporters by telephone: "When the protesters gathered for the protest at Ramat square they were ordered by a police detachment to disperse but the crowd insisted on holding the protest. The policemen then fired canisters of teargas to disperse the crowd. When news went into town about what happened at the square, a mob attacked motor spare-parts shops of Christian Igbo traders at Monday market in the city, looting and burning them," Auwalu said.

A local reporter, Abdullahi Bego, told reporters from the scene that at least 20 shops had been looted and vandalised and churches had been burned to the ground. "There are a lot of anti-riot police squad all over the city and their presence has helped quell the rampage," Bego said.

Ibrahim Bukar, a student, said: "I have been indoors since the riots broke out, but a friend told me he saw two dead bodies at the scene of the looting."

Muslim anger In recent weeks there have been protests around the world -some peaceful, some violent - by Muslims angry over the publication in European newspapers of cartoons satirising Islam's holiest figure, Prophet Muhammad. In a radio broadcast following the violence, Ali Modu Sheriff, the local governor, said: "The Borno State government is shocked and disgusted." Sheriff, a Muslim like the vast majority of Borno State residents, said that while he sympathised with the feelings of Muslims offended by the cartoons, Nigerian Christians should in no way be blamed for them. He promised that the perpetrators of the violence would be punished.

In Abuja, Frank Nweke, the Nigerian information minister, called on religious leaders to rein in their angry followers. "The federal government, while it does not begrudge any group the right to defend their faith and religion, also believes that certain actions - such as burning of churches - are not the best way," he told reporters.

Northern Nigeria is overwhelmingly Muslim, but major cities have significant Christian minorities, mainly members of the Igbo ethnic group who operate successful small businesses, trading especially in car parts and alcohol.

Since 1999 a dozen northern states, including Borno, have attempted to reintroduce Islamic Sharia law, exacerbating latent tensions between the communities and triggering several bloody riots. Sometimes external factors such as the cartoon controversy trigger the fighting. In September 2001 news of the attack by al-Qaida hijackers on New York and Washington rekindled unrest in Jos which killed 915 people. And in 2002 an attempt to stage the Miss World beauty contest in Nigeria offended conservative Muslims and led to a riot which left 220 dead.

Meanwhile, back in our house on the girls’ school compound, life went on. My double circle tray from Awka is hanging on the wall behind Paul, and my basket cover is barely visible above the curtains. Inuwa must have taken this picture.

Our small boy, Paul Biu, is serving Florence what is probably meatloaf or steak. I think we did have a meat grinder, so Inuwa could have made meatloaf for us. If it was steak, then it had to be tenderized with Adolf’s meat tenderizer, which we actually brought with us from the US, and then pounded mercilessly with a beer bottle. Paul has the mystery meat dish in one hand, and a second dish in the other that looks like it might be rice or maybe yams, the great West African staple.

Some of the yams commonly cultivated in Africa are usually very large, sometimes measuring several feet in length and over a hundred pounds in weight. www.congocookbook.com/c0053.html
When a child is born into the Dagomba society of northern Ghana, a meal of yam and other ingredients is prepared for relatives and the midwife who delivers the baby.

The meal includes four yam tubers for a girl, three for a boy because a tradition of the Dagomba has it that girl babies have four joints in the neck while boy babies have only three. For the Dagomba, the yam has transcended agriculture to become part of the society's culture.

Ghana is part of the so-called African "yam zone," the area stretching from Cameroon to Cote D'Ivoire that produces 90%-amounting to 3.9 million metric tonnes-of the world's yams each year. A staple crop of many African communities, yams are also economic and cultural pillars for villages throughout the continent. About 75% of farmers in the northern region of Ghana cultivate yam.

In Northern Ghana, every farmer's yam field contains an average of five varieties. As well as the varieties cultivated in the fields, farming households also grow an additional four to five types in their home gardens. Yams are usually the first crop cultivated after the land has been cleared. In traditional farming systems, farmers rotate planting schedules to ensure proper soil care and nutrient regeneration. Centuries of constant interaction with the environment and the development of cultural traditions have given yams an important place in the societies of northern Ghana, including the Dagomba.

The yearly yam harvest begins with a celebration called the yam festival. A yam type called Laabako is used in the first meal of the festival. Laabako is known for its early maturity, tasty tubers, and marketability. Before the yam festival, there is a ban on the consumption of newly harvested tubers; the Dagomba believe that any person who attempts to eat tubers before the festival rites are performed will die.

Yams also play an important role in the Dagomba religion. The Dagomba believe that gods inhabit stones and trees. Yams boiled with a certain herb are smeared on the surface of stones to secure the goodwill and patronage of the deities. The Dagomba also invoke their gods during the communal labour through which they obtain their seed yam. Each farmer is given a certain amount of work that he or she must perform on a neighbour's plot of land to collect the necessary number of seed yams. Seed yams obtained through communal labor enjoy the blessing of the gods and produce high yields.

The diversity of yam is important to the Dagomba because they use different varieties for different cultural purposes. Baayeri is believed to be the leader of all yam types. Farmers always have a few Baayeri yam growing in their fields. If there are no Baayeri yams, the other yam types will leave the farm and go elsewhere. On the other hand, too many Baayeri yams will lead other varieties astray. Chenchito is a type eaten at funerals and festivals, while the small tubers of Kpuringa yams are mostly eaten by children.

The Dagomba have developed local practices for improving crop yields and quality. These include early "pricking" (cutting out the bulk of the tuber while leaving the top and vine still in the ground to produce further tubers), using leaf color to determine proper harvest times, and soaking the seed yam in a solution from the bark of certain trees before planting to improve sprouting. The ability to carry out these practices determines the status of farmers in the community, giving the yam an important role in the social structure of the community.

Recognizing its importance for food security, yam is included on Annex I of the International Treaty on Plant Genetic Resources for Food and Agriculture and thus collections of yam diversity are eligible for funding by the Global Crop Diversity Trust. For the Dagomba, however, yams will never be simply food: the yam festival, and the new harvesting season, draw closer every day.

This story arose from work supported by a UNEP-GEF grant concerned with identifying the traditional practices that support the conservation of landraces in arid and semi-arid ecosystems in Africa. The aim of the project is to determine how national agricultural policies can better support traditional farming systems.

Yam Muffins

INGREDIENTS:
1 cup cooked yams, mashed  2 teaspoons baking powder
1 3/4 cups all-purpose flour  2 eggs
1/2 teaspoon salt  4 tablespoons, sweet butter, melted
1/2 cup sugar  3/4 cup milk
1 teaspoon cinnamon

METHOD:
1. Preheat oven to 350, and grease muffin tins, or arrange paper muffin cups on a baking sheet.
2. In a large mixing bowl, combine all ingredients and mix well.
3. Pour the batter into the muffin tins or paper cups until 2/3 full and bake for 20-25 minutes. Makes 24 muffins

http://www.vivienne-mackie.com/articles/holidays/family/yam.html

March of Ages

A Novel by Obi O. Akwani, 2003
Fourth Dimension Publishers, Nigeria, 260 pages
(Excerpted from a Review by Richard Bartlett)

Every now and again one comes across a book that coaxes one in, gently, unwrapping stories as threads. As a weaver of mats faces a wall of disparate threads that gradually take shape as each individual reed is added so March of Ages lays a mat for us. It is the story of a single community on whose fringes the development of European mercantilism is being determined. It is a story of tradition, of the ‘things’ before they fell apart, it is about evolution in a literal sense, of small, almost insignificant changes in individuals that allow a community to adapt to a new environment.

The book opens with Ukoha walking through the village, his mind racing with the importance of his task, which is announcing the time for harvest of that year’s yam crop. It is the highlight of the year for these people whose lives are determined by the seasons, and the power of Ukoha’s position results from his accuracy in determining the right time to harvest: too early or too late and the crop will spoil.

Then there is the harvest itself, which is a true community affair. The hunter is contracted by Ukoha to provide a wild boar or other large animal so those who help in harvesting the plots will be well fed. After the harvest comes the dancing, which turns into a friendly competition as an adjacent community joins in the festivities. www.africanreviewofvbooks.com/Reviews/akwani.html

[To purchase book: www.msupress.msu.edu]
African Yam Soup

This soup has many variations. Some include peanut butter and garbanzos (chickpeas). This version is adapted from Jane Brody's Good Food Gourmet (1990). Brody credited her recipe to New York City Bureau of Nutrition.

Today, 15 years on, I replace "vegetable oil" with olive oil, which is healthier and works beautifully. I replace beef or chicken broth with tomato juice and tomato paste plus water. Tomato cooked with oil adds lycopene to your diet.

A note - most people recommend cooks to peel yams before chopping and cooking to make soup. I like to eat potato skins and sweet potato skins when baked, so long as they're well scrubbed and thoroughly cooked. So I leave them on for soup too. Makes for easier preparation. A matter of style.

1 large onion, peeled and chopped
1 or more cloves garlic, chopped
4 teaspoons olive oil
2 small hot chillies (fresh, if available) seeded and finely chopped
1 red or green sweet pepper, seeded, sliced and chopped
1 stick celery chopped or chunk of celery root, chopped
2 medium tomatoes, chopped
2 or 3 cooked yams or cooked sweet potatoes, washed, Scrubbed and cut into small cubes (peel, before cubing, if you prefer)
1 cup tomato juice
1 small can tomato paste
2 cups water
1 bay leaf
1 teaspoon turmeric
more spice to taste: if you like the flavor/aroma, 1 teaspoon cumin or 1/4 teaspoon allspice
1 dash of salt or salt substitute
Freshly ground pepper to taste
Garnish with chopped watercress or fresh parsley, basil, sage or other herbs

1. In a large heavy saucepan, sauté the onion and garlic over low heat in the olive oil until the onion is translucent.

2. Add the chilies and chopped tomatoes and sweet peppers, and cook the mixture for about 5 minutes.

3. Add the yams or sweet potatoes, tomato juice, water, bayleaf and spices.

4. Bring the soup to a boil, immediately reduce the heat, and simmer for 20-30 minutes or until the yams or sweet potatoes are soft. Taste, add pepper and salt and adjust spices to taste.

5. Eat hot as is (texture of a stew).

6. Or allow the soup to cool, mash the cubes of cooked yam into the liquid soup or puree the soup in a blender or pass the soup through a food mill. Return the soup to a pan and heat gently. Sprinkle with herbs before serving.

This kind of soup can be served "thin" as a refreshing appetizer. If you cook or juice your own vegetable stock, this is a recipe to pour it into in place of plain tap water. Or you can add fruit juice, from orange juice to pomegranate juice.

Or you can pump it up with more substantial variations. For a hefty garnish, in the final 5-10 minutes of heating / reheating add a handful of frozen peas or pod peas or stir in a tablespoon of cranberry sauce and 2 tablespoons peanut butter.

November 6, 2004

http://psa-rising.com/eatingwell/yamsoup.htm
This is one of those photos designed to assure everyone at home that all is well. BarbaraLee is still washing her hair, and wrapping a towel around it. And not only that, but, look Ma, we have a refrigerator in our house. I think that’s a bottle of soda on top of the fridge, not a bottle of beer... which reminds me that we used to use flat beer to set our hair. Florence had long hair so she probably didn’t use it, but Kathy and I both had shorter hair which we would set with those now old-fashioned rollers. If you think this is strange, just check out this 2006 excerpt from a website for people in India:

**Setting Lotions**

For a good style, setting lotions and lacquers are used. Beer, milk, Gelatin and lemon are some of the things generally used as setting lotions. Beer is probably the most effective and popular product. Simply wet the hair with beer before setting. It gives added beauty and helps the set to stay in. Milk can also be used in the same way. Lemon juice makes a good setting lotion too, and is especially good for fair or greasy hair. Squeeze a lemon and use the strained juice to obtain a very firm set. It makes the hair soft and shiny. Lemon juice dries very fast and can be used as an effective hair lacquer. To make a lemon hair lacquer, cut a lemon in pieces and boil it with a cup of water until it remains only half a cup. Strain and use. A few drops of alcohol (or Vodka) should be added to preserve it.

Gelatin is a protein agent, and is excellent for a setting lotion, giving body to limp hair. Dissolve 2 tablespoons gelatin in 2 cups of boiling water, and use it as the final rinse.

To use sugar as a lacquer, simply add one tablespoon sugar to a glass of boiling water and when it has dissolved use it as a setting lotion by putting it into a spray bottle. [www.aarogya.com/familyhealthlifestyle/teens/hair/styling.asp](http://www.aarogya.com/familyhealthlifestyle/teens/hair/styling.asp)

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*What, Me Worry?  BL Maiduguri Early 1964*

Simon and I are all ready for Halloween! That black cape looks suspiciously like a converted garment bag.

*Our collapsible, concentric-ringed Christmas tree, complete with red satin balls and candy canes arrived via airmail one day from my college friend, Carol Munch.*
One day, Nino and I traveled to Guduf, a mountain village southeast of Maiduguri, close to the Cameroon border. He was a civil engineer from Italy working for the Nigerian Railway Corporation to bring the railroad tracks from Jos to Maiduguri. The area landscape around Gwoza and Guduf was mostly arid, rocky and hilly. Here I am on his LandRover... going into the bush in a white pleated skirt! The LandRover is the same one that had to be pushed out of the mud on the way to Chad.
It was a far cry from today’s cushy Land Rovers. You can bet there was no automatic transmission and no air conditioning in that big yellow beast! It bore no resemblance whatsoever to today’s Land Rovers, Range Rovers, Range Stormers and the like.

Range Rover Quick Facts
- MSRP starting at $75,750*
- Engine: Two updated sources of power are available:
  - Naturally aspirated V8 engine
  - 305-hp 4.4L V8
  - Available Supercharged V8
  - 400-hp 4.2L Supercharged V8
- New six-speed automatic transmission with CommandShift™
- Onboard rearview camera
- Premium touchscreen navigation system with GPS satellite technology and nine-language voice recognition
- Available rear-seat entertainment system with DVD player
*MSRP excludes taxes, title and license fees.

Off-road Capabilities
When the pavement ends, the Range Rover continues to perform with seamlessly integrated systems. Here you’ll learn more about Dynamic Stability Control (DSC), Anti-lock Brake System (ABS), 4-wheel Electronic Traction Control (4ETC), Hill Descent Control (HDC) and more
We met the chief of Guduf and some of his people. It may have been strange for them to see this *bature* and *baturiya* (European man and woman) climbing up the path to their village. Sometimes, it was no use explaining that I was not a European, that I was an American. To some, I was a *baturiya* and that was that.

The people seated on the ground on a hillside near the village were noncommittal. They were neither hostile nor welcoming. Perhaps they felt intruded upon; perhaps they didn’t care one way or the other. According to the list of Nigerian languages on two websites, the Guduf have their own tribal language which is also called Guduf.

The chief of Guduf is on the right. He is dressed in traditional northern Nigerian dress. The man on the left is wearing a burlap fabric, and a ring on his right hand.

**Village of Guduf:** Look carefully, and you will see the thatched huts of the villagers that are camouflaged nestled in among the boulders.
Above: This is the same man who was standing next to the chief. Behind him and above left are two villagers carrying things on their heads. One is definitely a woman carrying clothing; the other may be another woman, or perhaps a teenage boy. Below: A group of Guduf women and men are gathered together in the shade of a tree. They may be skilled potters judging from the three jugs in the center near the calabash. There is only one woman who is glancing back at me. The others are all looking away, or ignoring me. One person on the left is either resting his head on his knees, or is covering his face. Did they think I was stealing their spirits? I hope not.
In this closer, brighter view, you can see the person who is resting his head in the crook of his arm. Was he tired, or was he hiding from my camera? Look more carefully, and you can see the decorative thin white bone which has been inserted into the lower lip of several people. To the right is an enlargement of the part of the photo where the lip bones are most visible.

Nino, heading back down the path out of Guduf. The man in the black coat standing just off the path is probably a villager.

On the following page, you will find a lot of information about the Guduf people, but none of it really brings them to life. I could find no photos other than my own from 1964.
First mentioning of the name ‘Guduf’ is on Moisel’s map (1912-13). Mathews (1934:13) refers to the Guduf as a sub-group descending from ‘Gbuwhe’ (Buhe or Pohe) who speak ‘Afkabie’. Wolff (1971:70) informs us that the Guduf call themselves ‘kdupaxa’ or ‘yaxmare’ (the latter means ‘our people’). Muller-Kosack (1994:140ff) informs us that ‘Buhe/Pohe’ (or paxa) is of Turu/Mbra descent and that not only the Guduf, but also the people of Gava, Uvagha and Kusarha derive their ancestry from Buhe/Pohe. Guduf is not the name of an ancestor of the Guduf. Muller-Kosack (1999) believes that it might be a derivation from a mythical place of origin, described as a building of iron pillars with a roof made from a flat rock, called ‘Gudupe’ (or kdu). Wolff’s ‘kdupaxa’ could then be translated as ‘Buhe/Pohe of Gudupe’. It remains unclear whether ‘Gudupe’ is thought to have been at Turu or in Hduwa in the Mafa area, northeast of Turu (Muller-Kosack 1994:142f), or in Kapsiki (Wolff 1971:71).

Guduf is situated east of Gwoza Town, in the mountain saddle between Zelidva in the north and Dughwede in the south of the Gwoza Hills. Guduf consists of Guduf Bubayagwa (Guduf B) in the south, and Guduf Nagadiye (Guduf A) in the north. East of Guduf A we find Gava, which was founded by Ghwatada, a brother of Amthabe. Amthabe is not only the ancestor of the Guduf of Guduf, but also of the Guduf of Pulka and Wize at the northern foot of the Gwoza Hills. There are also ancestral links via Buhe/Pohe with Uvagha south of the Lamang village Hambagda, at the south-western foothills of the Gwoza Hills. Uvagha is today dominated by Lamang, while Pulka and Wize are dominated by Wandala speaking Zelidva. Kusarha is another historical Guduf enclave. It is found northwest of Guduf A. Their ancestor was Jaghuvade, who too was a son of Buhe/Bohe. While Guduf A and B belong administratively to Gwoza Central District, Gava belongs to Ashigashiya District.

A comparison by Muller-Kosack (1999) between estimated projections of the 1963 and 1991 Census made for 1996 results in 16,490 Guduf of Guduf A and B, and 6,822 Guduf of Gava (projection from Census ‘63. Guduf-Kusarha counts about 1,657 (projection from Census ‘91). The rest of the Guduf settlements of Census ‘91 are not of much use because of confusion regarding ethnic and settlement allocation. Many Guduf live in Gwoza Town. Muller-Kosack (1999) estimates about 5,000, which adds up to a total of about 30,000 Guduf in the Gwoza Local Government Area. Population density in Guduf and Gava is quite high, maybe between 100 and 150 inhabitants per sq/km (Muller-Kosack 1999).

Buchner (1964) refers to the Guduf dialect of Gava as ‘Yawotataxa’, spelt ‘Yaghwatadaxa’ by Wolff (1971:69f). This has to do with the Basel Mission of Gava (see also Rapp and Scheytt). Wolff informs us that Yaghwatadaxa means ‘the mountain of Tada’, which is Gava (ibid). Muller-Kosack (1999) informs us that ‘Ghwatada’ was the name of the founding ancestor of Gava, and that Buchner’s ending ‘axa’ might refer to Buhe/Pohe, since the father’s or an ancestor’s name is often added at the end. Wolff (ibid) compares the dialect of Gava and the dialect of Guduf-‘Bubayagwa’ and concludes that Guduf and Gava are one language. Guduf is a dialect of Biu-Mandara or Central Chadic of the Wandala subgroup.

Muller-Kosack (1999) is of the opinion that the Guduf and Gava are two sections referred to as Guduf. The Guduf of Wize and Pulka have been assimilated by the Wandala speaking Zelidva. The Guduf of Uvagha have been assimilated by Lamang speaking groups. The only Guduf living on their own territory are those of Guduf, Kusarha and Gava. The founding ancestors of Guduf and Gava were two brothers of the same father, but of a different mother (Muller-Kosack 1994:140ff). R. Lukas (1973:24ff) reports of the Podokwa who were driven out from Guduf by the sons of ‘Poxe’ (Buhe/Pohe). This is confirmed by Muller-Kosack and by Wolff (ibid).

No ethnography of the Guduf has been written so far. However, there seem to be a number of unpublished fieldnotes around (R. Lukas, Wolff, Muller-Kosack). Ha-Koo Kim (Leipzig University) is currently writing a linguistic PhD on Guduf. [http://www.mandaras.info/Guduf.html](http://www.mandaras.info/Guduf.html)
In 1962, many people living within the arbitrarily imposed British colonial borders of Nigeria spoke at least three languages: The first was their own tribal language like that of the people of Guduf. The second language in the Northern region was Hausa, the *lingua franca* of West Africa. If a person was from the Western region, his second language was Yoruba, and in the Eastern region it was Ibo, or “Igbo,” as it is called today. The third language was English which was taught in all the schools. In the Muslim regions of the north, Arabic was also commonly spoken, and there was an Arabic teacher in the boys’ school where I taught in Maiduguri. Here is my own entire Arabic vocabulary which we learned in Peace Corps training: First, the greeting: *As-salamu Alaikum. Peace be unto you. And the response: Aleikum salam. And on you be peace. And finally, the lilting phrase *Al hamdu lillahi! Praise be to God!* There are also some Hausa phrases I learned in training which I will probably carry around in my head for the rest of my competent life:


Now for the mind-boggling part of all this. According to two websites, there are about 515 living languages in Nigeria!!! Our professors at UCLA in Peace Corps training told us that there were hundreds of languages spoken in Nigeria, but I was totally unprepared for the following list which is available on two websites today.

In case you’re thinking this is a hoax, the ethnologue website listed above also provides demographic and linguistic details about every language.
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<td>IDON</td>
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<td>LABIR</td>
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<td>GADE</td>
<td>IGBO</td>
<td>EURABE</td>
<td>LALA-ROBA</td>
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</table>
Spoken Living Languages of Nigeria

LAMANG
LAMJA-DENGSA-TOLA
LAMNSO
LARU
LEELAU
LEGBO
LELA
LEMORO
LIMBUM
LOKAA
LONGUDA
LOO
LOPA
LUBILA
LUFU
LURI
MAAKA
MADA
MAFA
MAGHDI
MAK
MALA
MALGWA-WANDALA
MAMA
MAMBILA NIGERIA
MANGAS
MARGHI CENTRAL
MARGHI SOUTH
MASHI
MAWA
MBE
MBEMBE CROSS RIVER
MBEMBE TIGON
MBOI
MBONGNO
MBULA-BWAZZA
MBURKU
MIJILI
MINGANG DOSO
MINI
MISHIP
MIYA
MOM JANGO
MONTOL
MOO
MPADE
MUMUYE
MUNDAT
MVANIP
MWAGHAVUL
NANDU-TARI
NDE-NSELE-NTA
NDOE
NDOLA
NDUNDA
NGAMO
NGGWAHYI
NGIZIM
NGWABA
NINGYE
NINZAM
NKARI
NKEM-NKUM
NKOROO
NKUKOLI
NNAM
NUMANA-NUNKU-GWANTU-NUMBU
NUNGU
NUPE-NUPE TAKO
NYAM
NYONG
NZANYI
OBANLIKU
OBOLO
OBULOM
ODUAL
ODUT
OGBAH
OGBIA
OGBOGOLO
OBGRONUAGUM
OKOBO
OKO-ENI-OSAYEN
OKPAMHERI
OKPE
OKPE-IDES-AKUKU
OLOMA
OLULUMO-IKOM
ORING
ORON
ORUMA
OSOSO
OTANK
PA’A
PE
PERO
PIDGIN NIGERIAN
PITI
PIYA-KWONCI
POLCI
PONGU
PUTAI
PYAPUN
RESHE
RON
RUMA
SAMBA DAKA
SAMBA LEKO
SANGA
SASARU-ENWAN-IGWE
SAYA
SHA
SHALL-ZWALL
SHAMANG
SHAMA-SAMBUGA
SHANGA
SHAU
SHENI
SHIKI
SHOO-MINDA-NYE
SHUWA-ZAMANI
SIRI
SOMYEV
SORKO
SUKUR
SUR
SURUBU
TAL
TALA
TAMBAS
TANGALE
TAROK
TEDAGA
TEME
TERA
TESHENAWA
THA
TITA
TIV
TORO
TSO
TULA
TUMI
TYAP
UBAGHARA
UBANG
UDA
UHAMI
UIJJILI
UKAAN
UKPE-BAYOBIRI
UKPET-EHOM
UKUE
UKWA
UKWUANI-ABOH-NDONI
ULUKWUMI
UMON
UNEME
URHOBO
USAGHADE
UVBIE
UZEKWE
VAGHAT-YA-BIJIM-LEGERI
VEMGO-MABAS
VITI
VONO
VUTE
WAJA
WAKA
WANNU
WAPAN
WAPHAN
WARJI
WAWE
WOM
XEDI
YACE
YALA
YAMBA
YANGKAM
YENDANG
YESKWA
YIWOM
YORUBA
YUKUBEN
ZANGWAL
ZARI
ZARMA
ZEEM
ZHIRE
ZIRIYA
ZIZILIVEKEN
ZUMBUN
Our students and the educated Nigerians we knew spoke proper English, but many of the less well educated spoke Pidgin English. It is even listed in the Living Language List as Pidgin Nigerian, and is apparently becoming more and more important as musicians and writers use it in their work. Some enterprising folks have written books like *Pidgin on da Fridge*, and *Pidgin to da Max*. At the other end of the spectrum, the United Nations has translated *The Universal Declaration of Human Rights* into Nigerian Pidgin English. It is one of the 365 languages into which that document has been translated.
**Pidgin Nigerian**

*Pidgin Nigerian* is one of the living languages of Nigeria. Here are two works written in Pidgin. The first is a song by Fela Kuta and the second is the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. When I read the Declaration aloud, I can hear Nigerian voices speaking it in my head. You don’t have to look very deeply into either one to know that they are both about the same thing.

---

**Original Sufferhead**

*by Fela Anikulapo Kuti*

*Note: To hear the song, go to this website, and click on the underlined Original Sufferhead*  
http://ntama.uni-mainz.de/docs/language_as_product/node5.html

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Pidgin</th>
<th>English</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1 Water Light</td>
<td>Water Light</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 Food House</td>
<td>Food House</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 Ye paripa O</td>
<td>Ye paripa O&lt;sup&gt;4,1&lt;/sup&gt;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 Wetin do them</td>
<td>What are they doing?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5 You mean you don’t know</td>
<td>You mean you don’t know?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6 Wetin do them</td>
<td>What are they doing?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7 I go tell you</td>
<td>I will tell you!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8 Wetin do them</td>
<td>What are they doing?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9 You go hear am</td>
<td>You will hear them</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10 Wetin do them</td>
<td>What are they doing?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11 That means to say you no dey</td>
<td>This means you are not</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12 For Nigeria be that</td>
<td>in Nigeria for a fact</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13 You see yourself</td>
<td>You better look yourself</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14 You no dey for Africa at all</td>
<td>You are not in Africa at all</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15 You must dey come from London</td>
<td>You must be coming from London, from</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16 New York, from Germany, from Italy...</td>
<td>New York, from Germany, from Italy...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17 That means to say you no dey Nigeria be that</td>
<td>This means you are not</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18 You see yourself you no de for Afrika at all</td>
<td>in Nigeria for sure</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19 If you dey for Africa where we dey</td>
<td>If you are in Africa where we are</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20 you go know</td>
<td>you will know</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21 I go know wetin</td>
<td>I will know what?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22 Plenty, about water, light, food, house</td>
<td>Plenty, about water, light, food, houses</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23 I go know wetin</td>
<td>I will know what?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24 Plenty plenty water for Africa</td>
<td>More than plenty water in Africa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25 Na so-so water in Africa</td>
<td>There is so much water in Africa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26 Water underground, water in the air</td>
<td>Water underground, water in the air</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27 Na so-so water in Africa</td>
<td>There is so much water in Africa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28 Water for man to drink (i)nko O</td>
<td>What about water to drink for Man?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29 E-no dey (chorus)</td>
<td>It is not there!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30 E-no dey e dey</td>
<td>It is not there, is it?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31 Water for town</td>
<td>Water in the town?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>32 E-no dey (chorus)</td>
<td>It is not there!</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Government sef e dey?                                   Is there a government?
E-no dey (chorus)                                            No, there is not!
Plenty, plenty light for Afrika                        Plenty, plenty light in Afrika
Na so-so energy for Africa                             There is so much energy in Afrika
Na the big-big men dey get electrica                    It is the very big men who get electricity
If them no get electric dem go                           If they don’t get electricity
                                                                   they will buy a plant, yes
                                                                   get plant O
Ordinary light for man nko O                             What about ordinary light for Man?
E-no dey (chorus)                                            It is not there!
E-no dey e dey?                                              It is not there, is it?
E-no dey (chorus)                                            No, it is not!
Plenty, plenty food for Africa                          Plenty, plenty food in Africa
Food under-ground, food on                              Food underground, food on
                                                                   the ground
                                                                   There is so much food in Africa
Ordinary food for man for chop4.2 nko O                   What about food for Man to eat?
                                                                   It is not there!
                                                                   ... It is not there!
Government sef e dey?                                   And the government, is it there?
E no dey                                                   It is not!
Dodo nko? ten kobo for one                               What about Dodo?4.3 ten Kobo4.4 for one
Akara nko? twenty kobo for one (2x)                     What about Akara?4.5 twenty kobo for one
Bread nko? fourty kobo for one                           What about bread? fourty kobo for one
                                                                   It is not there
                                                                   Government sef e dey?
                                                                   Is there a government?
                                                                   E no dey                                    And the government, is it there?
                                                                   It is not!
                                                                       Dodo nko? ten kobo for one
                                                                       Akara nko? twenty kobo for one (2x)
                                                                       Bread nko? fourty kobo for one
                                                                       E no dey
                                                                       Government sef e dey?
                                                                       Is there a government?
                                                                       E no dey                                    And the government, is it there?
                                                                       It is not!
                                                                       Dodo nko? ten kobo for one
                                                                       Akara nko? twenty kobo for one (2x)
                                                                       Bread nko? fourty kobo for one
                                                                       E no dey
                                                                       Government sef e dey?
                                                                       Is there a government?
                                                                       E no dey                                    And the government, is it there?
                                                                       It is not!
                                                                       Dodo nko? ten kobo for one
                                                                       Akara nko? twenty kobo for one (2x)
                                                                       Bread nko? fourty kobo for one
                                                                       E no dey
                                                                       Government sef e dey?
                                                                       Is there a government?
                                                                       E no dey                                    And the government, is it there?
                                                                       It is not!
                                                                       Dodo nko? ten kobo for one
                                                                       Akara nko? twenty kobo for one (2x)
                                                                       Bread nko? fourty kobo for one
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                                                                       Government sef e dey?
                                                                       Is there a government?
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                                                                       Akara nko? twenty kobo for one (2x)
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                                                                       Is there a government?
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                                                                       Akara nko? twenty kobo for one (2x)
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                                                                       Is there a government?
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                                                                       Government sef e dey?
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                                                                       Government sef e dey?
                                                                       Is there a government?
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                                                                       Government sef e dey?
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                                                                       It is not!
                                                                       Dodo nko? ten kobo for one
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                                                                       Bread nko? fourty kobo for one
                                                                       E no dey
                                                                       Government sef e dey?
                                                                       Is there a government?
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                                                                       It is not!
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                                                                       Bread nko? fourty kobo for one
                                                                       E no dey
                                                                       Government sef e dey?
                                                                       Is there a government?
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                                                                       Bread nko? fourty kobo for one
                                                                       E no dey
                                                                       Government sef e dey?
                                                                       Is there a government?
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                                                                       Bread nko? fourty kobo for one
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                                                                       Government sef e dey?
                                                                       Is there a government?
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                                                                       Government sef e dey?
                                                                       Is there a government?
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                                                                       Government sef e dey?
                                                                       Is there a government?
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                                                                       It is not!
                                                                       Dodo nko? ten kobo for one
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                                                                       Government sef e dey?
                                                                       Is there a government?
                                                                       E no dey                                    And the government, is it there?
                                                                       It is not!
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                                                                       Government sef e dey?
                                                                       Is there a government?
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                                                                       Bread nko? fourty kobo for one
                                                                       E no dey
                                                                       Government sef e dey?
                                                                       Is there a government?
                                                                       E no dey                                    And the government, is it there?
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                                                                       Government sef e dey?
                                                                       Is there a government?
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                                                                       Akara nko? twenty kobo for one (2x)
                                                                       Bread nko? fourty kobo for one
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                                                                       Government sef e dey?
                                                                       Is there a government?
                                                                       E no dey                                    And the government, is it there?
                                                                       It is not!
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                                                                       Akara nko? twenty kobo for one (2x)
                                                                       Bread nko? fourty kobo for one
                                                                       E no dey
                                                                       Government sef e dey?
                                                                       Is there a government?
                                                                       E no dey                                    And the government, is it there?
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                                                                       Akara nko? twenty kobo for one (2x)
                                                                       Bread nko? fourty kobo for one
                                                                       E no dey
                                                                       Government sef e dey?
                                                                       Is there a government?
                                                                       E no dey                                    And the government, is it there?
                                                                       It is not!
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                                                                       Akara nko? twenty kobo for one (2x)
                                                                       Bread nko? fourty kobo for one
                                                                       E no dey
                                                                       Government sef e dey?
                                                                       Is there a government?
                                                                       E no dey                                    And the government, is it there?
                                                                       It is not!
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                                                                       Akara nko? twenty kobo for one (2x)
                                                                       Bread nko? fourty kobo for one
                                                                       E no dey
                                                                       Government sef e dey?
Fela Kuti was to African music what Bob Marley was to reggae.

The Nigerian musician died in 1997 at 58. He released 77 albums over his career! His music combined the modern with the traditional African rhythms and was coined 'Afrobeat'. He inspired James Brown and Bootsy Collins as well as many of today's hip hop stars like The Roots and Blackalicious.

He also fought for the rights of his people at a time when they were being heavily controlled by a military regime. He appeared in court over 350 times and was harrassed, beaten and jailed by that regime as he fought for the under-privileged.

www.abc.net.au/triplej/music_specials/s1460252.htm
Universal Declaration of Human Rights

Nigerian Pidgin English Version
www.unhchr.ch/udhr/lang/pcm.htm

Background:
A Pidgin (and also a Creole) is a language variety used for interethnic contact. In many cases where peoples of different linguistic groups come need to communicate, they use a third language (or material of a third language), in which they have some competence. As a result thereof, the language in question may undergo drastic changes and result in an entirely new language. The outcome of such a process may be a Pidgin or a Creole. As opposed to the Creole (see Haitian Creole), the Pidgin is usually not anyone's primary language (so its users have their native tongue to fall back on for in-group communication), but when it becomes a native language for its speakers it is called a Creole. Nigerian Pidgin English, which, though not being considered a Creole, also has native speakers, is a mixed language drawing from English and different African languages. There is no unified standard or orthography. It is used in novels, plays, radio, poetry and becoming more and more important as a language. (Article 26.3 is not available.)

Universal Declaration of Human Rights

For December 10, 1948, di meeting of di whole world, wey dem de call United Nations (naim be say all di kontris wey de for di world come unite to be one), come hold talk and dem come bring out one paper and write wetin suppose to be our right inside. Dem call am Human Rights. Dis na di rights wey human beings get from di time wey dem born us. Na dis rights make human beings take different from animals. All di tings wey dem talk about di rights, wey human beings suppose to get, na im de for this small book. Since dis ting de veri important, dem come tell all di kontris of di world say make dem make sure say all di people for their kontri know about am, make sure say dem write and put am for where people go see am well, well, make sure say their people read am. Make dem also make sure say everibodi wey de for secondary skuls, unifasiti, plus dem all other places people dey go skul, know about am well, well. Make dem no worry wich kind goment de di kontris.

Preamble
Dem recognise say human beings get dignity wey dey with us and rights wey go make all of us friendly with each other, so tay, we all come be like one family. Na dis be di foundation of our freedom and peace wey de for di whole world.
Since e be like say, dem no see our right as any ting and dem come de do dem as dem like, dis come make people de behave like say dem be animals, dis come vex everibodi, so tay, dem come talk say everi human being must go get their freedom, wey go make dem talk any tink say naim be di right ting and wen dem de talk, dem no go fear to talk. Na dis be di beta ting wey all common people want.
Since e de important say if man no go by force fight well, well, say for sake dem de oppress am or dem de treat am harshly, then de law of di society must to protect di human rights wey human beings get, e de important say make all di kontris for dis world make sure say dem be friends.
Since dem say all di people for di meeting of di whole world talk say dem know and sure say we human beings get our right kampe, as we suppose to get, and say man and woman get equal right. Dem say all of dem don decide say dem go make sure say dem helpe to see say progress de for all di kontris and beta beta life de too for everibodi.
Since dem say all di kontris wey be members for di meeting of di whole world talk say dem go make sure say, dem go help each other to see say dem respect and see say di right and freedom wey we get as human beings, we get dem. Since dem say e good make everibodi understand wetin dis right and freedom be, so tay, all di tings dem talk about human rights, people go de aware of am. Now therefore, dis meeting now come talk say dis universal declaration of human rights talk say naim be di achievement wey all di people and all di nations of di world achieve, sake for say, everi person and everi ting wey dey for our society must to know all di rights and make dem keep am for their mind everi time. Dem must to make sure say dem teach everibodi dis rights and dem must know am, so tay, dem go help promote di respect for dis rights and freedom of all di people of di kontri dem de control.

Article 1

Everi human being, naim dem born free and dem de equal for dignity and di rights wey we get, as human beings, God come give us beta sense wey we de take tink well, well and beta mind, sake for dis, we must to treat each other like broda and sister.

Article 2

Everi one naim de entitle to all di rights and freedom wey dey for dis small book, no mata di kind language wey person dey speak, di kontri wey one come from, di kind religion wey one de do, di kind ting wey one dey tink, di kind person wey one be, di how dem take born one, di kind place wey one come from, di kind propati wey one get or weda you be man or woman. Dem come talk again say, dem no go look at di way, wey dem dey rule dat kontri or how dem de control di kontri or di kind position of di kontri wey we belong, weda na free kontri, say no be anoda people from anoda kontri de rule there or weda na dem dey rule demself or weda dem get one ogbonke kontri we dey rule dem.

Article 3

Everi one naim get right to live, get right to do as e like and right to see say im life safe for where e dey.

Article 4

Dem talk say nobodi must to hold di other one like slave or make am boi boi. Say dem no go gree at all, at all, no mata how e be.

Article 5

Dem no go gree make anoda person moles anoda one, make e treat am like say na animal or make person punish anoda person as e like.

Article 6

Everi one na im get right say make dem know am anywhere say na person, sef, as a person before di law.

Article 7

Everi one na im be, di same for law, no mata wetin di person be or di kind person e be. Di law of our kontri must to make sure say notin happen to am. Di law must to make sure say dem treat everibodi di same, so tay all dis tings we de talk about human right, nobodi go against am, or gada people to go against am.

Article 8

Everi one naim get right say make dem give am good judgement if dem bring di person before people wey go de judge am, sake for say e do someting wey e be say di right wey e be im own, e violate am.
Article 9
Dem must not arrest anybodi as dem like or lock am up for one cell or place, so tay nobodi go see am, or force am make e comot im kontri go live for anoda kontri for fear say dem go arrest or kill am for im own kontri.

Article 10
Everi one naim de entitle to say wen e face people wey go judge am, dem must to make sure say mago mago no de wen dem de do im case, if dem say e do something wey e bad.

Article 11
If goment or anybodi say person do bad, and dem come carry am go court, nobodi fit talk say dat person do bad until say dem judge well so tay mago mago no de, na dat time dem fit talk say di person na really bad person and e do ting we make dem becos of am bring am come court. Di person must to get people wey go defend am before dem fit talk say e do di bad thing wey dem say e do.
Dem come talk again say nobodi fit talk say person do bad ting if di ting no really bad, weda for di law of im kontri or for di whole world, for dat time wen e do am. Again na di punishment wey e fit di bad ting wey di person do for dat time if e do am, nam dem must to give am, no be di one wey e heavy pass di offence wey e do, for di time.

Article 12
Dem talk say nobodi fit put mouth any how for anoda person mata or im family or im house mata or even any ting wey e concern di person. Wen everibodi know say person good, nobodi get right to de go about to say di person na bad person. Everibodi as di law, talk naim goment must to protect, if anybodi wan do dat kind ting to person.

Article 13
Everione naim get right to go anywhere wey e wan go, weda na to go see im friend o, or to go anoda town o, or to travel comot for where e de live to anoda place. Dat na im own palava.
Everione naim get right to comot im kontri if e wan go to anoda kontri and make e come back if e like, e no concern anybodi.

Article 14
Everione naim get right to go anoda kontri, wey e like to tell dem say im wan live for dat kontri, sake for say dem de look for am for im own kontri or dem won arrest am for im kontri, wen im no do any bad ting.
But if dat person really do bad ting o, for im own kontri and e come run comot to wan go live for anoda kontri, sake for say di goment of im kontri de look for am, di goment of di kontri wey e run go, no go gree at all, at all o. Even sef, di meeting of di whole world wey we de call United Nations, say dis ting no good at all and dem too gree say if person do bad ting for im kontri, e good make im eye see wetin e de look for, as e do di bad ting for im kontri.

Article 15
Everione naim get right to say na any kontri wey im like, im go call im own.
Nobodi fit talk say di person no get right to belong to di kontri wey e like or if e like make a say im no wan belong to im kontri again, na anoda kontri im wan belong to. Make dem say e no fit change to di kontri wey e like and make e call im own.

Article 16
Man or woman, so far e don reach di age wey e fit marry, so tay nobodi fit disturb am, sake for sake of im religion or di kontri wey e come from, get di right to marry and get im own family. Dem get right to marry and if dem don tire for di marriage, dem fit go court to say if dem no wan do again, say make everibodi de go im own way.
If two people wan marry, so far di two people gree say dem like demselves, dem free to marry.
Di family, say mama, papa and di children, dem be one small group for di society dem de live, sake for dis, goment suppose to look after dem, say bad ting no happen to dem.

Article 17
Everibodi naim get right to own propati of im own or if e like, with other people.
Nobodi get right to seize di propati of anoda person.

Article 18
Everione naim get right to tink any ting e like, do as e like or do as im mind tell am to do, do di kind religion e wan do. Naim be say person fit change im religion or wetin e tink say naim be di truth for im religion. E fit do dis by imself or make nobodi know or with other people, make everibodi know. If e like self, e fit teach people dis im religion, e fit show di kind religion wey e belong to, for di way, wey e de behave or way, wey e serve im god.

Article 19
Everione naim get right to tink or talk wetin e like about any mata. Naim be say wen di person tink about wetin e like, nobodi get right to say make e no tink like dat. Even sef di person get right to look for or get any information wey e like from any where.

Article 20
Everione get right make e join any group wey come together, say dem wan do something or say dem wan de hold meeting, so far nobi wetin go bring kata kata, peace must to de.
Anybodi wey say im no wan join any group, nobodi for dis world fit force to join.

Article 21
Everione naim get right to say im wan de for goment of im kontri if di person like e fit be say naim go de there by imself or if e like, e fit choose person wey e wan make e de for di goment.
Everione get right to say dem wan de for public service, naim be say dem wan work for goment.
Na wetin di people of di kontri want, naim go be wetin di goment go stand on. Na dat, goment go take de rule di people. Naim be say na di people go de vote for di people wey dem want make e rule dem. Di ting be say, everibodi get right to vote o, so far you don reach di age to vote for di kontri. And if people wan vote, e fit be say na by secret ballot or by any other way, wey di kontri tink say e good.

Article 22
Everione, wey be member of di society wey e belong to, get right say make goment give am weting go make life beta for am, so tay life go beta for am. Dem talk again say, di goment of im society and di whole world must work together, so tay, noting must to disturb person for dis life.

Article 23
Everione naim get right to work, do di work wey e like, wey e be say di conditions of di work favour am and e good for am. Even sef, if person no get work, e get right say dem must to protect am.
Everione, no mata who di person be or wetin di person be, get right to get di moni wey fit di kind work e de do.
Anybodi wey de work, weda for goment o, or no be for goment, get right to de get di kind moni wey e be say e go reach am to take de look after imself and in family, di moni wey dem dey pay am no be yeye moni, e worth am and if no be so, make e get anoda way, wey e go take make extra.
Everione naim get right to form or make e join any union wey dem form for im working place, so far na say de union go de see say di people wey employ dem, treat dem well, dem no cheat dem at all, at all o.

Article 24
Everione naim get right say dem wan rest and enjoy demself and also dem get right to work for di kind time wey good for dem, wey no go give dem wahala at all o, and wen dem work for some time, dem get right say dem wan go rest for some time. Dat time wey dem de rest, dem must to dey get their salary o.
Article 25

Everione naim get right say dem must to live well, well, wey e be say dem no de sick anyhow, say their bodi de kampe and their family own too. Naim be say, dem must to get good food, dem de wear beta cloths, dem must to live for beta house, dem get beta treatment if dem sick and everi other ting wey dey make life beta for person, for im kontri. And if dem no get work or dem sick or dem lose wife or husband or dem don old or dem no fit do anything, say for sake say dem blind, dem no de hear or fit talk or dem get one kind sickness wey make dem useless or make dem no fit work, dem get everi right, say goment must to look after dem and make dem live well, well like everi other person wey all im bodi correct.

Everi mama and pickin get right say make dem take care of dem well, well and make people helep dem anytime dem need helep. Everi pickin wey dem born, weda di papa marry di mama or di papa and mama no marry demself, get right say make dem take care of dem and protect dem well, well.

Article 26

Everione naim get right say e must to go to skul. Dis skul wey e go, go, must be free o, e no go pay o. Everibodi must to go to primary skul and Teknikal College, naim be say skul we e be say pickin go learn mechanic work or any other work we e wan be like am and any other work where person go learn de trade wey e like, goment go see say anybodi wey wan learn am, learn am well, well. Again dem say nobodi wey wan learn pass secondary skul, say e wan go unifasiti or anoda skul like unifasiti, fit go, so far di person merit am.

Dis skul wey dem say everibodi must to go so, go helep person well, well, so tay di person go de kampe for im society and people go respect am too and all dis right wey we dey talk about since say human beings get, education, go make us know dem well, well, so tay we go know our right. Dis education go make all di kontris for di whole world understand each other, fit stand each other and all of dem go de friendly with each other no mata di kind kontri or di kind religion wey everibodi de do. E go also make di work of dis meeting of di whole world, we de call United Nations, go well, well and e go make peace de.

[Article 26.3 not available]

Article 27

Everione naim get right and de free to join for the culture of im people, naim be say, de way dem dey live, di kind tradition wey dem get. Di person even get right to enjoy di kind tings wey be say na oyibo witch dem take make am, to make di kontri be like oyibo own.

Anybodi wey e be say naim do dis oyibo witch to make im kontri advance or make e be like pyibo own or de do wetin go make people enjoy demself or na person wey e be say na ogbonge person for di ting wey e de do, so tay people de enjoy am, e get right say dem must to protect all dis tings e de do.

Article 28

Everione naim get right say make dem live in peace, for their society and di whole world and make dem make sure say dem dey aware of all di rights we don dey talk about since for this small book.

Article 29

Everione naim get duty to im society wey e de live, for am to make sure say e develop imself well, well. When we de use our rights and freedom, wey we don dey talk about since, we fit use am as dem talk, so fa say, we no use am do anyting wey go, go against di law of di society. Dis na because na dis law be guarantee for di rights and freedom wey other people get.

All dis rights and freedom we get, we must to use dem, as dem talk say make we use dem, no be say make we go do as dem, no be say make we go do as dem say make we no do.

Article 30

Nothing for dis small book wey we talk about human right so, talk say any kontri, person or people get any right to do something wey e go destroy all dis rights we dey talk about since.
On December 10, 1948 the General Assembly of the United Nations adopted and proclaimed the Universal Declaration of Human Rights the full text of which appears in the following pages. Following this historic act the Assembly called upon all Member countries to publicize the text of the Declaration and "to cause it to be disseminated, displayed, read and expounded principally in schools and other educational institutions, without distinction based on the political status of countries or territories."

PREAMBLE

Whereas recognition of the inherent dignity and of the equal and inalienable rights of all members of the human family is the foundation of freedom, justice and peace in the world,
Whereas disregard and contempt for human rights have resulted in barbarous acts which have outraged the conscience of mankind, and the advent of a world in which human beings shall enjoy freedom of speech and belief and freedom from fear and want has been proclaimed as the highest aspiration of the common people,
Whereas it is essential, if man is not to be compelled to have recourse, as a last resort, to rebellion against tyranny and oppression, that human rights should be protected by the rule of law,
Whereas it is essential to promote the development of friendly relations between nations,
Whereas the peoples of the United Nations have in the Charter reaffirmed their faith in fundamental human rights, in the dignity and worth of the human person and in the equal rights of men and women and have determined to promote social progress and better standards of life in larger freedom,
Whereas Member States have pledged themselves to achieve, in co-operation with the United Nations, the promotion of universal respect for and observance of human rights and fundamental freedoms,
Whereas a common understanding of these rights and freedoms is of the greatest importance for the full realization of this pledge,

Now, Therefore THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY proclaims THIS UNIVERSAL DECLARATION OF HUMAN RIGHTS as a common standard of achievement for all peoples and all nations, to the end that every individual and every organ of society, keeping this Declaration constantly in mind, shall strive by teaching and education to promote respect for these rights and freedoms and by progressive measures, national and international, to secure their universal and effective recognition and observance, both among the peoples of Member States themselves and among the peoples of territories under their jurisdiction.

Article 1. All human beings are born free and equal in dignity and rights. They are endowed with reason and conscience and should act towards one another in a spirit of brotherhood.

Article 2. Everyone is entitled to all the rights and freedoms set forth in this Declaration, without distinction of any kind, such as race, colour, sex, language, religion, political or other opinion, national or social origin, property, birth or other status. Furthermore, no distinction shall be made on the basis of the political, jurisdictional or international status of the country or territory to which a person belongs, whether it be independent, trust, non-self-governing or under any other limitation of sovereignty.

Article 3. Everyone has the right to life, liberty and security of person.

Article 4. No one shall be held in slavery or servitude; slavery and the slave trade shall be prohibited in all their forms.
Article 5. No one shall be subjected to torture or to cruel, inhuman or degrading treatment or punishment.

Article 6. Everyone has the right to recognition everywhere as a person before the law.

Article 7. All are equal before the law and are entitled without any discrimination to equal protection of the law. All are entitled to equal protection against any discrimination in violation of this Declaration and against any incitement to such discrimination.

Article 8. Everyone has the right to an effective remedy by the competent national tribunals for acts violating the fundamental rights granted him by the constitution or by law.

Article 9. No one shall be subjected to arbitrary arrest, detention or exile.

Article 10. Everyone is entitled in full equality to a fair and public hearing by an independent and impartial tribunal, in the determination of his rights and obligations and of any criminal charge against him.

Article 11.

(1) Everyone charged with a penal offence has the right to be presumed innocent until proved guilty according to law in a public trial at which he has had all the guarantees necessary for his defence. (2) No one shall be held guilty of any penal offence on account of any act or omission which did not constitute a penal offence, under national or international law, at the time when it was committed. Nor shall a heavier penalty be imposed than the one that was applicable at the time the penal offence was committed.

Article 12. No one shall be subjected to arbitrary interference with his privacy, family, home or correspondence, nor to attacks upon his honour and reputation. Everyone has the right to the protection of the law against such interference or attacks.

Article 13. (1) Everyone has the right to freedom of movement and residence within the borders of each state. (2) Everyone has the right to leave any country, including his own, and to return to his country.

Article 14. (1) Everyone has the right to seek and to enjoy in other countries asylum from persecution. (2) This right may not be invoked in the case of prosecutions genuinely arising from non-political crimes or from acts contrary to the purposes and principles of the United Nations.

Article 15. (1) Everyone has the right to a nationality. (2) No one shall be arbitrarily deprived of his nationality nor denied the right to change his nationality.

Article 16. (1) Men and women of full age, without any limitation due to race, nationality or religion, have the right to marry and to found a family. They are entitled to equal rights as to marriage, during marriage and at its dissolution. (2) Marriage shall be entered into only with the free and full consent of the intending spouses. (3) The family is the natural and fundamental group unit of society and is entitled to protection by society and the State.

Article 17. (1) Everyone has the right to own property alone as well as in association with others. (2) No one shall be arbitrarily deprived of his property.

Article 18. Everyone has the right to freedom of thought, conscience and religion; this right includes freedom to change his religion or belief, and freedom, either alone or in community with others and in public or private, to manifest his religion or belief in teaching, practice, worship and observance.

Article 19. Everyone has the right to freedom of opinion and expression; this right includes freedom to hold opinions without interference and to seek, receive and impart information and ideas through any media and regardless of frontiers.

Article 20. (1) Everyone has the right to freedom of peaceful assembly and association. (2) No one may be compelled to belong to an association.
Article 21. (1) Everyone has the right to take part in the government of his country, directly or through freely chosen representatives. (2) Everyone has the right of equal access to public service in his country. (3) The will of the people shall be the basis of the authority of government; this will shall be expressed in periodic and genuine elections which shall be by universal and equal suffrage and shall be held by secret vote or by equivalent free voting procedures.

Article 22. Everyone, as a member of society, has the right to social security and is entitled to realization, through national effort and international co-operation and in accordance with the organization and resources of each State, of the economic, social and cultural rights indispensable for his dignity and the free development of his personality.

Article 23. (1) Everyone has the right to work, to free choice of employment, to just and favourable conditions of work and to protection against unemployment. (2) Everyone, without any discrimination, has the right to equal pay for equal work. (3) Everyone who works has the right to just and favourable remuneration ensuring for himself and his family an existence worthy of human dignity, and supplemented, if necessary, by other means of social protection. (4) Everyone has the right to form and to join trade unions for the protection of his interests.

Article 24. Everyone has the right to rest and leisure, including reasonable limitation of working hours and periodic holidays with pay.

Article 25. (1) Everyone has the right to a standard of living adequate for the health and well-being of himself and of his family, including food, clothing, housing and medical care and necessary social services, and the right to security in the event of unemployment, sickness, disability, widowhood, old age or other lack of livelihood in circumstances beyond his control. (2) Motherhood and childhood are entitled to special care and assistance. All children, whether born in or out of wedlock, shall enjoy the same social protection.

Article 26. (1) Everyone has the right to education. Education shall be free, at least in the elementary and fundamental stages. Elementary education shall be compulsory. Technical and professional education shall be made generally available and higher education shall be equally accessible to all on the basis of merit. (2) Education shall be directed to the full development of the human personality and to the strengthening of respect for human rights and fundamental freedoms. It shall promote understanding, tolerance and friendship among all nations, racial or religious groups, and shall further the activities of the United Nations for the maintenance of peace. (3) Parents have a prior right to choose the kind of education that shall be given to their children.

Article 27. (1) Everyone has the right freely to participate in the cultural life of the community, to enjoy the arts and to share in scientific advancement and its benefits. (2) Everyone has the right to the protection of the moral and material interests resulting from any scientific, literary or artistic production of which he is the author.

Article 28. Everyone is entitled to a social and international order in which the rights and freedoms set forth in this Declaration can be fully realized.

Article 29. (1) Everyone has duties to the community in which alone the free and full development of his personality is possible. (2) In the exercise of his rights and freedoms, everyone shall be subject only to such limitations as are determined by law solely for the purpose of securing due recognition and respect for the rights and freedoms of others and of meeting the just requirements of morality, public order and the general welfare in a democratic society. (3) These rights and freedoms may in no case be exercised contrary to the purposes and principles of the United Nations.

Article 30. Nothing in this Declaration may be interpreted as implying for any State, group or person any right to engage in any activity or to perform any act aimed at the destruction of any of the rights and freedoms set forth herein.

www.un.org/Overview/rights.html
Peer closely at this map, and you will see the railroad tracks all over the country, including the ones going southwest from Maiduguri to Bauchi and then to Jos. That is the line that was being built while I was there.
Remember the Italian civil engineer friend of mine who was working to bring the Nigerian railroad from Jos to Maiduguri? For a while, I thought that all his work had been in vain, but then I discovered a writer named Nicky McLean who traveled north by train from Port Harcourt to Jos, and from Kaduna to Kano (red arrows). He was probably traveling in 1999. He went by bus from Jos to Kaduna, (dotted lines) and also by bus from Kano to Maiduguri. For whatever reason, there is no direct rail route from Kano to Maiduguri. He didn’t find Maiduguri very exciting, but it was clean. Had he been delayed for another few years, there would have been plenty of excitement, courtesy of the Danish cartoon riots. He did take the Maiduguri-Bauchi-Jos line south (blue arrows) to Ibadan, and on to Lagos. If you want to read the details of the rest of his trip south, go to www.bootsnall.com/articles/
of departure. A departure for Jos would suit me, as it is at the end of a branch line that might otherwise be missed and the city is said to be refreshingly cool after the heat of the coast. Also, it was the soonest away.

So much for L.P.'s further disparagement of train travel: "Few travellers go to Jos by train as it is on a branch line and you must change at Kafanchan."

Now, rather than passengers, goats wander along the platforms and roam the railyard amongst decrepit carriages slowly mouldering away. As I was about to leave, I noticed a time-worn picture frame, with a barely-discernable certificate inside reporting the award of "Best-Kept Station". The date was just legible: September 1958.

Monday started with something of a rush, as I wished to visit the chief Post Office to check on poste restante before leaving the city. It is a short way only from the station, as is the norm, and at eight a.m. I'm standing outside the doors, wondering when it will open. There is no schedule of hours on display, but yesterday a caretaker around the back had nominated eight a.m. Also waiting is Elvis (he's a Nigerian here, Mr. Elvis Amadi), so we chat a while. At eight-fifteen it is still dark within, but Elvis notices that the doors at the far entrance are open, so we go around. At first I think that only the floor sweeper is inside but then I see that some women are lurking behind the glass barrier. The electricity has failed again: oil-fired power stations cannot meet local demand, even though Port Harcourt has a refinery, whose flares glared through last night's blackout.

As for poste restante, "We don't have this". I walk the length of the counter peering at the signs, but no luck, and a lurking supervisor speaks from the gloom to reaffirm no knowledge of any such service. Very well, I can't stay around to argue. Yes, I expect the train to leave late, but, how late? It is not just my bad morning, Elvis is also having trouble. His puzzling request appears to be to buy some stamps to take away.

I get to the station at 8:25 to find little happening. There is no crowd as I had been warned about, although I did notice two individuals also closing on the station, clutching luggage. Nor are there queues at the ticket windows. I can't have a first class ticket...
until a fellow checks with the conductor so I wait, and eye the notice stating the opening times of the ticket booths: 5 - 8, 10 - 12, 2 - 6. Not including now, despite a departure being scheduled for 9 a.m., in a 'closed' time. People are surprised to see me here, checking that I am indeed wishing to go to Jos. A well-dressed fellow assures me that there will be a place available, and so it proves. I'm issued the classic cardboard ticket, and guided to compartment 'E'. First class proves to be a 'sleeper' compartment of two bunks, all to myself. Past luxury is now faded, indeed battered, but still serviceable and at least well swept out although the shower cubicle has no water. I can also sit on a forward-facing seat by the window to watch the world roll by.

But not just yet. I go out for a stroll to view the rest of the train. "Standard Class" carriages hold ninety seats, and are well-filled. I am the only foreigner, often a bad sign, but everyone seems cheerful. At the front, our diesel engine ticks over, but with improper clunking noises adding syncopation to the throb. Smack on time there is a rumble from the engine...and we don't move. The engine has gone off to perform shunting tasks. At noon we're still here, though now the story is that the engine is being fixed. I awaken at three and ask afresh: now a replacement engine is arriving soon. I could have returned to the Post Office for another go, but of course can't be sure that the train wouldn't leave in my absence and every time I asked, I was told "Don't leave the station". Naturally, in my presence, the train remains at the station. Some thin entertainment is provided by an engine shunting oil tanker wagons about, but otherwise there is no development until 4:40, when an engine, or rather, the engine is placed at the head of our train.

Now the vacuum brakes must be inspected. Five p.m. passes, so yet again I could have re-visited the P.O. or gone for lunch, had I known, but instead stay to hear an occasional toot from the engine. Another toot. And a long one. We roll! It is 5:15 p.m.

Once out of the rail yard we have to go past a city market fringed by mounds of smouldering litter strewn around the pillars of a raised road interchange. Or rather, right through the middle. Stalls crowd the tracks as well as goods on display, and we advance in a series of starts and stops accompanied by furious toots from the engine. From the crowd come yells of "White man!" and I get many surprised looks. Soon we're rolling through the suburbs, then out into lush countryside as dusk falls. The compartment light just works, but after a meal stop at Aba, I decide on sleep. Unlike on a bus, I can stretch out at full length. Outside is darkness, broken only by the glow of small fires and lamps. Another area without electricity.

It was a noisy, bouncy night's ride, sometimes quite speedy. Around eight thirty I give up on sleep as the corridor is occupied by squatters banging their baggage about and yelling. We're at a station, which means that I can obtain some deep-fried spicy dough balls for breakfast, if I can decide what's going on. We've just silently drifted forward a foot, but there is no other indication of departure. At 8:40, tootings from the engine. A five-minute warning, or just tootings? At 8:50 we're still here so just toots it would seem. Some railway staff pass with a clipboard, seeming to check receipts against passengers, but otherwise there is no further railway action. So breakfast on two deep-fried spicy dough balls for N10. At 9:20 a lone parp, then another, then again at 9:35. Nothing else happens.

We're at Enugu, about a quarter of the way to Jos and as ten a.m. drifts by, I decide to have a second breakfast on curried rice and fish with some fizz from the station vendors. All for N42 and there are about N100 to the pound, N80 to the dollar. A tin of sardines is N60, so stall food is still cheaper than what can easily be put together while on the move. Or not on the move, at a station.

Meanwhile, I see that there are now two engines at the front, the second being dead.

10:45 - More parps, plus a platform guard's whistle and people pile on, bawling children and all.
10:52 - Still more parps, plus a bell from the station, but immobile.
10:54 - Long parp.
10:55 - We move! But just clear of the station, we stop.
There is more parping at odd moments, and some shunting is observed, then at 11:50 we move on. Unfortunately, there is so much fine dust in the air (from the distant Sahara) that visibility is restricted to a mile at best, but it is not so thick that I can't see the flame emerging amidst the smoke of our engine's exhaust. Steam engines were never as fierce as this iron dragon! Around two p.m. we drift by Igbede on temporary track, the main being re-laid by a gang of six men at most, with pick and shovel only.

The day passes as we roll through dry bush. There are thinly scattered trees with dry undergrowth. Occasionally fires are visible adding to the murk as burnoffs proceed. The larger trees survive, having lost their lower branches long since, though some have smouldering scars on their trunks. Life is easy for me. At stations, vendors offer oranges at N1 each, the same price for a small bag of peanuts. I am hoping that we will cross the Benue river in daylight, but this hope slowly fades.

We stop at 6:15 while some hammering is done to the carriage in front of mine and also, our engine leaves us behind. At 7:15 I hear a faint toot from far ahead and at 7:30 we're reunited. By now it is dark, and as there is no power, I am eating my dinner snack by candlelight. It is over before we start to move, the draught blowing out my candle by the window. We continue until Makurdi, where we wait four hours until midnight to cross a large river by means of a tall girder bridge. So much for that, then.

The morning starts like yesterday's: we have stopped somewhere. As yesterday, I snooze on until about 8 a.m., when we stop at another nameless waystation, this one having had its name board burnt away by one of the innumerable scrub clearance fires. We're at 1,500' and the night had been cool enough for me to have slept under my sheet. As the day progresses we climb to 2,800' then we pause awhile. I heard someone explain that the engine's radiator had boiled.

At 3 p.m. we reach Kafanchan junction, where a Maiduguri to Lagos train is standing. As this is a busy station, there is a good selection of food vendors on the platform, stoking many customers. And the other train has its problems too: its engine is being repaired. So is ours. We will be here for at least an hour, so I have time to seek out the post office, though I am urged to "Be quick". A taxi motorbike fellow sweeps me away, and again I'm told that "Poste Restante" is unknown. Oh well, a swift ride back to the station. As for the hour's wait, at 4 p.m. there is no sign of our engine. An hour later, the other train heads off for Lagos, but at 5:15 we move off too, again with gouts of flame flashing amongst the billowing exhaust.

Ticket inspectors come past at 8 p.m., saying "Two hours to Jos", but I wake at 11:30 and we're stopped. At 6 a.m. we're still stopped, but at somewhere else, and at 8 we're still there. "Only a short way now", but at 8:45 I give in, and join the trickle of other passengers abandoning the train. We're on the outskirts of Jos, so a shared taxi into the town centre is soon arranged.

I easily find a place to stay at the Cochin Guest House. This is the "Church of Christ In Nigeria"; Jos is on the interface with the Muslim areas of the north, and missionary activity is intense. But if they have a spare bed, it's only N150. Next, away to find the railway station where I learn that the train finally drew in at 9:15. My Thomas Cook World Timetable quotes a scheduled journey time of twenty-five hours and forty minutes, but this run took three days, as it is now Thursday, though I suppose that eight hours could be rebated for the delayed start from Port Harcourt. As for other trains, nothing definite can be said. At the Post Office, the staff know about poste restante, but have no mail at all, so I feel badly about Port Harcourt as that was a town that I had said that I would be visiting.

Jos is a pleasant town, and especially the cool is pleasant. So is the Guest House. I meet an English student who is staying in a rather rough hotel room for a higher price, so he decides to
move to the Guest House also. He is here to study Nigerian literature, such as the Onitsha Market Writers, with titles such as *My Seven Young Daughters Are After Young Boys*. Nevertheless, I drag myself away (for who knows what weekly trains I might be missing), intent on further rail travel. My objective is Kano, but rather than mess about trying to make connections on a once per week sort of schedule via Kafanchan junction, on Sunday I go by bus to Kaduna, so you see that I am not actually a fanatic after all...

http://www.bootsnall.com/articles/00-01/a-

Second: Kaduna to Kano
140 miles in 5 hours for 120 Naira

At 10 p.m. we arrive at what I take to be Zaria station, about half-way, so unless there is a big delay, we will arrive uselessly pre-dawn. Many people get off here, so I try to find a more comfortable seat. However, with the chill breeze through the (uncloseable) windows, and the small smooth seats allowing me to slide off when dozing, sleep is impossible until we arrive at 4 a.m., at a station devoid of a waiting room. I stay on the train awhile but then give in as no-one else remains, and I fear being shunted away somewhere. There are benches on the platform, but they are already occupied, so I end up dozing in the entrance way to the ticket lobby, propped against the Green Toad. Always a pleasure to have it support my weight. Stevedores make a racket with their trolleys, somewhere nearby an infant grizzles interminably, and maybe I doze occasionally. At 7 a.m. I give up. The rose of dawn has converted to the white haze of day and it is time to find a place to stay. But first, some questions. A sign names two trains a day running onwards from Kano to Nguru, but when I check with a railwayman, he says that as the track is being rebuilt, none are running now. As for trains from Maiduguri to Lagos, the departure is on Tuesdays, and back from Lagos on Thursdays, he thinks.

So I can spend some days in Kano, an interesting city with a colourful history. Lonely Planet's information is also historic, and their map distorted but I find what I look for, except at the post office: a slight pause until someone remembers what poste restante is, then no mail for me anyway.

As for the bus journey to Maiduguri, it reminded me again why one should travel by train. By day, twisted wreckage strewn along the roadside is a direct testament: by night you should not be on the roads at all. An oncoming single headlight might mark a motorbike (or rather, a suicide in progress!), but is more likely to be attached to an oil tanker with one dead headlight. Ah, but which one? Which one! Which one! Given that drivers maintain 70 m.p.h. or more when weaving across to the far side of the road to dodge potholes, this matter can become urgent.

Third: Maiduguri to Lagos
1,118 miles in 53 hours for 1,530 Naira

After the rest of Nigeria, Maiduguri is a surprise, as it is the only town I've seen that did not have litter strewn along its streets. There was some, but it was not in drifts and heaps. By contrast, at Kano by one stretch of the old city wall, the ground was strewn so thickly with human turds maturing in the sun that the stench nearly made me spew, and I thought that I was tough. On the other hand, it is also far less interesting than...
As time took its toll on these locomotives, the number serviceable dropped until only two were in service by 1982 and by 1997 only a few remains seemed to be left at Zaria. The chassis, bogies, cab and shot nose of 1202 are shown above, close by were engine and gearbox parts stored on an open wagon. It is likely that these parts did not survive the 1999 scrap drive.

Begin: Tuesday evening
At 7 p.m. a taxi conveys the Green Toad, my supplies and myself to the station. The taxi driver laments the feebleness of money in buying what you want, but sticks to the agreed price of N70: merely a fellow sufferer commiserating over the trials of everyday life. Or am I thick-skinned? In some past encounters, the discussion swiftly moved on to how much benefit would be gained from the contribution of a sum that would be trivial to one such as me...

The station is dimly lit, but the ticket booth is now active and people are moving about in the gloom. My arrival provokes special activity, first to check that there is a sleeper place available, then to invite me within the office to cough up the big money for the fare. This done, I'm shown to my compartment, and urged to stay with my baggage as this is not a safe place to leave it, though it seemed so to me. There is a seat, this time fully intact, and the two bunks as before. I'm set, no worries.

Time passes as people straggle in. Just outside my window is a woman selling bread, so I go outside and delight her by buying. Mini loaves of a heavy, sweet bread, at N7 each. At 8:25 the sound of an engine is heard from afar, but we stay put as 8:30 passes. Then just before nine, as the bread woman is packing her stock, we roll, past the city out into the vast African night.
I had only my own pad to sleep on, and mosquitoes made themselves a nuisance. I killed four to get some peace (and I squashed them before they had supped, a small satisfaction), but still hid under my sheet. I hope that they had been fellow passengers from Maiduguri. Despite the relative cleanliness and dry drains, there were many there despite it being a semi-arid area. Conversely at Kano, despite the occasional marsh and noxious open drains (splashings from the ditch beside my hotel could be heard when I used the washbasin or flushed the toilet), I hadn't been bothered.

www.bootsnall.com/articles/00-01/a-slow-train-or-three-across-nigeria-3-of-9.html
But successive governments have, since independence in 1960, deprived the railways of much needed investment, resulting in lack of capacity and under-use. The announcement comes at a time when rail workers are on strike and have just rejected a government pay offer, vowing instead to continue with their industrial action.

Cautious optimism

A Chinese civil aviation firm was contracted by the late dictator General Sani Abacha to regenerate the system.

But the contract received widespread criticism. The Chinese company had reportedly supplied 400 wagons, 20 rail buses and 150 coaches plus 50 locomotives.

The country could not progress without a functioning rail network, Mr Maduekwe said. "Nigeria is the most underdeveloped railway nation in the world." A BBC correspondent in Abuja says Nigerians will view the plan with cautious optimism.

She adds that a total rebuilding of the system is required to bring to life an entirely decayed network.

http://news.bbc.co.uk/2/hi/africa/2476963.stm

According to a 2004 Plateau State website, the Jos-Maiduguri line does exist, but in 2005, two government ministers were not planning to travel on it. The 2005 TravelMax website on the next page is also not very encouraging.

Plateau State Rail 2004

There is a railway line running from Lagos through Kaduna and Kafanchan to the railway network terminal in the country. Another line runs from Kuru, a few kilometres from Jos to Bauchi, Gombe and Maiduguri where it terminates at the far North-East. The Nigerian Rail line passes through its highest point about 1,200 metres above sea level at the Kuru area. Therefore, both passengers and goods services are operated on both the Jos-Port-Harcourt and Jos-Lagos routes.

www.plateaustategov.org/history/people_cul.html
According to TravelMax, a 2005 student travel website, from Port Harcourt in the southeast, **theoretically** you should be able to travel to Maiduguri via Enugu, Jos and Bauchi from the train station near the old township, at the southern end of Azikwe Rd. in Port Harcourt.

(Theoretically? Theoretical Travel! A truly novel concept! And the same website gives us a few clues about rail travel from Lagos in the southwest:)

*A railway track and official-looking timetables give the impression that trains leave Lagos and go to nearby Ibadan, then on to the northern cities of Kano and Maiduguri - but the truth is that the national rail system is comprehensively unreliable and potentially dangerous. If you want to risk it anyway, you'll find the city's train station on the mainland just north of Lagos Island, near the Iddo Motor Park.*

http://news.bbc.co.uk/2/hi/africa/4369255.stm

The undated story on the following pages was written by a Nigerian in 2002 or 2003. For an extensive list of the views of Nigerian writers on all manner of subjects, go to: www.nigerdeltacongress.com/letters_and_viewpoints.htm
Two related surprises- or perhaps I should say shocks- came my way a couple of weeks ago, and they set me thinking about trains- something I had not done for several years.

The first surprise was reading in a newspaper that the Nigerian Railway Corporation now has a board of directors, headed by a chairman. I had come to believe that, with the departure of the likes of Sir Ralph Emerson, Dr. Okechukwu Ikejiani and Alhaji Ibrahim Dasuki (and perhaps one or two others who followed immediately after them) it had been ordained from heaven that the Railway Corporation would thenceforth be run (almost off the rail) only by sole administrators.

The second surprise- a real shock, this one - came when around the same time at Yaba I actually saw a moving train. I would not for one moment suggest the announcement of the appointment of a board for the Railway Corporation in the same week that I saw my first moving train in years, were anything but a coincidence. Agbara Estate where I live is not connected to the national railway system in the same way that it is connected to NEPA's national grid, and that some people are now working hard to connect it to some sort of natural liquefied gas grid. And since I have been restricting my wandering outside the estate to those parts of Lagos that can be reached by the Lagos-Badagry "expressway", my encounters with trains will continue to be few and very far between.

Before I received those aforementioned shocks, what I had been reading about the Nigerian railway had not been particularly cheering.

Example- Those stories about trains ploughing into traders who think that the N10 that they paid to council officials for the right to spread their wares across rail lines also guaranteed them immortality.

Example- Those stories about railway pensioners dropping dead while standing in the sun, waiting to collect pensions that should have been paid years ago.

Example - That story about a "No. 2 Man" who (ostensibly to demonstrate that our railway was back on track) undertook a train ride from Lagos to Lafenwa stations in Abeokuta, where all he did was to clear a public servant, right there on the platform, of all extant charges of financial impropriety. In the process he managed to confound auditors and linguists alike by drawing a highly inappropriate distinction between "misappropriation" and "misapplication" of public funds.

Example- An amazing story about how a First Lady and her subservient retinue of lesser ladies, taking what was intended to be a train ride from Lagos to Ibadan to publicise the excellent work that the Chinese were doing to rehabilitate the railway, had to call off the trip and return home by car when, somewhere around Agege, their special train's locomotive engine simply quit. Things have not always been like that with the railway which, as every one knows, once played a very important role in the economy of Nigeria. It helped to open up the country and, before "trailers" took over and became the terror of our lives, was the most- if not only - reliable means of moving agricultural produce, refined petroleum products, raw materials, heavy equipment for industries, and, of course, people.

When I was a schoolboy in Lagos, it was a settled matter that the best way to travel home on holidays, if your home town was Evbiobe-Ora, in what is now Owan West in Edo State, was to take a train from Iddo station to Osogbo, where you then placed yourself in the good hands of the incomparable Armel's transport, who set you down at Sobe, from where you took a 12-mile bicycle ride along a winding bush trail that finally led you to the warm welcome of your expectant relations.

The bicycle ride along the bush trail was a matter of choice, not necessity, and it was based on the need to save time. The alternative would have been to continue to Benin City, and then spend hours looking for a lorry to take you to Auchi, where you would spend a whole day (if you were lucky) waiting for another lorry to take you to Evbiobe.

That area, I am happy to say, is now crisscrossed by reasonably decent roads (by today's standards), thanks to a programme initiated long ago by then Colonel Samuel Ogbemudia, and followed through by succeeding administrations.

In those days too, anyone wishing to travel, say, from Lagos to Kano went by train- specifically by something called the "up limited." Other countries had their Orient express, their boat train and (even if only in fiction) their "blue train", Nigeria had her "up limited." One would love to say of the "up limited" that it was an express train with romantic connotations but, in truth, it was just a long distance train that never seemed to be in any great hurry to get to its destination. It used to puff and chug its way up country, taking the better part of two days to complete the journey to Kano. Its twin sister, the one that did the reverse trip from Kano to Lagos was, naturally, called the "down limited".

It is easy to guess how the words "up" and "down" crept
into the names of these trains, but to this day I have not been able to understand what made them "limited." Was somebody, even at that time, already thinking of privatisation?

One thing about the trains that was never limited was time. They ran to what one might call a flexible schedule, making their timetable superfluous pieces of paper to which no one that I knew paid great attention. The "Up Limited," if I remember correctly, was supposed to depart from Iddo station at noon - give or take several minutes - on Tuesdays and Thursdays. What time they actually left depended on whether the locomotive engine that would haul it had arrived from the servicing sheds at Ebute Metta, and whether the train's crew-driver, fireman, guard etc were all present and correct. Even when they were, station masters were occasionally not above delaying a train's departure to accommodate the tardiness of oga's wife's sister, a wealthy trader in tomatoes and onion, known in her circle as Mama Funtua.

Belief in the flexibility of a train timetable may have worked for Mama Funtua here in Lagos. It didn't work for one of my friends in far away London. This was in the 1970s, and the fellow was attending a weeklong conference in Basingstoke, somewhere due southwest of London. Basingstoke is no great distance from the British capital - a mere 70 miles or thereabouts. Fleet, the railway station that served that part of Hants, was less than two hours from Victoria Station.

My friend had made enquiries at the ticket office at Victoria Station, and been told that the train to Fleet would depart from Platform 13 at 1643 hours. He correctly decoded that to mean 43 minutes past 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

Not wishing to miss his train, he arrived at Platform 13 at half past 4 o'clock, and sure enough there was a train waiting there. My friend got in, and settled back to read some magazines he had brought with him. He was half way to Scotland or some such place when a ticket collector, glancing at the piece of pasteboard that my friend held out to him to be punched, remarked that he was on the wrong train, going in the wrong direction.

My friend could have told him that the British railway system was all cockeyed, that in Nigeria, the "Up Limited was the only train that stood on the only platform on Tuesdays and Thursday. Fortunately, he kept his mouth shut.

At the opposite end from the up-and-down limited trains was a market garden train that used to start off from Idogo, just beyond Ilaro in a northwesterly direction. Every single day it brought farm fresh "greens" to the market mammies of Lagos. I don't think that particular train service is still being operated, which explains why so many ancient vans, loaded to the gunwales with ewedu and sokoyokoto, are to be seen on our highways, stopped at checkpoints while their drivers had a chat with the police.

For all that I may have said about Nigerian trains, I must confess that, as a boy, I thoroughly enjoyed travelling in them, and names like Olokemeji, Wasimi and Illugun are, for me, still evocative of the thrill of train travel.

Many years ago, wishing to give my own children (then aged between three and nine years) a feel of that same thrill, I arranged for them to travel with their mother to Ibadan by train. It turned out to be a bad mistake.

When I took my family to Iddo at 11.30 a.m. to catch a train that was to depart at 12 noon, there was a train standing at the platform all right, but no locomotive engine. I settled them in their reserved compartment, and we waited. At around one o'clock the engine arrived and was coupled to the train. At half-past one we were still waiting. At a quarter to two the driver got into the cockpit -or whatever they were called - and we all thought that the long wait was over. The children began to wave their bye-byes, but had to stop when we all realised that the driver had only gone into the cockpit to switch off the engine.

At twenty minutes past two o'clock the driver came back, got into the cockpit again, started the engine, and moved the train - all of one hundred metres down the rail lines, far enough to get it clear of the platform. There it again stopped. I was left standing on the platform and staring at the back of the train - for, to be anywhere other than on the platform amounted to trespassing, I left the station and went home, with the train still standing where it had been "parked."

I got a phone call from Ibadan at a quarter to nine that night, to let me know that my family had arrived there safely - at twenty minutes past eight o'clock.

I hope the Nigerian Railway Corporation, under its new board of directors, will do better than that.

I cannot end this edition of Sketches without paying tribute to my good friend, the redoubtable Sam Epelle, and his right-hand man Olu Holloway who, once upon a time, gave the Nigerian Railway Corporation a shining public image that is now only a faint memory.

The writer sent this in from Lagos, Nigeria. 
http://www.nigerdeltacongress.com/warticles/
**Kaduna Update**

Kaduna was founded by the British in 1913. Later became the capital of Nigeria's former Northern Region in 1917 and remain so until 1967. Kaduna is still today the most important political center in Northern Nigeria. The city is home to the Nigerian Defense Academy (1964), Kaduna Polytechnic (1968), and the Nigerian Institute for Trypanosomiasis Research (1951). The population of Kaduna is (1995 estimate) 333,600. There is a large racecourse, approximately 1 mile round, inside which the Ahmadu Yakubu Polo Club and Kaduna Crocodile Club are situated. Whilst the Kaduna and Rugby Clubs are on the periphery. There are two airports. The Nigerian Defence Acedemy is situated in Kaduna. Lord Lugard, the 1st "Governor of the Northern Region", has a majestic legislative building named after him, Lugard Hall. Currently a huge bypass is being completed around Kaduna. The symbol of Kaduna is the crocodile, called 'kado' in Hausa. It is now the "country residence" of many bureaucrats and business men from Nigeria's capital Abuja. It is very mixed city with fourth generation Italian, Lebanese, British, living there along side Hausas, Ibo, Yoruba etc. Pottery is highly prized from Kaduna, especially from Maraban-Jos, which follows close behind Abuja and Minna. There is a museum with a vast array of priceless artifacts. The main highway through the city is called Ahmadu Bello Way. A lot of the place names come from past Sultans, Emirs and Decorated Civil War Heroes. Since the closure of the Durbar, the legendary Hamdala Hotel is the main big hotel, with an excellent Chinese Restaurant. Kaduna has a very large market recently rebuilt after the lethal and devastating fire of the mid-1990s. Retrieved from [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kaduna](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kaduna)
Half way through our tour of duty, Nigeria IV Peace Corps Volunteers in northern Nigeria traveled to Kaduna for our medical checkups. Florence and I flew there in a 4-passenger Piper Cub, courtesy of the US government. Here are some of us in a jeep. I have no idea what Gioia is doing with that paper bag. However, I can assure you it is nothing illegal! As usual, all the women are wearing skirts. It was 1963.

These are market scenes in Kaduna. One enterprising businessman has made use of the vertical space above his spot. Notice the proliferation of bicycles, the dominant mode of transportation everywhere in Nigeria at that time. Today people are aware that riding a bicycle is good for your health and good for the environment, but then we gave no thought to such things. Rachel Carson’s groundbreaking indictment of DDT, *Silent Spring*, had only just been serialized in *The New Yorker* in June 1962.

*Off-licence* means that this shop sold alcoholic beverages for consumption off the premises. I am certain that places like this no longer exist in Kaduna after the terrible Sharia-related violence there in early 2000.

Beautiful Flame Tree outside the Catering Rest House in Kaduna.
This young man is selling the yams? pastries? that are in the metal basin on his head. This efficient method of transporting his wares frees his hands, and promotes excellent posture. Try it sometime, and you’ll feel how much more comfortable it is to put the extra weight on your head instead of stressing your spine by carrying packages in front of you, or putting yourself off balance by carrying it in a bag on one side of your body. Here is an excerpt from a lesson plan to teach children about carrying containers on one’s head:

**Easy to Do! Carrying a Basket**

The secret of carrying a basket on the head is: first, fold into quarters a washcloth, or a piece of soft cloth such as flannel and place it on the head. (The traditional way of arranging the cloth that goes under the basket is more complicated but this simple approach works well with a small or medium size basket.) IMPORTANT: the basket must have a flat bottom! Put the basket on top of the cloth — something to weigh down the basket a little will help make it more stable, but is not necessary. By walking with a straight back the basket almost magically will not slide off the head. Ask children if as they carry a basket, they can feel how important it to have good posture and that a basket WILL ONLY stay on their head if they do http://manderson.home.igc.org/teacherguide2/lesson2a.html

The young girl on the left carries a metal bowl with a fish design on it, and the young girl on the right is nonchalantly performing an amazing balancing act. She has a huge calabash resting inside a smaller metal bowl. How’s that for an intermingling of cultures?
This is definitely not your typical Peace Corps scene! Some of us are lounging around the pool at the Hotel Hamdala in Kaduna in 1963, either before or after our medical checkups. Gioia is our champion lounger, and a fine illustration of the resourcefulness of Peace Corps volunteers under any circumstances with her do-it-yourself chaise lounge.

Since the closure of the Durbar, the legendary Hamdala Hotel is the main big hotel, with an excellent Chinese Restaurant. [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kaduna](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kaduna)

I can’t believe it either, but that’s really skinny me to the right! Actually, my mother sent me that bathing suit. Evidently, in her imagination, I had become considerably more well rounded in Africa than I had been in the US because she sent me a size 16 suit when a size 12 would have been fine! This photo was taken in early 1964, about a year later than the other beauty contest photo on this page.
Definitely not a glamour shot! This card was made for me in 1964 by a local photographer in Maiduguri who owned a company called Prince Photography. (I hope the pun was intentional.) I seem to remember that when I went to him to have my picture taken for whatever reason, he made this up for me as a special bonus. Although I graciously accepted it, it certainly does depict more than I ever wanted to see of myself in one photo!
At the end of the school year, which was also the end of Florence’s and my Peace Corps two-year tour of duty, we had a fair at the Girls’ School in Maiduguri. It was attended by the relatives and friends of the students. Handcrafts made by the girls and others were for sale. I bought a pillow cover and a patchwork apron similar to the one that you see hanging up in one of the pictures. When I visited Florence a few summers ago, I discovered that she too owns a 40 year old patchwork apron from the girls’ school fair!

Above is the beautiful hand embroidered pillow case which I had framed. It hung on the wall for many years. Now it’s in the linen closet with all the other pillowcases, and will undoubtedly outlive me! My lovely patchwork apron to the right was made by Florence’s students.
All dressed up for the fair.

Bako, the school’s messenger and his baby.

Daughter and father.
My student, Abba Tijjani (center) and two fellow students from the boys’ school.

Kathy Nelson is barely visible in the background, but you can’t miss Kaku’s bright smile, second from right.

This double exposure is included only because it’s almost possible to make out both photos. I think I was trying to squeeze an extra picture onto the film. There’s Kathy in the center, enjoying the fair. Someone is holding the balloons that must have been for sale, and in the foreground are two leather horses, reminders of the beautiful horses at the Sallah.
And here I am, much to the joy of my family, coming through US customs on August 20, 1964. My hair is two years longer; I am looking forward to milk shakes, ice cream, cheeseburgers, driving on the right side of our American roads, and winter. About a year later, I had a Master of Arts in Teaching degree from Teachers College, Columbia University. My Peace Corps friend, Mary Jo Moore, decided to study for a Masters degree in Hausa in Michigan. She gave me her cat Feisty because she was going to be living in an apartment, and I was going to be living in a house on Long Island. Feisty was with me through my first two years of teaching high school English in the US, and then into the first two years of my marriage to Joe Purcell, but I have carried my life in Nigeria within me for the past 43 years, and it has given me a vision of Africa that I never would have had otherwise. I have shared this vision with my American students through the years, and now I have shared it with you.

Yauwa! Alhamdu Lillahi! Lafiya!
1960: This is the first Nigerian Anthem written in 1960, and distributed to us in Peace Corps training.

NIGERIAN NATIONAL ANTHEM

1. Nigeria, we hail thee, Our own dear native land, The tribe and tongue may differ, In brotherhood we stand, Nigerians all and proud to serve our sov'reign Mother land.

2. Our flag shall be a symbol That truth and justice reign, In peace or battle honour'd And this we count as gain, To hand on to our children A banner without stain.

3. O God of all creation, Grant this our one request, Help us to build a nation Where no man is oppressed, And so with peace and plenty Nigeria may be blessed.

Arr. FVO, 5/20/60
NATIONAL ANTHEM: BRIEF HISTORY:
Before Nigeria's independence, the British National anthem was used at festivals and official ceremonies, and not surprisingly, it prayed for the British Monarch. Shortly before independence, a new anthem, written by two British ladies, was adopted as the new anthem. This was again changed in 1978. The final words were formed from the entries of John A Ilechukwu, Eme Etim Akpan, B A Ogunnaike, Sotu Omoigui and P. O. Aderibigbe. The music was composed by Nigeria Police Band, headed by Ben Odiase.

**Nigerian National Anthem 1978**

Arise, O compatriots,  
Nigeria's call obey  
To serve our fatherland  
With love and strength and faith  
The labour of our heroes past  
Shall never be in vain  
To serve with heart and might  
One nation bound in freedom, 
Peace and unity.

Oh God of creation,  
Direct our noble cause  
Guide our leaders right  
Help our youths the truth to know  
In love and honesty to grow  
And living just and true  
Great lofty heights attain  
To build a nation where peace  
And justice shall reign.

This is the second Nigerian National Anthem, written in 1978. The tune is similar to, but not the same as the original. To hear it played by a band, go to: [www.voiceofnigeria.org/nigeria/nigeriahome.html](http://www.voiceofnigeria.org/nigeria/nigeriahome.html)
Nigerian National Anthem
Music by Ben Odiase
Timeline: Nigeria
A chronology of key events in Nigeria’s history
http://news.bbc.co.uk/2/hi/africa/country_profiles/1067695.stm

circa 800 BC - Jos plateau settled by Nok - a neolithic and iron age civilisation.
circa 11th century onwards - Formation of city states, kingdoms and empires, including Hausa kingdoms and Borno dynasty in north, Oyo and Benin kingdoms in south.
1472 - Portuguese navigators reach Nigerian coast.
16-18th centuries - Slave trade: Millions of Nigerians are forcibly sent to the Americas.
1809 - Single Islamic state - Sokoto caliphate - is founded in north.
1830s-1886 - Civil wars plague Yorubaland, in the south.
1850s - British establish presence around Lagos.
1861-1914 - Britain consolidates its hold over what it calls the Colony and Protectorate of Nigeria, governs by "indirect rule" through local leaders.
1922 - Part of former German colony Kamerun is added to Nigeria under League of Nations mandate.
1960 - Independence, with Prime Minister Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa leading a coalition government.
1962-63 - Controversial census fuels regional and ethnic tensions.
1966 January - Balewa killed in coup. Major-General Johnson Aguiyi-Ironsi heads up military administration.
1966 July - Ironsi killed in counter-coup, replaced by Lieutenant-Colonel Yakubu Gowon.
1967 - Three eastern states secede as the Republic of Biafra, sparking bloody civil war.
1970 - Biafran leaders surrender, former Biafran regions reintegrated into country.
1975 - Gowon overthrown, flees to Britain, replaced by Brigadier Murtala Ramat Mohammed, who begins process of moving federal capital to Abuja.

Obasanjo - first time round
1979 - Elections bring Alhaji Shehu Shagari to power.
1983 January - The government expels more than one million foreigners, mostlyGhanaians, saying they had overstayed their visas and were taking jobs from Nigerians. The move is condemned abroad but proves popular in Nigeria.
1983 August, September - Shagari re-elected amid accusations of irregularities.
1983 December - Major-General Muhammad Buhari seizes power in bloodless coup.
1985 - Ibrahim Babangida seizes power in bloodless coup, curtails political activity.
1993 June - Military annuls elections when preliminary results show victory by Chief Moshood Abiola.
1993 August - Power transferred to Interim National Government.
Abacha years
1993 November - General Sani Abacha seizes power, suppresses opposition.
1994 - Abiola arrested after proclaiming himself president.
1999 - Parliamentary and presidential elections. Olusegun Obasanjo sworn in as president.
2000 - Adoption of Islamic, or Sharia, law by several northern states in the face of opposition from Christians. Tension over the issue results in hundreds of deaths in clashes between Christians and Muslims.
2001 - Tribal war in Benue state, in eastern-central Nigeria, displaces thousands of people. In October, army soldiers sent to quash the fighting kill more than 200 unarmed civilians, apparently in retaliation for the abduction and murder of 19 soldiers.
2001 October - Nigerian President Olusegun Obasanjo, South African President Mbeki and Algerian President Bouteflika launch New Partnership for African Development, or Nepad, which aims to foster development and open government and end wars in return for aid, foreign investment and the lifting of trade barriers to African exports.
2002 January - Blast at munitions dump in Lagos kills more than 1,000.

Ethnic violence
2002 February - Some 100 people are killed in Lagos in clashes between Hausas from mainly-Islamic north and ethnic Yorubas from predominantly-Christian southwest. Thousands flee. City's governor suggests retired army officials stoked violence in attempt to restore military rule.
2002 March - Appeals court reverses death sentence against woman found guilty of adultery. Islamic court in north had ordered she be stoned to death.
2002 October - International Court of Justice awards the disputed Bakassi peninsula to Cameroon, but Nigeria is adamant that it will defend its right to the oil-rich area.
2002 November - More than 200 people die in four days of rioting stoked by Muslim fury over the planned Miss World beauty pageant in Kaduna in December. The event is relocated to Britain.
Obasanjo re-elected
2003 19 April - First civilian-run presidential elections since end of military rule. Olusegun Obasanjo elected for second term with more than 60% of vote. Opposition parties reject result. EU poll observers cite "serious irregularities".
2003 July - Nationwide general strike called off after nine days after government agrees to lower recently-increased fuel prices.
2003 August - Violence between Ijaw and Itsekiri people in Delta town of Warri kills about 100 people, injures 1,000.
2003 September - Nigeria's first satellite, NigeriaSat-1, launched by Russian rocket.
2004 January - UN brokers talks between Nigeria and Cameroon about disputed border. Both sides agree to joint security patrols.
2004 May - State of emergency is declared in the central Plateau State after more than 200 Muslims are killed in Yelwa in attacks by Christian militia; revenge attacks are launched by Muslim youths in Kano.

Trouble in the south
2004 August-September - Deadly clashes between gangs in oil city of Port Harcourt prompts strong crackdown by troops. Rights group Amnesty International cites death toll of 500, authorities say about 20 died.
2005 July - Paris Club of rich lenders agrees to write off two-thirds of Nigeria's $30bn foreign debt.
2005 October - All 117 passengers and crew are killed when a commercial airliner crashes on an internal flight. In December more than 100 people are killed when a passenger plane overshoots the runway at Port Harcourt.
2006 January onwards - Militants in the Niger Delta attack pipelines and other oil facilities and kidnap foreign oil workers. The rebels demand more control over the region's oil wealth.
2006 February - More than 100 people are killed when religious violence flares in mainly-Muslim towns in the north and in the southern city of Onitsha.
2006 April - Helped by record oil prices, Nigeria becomes the first African nation to pay off its debt to the Paris Club of rich lenders.
2006 May - More than 150 people are killed in an explosion at an oil pipeline near Lagos. The Senate rejects proposed changes to the constitution which would have allowed President Obasanjo to stand for a third term in 2007.
2006 June - Nigeria agrees to withdraw its troops from the Bakassi peninsula to settle its long-running border dispute with Cameroon. The breakthrough is reached at a UN-mediated summit.